The Early Church Fathers Writings

Volume 76

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Volume 76

The Latin West, AD 440–550

c. AD 440 – 551

SERMON INDEX

The Early Church Fathers Writings
Volume 76: The Latin West, AD 440–550

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Contents

Introduction to This Volume xiii

Part One · Salvian of Marseilles 1

On the Government of God 3

Book I: The government of God proved by the general conviction of mankind, and by his judgment recounted in the books of Moses 3

Book II: The immediate judgment of God as seen in the history of King David 23

Book III: On the obligations of the Christian life 31

Book IV: On the oppressions wrought by the Roman nobles, and the guilt of Christians as compared with pagans 46

Book V: On heresy, and on the oppression of the poor by the powerful throughout the Roman Empire 70

Book VI: On the ruinous influence of circuses and spectacles 85

Book VII: Wherein Roman vice is contrasted with Vandal virtue 107

Book VIII: That the sins of the Romans are alone responsible for their ruin 132

Part Two · Sidonius Apollinaris 139

Introduction to the Letters of Sidonius 141

The Letters of Sidonius 209

Letter 1.1: To his friend Constantius 209

Letter 1.2: To [his brother-in-law] Agricola 210

Letter 1.3: To his friend Filimatius 213

Letter 1.4: To his friend Gaudentius 213

Letter 1.5 214

Letter 1.6: To his friend Eutropius 216

Letter 1.7 217

Letter 1.8: To his friend Candidianus 221

Letter 1.9 221

Letter 1.10: To his friend Campanianus 224

Letter 1.11: To his friend Montius 224

Letter 2.1: To [his brother-in-law] Ecdicius 229

Letter 2.2: To his friend Domitius 230

Letter 2.3: To [his friend Magnus] Felix 235

Letter 2.4: To his friend Sagittarius 236

Letter 2.5: To his friend Petronius 236

Letter 2.6: To his friend Pegasius 237

Letter 2.7: To his friend Explicius 237

Letter 2.8: To his friend Desideratus 238

Letter 2.9 239

Letter 2.10: To his friend Hesperius 241

Letter 2.11: To his friend Rusticus 243

Letter 2.12 ... 243
Letter 2.13 ... 244
Letter 2.14: To his friend Maurusius ... 246
Letter 3.1 ... 247
Letter 3.2 ... 248
Letter 3.3 ... 249
Letter 3.4: To his friend Magnus Felix ... 251
Letter 3.5 ... 252
Letter 3.6: To his friend Eutropius ... 253
Letter 3.7 ... 253
Letter 3.8: To his friend Eucherius (No indication of date) ... 254
Letter 3.9: To his friend Riothamus ... 255
Letter 3.10: To his friend Tetradius ... 255
Letter 3.11: To his friend Simplicius (No indication of date) ... 256
Letter 3.12 ... 256
Letter 3.13 ... 258
Letter 3.14: To his friend Placidus ... 261
Letter 4.1 ... 261
Letter 4.2: Claudianus [Mamertus1] to the Lord Bishop Sidonius ... 263
Letter 4.3 ... 264
Letter 4.4 ... 266
Letter 4.5: To his friend [Magnus] Felix ... 267
Letter 4.6 ... 267
Letter 4.7 ... 268
Letter 4.8 ... 269
Letter 4.9 ... 270
Letter 4.10: To his friend [Magnus] Felix ... 271
Letter 4.11 ... 272
Letter 4.12 ... 274
Letter 4.13 ... 275
Letter 4.14: To his friend Polemius ... 276
Letter 4.15 ... 277
Letter 4.16: To his friend Ruricius (No indication of date) ... 277
Letter 4.17 ... 278
Letter 4.18: To his friend Lucontius ... 279
Letter 4.19: To his friend Florentinus (No indication of date) ... 280
Letter 4.20 ... 280
Letter 4.21 ... 281
Letter 4.22 ... 282
Letter 4.23 ... 284
Letter 4.24: To his friend Turnus ... 285
Letter 4.25 ... 287
Letter 5.1: To his friend Petronius ... 288
Letter 5.2: To his friend Nymphidius ... 289
Letter 5.3: To [his kinsman] Apollinaris ... 289
Letter 5.4: To [his kinsman] Simplicius (No indication of date) ... 290
Letter 5.5: To his friend Syagrius (No indication of date) ... 290
Letter 5.6: To [his kinsman] Apollinaris ... 291

Letter 5.7: To his [kinsman] Thaumastus 292
Letter 5.8: To his friend Secundinus 294
Letter 5.9: To his friend Aquilinus 295
Letter 5.10 296
Letter 5.11: To his friend Potentinus 297
Letter 5.12: To his friend Calminius 297
Letter 5.13 298
Letter 5.14: To his friend Aper 299
Letter 5.15: To his friend Ruricius (No indication of date) 299
Letter 5.16 300
Letter 5.17 301
Letter 5.18: To his friend Attalus (No indication of date) 303
Letter 5.19: To his friend Pudens 304
Letter 5.20 304
Letter 5.21 305
Letter 6.1 305
Letter 6.2 307
Letter 6.3: To the Lord Bishop Leontius 308
Letter 6.4 308
Letter 6.5 309
Letter 6.6: To the Lord Bishop Eutropius 310
Letter 6.7: To the Lord Bishop Fonteius 310
Letter 6.8: To the Lord Bishop Graecus 311
Letter 6.9: To the Lord Bishop Lupus 311
Letter 6.10 312
Letter 6.11: To the Lord Bishop Eleutherius 312
Letter 6.12 313
Letter 7.1 315
Letter 7.2: To the Lord Bishop Graecus 316
Letter 7.3: To the Lord Bishop Megethius 319
Letter 7.4 319
Letter 7.5 320
Letter 7.6 321
Letter 7.7 324
Letter 7.8 325
Letter 7.9: To the Lord Bishop Perpetuus 326
Letter 7.10: To the Lord Bishop Graecus 332
Letter 7.11: To the Lord Bishop Auspicius 332
Letter 7.12 333
Letter 7.13 334
Letter 7.14 335
Letter 7.15: To his friend Salonius 338
Letter 7.16: To Abbot Chariobaudus 338
Letter 7.17: To his brother Volusianus 338
Letter 7.18: To his friend Constantius 339
Letter 8.1: To his friend Petronius 340
Letter 8.2: To his friend Johannes 341
Letter 8.3 341

Letter 8.4 ... 343
Letter 8.5: To his friend Fortunalis ... 344
Letter 8.6 ... 344
Letter 8.7 ... 348
Letter 8.8: To his friend Syagrius ... 349
Letter 8.9: To his friend Lampridius ... 350
Letter 8.10 ... 352
Letter 8.11: To his friend Lupus ... 352
Letter 8.12: To his friend Trygetius ... 357
Letter 8.13: To the Lord Bishop Nunechius ... 358
Letter 8.14 ... 359
Letter 8.15: To the Lord Bishop Prosper ... 361
Letter 8.16: To his friend Constantius ... 361
Letter 9.1: To his friend Firminus ... 362
Letter 9.2: To the Lord Bishop Euphronius ... 363
Letter 9.3: To the Lord Bishop Faustus ... 364
Letter 9.4: To the Lord Bishop Graecus ... 366
Letter 9.5: To the Lord Bishop Julianus ... 367
Letter 9.6 ... 367
Letter 9.7 ... 368
Letter 9.8: To the Lord Bishop Principius ... 369
Letter 9.9: To the Lord Bishop Faustus ... 370
Letter 9.10: To the Lord Bishop Aprunculus ... 374
Letter 9.11 ... 374
Letter 9.12 ... 377
Letter 9.13: To his friend Tonantius ... 378
Letter 9.14 ... 380
Letter 9.15: To his friend Gelasius ... 382
Letter 9.16: To his friend Firminus ... 384

Part Three · Eugippius ... 387

The Life of Saint Severinus ... 389
Letter of Paschasius to Eugippius ... 389
Letter of Eugippius to Paschasius ... 390
Chapter I ... 396
Chapter II ... 397
Chapter III ... 398
Chapter IV ... 398
Chapter V ... 400
Chapter VI ... 401
Chapter VII ... 402
Chapter VIII ... 402
Chapter IX ... 404
Chapter X ... 405
Chapter XI ... 405
Chapter XII ... 406
Chapter XIII ... 408
Chapter XIV ... 408

Chapter XV 408
Chapter XVI 409
Chapter XVII 410
Chapter XVIII 411
Chapter XIX 411
Chapter XX 412
Chapter XXI 413
Chapter XXII 413
Chapter XXIII 414
Chapter XXIV 414
Chapter XXV 415
Chapter XXVI 415
Chapter XXVII 416
Chapter XXVIII 417
Chapter XXIX 417
Chapter XXX 418
Chapter XXXI 419
Chapter XXXII 421
Chapter XXXIII 421
Chapter XXXIV 421
Chapter XXXV 421
Chapter XXXVI 422
Chapter XXXVII 423
Chapter XXXVIII 423
Chapter XXXIX 423
Chapter XL 424
Chapter XLI 425
Chapter XLII 425
Chapter XLIII 426
Chapter XLIV 428
Chapter XLV 429
Chapter XLVI 429
Chronological Table 431

Part Four · Dionysius Exiguus 433
Letter to Petronius on Easter 435

Part Five · Benedict of Nursia 439
The Rule of Saint Benedict 441
Prologue 441
Chapter 1. On the Kinds of Monks 443
Chapter 2. What Kind of Man the Abbot Ought to Be 444
Chapter 3. On Calling the Brethren for Counsel 446
Chapter 4. What Are the Instruments of Good Works 447
Chapter 5. On Obedience 448
Chapter 6. On the Spirit of Silence 449
Chapter 7. On Humility 450

Chapter 8. On the Divine Office During the Night 453
Chapter 9. How Many Psalms Are to Be Said at the Night Office 454
Chapter 10. How the Night Office Is to Be Said in Summer Time 454
Chapter 11. How the Night Office Is to Be Said on Sundays 454
Chapter 12. How the Morning Office Is to Be Said 455
Chapter 13. How the Morning Office Is to Be Said on Weekdays 455
Chapter 14. How the Night Office Is to Be Said on the Feasts of the Saints 456
Chapter 15. At What Times "Alleluia" Is to Be Said 456
Chapter 16. How the Work of God Is to Be Performed During the Day 456
Chapter 17. How Many Psalms Are to Be Said at These Hours 457
Chapter 18. In What Order the Psalms Are to Be Said 457
Chapter 19. On the Manner of Saying the Divine Office 458
Chapter 20. On Reverence in Prayer 459
Chapter 21. On the Deans of the Monastery 459
Chapter 22. How the Monks Are to Sleep 459
Chapter 23. On Excommunication for Faults 460
Chapter 24. What the Measure of Excommunication Should Be 460
Chapter 25. On Weightier Faults 460
Chapter 26. On Those Who Without an Order Associate With the Excommunicated 461
Chapter 27. How Solicitous the Abbot Should Be for the Excommunicated 461
Chapter 28. On Those Who Will Not Amend After Repeated Corrections 461
Chapter 29. Whether Brethren Who Leave the Monastery Should Be Received Again 462
Chapter 30. How Boys Are to Be Corrected 462
Chapter 31. What Kind of Man the Cellarer of the Monastery Should Be 462
Chapter 32. On the Tools and Property of the Monastery 463
Chapter 33. Whether Monks Ought to Have Anything of Their Own 463
Chapter 34. Whether All Should Receive in Equal Measure What Is Necessary 464
Chapter 35. On the Weekly Servers in the Kitchen 464
Chapter 36. On the Sick Brethren 465
Chapter 37. On Old Men and Children 465
Chapter 38. On the Weekly Reader 465
Chapter 39. On the Measure of Food 466
Chapter 40. On the Measure of Drink 467
Chapter 41. At What Hours the Meals Should Be Taken 467
Chapter 42. That No One Speak After Compline 468
Chapter 43. On Those Who Come Late to the Work of God or to Table 468
Chapter 44. How the Excommunicated Are to Make Satisfaction 469
Chapter 45. On Those Who Make Mistakes in the Oratory 470
Chapter 46. On Those Who Fail in Any Other Matters 470
Chapter 47. On Giving the Signal for the Time of the Work of God 470
Chapter 48. On the Daily Manual Labor 471
Chapter 49. On the Observance of Lent 472
Chapter 50. On Brethren Who Are Working Far From the Oratory or Are on a Journey 472
Chapter 51. On Brethren Who Go Not Very Far Away 473
Chapter 52. On the Oratory of the Monastery 473
Chapter 53. On the Reception of Guests 473
Chapter 54. Whether a Monk Should Receive Letters or Anything Else 474

Chapter 55. On the Clothes and Shoes of the Brethren 474
Chapter 56. On the Abbot's Table 475
Chapter 57. On the Craftsmen of the Monastery 476
Chapter 58. On the Manner of Receiving Brethren 476
Chapter 59. On the Sons of Nobles and of the Poor Who Are Offered 477
Chapter 60. On Priests Who May Wish to Live in the Monastery 478
Chapter 61. How Pilgrim Monks Are To Be Received 478
Chapter 62. On the Priests of the Monastery 479
Chapter 63. On the Order of the Community 480
Chapter 64. On Constituting an Abbot 481
Chapter 65. On the Prior of the Monastery 482
Chapter 66. On the Porters of the Monastery 483
Chapter 67. On Brethren Who Are Sent on a Journey 483
Chapter 68. If a Brother Is Commanded to Do Impossible Things 484
Chapter 69. That the Monks Presume Not to Defend One Another 484
Chapter 70. That No One Venture to Punish at Random 484
Chapter 71. That the Brethren Be Obedient to One Another 485
Chapter 72. On the Good Zeal Which Monks Ought to Have 485
Chapter 73. On the Fact That the Full Observance of Justice Is Not Established in This Rule 485

Part Six · Jordanes 487

The Origin and Deeds of the Goths 489

Preface 489
Chapter I. Geographical Introduction 490
Chapter II. Britain 491
Chapter III. Scandza 492
Chapter IV. The United Goths 494
Chapter V 495
Chapter VI 498
Chapter VII 499
Chapter VIII 500
Chapter IX 501
Chapter X 501
Chapter XI 503
Chapter XII 505
Chapter XIII 505
Chapter XIV 506
Chapter XV 507
Chapter XVI 508
Chapter XVII 509
Chapter XVIII 511
Chapter XIX. The Goths in the Time of Gallus, Volusianus and Aemilianus 512
Chapter XX 512
Chapter XXI. The Times of Diocletian 513
Chapter XXII 514
Chapter XXIII 514
Chapter XXIV 515

Chapter XXV. The Divided Goths: Visigoths 517
Chapter XXVI 518
Chapter XXVII 519
Chapter XXVIII 520
Chapter XXIX 520
Chapter XXX 521
Chapter XXXI 523
Chapter XXXII 524
Chapter XXXIII 525
Chapter XXXIV 527
Chapter XXXV 528
Chapter XXXVI 529
Chapter XXXVII 531
Chapter XXXVIII 531
Chapter XXXIX 532
Chapter XL 533
Chapter XLI 535
Chapter XLII 536
Chapter XLIII 537
Chapter XLIV 538
Chapter XLV 539
Chapter XLVI 541
Chapter XLVII 542
Chapter XLVIII. The Divided Goths: Ostrogoths 542
Chapter XLIX 544
Chapter L 545
Chapter LI 548
Chapter LII 548
Chapter LIII 549
Chapter LIV 550
Chapter LV 551
Chapter LVI 552
Chapter LVII 553
Chapter LVIII 555
Chapter LIX 556
Chapter LX 557
Conclusion 558

Sources and Credits 559

Introduction to This Volume

How this book is arranged

This is the seventy-sixth volume of a series that gathers the writings of the early Church in order of date, from the generation after the apostles down to the eighth century. This volume holds The Latin West, AD 440–550, from the period about AD 440 – 551.

Within each work the text is divided into chapters and numbered sections, so that any passage can be found again and cited. The small bold figures in the text are the section numbers.

The translations

The text is in English only. Wherever a modern English version has been prepared for SermonIndex it is used here; otherwise the book prints an older public-domain translation. In both cases the wording is the translator's own: older translations have not been altered beyond dividing them into sections. The sources for every work are listed at the back of the book, together with the licence under which each text is released. All the works in this volume are printed in older public-domain translations.

In this volume

Salvian was born about AD 400, probably near Trier, and became a priest at Marseilles, where he lived to a great age. His eight books On the Government of God, written about AD 440–450, answer those who asked how God could rule the world while the provinces of Rome were falling to the barbarians. He argues that the Romans were punished for their own vices, and that some of the barbarian peoples lived better lives than the Christians they overcame.

Sidonius was born at Lyons about AD 430 into a senatorial family and married the daughter of the emperor Avitus. He was prefect of Rome in AD 468, became bishop of Clermont about AD 470, held the city against the Visigoths, was for a time in exile, and died about AD 489. His nine books of letters, put together between AD 477 and 482, show the villas, courts, bishops

and barbarian kings of Gaul in the years when Roman rule there came to an end.

Eugippius was a disciple of Severinus in Noricum, the Roman province on the upper Danube. After the saint died in AD 482 he went with the other monks to Italy and became abbot of the monastery of Castellum Lucullanum near Naples, where he died about AD 535. He wrote the Life of Severinus in AD 511 at the request of the Roman deacon Paschasius.

Dionysius was born in Scythia Minor, on the lower Danube, and came to Rome about AD 500, where he lived as a monk and worked as a translator of Greek canons and decretals into Latin. In AD 525 he drew up a table for finding the date of Easter, and in it he counted the years from the Incarnation of Christ. This is the reckoning of Anno Domini now used round the world.

Benedict was born at Nursia in central Italy about AD 480. He lived for a time as a hermit at Subiaco, and about AD 529 he founded the monastery of Monte Cassino, where he died about AD 547. His Rule, written for his monks, draws on earlier monastic writings and joins firmness with moderation. Within a few centuries it became the standard rule of the Western Church.

Jordanes was of Gothic descent and served as a secretary to a Gothic general before he took up writing at Constantinople. In AD 551 he composed the Getica, a short history of the Goths that rests on a longer lost work by the Roman statesman Cassiodorus. It is the chief surviving account of how the Gothic peoples understood their own past.

The writers in this volume lived through the end of Roman rule in the West. Salvian and Sidonius write from Gaul in the generation of the invasions, Eugippius from the Danube frontier, and Jordanes from Constantinople. Dionysius Exiguus, who gave us the counting of years from the birth of Christ, and Benedict of Nursia, whose Rule shaped Western monasticism, close the volume.

Dates and authorship

Dates are approximate and are debated by scholars. Each work begins with a short introduction that states what is known about its author and its date, and what is uncertain.

PART ONE

Salvian of Marseilles

Eight books on the government of God, written when the barbarians were taking the provinces of Gaul.

On the Government of God

Salvian the Presbyter

c. AD 400–480

Salvian wrote these eight books about AD 440–450, when Gaul was being overrun by barbarian peoples. He asks how God can govern a world in which Roman provinces are lost, and he answers that the disasters are a just judgment on the sins of the Romans, who call themselves Christians but fill the cities with injustice and the theatres with crowds. The English is Eva M. Sanford's translation of 1930.

Book I: The government of God proved by the general conviction of mankind, and by his judgment recounted in the books of Moses

TO THE HOLY BISHOP SALONIUS, SALVIAN SENDS GREETINGS IN THE LORD Practically all men who have chosen some form of literary composition as a fitting expression of their native genius have taken especial pains, whether they were writing of useful and worthy matters, or of useless and unworthy, to lighten the order of their discourse by the brilliance of their language and to illumine by their style the questions under discussion. It is to style therefore that the majority of writers on secular topics, whether in prose or verse, have paid most attention, not considering sufficiently the necessity of choosing subjects worthy of approbation, provided that whatever they said was either chanted in smooth and elegant verse, or narrated in distinguished prose. These authors have sought their own ends, and looking toward their individual praise rather than the benefit of others have not tried to be considered salutary and helpful, but rhetorical and eloquent. Therefore their writings are swollen with vanity, infamous for their falsehood, smeared with filth, or vicious because of their obscene subjects. Trafficking in such unworthy fashion to purchase praise for ingenuity seems to me less a glorification than a condemnation of one's genius. Since we, on the other hand, are lovers of deeds rather than words, we seek utility rather than applause.

It is not, then, for vain and worldly adornments that we solicit praise, but for salutary prescriptions. Our writings, trifling though they are, shall present no vain lures but actual remedies, calculated not to please idle ears but to benefit the minds of the sick. So do we hope to gain our full reward from heaven. Now if this healing grace of ours cures the unfavorable opinion of our God held by certain men, it will be no small reward that I have thus aided many. But if no such benefit accrues, the very fact that I have tried to be of service may not be unfruitful. For a mind devoted to a good work and a charitable aim, though it has not achieved full success in its undertaking, is still rewarded for its good intent. At this point then I shall begin. 1. By certain men God is said to be careless and neglectful of human actions, on the ground that he neither protects good men nor restrains the wicked; and they claim that this is why at the present time the good are generally wretched and the wicked happy. Since we are dealing with Christians the Holy Scriptures alone should be sufficient to refute this charge. The many who are still somewhat infected by pagan unbelief may perhaps be convinced by the testimony of the greatest pagan philosophers. Let us, then, prove that not even these men had any conception of a God careless and neglectful of the world, though they had no means of really knowing God, since they were outside the true faith and were ignorant of the law through which he is apprehended. Pythagoras the philosopher, whom Philosophy herself regarded as her master, said in his discourse on the nature and beneficent works of God: "The Soul moves to and fro and is diffused through all parts of the world, and from it all living creatures receive their life..."

How then can God be said to neglect the world for which he so far shows his love that he extends his own being through its whole mass? Plato and all the Platonic school confess that God is the controller of all things. The Stoics testify that he remains always as steersman within that which he guides. What truer or more religious conception could they have had of the loving care of God than this comparison with a helmsman? For they clearly understood that as the helmsman never takes his hand from the tiller, so God never in the slightest degree withdraws his care from the world; and as the pilot catching the breezes, avoiding rocks, watching the stars, is completely absorbed, body and soul, in his task, so our God never turns his most gracious eyes from the whole extent of the world, nor takes away the guiding power of his providence, nor removes the indulgence of his most kindly love.

Whence comes also that ancient mystic saying by which Maro wished to prove himself no less philosopher than poet: "For God makes his way through all lands and the paths of the sea and the high heavens. Tully also says: "Nor indeed can God himself, who is known by us, be known in any other way than as a mind loosed and free and separated from all mortal matter, understanding all things and moving them. Elsewhere he states that nothing is more immediately present than God; by him the world is necessarily ruled.

God, therefore, is neither subject nor obedient to any natural force; he himself rules all nature. Unless forsooth we are led by our great wisdom to believe that he, by whom we say all things are ruled, at the same time both rules and neglects them! Since even men outside our faith have been compelled by sheer necessity to say that all things are known by God and are moved and ruled by him, how is it that some now think him careless and neglectful of the world? Is it not he who comprehends all creation by the fineness of his perception, moves it by his strength, rules it by his power, and protects it by his kindness? I have told you what men preeminent alike in philosophy and eloquence have thought of the majesty and government of the most high God. Moreover, I have cited the noblest masters of both these supreme arts expressly to facilitate my proof that all others have either agreed, or, if they have disagreed, have done so without any authority. And, in fact, I can find none who have differed from this judgment, except for the delirious ravings of the Epicureans and certain of their imitators. These last have associated God with carelessness and sloth, just as they have linked pleasure with virtue ---- so it appears that those who entertain this idea are likely to follow the vices of the Epicureans along with their opinion and doctrine. 2. I do not think that we need also use the divine word to prove so obvious a case, especially since the sacred writings furnish such abundant and open refutation of all the claims of ungodly men that, in meeting those of their vile charges which follow, we shall be able to refute more fully those already mentioned. They say that God neglects us entirely, since he neither restrains the wicked nor protects the good, and therefore in this world the condition of the better men is substantially the worse. They contrast the poverty of good men with the wealth of the wicked, their weakness with the strength of the wicked, their constant grief with the others' perpetual joy, their misery and mean estate with the honors and prosperity of sinners.

I wish at the outset to ask those who mourn this state of affairs, or base their accusations on it, this one question: is their grief for the saints, that is, the true and faithful Christians, or for the false impostors? If for the false, it is a needless grief that mourns for the unhappiness of the wicked, since, to be sure, all evil men are made worse by success in their undertakings, and rejoice at the lucky turn of their folly. Yet they ought to be most wretched in order that they may cease to be wicked, that they may cease to apply the name of religion to their most evil gains and to bestow the title of sanctity on their sordid traffickings; in such a case, indeed, a comparison of the misfortunes of sinners with their misdeeds shows that they are less unfortunate than they deserve, for the utmost misfortunes they can suffer leave them still less wretched than they are wicked. It is foolish to grieve for their lack of wealth and happiness. Far less should we lament in the case of the saints, for however unhappy they may seem to men who do not understand their condition, it is impossible for them to be otherwise than happy. Moreover, it is superfluous to think them wretched because of sickness or poverty or any like misfortune, in the midst of which they count themselves happy; for no man is wretched because of other men's judgment, but only in his own.

So those who are truly happy in their own estimation cannot be unhappy through the false conception of any man; for none, I think, are more fortunate than those who live and act according to their own determination and vows. Religious men are lowly ----they wish to be so; poor ---- they delight in poverty; without ambition---- they spurn it; unesteemed ---- they flee from honors; they mourn ---- but they seek out occasion for mourning; they are weak ----nay, they rejoice in weakness. For the apostle said, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Nor was this opinion held undeservedly by the man to whom God himself spoke thus: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." It is useless for us to bemoan this affliction of bodily illness, which we know is the mother of strength. Therefore, whatever their sorrows may have been, any who are truly religious should be called happy, since amid any hardships or difficulties whatsoever none are happier than those who are what they wish to be. Although we all know individuals whose aims are vile and shameful, who think themselves happy in gaining their desires, yet in actual fact such men are not happy, because they ought not to desire what they do. Moreover, the religious are happier than all others in this, that they have what they wish and at the same

time cannot possibly wish for anything better than they have. So toil, fasting, poverty, humility and weakness are not burdensome to all who suffer them but only to those who are unwilling to bear them. For the mind of the sufferer determines whether his troubles are heavy or light to endure. Just as no task is so light that it is not heavy to the man who performs it unwillingly, none is so heavy that it does not seem light to him who performs it gladly.

Or are we perhaps to think that it was a burden to those ancient patterns of virtue, the Fabii, Fabricii and Cincinnati, that they, who did not wish riches, were poor? Remember that they directed all their efforts, all their labor, to the common good, and by their individual poverty contributed to the growing wealth of the state. Surely you do not think that it was with groans and sadness that they endured their famous life of rustic economy, when they ate their cheap country fare before the very fire over which they had cooked it, and delayed even this poor meal until evening? Did they take it ill that they were not piling up talents of gold in the pursuit of miserly wealth, when they were passing laws to restrict the circulation even of silver? Could men who judged a patrician unworthy of the senate because he had wished to increase his wealth to the sum of ten pounds of silver possibly think it a penalty for their illicit greed that they had not their purses stuffed with gold?

In those days, I think, men did not despise humble ways of life, when they wore only one short and shaggy garment, when they were summoned from the plow to the dictator's fasces, and, on the point of winning fame in the consular robes, very likely wiped off their dusty sweat on those same imperial togas that they were about to don. In their time the magistrates were poor, but the state wealthy, whereas now the wealth of officials makes the state poor. What madness, I ask you, or what blindness, leads men to think that private fortunes can survive in the midst of the need and beggary of the state? Such were the ancient Romans; so they in their day scorned riches, though they knew not God, just as in ours men who follow the Lord still scorn them. But why do I speak of those men who in their desire to extend the Roman power turned their scorn of private means to the public enrichment, and while individually poor still had abundance in the common wealth of the state? Even Greek philosophers without any interest in public gain, through sheer greed of glory have been known to strip themselves of

almost all articles of common use, and, not content with this, have exalted their creed to the lofty pinnacle of contempt of suffering and death, saying that even in chains and punishment a wise man still is happy. They would have it that the power of virtue is so great that a good man can never fail to be content. If, then, certain wise men now think that those men were not unhappy, though they received no reward for their efforts but transient praise, how much more must religious and saintly men cease to be thought wretched, who both enjoy at this present time the delights of their faith, and are to attain as well the reward of eternal blessedness?

3. One of those of whom we complain said to a certain holy man who followed the true doctrine, that is, that God rules all things and tempers his governance and guidance according to his knowledge of human necessities: "Why then, I ask, are you yourself infirm?" His line of reasoning, I suppose, was as follows: "if God, as you think, rules everything in this present life, if he dispenses all fortunes, then how is it that a man whom I know to be a sinner is strong and healthy, whereas you, whose sanctity I do not question, are infirm?" Who does not marvel at the depth of feeling of one who considers the merits and virtues of a godly man worthy of such great recompense that he thinks they should be rewarded in this present life by the fleshly strength of the body? I answer, therefore, not in the name of any one saint but of them all: "Do you ask, then, whoever you are, how it is that holy men come to be weak? My answer is brief: they make themselves infirm for the express reason that if they are strong, they can hardly be holy. I think that men gain strength entirely through their food and drink, and are weak through abstinence, thirst and fasting. Therefore it is not strange that those are weak who scorn the use of the means by which others are made strong. And there is good reason for such scorn, according to the words of the apostle Paul, when he said: "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. If the apostle himself considered the weakness of the body an end to be sought, who acts wisely in avoiding it? If the apostle feared the strength of the flesh, who rightly presumes to be strong? This, then, is the reason why men who have given themselves over to Christ both are and wish to be weak.

Far be it from us to think that holy men are neglected by God for the very reason for which, we trust, they are the more loved by him. We read that the apostle Timothy was most weak in the flesh. Was this a sign of God's

neglect, or did Timothy through his weakness fail to please Christ, willing as he was to be weak in order to please him? Even so the apostle Paul, though Timothy was suffering from serious infirmities, yet permitted him to take and sip only a very little wine; that is, he wished him to have regard for his weakness but not so far as to attain full vigor. And why was this? What other reason could there be but that which he himself has given? "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary," he says, "the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would."

It was not without insight that a certain author said in this connection that if the strength of the body prevents us from doing what we wish, the flesh must be weakened in order that we may achieve our desires. For he says: "The weakness of our flesh sharpens the vigor of the mind, and when our limbs are weakened bodily strength is transformed into spiritual virtue. Then our inmost parts no longer seethe with disgraceful passions, and secret desires no longer kindle a diseased mind; our senses do not roam wantonly over various enticements, but the soul alone exults, rejoicing in the weakness of the body as over a defeated adversary." This, as I said, is the cause to which religious men ascribe their infirmities, and you, I think, can no longer deny its validity. 4. But perhaps they have, you say, other and greater sufferings, that is, they endure many hard and bitter trials in this life; they arc captured, tortured and butchered. That is true, but what are we to make of the fact that the prophets were led away into captivity and that the apostles also suffered torments? Surely we cannot doubt that God had the greatest concern for them, since it was for God that they bore these afflictions. But perhaps you claim this as an additional proof that God neglects everything that happens in this life and reserves his whole care for the judgment to come, since the good have always suffered, as the wicked have performed, all things evil. This idea does not seem to be that of an unbeliever, especially as it admits the future judgment of God. But we say that the human race is to be judged by Christ, while yet maintaining that now also God rules and ordains all things in accordance with his reason. While we declare that he will judge in the future, we also teach that he always has judged us in this life. As God always governs, so too he always judges, for his government is itself judgment.

In how many ways do you wish this proved, by reason, or by examples, or by authorities? If you wish it proved by reason, who is so lacking in ordinary human intelligence and so utterly averse to the truth of which we speak, that he does not recognize and see that the surpassing beauty of the created world, the inestimable grandeur of the heavens above and of the regions below are ruled by the same power that created them? He who devised their elements will himself be their governor. He will guide all things by a providence and reason consistent with the majestic power by which he founded them. And certainly, since even in those matters that are conducted by human activity, absolutely nothing exists without reason, and all things derive their security from providence, even as the body derives its life from the soul; so in this world not only empires and provinces, civil and military affairs, but also the lesser offices and private homes, the very sheep and the smaller sorts of domestic animals are controlled by no other means than human ordinance and wisdom, as by a guiding hand on the tiller. All this beyond a doubt is in accordance with the will and judgment of the most high God, that the whole human race should govern the lesser parts, or limbs of the world, following the example of God's government of the whole body of the universe.

But, you suggest, in the beginning the governance of his creatures was so determined and arranged by God; yet after he had formed and perfected the whole scheme of things, he abdicated, and renounced the administration of earthly matters. I suppose you mean to imply that he fled from the idea of toil and repudiated it, that he sought to avoid the annoyance of constant effort. Or was it that, occupied with other business, he abandoned a part of his affairs, since he could not attend to the whole? 5. God then puts far from himself, you say, all thought of mortal men. In that case what rational ground is there for our belief in his divinity? What reason is there for worshipping Christ, or what hope of winning his favor? For if God in this life neglects the human race, why do we daily stretch out our hands toward heaven? Why do we pray so often for the mercy of God? Why do we hasten to the churches? Why kneel in prayer before the altars? There is no reason for praying if the hope of an answer to prayer is taken from us. You see what vain folly lies in the urging of this idea; truly, if it is accepted, nothing at all remains of our religion. But perhaps you take refuge in the argument that we honor God in the fear of a future judgment, and perform all the ritual of our daily worship to gain absolution on the judgment day hereafter. In that case,

what was the meaning of the daily preaching of Paul the apostle in the church, and his command that we offer constantly to God our prayers, our entreaties, our requests and our thanksgivings?

What is the purpose of all this? What else than, as he himself says, "that we may live a quiet and peaceable life in all chastity?" For our present needs, as we see, he orders us to pray and beseech the Lord. Surely he would not command this if he were not sure that God hearkens to prayer. How can any one suppose that the ears of God are open for the granting of boons at some future time, but deaf and blocked against immediate petitions? Or what leads us when praying in the church to ask God for present safety, if we think that he does not listen at all to our prayers? In that case we should make no vows for our safety and prosperity. Perhaps, to the end that the modesty of the request may win favor for the voice of the petitioner, we should rather pray thus: "Lord, we do not seek prosperity in this life, nor beseech you for immediate favors, for we know that your ears are closed to such petitions and that you do not listen to such prayers, but we ask only for those favors that shall be granted us after our death."

Granted that such a petition is not without value, on what rational basis does it rest? For if God is without interest in this life, and closes his ears to the prayers of his suppliants, then doubtless he who does not hear our present pleas is deaf also to our prayers for the future. Are we to believe that Christ listens or denies his attention according to the diverse nature of our prayers, that lie closes his ears when we ask for present boons, and opens them when we ask for blessings to come? But enough of this. The arguments are so stupid and frivolous that one needs to beware lest what is said for the honor of God seem injurious to him. For so great and terrible is the reverence due to his sacred majesty that we should not only shudder at the arguments of our opponents, but should also make our defence of religion with due fear and circumspection.

If, therefore, it is stupid and impious to believe that the divine love despises the care of human affairs, then God does not despise it; moreover, if he does not scorn it, he governs; if he governs, he judges by the very exercise of his government, since there can be no rule without the constant exercise of judgment on the part of the ruler. 6. Perhaps some one may think a proof too insecure that rests on reason alone without the support of authority. Let us see how God has ruled the world from the beginning; for by demonstrat-

ing that he has always ruled the universe, we shall prove that he has at the same time exercised judgment. What is the testimony of the Scriptures? "Therefore God formed man of clay and breathed into him the breath of life." And what followed? " He placed him in a paradise of pleasure." What next? What else than that he gave him law, filled him with his commands, formed him by his instruction? But what happened then? Man transgressed the sacred ordinance, underwent judgment, lost paradise and suffered the penalty of damnation. Who can fail to see God as both governor and judge in this whole account? For he placed Adam in paradise in innocence; he expelled him in guilt. In Adam's establishment we see the divine ordinance; in his expulsion, the divine judgment. For when God set man in a place of delight, he ordained his way of life; but when he expelled him in guilt from that realm, he exercised judgment. This then is the story of the first man, that is, of the father.

What of the second, the son? "In process of time it came to pass," say the Holy Scriptures, "that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering: but unto Cain and his offering he had not respect." Before I speak of the more obvious judgment of God, I think that even in the account just given there is a certain indication of judgment; for in the act of receiving one brother's sacrifice and rejecting the other God gave a most open verdict as to the justice of the one and the injustice of the other. But this was not enough. Thereafter Cain paved the way for his later crimes by leading his brother into the wilderness; in the friendly protection of the desert he committed his murder. He proved himself at once the most wicked and most stupid of men, since he thought he had sufficient secrecy for the most evil and abhorrent act if he avoided the sight of men when about to commit fratricide with God as his witness.

Whence I think he had this same idea that is now so prevalent, that God does not behold things done on earth and does not see any of the acts of wicked men. Nor is there any doubt of this, since, when he was admitted to speech with God after the commission of his crime, he answered that he knew nothing of his brother's death. He was so sure of God's ignorance of his deed, that he thought the most deadly wrong could be hidden by a mere lie. But the event proved other than he anticipated. For though he thought his

fratricide unseen by God, his condemnation taught him that God had seen. I now have one question to ask of those who deny that human affairs are regarded by God or ruled or judged by him: are all the circumstances different in these accounts that we have given? For I think that he is present who is concerned in the sacrifice; he rules who rebukes Cain after his sacrifice; he is anxious who requires the victim of the murderer; he judges who condemns the wicked slayer by a just verdict.

In this incident, indeed, there is yet another point convenient to our argument. Surely we are not to wonder that holy men are now suffering certain hardships, since we see that God even at that time permitted the first of his saints to be most wickedly slain. As to the reason why he permits such actions, it is not within the power of human weakness to discover fully, nor is this a fit occasion for such discussion. For the present it is enough to prove that deeds of this sort do not occur because of the negligence or inattention of God, but are permitted by the dispensation of his wisdom. Moreover, we can by no means call him unjust, for the will of God is the highest justice; nor does a divine action cease to be righteous because man is incapable of grasping the workings of the divine justice. But let us return to the main argument.

7. We have seen in the accounts already given that nothing is done without the care of God, but that some of these actions were so arranged by his divine wisdom, some endured by his forbearance, some punished by his sentence. Certain people, perhaps, think that these few cases do not sufficiently establish our contention; let us see if we can make it completely clear through the experience of all men. When, therefore, the human race had increased and multiplied alike in numbers and in wickedness, as the Holy Scripture says: "God seeing that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, repented that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart, and he said: 'I will destroy man whom. I have created, from the face of the earth.' "

Let us consider how both the care of God and his severity are equally shown in the whole account. For first we read, "moreover God seeing"; secondly, "it grieved him at his heart"; and thirdly, "he said, 'I will destroy man whom I have created.'" In the first statement, that God sees all things, his care is shown; in the statement that he grieves is shown the terror of his

wrath; that he punishes, his severity as a judge. "God therefore repented," says the Holy Scripture, "that he had made man on the earth"; this does not indicate that God is subject to repentance or any other emotion, but rather that the divine word, to further our understanding of the true meaning of the Scriptures, speaks to us in terms of human feeling and shows the force of God's anger under the name of repentance; moreover, the divine wrath is the punishment of the sinner.

What followed then? When God saw that the earth was corrupt he said to Noah: "The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them: and behold, I will destroy them with the earth." What happened next? "All the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the flood-gates of heaven were opened and the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights." And a little later: "All flesh died that moved upon the earth." And again: "And Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark." Now I wish to ask those who say that God neglects human fortunes whether they believe that at this time he cared for earthly matters and judged them? I think he not merely judged but gave a twofold judgment; for in preserving the good he proved himself a generous giver of rewards, and in destroying the wicked, a severe judge.

Perhaps these instances may seem to stupid wits to lack authority, since they happened before the Flood ---- in another age, as it were. As if we could assume that God was different at that time, and afterwards ceased to desire to exercise the same care for the world! Indeed, by the divine grace I could prove my statements by examples from all generations since the Flood, but their great number forbids. However, certain of the more important instances will suffice, for since God is undoubtedly the same in the greater and the lesser cases, the lesser may be inferred from the greater. 8. After the Flood God blessed the generation of men, and when this blessing had brought forth an immeasurable host of men, God spoke to Abraham from heaven, ordering him to leave his own land and go to a strange country. He was called, he followed; he was guided and established; from a poor man he became rich; from an obscure man, powerful. Though reduced by his journeyings to the lowest estate, he came to be most high in honor. Yet in order that the previous gifts of God to him should not seem undeserved generosity, he who rejoiced in prosperity was tested in adversity. Then came toil, danger and fear; he was vexed by travelling, worn out by exile, visited with shame,

and deprived of his wife. God ordered him to sacrifice his son; the father offered his child, and so far as the resolution of his heart was concerned, performed the sacrifice. Again came periods of exile, again fear, the hatred of the Philistines, the rapine of Abimelech ---- many evils, yet compensated by equal consolations, for though he was afflicted in many things, yet was he rewarded for them all.

What conclusion are we to draw? In all the events which we have recounted, is not God seen examining Abraham, inviting and leading him, anxious for him, his sponsor, protector, benefactor, testing and exalting him, at once his avenger and his judge? Surely he examined him, for he chose him as the one best man of them all; he invited him, for he called him; he was his guide, leading him through in safety to unknown lands; anxious for him, for he visited him by the oak tree; his sponsor, in promises of things to come; his protector, guarding him among barbarous races; his benefactor, in that he enriched him; his examiner, in that he wished to test him by harsh trials; his exalter, for he made him powerful beyond all men; his avenger, for he avenged him on his adversaries; his judge, for in avenging him he exercised judgment.

Moreover, God at once added another item to this history when he said: "The cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is grown great, and their sin is increased overmuch." The cry of Sodom and Gomorrah, he said, is grown great. He said well that sins cry out, for without doubt the cry of sinners is great, as it ascends from earth to heaven. Why does he speak of men's sins as crying out? Certainly because he means that his ears are smitten by the cries of our sins, that the punishment of sinners may not be delayed. Truly, it is a cry, and a great cry, when the fatherly love of God is overcome by the cries of sin, so that he is compelled to punish the sinners. God showed how unwillingly he punishes even the worst of sinners, when he said that the cry of Sodom ascended to him. That is to say: "My mercy indeed persuades me to spare them; nevertheless the cry of their sins compels me to punish." When he had said this, what resulted? Angels were sent to Sodom; they set out, and entered the city; they were treated hospitably by the good and injuriously by the wicked; the wicked were blinded and the good saved. Lot, with his dear ones who honored God, was led out of the city; Sodom itself was burned with its wicked inhabitants.

I ask at this point whether it was in accordance with justice or contrary to it that God burned these wicked men? He who says that the Sodomites were unjustly punished by God accuses him of injustice; if, on the other hand, God justly destroyed those evil men, he judged them. Surely he judged them, and indeed his judgment clearly foreshadowed that which is to come. For it is well known that in time to come Gehenna will be in flames for the punishment of the wicked, just as flames from heaven then consumed the city of Sodom and its neighbors. Moreover, God wished his immediate action to prefigure that coming judgment, when he sent Gehenna down out of heaven upon an impious people. So the apostle also says that God condemned the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah by their overthrow, making them an example to those that hereafter should live ungodly lives, although his action on that occasion had in it more of mercy than of severity. For that he so long delayed their punishment was due to his mercy; that he finally punished them, to his justice. So when God sent his angels to Sodom, he wished to prove to us that he is loath to punish even wicked men; to the end that when we should read what insults the angels endured from the people of Sodom, and see plainly the enormity of their crimes, the disgraceful character of their vices and the obscenity of their lusts, he might prove to us that he did not wish to destroy them, but they themselves forced their destruction on him.

9. I might mention countless further examples, but I am afraid that in my effort to give adequate proof I may seem to have composed a whole history. Moses pasturing his sheep in the desert saw a bush burning, heard God from the midst of the bush and received his commands. He was exalted in power and was sent to Pharaoh; he spoke with him, was scorned, but conquered. The Egyptian was struck down, Pharaoh's disobedience was smitten, and not in one way alone, but many, to the end that he should be tortured by a diversity of punishments in consideration of the greatness of his sacrilege. What was the outcome? Ten times he rebelled; ten times he was smitten. What is our conclusion? I think you must recognize that in all these cases God shows equally his care for human affairs and his judgment of them. In Egypt, indeed, the judgment of God at that time was evidently not single but manifold. For as often as he smote the rebellious Egyptians, so often he judged them. But after the events already told, what happened? Israel was dismissed; after celebrating the Passover they despoiled the Egyptians and de-

parted in wealth. Pharaoh repented, gathered his army, overtook the fugitives, encamped beside them, was separated from them by the darkness; the sea was dried up, Israel crossed over and by the friendly withdrawal of the waves was set free. Pharaoh followed, the sea rolled over him, and he was drowned by the engulfing waves.

I think that the judgment of God has been made clear in these events, and indeed not merely his judgment but also his moderation and patience. For it was due to his patience that the Egyptians in their rebellion were often smitten, to his judgment that for their persistent stubbornness they were condemned to death. Therefore, after this series of adventures the race of the Hebrews, victorious without warfare, entered the desert. They followed an uncharted course, pathless wanderers, with God to lead the way, honored by his divine comradeship, powerful through their heavenly leader, following a moving column of cloud by day, of fire by night, which took on shifting changes of color to suit the changing skies, that its dull obscurity might stand out in contrast to the strong light of day and its flaming splendor illumine by its clear glow the mists of night. Add to this the springs that suddenly gushed forth, add the bitter waters given and changed, keeping their old appearance but changing their character. Add mountain peaks cleft open by streams gushing forth, dusty fields foaming with new torrents. Add flocks of birds sent into the camp of the wanderers, since God in his most indulgent love catered not only to the needs but also to the palates of his people; the food granted throughout forty years by the daily ministry of the stars, the dew of sweet morsels shed from the poles, offering abundance not merely for nourishment but for delight. Add that the men experienced in no part of their bodies the growth or losses natural to human beings, their nails did not grow, nor their teeth decay, their hair stayed always of one length, their feet were not worn by the march, their clothing was not tattered, their shoes not broken, and thus the honor granted to the men themselves was even sufficient to dignify their mean garments. Add to all this God descending to earth to instruct his people, lending himself, God the Son, to earthly sight, the countless throngs of people admitted to familiar intercourse with him, waxing strong in the power of his sacred intimacy.

Add to this the thunders, the lightnings, the terrifying blasts of celestial trumpets, the fearful crashing over the whole sky, the poles rumbling with a holy sound, the fires, mists and clouds filled with the very presence of God,

God speaking to man face to face, the law resounding from his holy lips, the letters inscribed in minutest accuracy on the stone page by the finger of God, the stone become a written scroll, the people learning and God teaching in a school of heaven and earth commingled, almost a union of men and angels. For it is written that when Moses had taken the words of the people to the Lord, the Lord said to him: "Lo, now I come to thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak with thee." And a little later: "Lo, there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount." Again: "And the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, on the top of the mount." Again: "And the Lord talked with Moses. And all the people saw the cloudy pillar stand at the tabernacle door: and all the people rose up and worshipped, every man at his tent door. And the Lord spake unto Moses, face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."

In view of all this, does God seem to take any thought for men, giving them such great gifts, helping them so much, sharing his speech with a vile mortal, as if admitting him to converse in his sacred fellowship, opening before him his hands filled with immortal riches, nourishing him with a cup of nectar, feeding him with celestial food? What greater care, I ask, could his guidance afford, what greater love could he show, than possession in the course of this present life of such a mirror of future blessedness? 10. Perhaps at this juncture you may answer that God did once exercise such care for men, but now does not at all. Why should we believe this? Because we do not now eat manna daily as the Israelites did? But we reap fields full of grain at the harvest. Because we do not catch quails that fly into our hands? But we devour all kinds of birds, cattle and beasts. Because we are not granted waters gushing from clefts opened in the rocks? But we pour the fruits of our vines into our wine cellars. I have more to add: we ourselves, who say that the children of Israel at that time were cared for by God but that we are neglected by him, would absolutely reject the choice of their condition if we could receive their past favors in exchange for our present benefits. For we should not be willing to lose what we now have in order to gain what they then enjoyed, not that we are better off than the Israelites were, but that they too, who were then daily fed by the ministry of the stars and of God, preferred the old accustomed fodder for their bellies to the favors they enjoyed. They were actually sad at their vile recollections of carnal foods, pining away with a vulgar yearning for onions and garlic, not because their former diet was more

wholesome, but because they acted just as we do now. They loathed what they had and longed for what they lacked. We would rather praise bygone days than the present, not that we should prefer to revive the past if the choice were given us, but because it is a well-known failing of the human mind always to desire what it lacks, and, as the proverb says, "Another's goods please us, and ours please others more."

To this may be added a trait shared by almost all, of being forever ungrateful to God, and all in turn are bound by the deep-rooted and inborn vice of belittling the blessings God gives, in order that they may not feel obliged to look on themselves as his debtors. But enough of this: let us at last return to our original proposition. I think we have made no slight progress toward proving the point; still let me add one instance more, if you please, since it is better to prove a matter more fully than is necessary than to risk falling short of conviction. 11. Freed from Pharaoh's yoke the people of the Hebrews transgressed near Mount Sinai, and were at once smitten by the Lord for their transgression. For it is written: "And the Lord plagued the people for their delusion concerning the calf which Aaron made." What greater and clearer judgment could God give concerning sinners than that punishment should overtake them forthwith in the midst of their sin? Yet since all the people were guilty, why was not destruction visited on all alike? Surely because the Lord, loving them, smote some with the sword of his sentence, in order to correct the others by their example, and to prove to all at one time his censure in chastising their sin and his affection in pardoning them. For his censure was shown in the punishment, his mercy in the pardon, though disproportionately, for on that occasion he yielded more to mercy than to severity.

Surely then, since our most indulgent Lord shows himself always more prone to mercy than to punishment, even though in punishing a part of the Jewish host by his divine censure he gave some scope to judgment and severity, yet his love claimed the greater portion of the people ---- a special and peculiar act of mercy to countless men that the punishment might not destroy all who were implicated in the guilt. But toward certain individuals and families, as we read, the censure of God was inexorable. Such an instance is that of the man who, when the people rested on the Sabbath day, presumed to gather wood and was killed. For although his action seemed harmless in itself, yet the observance of the day made it sinful. Or the time when two

men were contesting with each other, and one, since he had blasphemed, was punished by death. For it is written: "Lo the son of an Israelitish woman, whose father was an Egyptian, went out among the children of Israel; and this son of an Israelitish woman and a man of Israel strove together in the camp; and the Israelitish woman's son blasphemed the name of the Lord, and cursed. And they brought him to Moses." And a little later: "And they put him in ward, that the mind of the Lord might be showed them. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, 'Bring forth him that hath cursed without the camp ; and let all that heard him lay their hands upon his head, and let all the congregation stone him.' "

Was not God's judgment immediate and manifest and his sentence pronounced as if the heavenly decision followed the forms of our legal procedure? First the man who had sinned was arrested, then he was led, so to speak, before the judge's seat, thirdly accused and then put into prison, lastly punished by the authority of the divine judgment; furthermore he was not only punished but punished in accordance with evidence given, so that God's justice and not merely his power was seen to condemn his guilt. This truly was meant as an example working toward the correction of all men, so that none should commit thereafter the deed which all the people had punished in one person. For this reason and by this judgment the Lord does all things now and has always done them, that whatever penalties individuals have to bear should work toward the correction of all. So it was also when Abihu and Nadab, men of priestly blood, were consumed by fire from heaven, in whose case, to be sure, the Lord wished to show not merely judgment but judgment immediately impending. For it is written that when the fire sent by the Lord had consumed the burnt offering: "Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not. And there went out fire from the Lord and devoured them and they died before the Lord." What else did he wish than to show his right hand stretched over us, and his sword ever threatening? For he punished the errors of the aforesaid men at once, in their very act, and the crime of the sinners was scarcely committed before punishment was exacted for their misdeeds.

Yet not only this was accomplished in their case, but much else besides, For, as in these men not a wicked intention but only a misguided impulse was punished, the Lord surely made clear what punishment any one would

deserve who committed a sin through contempt of the divine power, since even those who had sinned only through thoughtlessness were struck down by God ---- or how guilty they would be who acted contrary to his command, when those who merely acted without his command were thus stricken. God also wished to further our correction by a salutary example, that all laymen should understand how much they ought to fear the wrath of God, since neither did the high priest's merits rescue his sons from instant punishment, nor did the privilege of the sacred ministry redeem them. But why do I speak of men whose ill-advised action really did in some measure affect God and work injury to his divinity? Mary spoke against Moses and was punished; she was not only punished, but punished in due course of trial. For first she was called to justice, then accused, and thirdly chastised. In the accusation she learned the full force of her sentence, and in her leprosy she paid full atonement for her crime ---- yet this punishment humbled not Mary alone, but Aaron as well. For, though it was unsuitable for the high priest to be deformed by leprosy, yet the correction of the Lord plagued him also. Nor was this all. In the punishment that Mary suffered, Aaron too was involved, as sharer in her guilt; Mary indeed was punished that Aaron might be put to confusion.

Furthermore, that we might recognize in the individual cases that the form of the divine judgment is inexorable, God did not even yield to the intercession of the injured party. For we read that the Lord spoke thus to Aaron and Mary: "Wherefore then were ye not afraid to speak against my servant Moses?" And the anger of the Lord was kindled against them, and he departed. And behold, Mary became leprous, and white as snow: and Moses cried unto the Lord, saying: "Heal her now, O God, I beseech thee." And the Lord said unto Moses: "If her father had but spit in her face, should she not be ashamed seven days? Let her be shut out from the camp seven days, and after that let her be received in again." These things that we have told should be sufficient for this division of the argument and for this part of our work; for it is an endless task to discuss all the cases; indeed, it would be overlong merely to enumerate them without any discussion. But let me add one more instance.

12. The people of the Hebrews repented having gone out of Egypt; they were struck down: then they grieved at the weariness and toil of the journey, and were afflicted: they desired flesh-meat, and were smitten. And because,

eating manna daily, they desired to satiate the cravings of their bellies with illicit foods, they were sated indeed in their passionate greed, but tortured in that very satiety. "For while their food was still in their mouths," says the Scripture, "the wrath of God came upon them, and slew very many of them and smote down the chosen men of Israel." Og rebelled against Moses: he was blotted out. Korah taunted him: he was overwhelmed. Dathan and Abiram murmured against him: they were swallowed up. "For the earth opened and swallowed Dathan, and covered the company of Abiram." Two hundred and fifty leaders of the people also, as the sacred narrative testifies, who were called upon by name to speak at the time of the council, rose against Moses. "And they gathered themselves together against Moses and against Aaron, and said to them: 'Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy, every one of them, and the Lord is among them; wherefore then lift ye up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord?' " And what happened after this? "There came out a fire from the Lord, and consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense."

When such deeds were committed, heavenly mercy was of no avail. Correction was administered again and again, yet improvement did not follow. For just as we are chastised again and again, and do not improve, so they too, though constantly struck down, did not mend their ways. For what is written? "But on the morrow all the congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron, saying, 'Ye have killed the people of the Lord.' " What happened then? Fourteen thousand seven hundred men were struck down at once and consumed by divine fire. Since all the multitude of the people sinned, why did not the punishment fall on all alike? Especially since, as I said before, no one escaped from Koran's sedition. Why did God on the former occasion wish all the assemblage of sinners to be killed, but at this time a portion only? Surely because the Lord is full of justice and mercy and therefore his indulgence causes many concessions to his love, and his discipline to his severity. And so on the one occasion he gave first place to discipline that the punishment of all the guilty might redound to the general betterment; on the other he yielded precedence to mercy, that the whole people might not perish. Although he acted with such mercy, yet because the punishment so often repeated for a part of the people did not profit them, finally he condemned them all to death. This example should contribute to

our fear and our correction alike, that we, failing to be improved by their example, may not come to be punished by a destruction like theirs.

There is no doubt what their end was. Although the whole race of the Hebrews went out of Egypt to enter the promised land, yet not one of them entered it save two holy men alone. For it is written: "The Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying: 'How long shall I bear with this evil congregation, which murmur against me? As truly as I live, saith the Lord, as ye have spoken in mine ears this day, so will I do to you: your carcasses shall fall in this wilderness!'" What followed? "Your little ones," he said, "which you said would be a prey, them will I bring in, and they shall know the land which ye have despised. But as for you, your carcasses, they shall fall in this wilderness." And what then? " All died and were struck down in the sight of the Lord." What detail is lacking in this whole account? Would you see a ruler? Behold him, correcting present sins and disposing the future. Would you see a severe judge? Behold, he punishes the guilty. Would you see a just and loving judge? Behold, he spares the innocent. Would you see the judge of the whole world? Behold, his judgment is in all places. For as judge he accuses and as judge he rules; as judge he pronounces sentence; as judge he destroys the guilty, and as judge he rewards the innocent.

BOOK II: THE IMMEDIATE JUDGMENT OF GOD AS SEEN IN THE HISTORY OF KING DAVID

1. The examples given above are sufficient proof, therefore, that our God acts constantly as a most anxious watcher, a most tender ruler, and a most just judge. But perhaps one of my less enlightened readers is thinking: "If all things are now conducted by God as they were in those days, why is it that the evil prevail while the good are afflicted; and whereas in the past the evil felt God's wrath, and the good his mercy, now by some strange reversal the good appear to experience his wrath and the evil his favor?" These questions I shall answer presently, but now since I have promised to prove three points, namely, God's presence, his government and his judgment, by three methods, that is, by reason, by examples and by authority and since I have already given sufficient proof of them by reason and examples, it remains for me to verify them by authority. Yet the examples I have given should rank as authority, since that term is rightly applied to the means by which the truth of matters under discussion is established.

Which then of the above-mentioned points should first be proved by sacred authority ---- his presence, his government, or his judgment? His presence, I think, because he who is to rule or judge must surely be present, in order to be able to rule or judge anything whatever. Speaking through the Sacred Books, the Divine Word says.: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." Here you find God present, looking upon us, his eyes watching us wherever we may be. If the Divine Word assures us that God observes the good and the wicked, it is expressly to prove that nothing escapes his watchful scrutiny. For your fuller comprehension, hear the testimony of the Holy Spirit in another part of the Scriptures, when it says: "Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine." This is why God is said to watch over the just, that he may preserve and protect them. For the propitious oversight of his divinity is the safeguard, of our mortal life. Elsewhere the Holy Spirit speaks in the same fashion: "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears, are open unto their cry."

See with what gentle kindness the Scripture says the Lord treats his people. For when it says the eyes of the Lord are on the righteous, his watchful love is shown; when it says that his ears are always open to their prayers, his readiness to hear is indicated. That his ears are always open to the prayers of the righteous proves not merely God's attention, but one might almost say his obedience. For how are the ears of the Lord open to the prayers of the righteous? How, save that he always hears, always hears clearly, always grants readily the pleas he has heard, bestows on men at once what he has clearly heard them ask? So the ears of our Lord are always ready to listen to the prayers of his saints, always attentive. How happy should we all be if we ourselves were as ready to hearken to God as he is to hear us!

But perhaps you say that the proof of God's guardianship of the just is useless to our argument, since this is not a general watchfulness of the divine power but merely a special favor granted to the righteous. Note, however, that the Sacred Word testified above that the eyes of the Lord watch over both good and evil. If you still wish to argue the point, consider this, for it follows in the text: "Moreover the face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth." You see that you have no ground for complaint that God does not look upon the unjust also, since you know that he watches all men, but with different effect because of

the inequality of their merits. The good indeed are watched by him that they may be preserved, the evil that they may be destroyed. You yourself, who deny that God watches men, have your place with these last; know then that you are not only clearly seen by God, but are without doubt in imminent peril. For since the face of the Lord is upon them that do evil, to cut off remembrance of them from the earth, you, who wickedly say that the eyes of the Lord do not see you, must learn by your destruction the wrath of an all-seeing God. These arguments, then, are sufficient to prove the presence and watchfulness of God.

2. Let us now see whether he who watches us also rules us, although, forsooth, his watchfulness in itself implies governance as its motive, unless he looks upon us in order to neglect us thereafter. Surely the fact that he deigns to look upon us is itself an indication of his care for us, especially since the Sacred Word has borne witness, as I have shown above, that the wicked are observed by God to their destruction, the good to their salvation. Certainly this very fact shows the divine guidance, for this is actually ruling by just government and dealing with men individually according to their several merits. Listen, however, to fuller testimony on this point. The Holy Spirit spoke thus to God the Father in a psalm: "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel." Israel means "Seeing God," since indeed Christians who believe faithfully see him with faith in their hearts:. Though God is the governor of all things, still his governance is spoken of as being chiefly assigned to those who especially deserve divine guidance. Therefore you also, whoever you are, if you are a Christian, must of necessity believe in God's government. If, however, you refuse utterly to believe that you, together with other Christians, are ruled by God, you must recognize that you belong outside the whole body of Christians.

But if, as we suggested earlier, you are more interested in the case of men in general, than of Christians alone, see how clearly the Holy Book says that all things are daily ruled by the divine will and the whole world incessantly guided by God, for it says: "He himself loves counsel and discipline." "For neither is there any other God beside thee that careth for all, bat being righteous thou rulest all things righteously and with great reverence dost dispose us." Here you have God constantly arranging, constantly governing; yet in the passage cited not only his divine governance but also the high honor of man is declared. For the words, "thou dost dispose us," show the

power of his divine government, but the words, "with great reverence," show the culmination of human honor. Elsewhere also we read in the words of the prophet: "Do I not fill heaven and earth!" And he himself tells us why he fills all things: "Because I am with you to save you." Obviously then God shows us not merely his rule and the fulness of his power but also the might and benefits that result from its plenitude. For the fulness of divinity bears within it this fruit, that it saves all things that it fills. Thus in the Acts of the Apostles the most blessed Paul said: "In him we live and move and have our being." Doubtless he is more than the controller of our lives, in whom is the very source of life. For Paul did not say that we are moved by God but in him, teaching us, to be sure, that our real substance is rooted within his sacred attributes, since we truly live in him from whom we receive our being.

The Savior himself said also in the Gospel: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." He not only said that he is with us, but that he is with us all our days. Do you then, most thankless of men, say that he who is constantly with us has no care or thought for us? What then does he do in our company? Can you possibly think that he is with us in order to neglect and overlook us? And how can he consistently grant his presence to our virtue and neglect our vice? "For lo," he says, "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Truly we have a marvelous comprehension of God's love if we say falsely that he is constantly neglectful of us while he says that he is constantly with us. Through this he wishes to show that his love and protection are constantly with us, since his very presence does not leave us. But we turn the divine charity into contempt; we change the indications of his love into proofs of hatred. For we try to see evidence of hatred rather than of love in his saying that he is with us. If the Lord had said that he would remain apart from us, we might perhaps have less occasion to gossip about his lack of care, in his absence. Constant neglect is a proof of greater contempt and scorn from one who never leaves us. There is the more odium in staying with us always if, while never depriving us of his presence, he continually shuts us out from his loving care.

But far be it from us to believe that our most loving and merciful God would have wished to be always near us for the sake of increasing by his presence the apparent contempt of his neglect: far be it from us even to say such a, wicked thing. For I think there is no one in the whole human race who is so evil that he wishes to be with any man on account of his dislike of him, or

wishes to employ his presence solely to achieve greater satisfaction of his hatred by scorning him face to face. Let human nature itself teach and convince us that we wish to be with one man or another because we love the one whose company we desire. And just because we love a man, we wish our presence to be of benefit to him whom we love. So what we cannot deny even to a criminal, we deny to God, and make him seem worse than the worst of men, if we think that he promised to be with us in order to show greater contempt for us by his subsequent neglect. But enough of this.

3. We have already proved by sacred testimony that all things are both watched and ruled by God; it remains now to show that the greater part are also judged by his divine power in this world.

When the blessed David had suffered the insulting scorn of Nabal the Carmelite, since he himself postponed vengeance, he received his revenge at once at the hand of God. So when, shortly after, his enemy had been overwhelmed and killed by the hand of the Lord, he spoke thus: "Blessed be the Lord, that hath pleaded the cause of my reproach from the hand of Nabal." Likewise when his rebellious son had driven him from his kingdom the Lord as his judge in a brief space requited him, and more abundantly than he himself desired. God wished to show that the affliction of those who suffered injustice was greater in his eyes than in their own. For when a man takes vengeance beyond the wish of the injured person, what else can he mean than that he is acting on his own behalf also? So when, for his attempted parricide, David's son was being hung on a cross not made with hands, the Divine Word tells us that the punishment divinely brought upon him was thus reported: "I bring thee good tidings, my lord king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee."

4. You see how the sacred books prove through divine witnesses that God judges not only by deeds, as we said above, and by examples, but by the very name and terms of judgment, even in our present age. Perhaps you think that it was as a special favor granted by God to a holy man, that he wrought judgment forthwith on David's enemies. The day will not suffice if I would tell of his immediate sentences and judgments in this world. Yet, that you may clearly understand that it is not so much in consideration of the persons concerned as of their actions that he exercises his sacred censure, hear how God our judge, who constantly gave his unmistakable verdict on behalf of his servant David, many times passed judgment on David himself. And in-

deed this occurred not in a matter affecting many men, nor ---- which would perhaps naturally have aroused God the more ---- affecting holy men, but in the case of a single individual, a barbarian, a case in which it was not the person concerned that demanded vengeance, but the action. For when David had killed Uriah the Hittite, a man belonging to an impious people and a hostile nation, he was at once charged thus by the divine voice: "Thou hast killed Uriah the Hittite with the sword and hast taken his wife to be thy wife, and hast slain him with the sword of the children of Ammon. Now therefore the sword shall never depart from thine house. Therefore thus saith the Lord, 'Behold, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house, and I will take thy wives before thine eyes and give them unto thy neighbor. For thou didst it secretly; but I will do this thing before all Israel and before the sun.' "

What answer have you to this, you who believe that God not only fails to judge our every action but does not regard us at all? Do you see that the eyes of the Lord were in no wise withdrawn from the single secret sin which David once committed? Wherefore do you also, who ---- as a consolation I suppose for your sins ---- think that our acts are not observed by God, learn from this same instance that you are always seen by Christ, and know that you must receive punishment, perhaps very shortly. For you see that even the blessed David was unable to hide his own misdeed in the secret places of his innermost chambers, and to claim exemption from instant punishment by the undoubted merit of his great deeds. For what did the Lord say to him? "I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and the sword shall never depart from thine house." You see what immediate judgment so great a man suffered at once for one sin. Condemnation followed close on the heels of the fault, a condemnation punishing immediately without reservations and arresting the wrongdoer on the spot, not putting off the charge to a later time.

Therefore he did not say: "Because you have done this, know that the judgment of the Lord shall come and you shall be tortured hereafter by the flames of Gehenna." No; he said: "You shall suffer torture at once, and shall feel the sword of divine justice already at your throat." And what followed? The guilty man acknowledged his fault, was humbled, stung by remorse, confessed and mourned his sin. He repented and implored pardon, gave up his royal jewels, laid aside his gold-wrought robes, put off the purple, resigned the glory of his crown, changed his whole bodily habit, cast off

every aspect of kingship with its trappings, and put on the guise of a penitent fugitive, eagerly assuming a squalor that should plead in his defence; he was wasted by fasting, withered by thirst, exhausted by weeping, self-imprisoned in loneliness. And yet this king of so great repute, greater in holiness than in mere temporal power, surpassing all men in the favors earned by his former merits, although he sought pardon so earnestly, did not escape punishment. The fruit of such great penitence was indeed sufficient to win remission from eternal expiation, but not to earn pardon at the moment. Finally, what did the prophet say to the penitent? "Because thou hast made the enemies of the Lord blaspheme, the son that is born to thee shall die." In addition to the bitter loss of his son, God wished the loving father to suffer also the knowledge of the full extent of his punishment, that he himself had caused the death of the clearly loved son for whom he mourned, when the boy born of his father's crime was slain for the very crime that had begotten him.

5. This is the first instance of the divine punishment; the first, to be sure, but not the only one, for a long series of great griefs followed and an almost unending succession of misfortunes haunted his household. Thamar was seduced by the mad act of Amnon, and Amnon slain by Absalom. A great crime indeed was committed by the first brother, but its retribution by the other was worse. In these actions David the father was punished alike by both sons' crimes. Two children sinned, but three were ruined by the sin of two; for Thamar suffered the loss of her virginity, while in Amnon also the destruction of Absalom was mourned. And verily you cannot tell for which of the two sons so loving a father mourned the more grievously, the one slain in this world by his brother's hand, or the other who by his own hand was doomed forever. From this time indeed ills were piled up beyond reckoning, according to the word of God. The father long endured the treachery of his son, was driven from his kingdom, and sought in exile an escape from murder. Which was worse, the vice or the bloodthirstiness of his son? By incest he disgraced his father when his attempted parricide failed, and by his diligent heaping up of crime achieved an incest passing the bounds of incest, committing in public, to his father's greater shame, a crime abominable even in secret. It was a mortal sin that he performed against his exiled father, but worse still was the injury wrought by his public incest before the eyes of the whole world.

Must we add to this the spectacle of David's actual flight? Picture this mighty king, so greatly renowned, higher in honor than all others, greater than the world itself, fleeing his whole people with a tiny band of slaves. In comparison with his former state he was needy indeed; in comparison with his wonted train he went alone. He fled in fear, disgrace and sorrow ---- "walking," the Scripture says, "with covered head, and barefoot." He had outlived his former state, exiled from himself, almost, one might say, surviving his own death. He sank so low as to merit the scorn of his own servants, or ---- which is harder yet to bear ---- their pity. So Ziba was fain to feed him, and Shimei did not fear to curse him publicly. God's judgment so changed him from his former self that he endured the open insults of a single enemy ---- he who had made the world to tremble!

6. Who now denies that God watches over human actions? Behold how often the Scriptures have shown in the case of one man that God not only observed, but also judged his acts! And why? Why indeed, except that we should understand that the Lord's verdict and coercion are always to be exercised in this world as they were then? So we read that even holy men were punished aforetime by God's judgment, to teach us that we too must always be judged in our present life by God. For as God always is, so is his justice eternal. As God's omnipotence is never-failing, so is his verdict unchangeable. As long as his law endures, so long also shall his justice remain. Therefore all his saints in their sacred books, amid the imminent fear of martyrdom and the swords of the persecutors, demand that the immediate judgment of God be established. For thus said the just man in a psalm: "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation." And that this might not be construed as a reference to some future judgment of God, he added at once: "Deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man." Certainly it is the immediate judgment of God that he demands who begs to be freed from the hands of the persecutor. In his consciousness of a just cause the psalmist did well to pray for God's justice rather than for his favor, for the best verdict is always given to the righteous cause if the case is conducted with justice.

Elsewhere also the psalmist spoke most clearly, saying: "Judge, O Lord, them that injure me; fight against them that fight against me; seize arms and shield and stand up for mine help." You see in this case that he does not demand the severity of a future trial, but the verdict of immediate justice. For what are his words? "Take up the shield and seize the sword" ---- the

shield, of course, for protection and the sword for vengeance ---- not that God's judgment needs such weapons, but because in this world the names of dreaded arms are the instruments of dread judgments. Speaking to human intelligence in figures drawn from human life, since he was praying for judgment and for vengeance on his adversaries, he expressed the power of God's punishment in terms of the instruments of earthly vengeance. Lastly, the same prophet showed elsewhere the great difference between the present and the future judgments of God. For what did he say to the Lord about his verdict in the present trial? "Thou sittest on the throne and judgest." And what about the future and everlasting judgment of God? "He shall judge the world in righteousness;" and again: "He shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness." By these words surely he made a clear distinction in time between the present and the future judgments of God. For to indicate the present he wrote, "thou judgest," and to distinguish the future from the present he added, "he shall judge."

Sufficient proof of God's care for us and of his government and judgment has now been given by reason, by examples and by authority, especially since the books to follow are all to be concerned with the same proof. Now if we receive from God, whose work we are performing, strength to complete our task, we shall attempt to bring to light and to refute the customary arguments opposed by our adversaries to these essential doctrines.

BOOK III: ON THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

1. It is well: the foundations have been laid for a work undertaken from pious motives and from love of a sacred duty; they have not been laid in marshy ground or built of perishable stone, but are strengthened by the sacred treasures used in their building and by the skill of their divine architect. These foundations, as God himself says in his Gospel, cannot be shaken by raging winds, undermined by river floods, or washed away by the rains. Since the divine writings in some fashion lent their aid to the erection of this structure, and the Holy Scriptures performed the joiner's task, the work itself must, through the help of the Lord Jesus Christ, be as strong as its makers. So this edifice receives its character from its parent stock and cannot be shaken while the builders remain sound. As no one can tear down the walls of earthly houses without tearing apart their stones and mortar, so none can destroy this structure of ours unless he first destroys the materials of which it is composed. Since these certainly can in no way be weakened, we may safely

assume the permanence of a building whose strength is insured by immortal aid.

The question is raised why, if everything in this world is controlled by the care and governance and judgment of God, the condition of the barbarians is so much better than ours, why among us the fortune of good men is harder than that of the wicked. Why should upright men fall ill and reprobates recover? Why does the whole world fall prey to powers for the most part unjust? Perhaps a rational and fairly consistent answer would be: "I do not know." For I do not know the secrets of God. The oracle of his heavenly word is sufficient proof for me in this case. God says, as I have already proved in my earlier books, that all things are subject to his oversight, his rule and his judgment. If you wish to know what doctrines you must accept, you have the sacred writings: the perfect course is to hold fast what you have read in them.

Moreover, I would not have you ask me to account for God's actions in the cases of which I speak. I am a man; I do not understand the secrets of God, I do not dare search them out, I am afraid to pry into them, for to seek to know more than is permitted is in itself a kind of rash sacrilege. God says that he moves and ordains all things: let that suffice. Do you ask me why one man is greater and another less, one wretched and another happy, one strong and another weak? Why indeed God does such things. I do not know, but the proof that he is the source of all actions should convince you fully. As God is greater than the sum total of human reason, our knowledge that everything is done by him ought to have more weight with us than reason alone. You do not need, therefore, to hear any new argument on this point; let God's authority be set over against all reason from any source whatever.

We are not at liberty to say that of the actions of the divine will one is just and another unjust, because whatever you see is done by God, whatever you are sure is done by him, you must confess is more than just. So much can be said of God's government and justice without further discussion and without uncertainty. I need not prove by arguments what is proved by his very words. When we read that God says he constantly sees all the earth, we have proof that he sees it, since he says so. When we read that he rules all creation, we have proof that he rules it, because he so affirms. When we read that he orders all things by his immediate judgment, his judgment is clearly proved by his own testimony. All other statements, made in human terms, need proofs

and witnesses, whereas God's speech is its own witness, since the words of perfect truth must be perfect testimony to the truth. Yet since our God willed that we should through the Sacred Scriptures know certain things, as if from the archives of his spirit and mind ----since the pronouncements of the Holy Scriptures are themselves in a way the mind of God ---- I shall not conceal anything that God has wished his people to know and preach.

One thing, however, I should like to know before 1 begin ----whether I am to address my words to Christians or to pagans. If to Christians, I do not doubt that I shall prove my case. But if I speak to pagans, I should scorn the attempt, not for any lack of proofs, but because I despair of profit from my discourse. Surely it is fruitless and lost labor when a perverse listener is not open to conviction. Yet because I think there is no one belonging to the Christian name who does not at least wish to seem a Christian, I shall address my words to Christians, However many pagans still adhere to their impious unbelief, it is enough for me to prove my contentions to a Christian audience. 2. So you keep airing the question why we Christians who believe in God are more wretched than all other men. The words of the apostle to the churches might have furnished me with a sufficient answer to this: "That no man should be moved by these afflictions; for you yourself know that we are appointed thereunto." Since the apostle says we are meant to endure hardships, miseries and sorrows, why is it strange that we suffer every evil, who are fighting for the sake of enduring all adversities? Since, however, many do not appreciate this, but think that Christians should receive from God, as the wages due to their faith, greater strength than all other races, because they are more religious than all others, let us agree to their opinion and argument.

Let us see what it means to believe firmly in God. We who wish our reward for belief and faith in this life to be so great must consider what sort of belief and faith we should have. What is belief and what is faith? I think it is that a man believe in Christ faithfully, that he be faithful to God, that is, that he faithfully keep God's commandments. For as the slaves of rich men or of government officials, to whom expensive furnishings and valuable stores are entrusted, cannot be called faithful if they have swallowed up the goods entrusted to them; so Christians also are proved unfaithful if they have corrupted the good things granted them by God. Perhaps you ask what the good is that God grants to Christian men? What else but all the substance of

our faith, all those things through which we are Christians? First the law, then the prophets, thirdly the Gospels, fourthly the reading of the apostles, finally the gift of fresh regeneration, the grace of holy baptism, the unction of the divine chrism. You remember that of old among the Hebrews, the people especially chosen of God, when the office of the judges had passed over into the power of kings, God called the most approved and excellent men to reign through the royal unction. So every Christian, having performed all God's commands after receiving the chrism of the church, shall be called to heaven to receive the reward of his labors. Since these are the elements of our faith, let us see who keeps these great sacraments in such a way as to be judged faithful, for, as I said, the unfaithful must be those who do not keep their trust. And indeed I do not ask that a man perform all the commands of the Old and New Testaments: I exempt him from the censorial power of the old law, the threats of the prophets, even from the strictest interpretation of the apostolic books or the full doctrine of the Gospels in their complete perfection, though these last admit no exception. I only ask who lives in accordance with the least number of God's commands. I do not mean those which so many avoid that they are almost accursed. God's honor and reverence have advanced so far among us that those things which our lack of devotion leads us to neglect, we consider worthy even of hatred.

For instance, who would deign even to listen to our Savior's bidding not to take thought for the morrow? Who obeys his order to be content with a single tunic? Who thinks the command to walk unshod possible or even tolerable to follow? These precepts then I pass over. For here our faith, in which we trust, falls short, so that we judge superfluous the precepts the Lord intended for our benefit. "Love your enemies," said the Savior, "do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." Who could keep all these commandments'? Who would deign to follow God's commands in respect to his enemies, I do not say in wishes, but even in words? Even if a man compels himself to do so, still it is his lips alone that act, and not his mind; he lends the service of his voice to the action without changing the feeling of his heart. Therefore, even if he forces himself to say a prayer for his adversary, his lips move, but he does not really pray.

To discuss all such cases would take too long; but one point I add, that we may know that not only do we fail to accede to all God's commands, but we actually obey almost none of them. This is why the apostle cried: "For if a

man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. We add this to our sins, that although we are guilty in every respect, we still believe ourselves to be pure and holy. Thus the offences of our iniquity are piled high by a false assumption of righteousness. "Whosoever hateth his brother," says the apostle, "is a murderer. We may know from this that there are many murderers who think themselves innocent, because, as we see, murder is committed not only by the hand of him that kills, but also by the heart of him that hates. For this reason the Savior added to this precept a still harsher decree, saying: "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment. Anger is the mother of hatred. Hence the Savior wished to shut out wrath, that hatred might not spring from it. If then not only hatred but even wrath makes us guilty in God's judgment, we clearly see that as no one in the world is free from anger, so no one can be free from conviction of sin. Moreover, God seems to trace every fiber of that precept to its end, and cut off all its fruits and branches, when he says:

"But whosoever shall say, 'Thou fool,' shall be in danger of hell fire; whosoever shall say to his brother, 'Racha,' shall be in danger of the council. Many do not know what kind of danger is involved in racha, but they know very well with what slanderous intent men are charged with folly. So, using their knowledge rather than their ignorance, they prefer to expiate in the divine fires the guilt incurred by a form of abuse they understand, rather than to atone before human councils for one that they do not know. 3. Since this is true, and since these commands of the Lord not only fail of being carried out by us, but are practically all reversed, when shall we come to obey his greater precepts'? The Savior said: "Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple. . . . And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." He who calls himself a Christian ought to walk as Christ walked. Certainly not only those who follow the delights and pomps of the world, but even those who abandon worldly interests fail to meet these requirements. Those who make a show of renouncing their wealth do not appear to make their renunciation complete, and those who are thought to be carrying their cross so carry it that they gain more honor in the name of the cross than suffering in its passion. Even though all those men should in good faith accomplish these precepts in some measure, still it is certain that none of them could succeed in walking along the paths of this

life as the Savior walked. For the apostle says: "He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked."

4. Perhaps certain men think the commands of the apostle are hard. Clearly they must be considered difficult, if the apostles exacted from others the performance of duties they did not lay upon themselves. But if, on the other hand, they enjoined upon others much lighter duties than on themselves, instead of being considered harsh teachers, they must be thought most indulgent parents, who, through their religious zeal, themselves in loving indulgence take the burdens their sons should bear. What was it that one of them said to the people of the church? "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." And again: "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." This is his command, that we imitate him who gave himself over to the imitation of Christ. Indeed, none can doubt that he himself imitated Christ. As Christ for our sake subjected himself to the world, so did Paul for Christ's sake. As Christ for us endured the heaviest pains and labors, so did Paul for Christ. As Christ for us suffered scorn and mockery, so did Paul for Christ. As Christ for us endured his passion and death, so did Paul for Christ. Therefore not without cause, conscious of his own merits, he said: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Since he so followed Christ, let us consider which of us seems to be a true follower of the apostle. He writes of himself first of all that he never gave offence to any, but in all things showed himself the minister of God, in much patience, in affliction, in necessities, in blows, in imprisonments, in stripes. Elsewhere, comparing himself with others, he says: "Howbeit, whereinsoever any is bold (I speak foolishly) I am bold also: I speak as a fool, I am more; in labors more abundant, in prisons more frequent, in stripes above measure, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck." Surely, even if we leave out of account the other apostolic virtues that he lists, when the apostle says that he has suffered shipwreck three times, in this at least we can outdo him. We have not merely been wrecked three times, but our whole life is one continuous shipwreck; indeed all men are living such vicious lives that there seems to be no Christian who is not wrecked constantly.

5. Some one may object that it does not befit our present time to endure for Christ such sufferings as did the apostles of old. It is true that there are no

longer heathen princes, nor tyrannous persecutors; the blood of the saints is not shed now nor their faith tried by tortures. Our God is content with the service of our peace, that we please him simply by the purity of our spotless acts and the holiness of an unstained life. Our faith and devotion are the more due him because he demands lesser services from us and has foregone the greater exactions. Since even our princes are Christians, there is no persecution and religion is not disturbed, we who are not forced to test our faith by harsher trials ought certainly to seek the more to please God in small ways. For he by whom trifles are duly performed proves that if occasion arises he will be capable of greater things.

6. Let us then pass over the trials of the most blessed Paul, let us even omit the accounts we read in the books later written about our faith, of the sufferings endured by almost all Christians, who, mounting to the doors of the heavenly palaces by their tortures, contrived steps for their ascent from the very racks and scaffolds. Let us see whether in those lesser and ordinary observances of religious devotion which we all as Christians can perform in utter peace at all times, we are really trying to accede to the Lord's commands. Christ orders us not to quarrel. Who obeys this order? He not only gives the command, but insists on it so far that he bids us renounce those things about which a dispute has arisen, provided we may thus end the suit. "For," he says, "if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." I ask who there are who yield to the attempts of their adversaries to despoil them; further, who there are who do not try to rob their opponents in turn? For we are so far from leaving them other property in addition to our coats, that if we can find any way to do it we take away coats and cloaks as well from our enemies. Indeed, so eagerly do we obey the Lord's commands that it does not satisfy us to refuse our adversaries even the least part of our garments, unless we rob them of everything we possibly can, as far as the circumstances permit.

Moreover, there is a second similar commandment joined with this one, in which the Lord says: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." How many men do we think there are who would listen politely to such words, or agree to them in their hearts, even if they pretended to listen? How often do you find a man who does not return many blows for the one that he has received? He is so far from turning his other cheek to the man who strikes him that he thinks that he is winning when he

has outdone his adversary, not in being struck, but in striking. The Savior said: "What you wish that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." A part of this saying we know so well that we never overlook it ---- a part we omit so constantly that we do not know it at all. For we know very well what we wish others to do for us, but we do not know what we ourselves ought to do for them. Would that we really did not know! For our guilt would be less if due to ignorance, according to the saying: "He who does not know his lord's will shall be beaten with few stripes; but he who knows and does not do according to his lord's will, shall be beaten with many stripes." But now our offence is the greater because we cherish a part of this sacred command on account of its usefulness to our convenience, and pass over a part of it in injury to God. Paul the apostle also adds to this word of the Lord in his preaching, saying: "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth." And again: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

You see then how faithfully he performed the precepts of Christ when, as the Savior bade us take thought for others just as we do for ourselves, he ordered us to consult the welfare of others more than our own, proving himself, to be sure, a good servant of a good master, and a glorious disciple of an exemplary teacher. He so followed in the steps of the Lord, that his own footprints somehow made those of his Master more evident and more clearly formed. Which of these do we Christians obey, the command of Christ or that of his apostle? I think we obey neither one. For we are so far from doing anything that inconveniences ourselves, that we choose instead to provide first of all for our own convenience, whatever discomfort this involves for others. 7. Perhaps you may think we are choosing only the greater commandments, which no one follows, and which, as Christians themselves think, cannot be followed in any case, and are passing over others which can be and indeed are followed by all. But this point must be considered first, that no slave is allowed to choose according to his own wishes which of his master's commands he will carry out and which he will not, nor by a most insolent abuse to assume the task that pleases him and reject the rest. Certainly human masters think it impossible to tolerate calmly slaves who hear part of their orders and despise the rest, who, according to their own desires, carry out the commands they think should be performed and trample under foot those they think deserve such treatment. If slaves obey their masters ac-

cording to their own free will alone, they are not rendering true obedience even when they seem to obey. When a slave obeys only such of his master's orders as he pleases, he is no longer doing his master's will but his own. If then we, who are but weak little men, are still utterly unwilling that our slaves, who are equal to us in their common humanity, though our inferiors in their condition of servitude, should despise us, how unjustly, forsooth, do we scorn our heavenly Master, since we, being ourselves men, yet think we ought not to be despised by men of our own condition! Unless perhaps we have such great wisdom and deep intelligence that we who are unwilling to hear any insults from our slaves wish God to be subject to insults from us, and believe that he deserves to endure from us such treatment as we consider unfit for human endurance.

For this reason, to return to our former topic, any who think that I am talking of the greater commands of God and omitting the lesser, must recognize the unreasonableness of their complaint. There is no just reason for preferring some commands, when all must be performed. As I have already said, just as the servants of carnal masters are by no means permitted to choose which of their master's precepts they are to perform and which they are not, so we, who are the servants of our Lord, ought not to think it in any way permissible to humor ourselves by choosing those commands that please us, or by an abusive indulgence of our pride to trample under foot those that displease us. 8. Let us, however, come to an agreement with those who do not wish us to tell of the greater commands of the Lord, for the reason perhaps that they think they are fulfilling his lesser precepts, though it is not sufficient for salvation to perform the lesser commandments while scorning the greater. It is written: "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Although for this reason it is not sufficient for us to obey all God's small and least commands, yet I agree to speak only of these, in order to show that most Christians have not performed even the least and slightest of their duties.

Our Savior ordered that Christian men should not swear. The men who perjure themselves daily are more numerous than those who do not swear at all. He commanded that no one should curse. Whose speech is not cursing? For curses are always the first instrument of wrath; whatever in our weakness we cannot perform we ardently desire in our anger, and thus in every impulse of our wrathful hearts we use evil wishes as our weapons. Hence every man

shows plainly that whatever he wishes may happen to his adversaries he would do to them if he could. Since we ail put our tongues to this wicked use on the slightest provocation, our disregard of the Lord's will shows that we think it will be held of small account by God, who gave these commands. But the Holy Scripture says: "Revilers shall not inherit the kingdom of God." From this we may judge how serious and deadly a crime evil-speaking is, which by itself shuts a man out of heaven, even though the rest of his life may have been good.

Christ ordered that envy be far from us, but we, contrary to his teaching, envy not merely outsiders but even our friends. This is the ruling vice in the hearts of almost all: our greed for eating has its limits, but our greed for slandering others has no end; our appetite for food becomes sated, but our appetite for spite does not. Perchance the punishment for this fault is a slight one? "The slanderous man," says the Holy Scripture, "shall be rooted out." Surely that is a serious and fearful punishment, yet it does not serve to reform us. Every one of us thinks it worth while to endanger himself as long as he may continue to injure others. The retribution for this vice is clearly a suitable one, as it attacks, the doer only; it does no injury at all to the person slandered, but only punishes the man from whose lips the libel comes.

I suppose I seem to be out of my mind in repeating these words, and I can easily bear the appearance of madness in such a case. For the Lord was not speaking senselessly when he enjoined us through his apostle: "Let all clamor be put away from you, with all malice." Both of these evils indeed are ever present with us, but malice more than clamor. Clamor indeed is not always on our lips, but malice is always in our hearts. So I think that if clamor should cease among us, yet malice would remain to the end. Our God orders us also to live without murmuring and without complaints. When in the history of the human race have these been unknown? In hot weather we complain of drought, in rainy weather of floods; if it is a bad season for the crops we complain of scarcity, in a good season, of low prices. We long for plenty, and when we get it we object to it. What could be more wicked or more disgraceful than this? We complain of God's mercy even in this, that he gives us what we ask.

God bade his servants keep all scandal from their sight altogether, and so he said: "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart," From this we can fully understand

how chaste our Savior wished us to be, who even shut out licentiousness from our eyes. Knowing that our eyes are in a way the windows of our souls, and that all evil desires make their way into the heart through the eyes as their natural passageways, he wished us to destroy such desires utterly while they were still outside that they might not spring up within us and put forth their deadly shoots within the soul, if they once germinated in our eyesight. Therefore the Lord said that the wanton glances of lustful men are adulterous, meaning that a man who truly wishes to shun adultery must keep a watch on his eyes. The Savior, indeed, wishing to cultivate a most genuine and perfect sanctity in his worshippers, ordered them to avoid scrupulously even the least offences, on the ground that according to the cleanness of his eyesight, so also is the purity of a Christian's life. Just as a man's eye could not receive a mote of dust without impairing his sight, so our life should not permit any stain of dishonor to find a place in it. Whence come the following words of the Lord: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and if thy hand offend thee, cut it off;

it is better for thee, that one of thy members perish, than that thy whole body be cast into hell. If, therefore, according to the word of God, we are dragged down into hell by scandalous actions, surely it is right to sacrifice our eyes and hands in order to escape this punishment. No man should deprive himself of his members, but in the ease of certain domestic relationships so necessary to us that we have come to consider them as eyes or hands, it is right to deprive ourselves of their present service in order to escape the torture of eternal fire. When the choice lies between comfort and life, it is certainly better for the Christian to forfeit his convenience and gain life. 9. In all the points of which we have spoken our Lord has ordered us to obey him, but where are those who obey all his ordinances or even a very few of them? Where are those who love their enemies or do good to those that persecute them, or overcome evil by doing good, who turn their cheeks to those that strike them, who yield their property without a lawsuit to those that rob them? Who is there that permits himself no slander whatever, that injures no man by evil speaking, that keeps his lips silent that they may not break out in bitter curses? Who is there that keeps these least commandments, not to speak of those greater ones which I mentioned a short time ago? Since this is the case and since we keep none of the Lord's commands, why do we complain of God, who has far more right to complain of us? Why should we

grieve that he does not hear us, when we ourselves do not hear him? What right have we to whisper that God does not look upon the earth, when we ourselves do not look up to the heavens? What reason have we to be vexed that our prayers are despised by the Lord, whose commands we despise?

Suppose that we were equal to our Lord; what chance is there for just complaint when each side receives the same treatment it gives? And this entirely overlooks a point easily proved, that we are very far from receiving what we give, since God really treats us much more kindly than we do him. For the moment, however, let us act on the assumption that I proposed. The Lord himself spoke thus: "I cried unto you and ye did not hear me: you too shall cry unto me and I shall not hear you." What is more fair and just than this? We have not hearkened, therefore he does not hear us. We have not been mindful of him, therefore he does not consider us. What mortal master, I ask, is content to treat his underlings according to this rule, that he will scorn them only in proportion to their contempt of him? And yet we do not stop with such injurious scorn of God as mortal masters receive from their slaves, since the greatest contempt a slave can show is in not doing what he has been ordered. We, however, bend all our efforts and energy not only to neglecting our orders, but even to acting directly contrary to them. For God commands us all to love one another, but we rend each other in mutual hatred. God enjoins us all to give our goods to the poor, but we plunder other men's goods instead. God orders every Christian to keep his eyes pure; how many men are there who do not wallow in the filth of fornication?

What more can I say? It is a heavy and sorrowful charge that I must bring: the church itself, which should strive to appease God in all things ---- what else does it do but arouse him to anger? Except a very few individuals who shun evil, what else is the whole congregation of Christians but the very dregs of vice? How often will you find a man in the church who is not a drunkard or glutton or adulterer or fornicator or robber or wastrel or brigand or homicide? And what is worst of all, they commit these crimes endlessly. I appeal to the conscience of all Christians; of these crimes and misdeeds that I have just named, who is not guilty of some part, who is not guilty of the whole? You would more easily find a man guilty of them all than of none. And because what I have said; may perhaps seem too severe an accusation I shall go much farther and say that you could more easily find men guilty of ail evils than of a few, more easily find men guilty of the great-

er faults than of the less. That is, it is easier to find men who have committed the greater sins along with the less than the less without the greater. For almost the whole body of the church has been reduced to such moral depravity that among all Christian people the standard of holiness is merely to be less sinful than others.

Some hold the churches, which are the temples and altars of God, in less reverence than the houses of the least important municipal magistrates. The common run of men indeed do not presume to enter the doors, I shall not say of illustrious potentates, but even of governors or presiding officials, unless the official has called them or contracted business with them, or unless the honor due their individual position permits their entrance. If anyone enters without due occasion he is flogged or roughly put out or punished by some humiliation or personal indignity. But to the temples, or rather the altars and sacred shrines of God, all mean and evil men resort violently, entirely without reverence for his sacred honor. I do not mean to deny that all should hasten thither to pray to God, but he who enters to win God's favor should not go out to arouse his anger. The same action should not demand his indulgence and provoke his wrath. It is a monstrous thing for men to keep committing the same sins which they lament having committed, and for those who enter the church to weep for their old misdeeds to go out [to commit new ones].

Go out, did I say? They are usually planning fresh crimes in the very midst of their prayers and supplications. While men's voices do one thing, their hearts do another; while their words lament their past misdeeds their minds plan further wrongs, and thus their prayers increase their guilt instead of winning pardon for it. So the scriptural curse is truly fulfilled upon them, that from their very prayers they go out condemned and their petition is turned into sin. Finally, if any one wishes to know what men of this sort are thinking in church, let him consider this. When their religious duties are accomplished they all hurry off at once to their accustomed pursuits ---- some, for instance, to steal, others to get drunk, others to commit fornication, others to commit highway robbery ----so that it is perfectly clear that they have spent their time inside the temple in planning what they will do after leaving it.

10. Undoubtedly some men think that all these evils and all the infamous vice of which I have spoken above may be properly ascribed to slaves or to the

lowest of men, whereas the freeman's reputation is not spotted by the stain of such disgraceful deeds. Yet what else is the life of all business men but fraud and perjury, of the curials but injustice, of petty officials but slander, of all soldiers but rapine? Perhaps you think that one need not object to such a charge against characters of this sort. For, you say, their actions fit their professions, so it is no wonder that they act according to their business in life; as if, indeed, God wishes any man to do or profess evil. Or is it no offence whatever to His Divine Majesty that the lower classes are known to commit the greatest crimes, especially when by far the greater part of the human race belongs to this group? Without doubt, the insult that his divinity suffers is proportionate to the number of sinners.

Do you say that the nobles are free from these crimes? At best that is but a small gain, for all the nobles in the world would seem no more than one man in a great crowd of people. Is even this small group free from guilt? First let us consider what the Divine Word says of men of this sort. You remember that the apostle, addressing the people of God, spoke thus: "Hearken, my beloved brethren. Hath God not chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? But ye have despised the poor. Do not rich men oppress you by their power? Do they not blaspheme that worthy name by the which ye are called?" The testimony of the apostle is potent, unless perhaps the nobles think that they are exempt from his accusation because he named only the rich. The nobles, however, are either identical with the rich, or, if there are rich men who are not counted in their number, they are practically in the same category, for so great is the misery of our times that no one is considered of higher rank than he who has the greatest riches. It makes little difference which of these the apostle meant, or if he was talking of both; since his words certainly apply to both the rich and the noble, it does not signify which of the two he had in mind. What noble or what rich man ever had any horror of crime? Yet my query was mistaken ---- many indeed do fear it, but few avoid it. They fear in others the crimes they themselves constantly commit, being in a strange manner both the accusers and doers of the same evils. They denounce in public what they do in secret, and for that reason, when they think they are passing judgment on others they condemn themselves even more by their censure.

Let us overlook those men who have the greater guilt, and ask what single rich man or noble there is who preserves his innocence and keeps his hands clean of every sort of crime? It was foolish for me to say of every sort ---- would God they were clean of the greatest! Great men seem to consider it their personal prerogative to commit the lesser crimes as a matter of course. So I shall say nothing of their more ordinary misdoings. Let us see if any one of them is free from the two which we consider capital offences, that is, homicide and sexual vice. Which of them is not either reeking with human blood or smeared with the filth of an impure life? Either one of these is enough to render him liable to eternal punishment, but there is hardly a wealthy man who has not committed both.

11. Perhaps one of this number is thinking to himself: "I am not doing such things now." I commend you if you are not, yet probably you did in the past, and to have stopped is not equivalent to never having done them at all. But if it were, what value would there be in one man's desisting from wickedness when so many persist in their crime? The conversion of one man does not atone for the sins of the many, nor is it enough to appease God that one man should leave off sinning, while the whole human race offends him. Consider too that he who is converted for the sake of escaping eternal death certainly gains a great reward for his conversion in this escape. By no means could he succeed in turning away the punishment of damnation from others. It is a mark of intolerable presumption, and an enormous wickedness, for a man to think himself so holy that he even supposes wicked men can find salvation through him. God spoke thus of a certain land and a sinful people: "Though these three men, Noah, Daniel and Job, were in it, they shall deliver neither sons nor daughters, they only shall be delivered."

No one, I think, will be so shameless as to dare compare himself with such men as these. However much a man may now try to please God, yet to assert one's own morality is an example of the greatest unrighteousness. Thus is destroyed our confidence in the false notion that an innumerable host of sinners can be saved from the evils that threaten them by the intercession of a few good men. For since no one is equal to the three men named above, what hope can any have that countless wicked, men unrelated to them can be saved by a very few good men, when those saints, who were close to God, did not deserve of the Lord that their very members, in the persons of their children," should be saved? It is right that this should be so. Though all sons

seem to be members of their parents, yet they must not be considered members of those whose love they have begun to cast aside, inasmuch as the wickedness of their degenerate lives has degraded their natural endowments. So it happens that even we who are said to be Christians lose the virtue of so great a name by our evil vices. It is of no possible benefit to have a holy name without morality, for a life that denies our Christian profession cancels the honor of a glorious rank by the baseness of unworthy actions.

Since then we see practically no group among all the Christians, no corner in all the churches, that is not full of all manner of offence and stained with every deadly sin, why should we beguile ourselves with the name of Christian? Assuredly our guilt is made the greater by this most sacred name, if we belie it by our conduct. The name of Christian aggravates our offences against God, since we continue our sins in the very bosom of the church.

BOOK IV: ON THE OPPRESSIONS WROUGHT BY THE ROMAN NOBLES, AND THE GUILT OF CHRISTIANS AS COMPARED WITH PAGANS

1. Let us then give up that prerogative of the Christian name, of which I spoke above, by which we consider that because we are more religious than other people, we ought also to be stronger. For since, as I have said, the faith of a Christian is to believe faithfully in Christ, to keep Christ's commandments, it surely follows that the man who is unfaithful has no faith, that he who crushes under foot Christ's commandments does not believe in Christ. The whole question centers on this point, that he who does not perform the work of a Christian does not appear to be one, for the name without its proper acts and function is nothing. A certain man says in his writings: "What else is high office without lofty merits but an honorable title without the man honored, or what is lofty rank without worth but an ornament in the midst of filth,?"

So, to use the same phrase ourselves, what else is a sacred name without merit but an ornament in the midst of filth? The sacred word bore witness to this in the divine writings, saying: "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion." Thus among us also the name of Christian is like a golden ornament; if we use it unworthily, we make ourselves seem like swine wearing jewels. Finally, whoever wishes fuller proof that mere words are nothing without actions should consider how countless peoples, by failing in good works, have lost the names given them. The

twelve tribes of the Hebrews, when they were of old chosen by God, received two holy names, for they were called the people of God, and Israel. We read: "Hear, O my people, and I will speak; O Israel, and I will testify against thee." Once the Jews bore both these titles, now they have neither. They who long since left off the worship of God cannot be called God's people, nor can they who denied his Son be given a name that means "Seeing God." So it is written: "But Israel does not know, my people doth not consider."

For this reason on another occasion our God spoke of the people of the Hebrews to the prophet, saying: "Call his name, Not Beloved." And speaking to the Jews themselves: "You are not my people and I am not your God." Moreover, he himself showed clearly why he spoke thus about them, for he said: "They have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters." And again: "They have rejected the word of the Lord and there is no wisdom in them." But indeed I am afraid that this is true of us now no less than it was of them, since we do not obey the words of the Lord, and our disobedience certainly shows that there is no wisdom in us. Unless perhaps we believe that we act wisely in scorning God, and consider it as a sign of the greatest prudence that we despise Christ's commandments. There is some reason why we should be thought to hold this opinion, for we all sin with as much accord as if we were doing it in pursuit of an elaborately planned policy.

Since this is the case, what logical reason have we for deluding ourselves by a false notion into the belief that the good name of Christian can be of any possible help to us in the evils we commit? The Holy Spirit says that not even faith, without good works, can benefit Christian men. Yet surely to have faith requires much more than the name alone, for the name is the mere instrument by which a man is addressed, whereas faith is the fruit of the spirit. That this same fruit of faith is profitless without good works, the apostle testifies when he says: "Faith without good works is dead." And again he says: "For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also." He adds also certain harder sayings for the confusion of those who delude themselves by their false claims to the Christian faith.

2. "Yea, a man may say: 'Thou hast faith and I have works; show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.' " By this, indeed, he shows that good acts serve also as witnesses of the Christian faith, because unless a Christian has performed good works, he cannot prove his faith at all, and since he cannot prove that it exists, it must be considered

as altogether non-existent. For he shows at once that it must be considered as nothing, in his additional words to the Christian: "Thou belie vest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble. Consider what the apostle meant by this. Let us not be angry at the divine testimony but assent to it; let us not speak against it but profit by it. "Thou believest," says the Divine Word to the Christian, "that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble. Was not the apostle in error when he compared the faith of a Christian to that of a devil? Surely not, but wishing to demonstrate what was said above, that without good works a man should claim no merit through pride in his faith, for this reason he says that the devils also believe in God.

The intent is, of course, that as the devils, though they believe in God, still persist in their wickedness, the sort of faith that they hold is like that of certain men who, while they assert their belief in God, still do not cease to do evil. Moreover, the apostle adds, for the confusion and condemnation of sinful men, that the devils not only believe in the name of God, but fear and tremble before it. Which is as much as to say: " Why do you flatter yourself, O man, whoever you are, for your belief, which without fear and obedience to God is as nothing? The devils have some advantage over you in this. For you have but one thing alone, and they have two: you have your belief, but not fear; they have belief and fear alike. Why do you wonder that we are chastised, that we are given over into the hands of the enemy, that we are weaker than all other men? Our miseries, our infirmities, our overthrow, our captivities and the punishments of our evil slavery are the proof that we are bad servants of a good master. How are we bad servants? Because, to be sure, our sufferings are only in proportion to our deserts. How are we the servants of a good master? Because he shows what we deserve, even though he does not inflict on us the punishment due, for he would rather correct us by the most kind and merciful chastisement than permit us to perish.

As far as our misdoings are concerned, we deserve the penalty of death, but he, attaching more importance to mercy than to severity, prefers to better us by mercifully tempering his censure, than to slay us by the infliction of a just chastisement. I know only too well that we are ungrateful for the blows we receive. But why do we wonder that God strikes us for our sins, when we ourselves strike our slaves for theirs? Like unjust judges we petty men are unwilling to be scourged by God, though we scourge men of our own condi-

tion. I am not surprised that we are so unjust in this case, for our very nature and wickedness are of a servile sort. We wish to do wrong and not be beaten for it. In this we have the same characteristics as our poor slaves. We all wish to sin without punishment. I call all men to witness whether I lie: I declare that there is no one, however great his guilt, who admits that he deserves torture. From this we may observe how unjust and how exceedingly wicked a thing it is that we are most severe to others, but most indulgent to ourselves; harsh to others, but lax with ourselves. For the same crimes we punish others and let ourselves go free; truly a mark of intolerable indulgence and presumption. We do not wish to recognize any guilt in ourselves, but we dare to claim the right to judge others. What can be more unjust or more perverse than we show ourselves in this? We think that very crime justifiable in our own case that we condemn most severely in others. So it is not without cause that the apostle cries out to us: "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whoever thou art, that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things."

3. But some rich man may say: "We do not do the same things, not at all the same things, that slaves do; for slaves turn into thieves and runaways; slaves live only for their greedy appetites." It is true that these are vices characteristic of slaves, but their masters, though not all of them, have more and greater faults. Certain of them must indeed be excepted, though very few, whom I do not name for fear that in so doing I may appear less to praise them than to libel those whom I do not name. First then, slaves, if they are thieves, are usually forced into robbery by need, since even though the customary allowances are furnished them, these conform better to custom than to sufficiency and so fulfill the canon without satisfying the needs of those who receive them. Their necessity makes the fault itself less blameworthy, since a convicted thief who seems compelled to robbery against his will deserves pardon. The Scripture itself seems to palliate the wrongdoing of needy men when it says: "Men do not despise a thief, if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." He steals to satisfy his soul; it is for this reason that we think we cannot accuse strongly enough those who are pardoned by the Divine Word. Regarding the running away of slaves we speak in the same way as about their thefts; but with even more justification, forsooth, in this case, since not only their wretched condition but also their punishments drive them to try to escape. They fear their overseers, they fear those set to keep si-

lence among them, they fear their masters' agents. Among all these there are scarcely any to whom they seem to belong less than to their owners; they are beaten and broken down by them all. What more can be said? Many slaves take refuge with their masters from fear of their fellow-slaves. We ought not to hold responsible the slaves who try to escape, but those who force them to make the attempt. Our slaves labor under a most unhappy compulsion; longing to serve, they have no choice but to flee. They have no desire whatever to leave their masters' service, but the cruelty of their fellows does not allow them to continue in it.

They are called liars also. None the less, they are driven to falsehood by the brutality of the impending punishment ---- they lie in the hope of escaping torture. Why is it strange that a terrified slave would rather lie than be flogged? They are charged with having greedy mouths and stomachs, but this is nothing new; the man who has often endured hunger has the greater desire for satiety. Even supposing that he does not lack dry bread, he still hungers for delicacies, and so must be pardoned if he seeks more greedily that which is constantly lacking. But you who are noble, you who are rich, who have an abundance of all good things, who ought to honor God the more because you enjoy his benefits endlessly, let us see whether your actions are, I shall not say holy, but even harmless. What rich man, to repeat my former question, save only a few, is not stained by every sort of evil deed? And when I except a few, would that I might include many more in the exception! for then the innocence of the majority might be the salvation of all. I am speaking about none now save the man who recognizes that my words apply to him. If what I say lies outside his conscience my charge will do him no discredit. If, on the other hand, his heart admits the truth of my words, he should realize that it is not my tongue that is accusing him but his own conscience.

To recount first the vices characteristic of slaves: if a slave is a runaway, so are you also, rich and noble though you are; for all men who abandon the law of the Lord are running away from their master. What fault can you rightly find in the slave? You are doing as he does. He flees from his master, and you from yours; but in this you incur more blame than he, for in all likelihood he is running away from a bad master, while you flee from a good one. In the slave you criticize incontinent greed. This is a rare fault in him, for want of means to satisfy it, but a daily one in you because of your abund-

ance. Hence you see that the words of the apostle censure you more than him; nay, they censure you alone, for "wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things"; nay, not the same, but far greater and more wicked. In the slave you punish an infrequent overindulgence of the appetite, while you constantly distend your own belly with undigested food. You think theft a servile fault, but you too, O rich man, commit robbery when you encroach on things forbidden by God. Indeed every man who performs illicit actions is guilty of theft.

4. Why do I dwell on these petty details and speak in a sort of allegorical fashion, when absolutely unconcealed crimes make it clear that the wealthy commit not mere thefts but highway robbery on a grand scale? How often do you find a rich man's neighbor who is not himself poor, who is really secure in his acts and position? Indeed by the encroachments of overpowerful men, weaklings lose their property or even their freedom along with their goods, so that it was not without reason that the Sacred Word alluded to them both, saying: "Wild asses are the prey of lions in the wilderness; so poor men are a pasture for the rich." And yet not only the poor but almost the whole human race is suffering this tyranny. "What else is the official career of eminent men but the confiscation of all the property of their states? What else is the prefecture of certain men, whose names I suppress, but plundering? Nothing causes greater devastation in the poorer states than the high officials. Honor is bought by a few to be paid for by the oppression of the many; what could be more disgraceful or more unjust than this? Wretched men pay the purchase price for honors which they do not buy for themselves,; they have nothing to do with the bargain, but know only too well the payments made; the world is turned upside down that a few men may be glorified; the honor of one man is the ruin of the human race.

To conclude, the Spanish provinces know whereof I speak, for they have nothing left them but their name; the provinces of Africa know it, whose very existence is at an end; the lands of Gaul know it, for they are devastated, yet not by all their officials, and so they still draw the scanty breath of life in a few far corners, since the integrity of a few has supported for a time those whom the rapine of the many has impoverished. 5. But my sorrow has led me to wander too far afield. To return to my former topic: is there any respect in which even the nobles are not contaminated by servile vices, or have they, forsooth, a right to commit sins they punish in their slaves? A slave may not

even dream of such ravages as these nobles perform. This, however, is not quite true, for certain of the slaves, gaining noble rank, commit like sins, or even worse. Still the remaining slaves can hardly be held responsible for the fact that some few have so blessedly lost the condition of servitude.

Homicide is rare among slaves because of their dread and fear of capital punishment, whereas among the rich it is constantly committed because of their confident hope of immunity. Perhaps I am doing an injustice in reckoning the actions of the rich as sins, for when they kill their poor slaves they consider it an act of justice, not a crime. Nor is this all; they also abuse their privilege in their vile breaches of chastity. What rich man keeps his marriage vows, who among them does not plunge headlong into passionate lust, who does not use his household slaves as harlots and pursue his madness against any one on whom the heat of his evil desires may light? They illustrate well the words of the Holy Scriptures about such men as they: "They are become as horses rushing madly on the mares." Is it not a proof of what I just said, that the average man washes to make his own by physical union whatever his eyes have beheld with desire? To use the term concubine may perhaps seem unfair, since in comparison with the vices mentioned above it seems almost a form of chastity to be content with a few mates and restrain one's lusts to a fixed number of wives. I say "wives" advisedly because we have come to such a pass that many consider their maidservants as actual wives. Would that they were content to have only those whom they do so consider! But the truth is more foul and loathsome by far ---- for certain men who have contracted honorable marriages take additional wives of servile rank, deforming the sanctity of holy matrimony by low and mean unions, not blushing to become the consorts of their slave women, toppling over the lofty structure of marriage for the vile beds of slaves, proving themselves fully worthy of the rank of those whom they judge worthy of their embrace.

6. Doubtless many of those who either are or wish to be nobles listened with lofty scorn to my statement that some slaves are less reprehensible than their masters. But since I made this remark not about all of them but only those whom it fits, no one has any cause for anger if he thinks himself a very different sort of man, for his anger would be enough to betray his membership in the group of which I spoke. On the other hand, any nobles who abominate this wickedness should be angry at such men as these, who defame the very name of nobility by the extreme baseness of their misdeeds. For al-

though, men of that stripe are a heavy burden to all Christian people, still by their vileness they pollute especially the members of their own class. Therefore I have said that certain nobles are worse than slaves, and I have thus opened the way for contradiction, unless I can adduce proof for my words.

Take for example this crime, a very great one indeed, of which almost the whole mass of slaves is guiltless. Has any slave throngs of concubines, is any one of them denied by the stain of polygamy or do they think they can live like dogs or swine with as many wives as they have been able to subject to their lust? The answer, I suppose, is obvious, that slaves have no such opportunities, for they surely would take them if they had. I believe this, but I cannot consider actions I do not see performed as having taken place. However dishonorable his intentions are, however evil his desires may be, no one is punishable for the crimes that he does not commit. It is generally agreed that slaves are wicked and worthy of our contempt. But, be that as it may, free-born men of noble rank are the more to be reproached if in their more honorable condition they are worse than slaves. Hence the inevitable conclusion is not that bondmen ought to be absolved from responsibility for their wrongdoings:, but that the majority of the rich are more to be condemned in comparison with slaves.

Who can find words to describe the enormity of our present situation? Now when the Roman commonwealth, already extinct or at least drawing its last breath in that one corner where it still seems to retain some life, is dying, strangled by the cords of taxation as if by the hands of brigands, still a great number of wealthy men are found the burden of whose taxes is borne by the poor; that is, very many rich men are found whose taxes are murdering the poor. Very many, I said: I am afraid I might more truly say all; for so few, if any, are free from this evil, that we may find practically all the rich in the category to which I have just assigned many of them. Think a minute: the remedies recently given to some cities. ----what have they done but make all the rich immune and heap up the taxes of the wretched? To free the rich from their old dues they have added new burdens to those of the poor; they have enriched the wealthy by taking away their slightest obligations and afflicted the poor by multiplying their very heavy payments. The rich have thus become wealthier by the decrease of the burdens that they bore easily, while the poor are dying of the increase in taxes that they already found too great for endurance. So the vaunted remedy most unjustly exalted

the one group and most unjustly killed the other; to one class it was a most accursed reward and to the other a most accursed poison. Hence I say that nothing can be more wicked than the rich who are murdering the poor by their so-called remedies, and nothing more unlucky than the poor, to whom even the general panacea brings death.

7. Then what a state of things it is, what a holy condition of affairs, that, if a noble begins to be converted to God, he at once loses his noble rank! What honor is paid to Christ among a Christian people in whose eyes religion makes a man ignoble? For as soon as a man has made an attempt to improve himself, he meets the abusive scorn of worse men, and thus all are compelled to some degree of evil living that they may not be considered contemptible. Not without cause did the apostle cry out: "The whole world lieth in wickedness." He spoke truly, for it is right to say that the whole world is lying in wickedness when the good cannot hold their place in it. Indeed, everything is so full of iniquity that either all who live are evil, or the few who are good are tortured by the persecution of the many. Therefore, as I said, if any man of honorable rank devotes himself to religion, he at once ceases to be honored. For when a man has changed his garments, forthwith he changes his rank; if he has been of high degree, he becomes contemptible; if he has been most glorious, he becomes the vilest of the vile; if he has been altogether full of honor, he becomes altogether wretched in aspect.

Yet certain worldly men and unbelievers wonder why they endure the wrath of God and his hatred, when they persecute him in the persons of all his saints; for all things are perverse and at variance with the ways of the past. If there is any good man, he is scorned as though he were evil: if a man is evil, he is honored as though he were good. Is it then strange that we who daily grow worse, endure worse tortures daily? For men daily invent new evils and do not forsake the old; fresh crimes spring up, but the old are not abandoned. 8. Is there any room for further discussion? However hard and bitter our lot, we still suffer less than we deserve. Why should we complain that God deals harshly with us? We treat him much more rudely. We anger him by our impure acts and force him, unwilling though he is, to punish us. And although the spirit and majesty of God are such that he is not moved by any passion or anger, yet such is the aggravation of our sins that they drive him to wrath. If I may say so, we subject his loving kindness to force, and seem to lay violent hands on his mercy. For although he is so gentle that ho would

like to spare us constantly, our perversity compels him to punish our sins. As those who blockade well-fortified cities or attempt to capture and undermine their mighty strongholds, customarily lay siege to them with all sorts of machines and weapons, so we attack the mercy of God with every kind of frightful sin as if we, too, were using siege engines. Then we think God injures us, though we are acting most injuriously toward him. Indeed every fault of all Christians is an insult to his divinity. "When we perform those acts that are forbidden by God we trample underfoot the orders of him who forbade us. It is impious to blame God's severity for our misfortunes: we should instead accuse ourselves. For when we commit the sins that cause our torture, we are ourselves the authors of our torments. Why then do we complain of the bitterness of our punishments? Each one of us punishes himself.

This is why the prophet said to us: "Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that have added fuel to the flame; walk in the light of your fire and in the sparks that ye have kindled." For the whole human race is rushing headlong into eternal punishment by the very course that the Scriptures describe. First we kindle the fire, then add fuel to the flames, and lastly enter the flames that we have prepared. When does man first kindle eternal fire for himself? Surely when he first begins to sin. But when does he add fuel to the flames? When he heaps up sins upon sins. When shall he enter the everlasting fire? When he has already completed the irrevocable account of wickedness by the increase of his sins, as our Savior said to the leaders of the Jews: "Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers, ye serpents, ye generation of vipers," The men whom the Lord himself told to fill up the measure were not far from completing the full number of their sins. Because they were no longer worthy of salvation, they filled up the number of iniquities by which they were to perish. Whence also, when the ancient Law recalled that the sins of the Amorreans were fulfilled, it is said that the angels spoke to the blessed Lot, saying: "Whomsoever thou hast in the city, bring them out of this place, because the cry of them is waxen great before the face of the Lord, and the Lord hath sent us to destroy them." For a long time, truly, that most sinful people had been kindling the fires by which they perished, and so when the tale of their iniquities was completed they burned in the flames of their own crimes. For they deserved so ill of God that they suffered in this world the Gehenna that is to come in the later judgment.

9. But, you say, none now deserve the end of those men, for none are to be compared with them, in evil doing. Perhaps that is true, still what do we make of the fact that the Savior himself said that all who have spurned his Gospel are worse than they? And at Capernaum he said: "If the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee." If he said the people of Sodom are less to be condemned than all who neglect the Gospels, then we who in most of our actions show our neglect of the Gospel teachings are in graver danger, especially since we are not willing to be content with crimes long familiar, that seem a part of our daily life. Many are not satisfied with the customary vices, with litigation, slander and rapine, with drunkenness and gorging at feasts, with forgeries and perjury, with adultery and homicide. Finally, however inhuman the atrocities involved, all the crimes involving injury to their fellow men are not enough for them, but they must needs turn the blasphemous violence of their mad minds against the Lord also. For it is written of the wicked: "They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth. . . . And they say, 'How doth God know, and is there knowledge in the Most High?' " And again: "The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it."

To such men this prophetic saying may well be applied: "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.' " For they who declare that nothing is seen by God are very near to denying his actual substance, as they deny his sight, and when they say that he sees nothing they deny his very existence. Although no evil deed has any rational foundation, since there is no bond between reason and wickedness, yet no blasphemy, in my opinion at least, is more irrational than this or more insane. What is so mad as for a man, who does not deny that God created the whole world, to deny that he governs it? How can one admit that God is its maker, and deny that he takes any care of what be made? As if his intention in creating the universe was to neglect it when completed! I say that he cares so much for his creatures that I can prove that he cared for them even before their creation; indeed, the very act of creation makes this clear. He would not have created the world, if his care had not preceded the act, especially since we know that in our human kind there is scarcely a man so stupid that he would carry an undertaking through to completion without the intention of taking care of it when finished. For a

man who tills a field does so in order to keep it for his own use after it is cultivated; he who plants a vineyard means to take care of it when he has planted it; he who gathers the nucleus of a herd means to exercise his skill in increasing it. He who builds a house or lays its foundations, even though he has as yet no finished dwelling-place, still embodies in the building he is trying to erect the hopes of a future home.

Yet why should I speak of man alone, when even the smallest sorts of animals do all things with a view to future use? Ants, hiding various sorts of grain from [the fields] in underground storerooms, drag away and store their hoards because they cherish them in their desire to live. Why do the bees, when they lay foundations for the honeycomb or pluck their young from flowers, search out thyme except from their eager desire for honey, or certain other flowerets but from love of the young they are to find there? Has God then instilled this love of their own functions into even the least of living things, and deprived himself alone of the love of his works? Have you considered that all our love of good things has come down to us from his good love? He himself is the fount and source of all our benefits, and since, as it is written: "In him we live and move and have our being," from him surely we have received all the affection we give our offspring; for the whole world and the whole human race are the offspring of their creator.

Therefore by that very love he has caused us to feel for our sons he wished us to know how greatly he loved his own. For we read, just as "the invisible things of him are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made," even so he wished his love for us to be known by the love that he gave us toward our own kindred. As it is written that he wished all fatherhood in heaven and in earth to be named after him, so he wished us to recognize his fatherly love. Yet why do I say fatherly? for his love is far more than a father's. This is proved by the words of the Savior in the Gospel, when he said: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son for the life of the world." But the apostle also says: "God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all. How hath he not with him also freely given us all things?"

10. This confirms my former statement, that God loves us more than a father loves his son. It is clear that his love surpasses a man's love for his sons, since for our sake he did not spare his own child. Nay, I add more, he did not spare his righteous Son, his only begotten Son, his Son who is himself God. What more can be said? And this was done for us, that is for wicked, unjust

and most irreverent men. Who can justify this love of God toward us, save that his justice is so great that no shadow of injustice can fall on him? As far as human reason is concerned, any man would have acted most unjustly if he had had his good son put to death for his worst slaves. But for this very reason the love of God is the more surpassing and his goodness the more marvellous, that, as far as human weakness is concerned, the greatness of his justice almost bears the appearance of injustice. Therefore the apostle, to indicate as far as he might the boundless mercy of God, said: " For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die." Certainly in this one sentence he showed us the love of God. For if scarcely any one undertakes to die for the greatest righteousness, Christ dying for our iniquity proved what love he bore us. Why God should have done this, the apostle tells us at once in the words that follow, saying: "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him." He commends his love to us, in that he died for sinners; for a benefit is of greater worth that is given to men unworthy of it.

So he says: "God commends his love toward us." How does he commend it? Surely in that he bestows it on the undeserving. If he had given it to holy men who deserved well of him, he would not seem to have given what was not due, but what he owed them. What then have we given in return for this great boon, or what return ought we to make for it? First of all, what the most blessed prophet testifies that he owes and will give, saying: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." This is the first repayment, that we return death for death, and all die for him who died for us, even though our death is of much less account than his. Whence it comes that even if we take death upon us, we cannot by this means repay our debt. But since we cannot requite him more fully, we seem to be paying the whole, if we return him all that we can. This, therefore, as I said, is our first payment.

The second is, if we do not pay our debt by death, to pay it by love. The Savior himself, as the apostle says, by his death wished to commend his love to us all, to lead us by the example of his loving care to make a fitting return for such great affection. And just as certain marvellous natural gems, when one brings them into contact with iron, though it be of the hardest kind,

hold it in suspense by an attraction that seems actually possessed of life, so also he, the greatest and most glorious gem of the heavenly kingdom, wished to come down from heaven to approach more closely to us, to draw us, in spite of our hardness, to his care as if by the hands of his love, that recognizing his gifts and benefits we might come to know what it befitted us to do for so good a master when he had done so much for his wicked servants. Then should be fulfilled the words of the apostle, that we should be killed all the day long for his love, and neither tribulation nor distress nor persecution nor famine nor nakedness nor the sword should be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus the Lord.

11. Since our indebtedness to God is clearly established, let us see what return we make him for all that we owe. What return, indeed, but all the actions of which I have spoken before, namely, whatever is indecent, whatever is unworthy, whatever leads to injury of God, wicked deeds, disgraceful habits, drunken feasts, bloodstained hands, vile lusts, mad passions and whatever else can better be reckoned up by the conscience than in words! "For," said the apostle, "it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret." Nor is this all, for it is an old charge, and belongs no more to the present time than to the past. More serious and lamentable is the fact that we are adding new sins to the old, sins not only new but of a monstrous and heathen sort, such as have not before been seen in the churches of God. We blasphemously revile the Lord, saying that he is a God who does not care for us, a God who pays us no attention, a God who neglects us, who does not govern us, and hence he is pitiless and obdurate, inhuman, harsh and cruel. For, since he is described as not regarding us, as careless and neglectful, what remains but to call him harsh and cruel and inhuman? What blind impudence! what sacrilegious boldness! It is not enough for us, that, bound in our countless sins, we are in all things guilty before God, unless we are also his accusers. Yet what hope, I ask, shall a man have, who, while facing judgment himself, brings accusation against his judge?

12. If God does regard human affairs, some one may say, if he cares for us, loves and guides us, why does he allow us to be weaker and more miserable than all nations? Why does he suffer us to be conquered by the barbarians? Why does he permit us to be subject to the rule of our enemies? To answer very briefly, as I have already said, he suffers us to endure these trials because we deserve to endure them. Let us consider the disgraceful habits, the vices

and crimes of the Roman people, as we have described them above, and we shall then understand whether we can have any claim on his protection when we live in such impurity. If we examine in this light our customary argument that our misery and weakness show God's neglect of human affairs, what do we really deserve? If he permitted us, living in such vice and wickedness, to be exceedingly strong, prosperous and completely happy, then perhaps there might be some ground for suspicion that God did not see the evildoing of the Romans, if he allowed such wicked and abandoned men to be happy. Since instead he bids such vicious and evil men to be most abject and wretched, it is perfectly evident that we are seen and judged by God, for our sufferings are fully deserved.

We, of course, do not think we deserve them, and consequently are the more guilty and blameworthy for failing to recognize our deserts. The chief accusation of wrongdoers is their proud assertion of innocence. Among a number of men charged with the selfsame crime none is more guilty than he who does not acknowledge his guilt even in his own thoughts. We have, therefore, this single addition to make to our wrongdoings, that we consider ourselves guiltless. But, you may object, grant that we are sinners and wicked men, certainly you cannot deny that we are better than the barbarians, and this alone makes it clear that God does not watch over human affairs, because we, who are better, are subject to men worse than ourselves. Whether we are better than the barbarians, we shall now consider; certainly there can be no doubt that we ought to be better. And for this very reason, we are worse than they, unless we are actually better, for the more honorable position makes any fault doubly blameworthy. The greater the personal dignity of the sinner, the greater is the odium of his sin. Theft for example is a serious crime in any man, but a thieving senator is doubtless far more to be condemned than one of the lower classes. Fornication is. forbidden to all, but it is a much more serious vice in one of the clergy than in one of the people. So also we, who are said to be Christians and catholic, if we are guilty of vices like those of the barbarians, sin more seriously than they, for sins committed by men who claim a holy name are the more abominable. The more lofty our claim to honor, the greater is our fault; the very religion we profess accuses our faults, A pledge of chastity increases the sin of lewdness; drunkenness is more loathsome in one who makes an outward show of sobriety. Nothing is more vile than a philosopher who pursues a vicious and obscene

life, since in addition to the natural baseness of his vices, he is further branded by his reputation for wisdom. We therefore, who out of the whole human race have professed the Christian philosophy, for this reason, must be believed and considered worse than all other nations, since, living under so great a profession of faith, in the very bosom of religion, we still sin.

13. I know it seems to most men intolerable that we should be called worse than barbarians. What possible good does it do us to have this seem intolerable? Our condition is made so much the more serious if we are worse than they and yet insist on believing ourselves better. "For if a man think himself to be something," the apostle said, "when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. But let every man prove his own work." We ought to put our trust in our works, not in our opinion; in reason, not lust; in truth, not in our will alone. Since, then, some men think it unsupportable that we should be adjudged to be worse, or even not much better than the barbarians, let us consider in what way we are better, and in relation to which of the barbarians. For there are two kinds of barbarians in the world, that is, heretics and pagans. To all of these, as far as the divine law is concerned, I declare that we are incomparably superior; as far as our life and actions are concerned, I say with grief and lamentation that we are worse. However, as I said before, let us not make this statement of the whole body of Romans without exception. For I except first of all those men who have devoted themselves to a religious life, and then some laymen who are equal to them; or, if that is too much to say, at least very like them in their upright and honorable actions. As for the rest, all or practically all are more guilty than the barbarians. And to be more guilty is to be worse.

Therefore, since some men think it irrational and absurd that we should be judged as worse, or even not much better than the barbarians, let us see, as I said, how we are worse, and in relation to which barbarians. Now I say that except for those Romans alone, whom I mentioned just now, the others are all or almost all more guilty than the barbarians, and more criminal in their lives. You who read these words are perhaps vexed and condemn what you read. I do not shrink from your censure; condemn me if I do not succeed in proving my words; condemn me if I do not show that the Sacred Scriptures also have said what 1 now claim. I myself who say that we Romans, who judge ourselves far superior to all other nations on earth, are worse in many respects, do not deny that in certain ways we are superior. For while we are, as

I have said, worse in our way of life and in our sins, yet in living under the catholic law we are incomparably superior. But we must consider this, that while it is not our merit that the law is good, it is our fault that we live badly. Surely it profits us nothing that our law is good, if our life and conversation are not; for the good law is the gift of Christ, whereas the faulty life is our own responsibility. On the contrary, we are more blameworthy if the law we worship is good and we who worship it are evil. Nay, we do not worship it, if we are evil, for an evil worshipper cannot be properly said to worship at all. He who does not worship sacredly that which is holy does not worship at all, and hereby the very law we hold accuses us.

14. Disregarding, therefore, the privilege of the law, which either does not help us or even brings just condemnation upon us, let us compare the lives, the aims, the customs and the vices of the barbarians with our own. The barbarians are unjust and we are also; they are avaricious and so are we; they are faithless and so are we; to sum up, the barbarians and ourselves are alike guilty of all evils and impurities. Perhaps the answer may be made: if we are equal to them in viciousness, why are we not also equal to them in strength? Inasmuch as their wickedness is like ours and their guilt identical, either we should be as strong as they, or they as weak as we. That is true, and the natural conclusion is that we who are weaker are the more guilty. What proof have we? The proof is, of course, inherent in my demonstration that God does everything in accordance with judgment. For if, as it is written: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good:" and in the words of the apostle: "The judgment of God is according to truth against all wicked men," we, who do not cease to do evil, see that it is by the judgment of a just God that we endure the penalties for our evil-doing. But, you object, the barbarians commit the same sins, and yet are not as wretched as we. There is this difference between us, that even if the barbarians do the same things that we do, our sins are still more grievous than theirs. For our vices and theirs can be equal without their guilt being as great as ours. All of them, as I said before, are either pagans or heretics. I shall discuss the pagans first, since theirs is the older delusion: among these, the nation of the Saxons is savage, the Franks treacherous, the Gepids ruthless, the Huns lewd ---- so we see that the life of all the barbarians is full of vice. Can you say that their vices imply the same guilt as ours, that the lewdness of the Huns is as sinful as ours, the treachery of the Franks as worthy of accusation, the drunkenness of

the Alemanni as reprehensible as that of Christians, the greed of an Alan as much to be condemned as that of a believer?

If a Hun or Gepid is deceitful what wonder is it in one who is utterly ignorant of the guilt involved in falsehood? If a Frank swears falsely, what is strange in his action, since he thinks perjury a figure of speech, and not a crime? And why is it strange that the barbarians have this degree of vice, since they know not the law and God, when a majority of the Romans, who know that they are sinning, take the same attitude? Not to speak of any other type of man, let us consider only the throngs of Syrian merchants who have seized the greater part of all our towns---- is their life anything else than plotting, trickery and wearing falsehood threadbare? They think words practically wasted that do not bring some profit to their speaker. Among these men God's prohibition of an oath is held in such high esteem that they consider every sort of perjury actually profitable to them. What wonder is it, then, that the barbarians, who do not know that falsehood is a sin, practice deception? None of their actions are due to contempt of the divine ordinances, for they do not know the precepts of God. A man ignorant of the law cannot act in defiance of it. This is our peculiar guilt, who read the divine law and constantly violate its terms, who say that we know God and yet walk roughshod over his commands and precepts; and therefore, since we despise him whom we believe and boast that we worship, the very appearance of worship is an injury to him.

15. Lastly, to say nothing of our other sins, who is there among laymen, except a very few, that does not constantly have the name of Christ on his lips to swear by it? Hence this is the oath most commonly used by nobles and baseborn men alike: "By Christ I do this ... ; by Christ I act thus ... ; by Christ I am not going to say anything else ... ; by Christ I am not going to do anything else." And what results? The abuse has been carried so far that, as we said before about heathen barbarians, Christ's name seems now to be not a binding oath but a mere expletive. For among the great majority this name is held to be so trivial that men never have less intention of doing a thing than when they swear by Christ to do it. Although it is written: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," reverence for Christ has fallen so low that among all the vain words of this age scarcely any seems more vainly used than the name of Christ.

Then many swear by the name of Christ to do things not merely trivial and foolish but even criminal. For this is their usual manner of speaking: "By Christ I'll steal that ... ; by Christ I'll wound that man ... ; by Christ I'll murder him." It has come to such a pass that they feel themselves bound by religion to commit the crimes they have sworn in Christ's name. Finally, let me tell an experience of my own. A short time ago, won over by the pleas of a certain poor man, I besought a man of considerable influence not to take from the poor wretch his property and substance, not to remove the sole prop and help that supported his poverty. Then he, who had swallowed the poor man's goods in ravenous haste, and had already devoured his prey with most ardent ambition and greed, glared at me with eyes blazing as if he thought I might take from him something he had not succeeded in filching from the other, and said he could not possibly do as I asked, since he was acting in accordance with a sacred command or decree that he absolutely could not overlook. When I asked the reason, he said most emphatically, brooking no contradiction: "I have made a vow to seize that man's property. Consider then whether I could or should fail to accomplish what I have sworn by the name of Christ." Then I left him, having heard the reason for his most pious crime, for what else was I to do, when his action was shown to be so just and sacred!

16. At this point I ask all who are of sound mind: who would ever believe that human covetousness would reach such a pitch of audacity, would ever scorn God so openly that men should say it is for Christ's sake they intend to do a deed the very performance of which is an insult to Christ? "What an unthinkable and monstrous crime! Of what daring are the wicked minds of men not capable? They arm themselves for robbery in God's name; they make him somehow responsible for their crimes, and although Christ forbids and punishes all sin they claim that they perform their wicked deeds for his sake. Yet we, complaining of the injustice of the enemy, say that the heathen barbarians are guilty of perjury. How much less guilty are they who swear falsely by demons, than we who swear by Christ! How much less serious a crime it is to take the name of Jove in vain than that of Christ! In the one case it is a dead man by whom they swear, in the other the living God by whose name they swear falsely. In the former instance there is no longer even a man; in the latter, the most high God; here, since the oath was taken in the most binding name, the greatest guilt and perjury must be involved;

there, since that by which they swear scarcely exists, clearly there is no perjury, for since the God by whom they swear does not exist, there is no perjury when the oath is broken. Finally, let him who wishes to know the truth of this matter listen to the blessed apostle Paul uttering the very arguments I am giving. These are his words: "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law." And again: "Where no law is, there is no transgression." In these two statements, did he not make clear that there are two divisions of the human race, those placed without the law, and those living under it? What men are there who now live under the law? Who indeed but the Christians? Such was the apostle himself, who said of himself: " I am not without law to God, but under the law to Christ."

Who then are outside the law of Christ? Who but pagans ignorant of the Lord's law? Therefore it is of these that he says: "Where no law is, there is no transgression." By this one word he shows that only Christians transgress the law when they sin, but the pagans who do not know the law sin without transgression, since no one can transgress in a matter of which he is ignorant. We alone therefore are transgressors of the divine law, we who, as it is written, read the law and do not follow it. Hence our knowledge brings us nothing but guilt, since its result is only that we give the more offence by our sins, for what we know from our reading and in our hearts, we spurn in our wantonness and scorn. So the words of the apostle to every Christian man were most justly spoken: "Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonorest thou God? For the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you."

Of what crimes the Christians are guilty may be learned from this one fact, that they defame the name of God. And although we have been charged to "do all things for the glory of God" we, on the contrary, do all things for his injury. Although the Savior daily calls to us: "Let your light so shine before men, that the sons of men may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven," we, on the other hand, so live that the sons of men may see our evil deeds and blaspheme our Father which is in heaven.
17. This being the case, we may indeed beguile ourselves with the great prerogatives of the name of Christian, we who so act and live that by the very fact that we are said to be a Christian people we seem to be a reproach to Christ. On the other hand, what do we find of this sort among the pagans? Can it be said of the Huns: "See what sort of men these are who are called

Christians? Can it be said of the Saxons or the Franks: "See what these men do who claim to worship Christ? Can the sacred law be blamed for the savage customs of the Moors? Do the most inhuman rites of Scythians or Gepids bring curses and blasphemy on the name of the Lord our Savior? Can it be said of any of these: "Where is the catholic law that they believe? Where are the commandments of piety and chastity that they learn? They read the Gospel, and are unchaste; they listen to the apostles, and get drunk; they follow Christ, and plunder; they lead dishonorable lives, and say that they follow an honorable law. Can such things be said of any of these nations? Certainly not, but they are all truly said of us: in us Christ suffers reproach; in us the Christian law is accursed. Of us are said the words quoted above: "See what sort of men these are who worship Christ.

They are plainly lying when they say that they learn good things, and boast that they keep the commandments of the sacred law. For if they learned good things they would be good. Their religion must be like its followers: doubtless they are what they are taught to be. Thus it appears that the prophets they have teach impurity; and the apostles they read have sanctioned wickedness; and the Gospel which they have learned preaches the actions that they perform; in fine, the lives of the Christians would be holy, if Christ had taught holiness. So the object of their worship must be judged from his worshippers. How can the teacher be good whose pupils we see are so evil? In him they are Christians ---- they hear Christ himself and read his words. It is easy for us all to learn the teachings of Christ. See what the Christians do, and you will clearly discern the teachings of Christ."

Finally, what distorted and wicked notions the pagans have always had about the sacraments of the Lord is shown by the bloody inquisitions of brutal persecutors, who believed that at Christian services only vile and abominable rites were performed. Even the origins of our religion were thought to spring from two great crimes, the first being murder and the second incest, which is worse than murder. Nor were these mere murder and incest, but a more wicked thing than the bare commission of either of these crimes, the incest of holy mothers, and the murder of innocent infants, whom, they thought, the Christians not only murdered, but ---- which is more abominable ---- devoured. All this was supposed to be done to appease God, as if any evil would cause him greater offence! as an offering to atone for sin, as if any sin could be greater! to make him look with favor on sacrifices, as if any act

could better arouse his aversion and horror! to win the right to eternal life, as if indeed, even supposing it could be won by such actions, it were worth while to attain it by such atrocious crimes!

18. We may understand from this what the pagans have come to believe about the character of Christians, who worship God in such sacrifices, and what sort of God they think could have taught such things as sacred rites. Yet how did this belief arise? How else but through those who are called Christians, but are not; who by their shameful and disgraceful lives sully the name of their religion; who, as it is written, "profess that they know God, but in works deny him, being abominable and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate"; by whom, as we read, "the way of truth is evil spoken of" and the sacred name of God violated by the profanity of sacrilegious men. How very difficult it is to atone for subjecting the name of divinity to the evil-speaking of the heathen, we are taught by the example of the most blessed David. By the suffrage of his former acts of justice he deserved to win release by a single act of confession, from eternal punishment for his offences. Yet even the penitence that pleaded for him did not avail to win pardon for, this grievous sin. For when Nathan the prophet had heard him confess his fault, and said to him: "The Lord hath put away thy sin, thou shalt not die," he added at once: "Howbeit, because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, the child also that is born of thee shall surely die."

What followed? He laid aside his diadem, cast off his jewels, doffed the purple, gave up all the splendor of his royal state, and instead shut himself up alone in mourning, foully clad in sackcloth, drenched with his tears and besmirched with ashes. Yet though he sought the life of his little child with such lamentations and entreaties, and strove to move the tender heart of God with such fervent prayers, all his pleas and protests could not obtain his pardon, even though he had firmly believed that he should gain what he sought from God ---- which is the greatest aid to those who pray. From this we learn that there is absolutely no sin for which it is harder to atone than that of giving the heathen occasion to blaspheme. For whoever has gravely sinned without causing others to blaspheme brings condemnation only on himself, but he who has made others blaspheme drags many men down to death with him, and must be held answerable for all whom he has implicated in his guilt. Nor is this all; whenever a man sins; in such a way that his

action does not give others occasion for blasphemy, his sin injures only him who has committed it, but does not insult the holy name of God by the sacrilegious curses of blasphemy. But if his wrongdoing has caused others to blaspheme, his sin must be immeasurably great, beyond the bounds of human guilt, for by the revilings of many he has caused incalculable insult to God.

19. Moreover, as I have said, this evil is peculiar to us Christians, because God is blasphemed only through the agency of those who know the good and do evil; who, as it is written: " Profess that they know God, but in works deny him"; who, as the same apostle says: "Rest in the law and know his will, and approve the things that are more excellent; who have the form of knowledge and of truth in the law; who preach a man should not steal, and themselves steal; who say a man should not commit adultery and themselves commit it; who make their boast in the law and through breaking the law dishonor God." The Christians are worse than other men for the very reason that they ought to be better. They do not justify their profession of faith, but light against it by their evil lives. For evil doing is the more damnable in contrast with an honorable title; and a holy name becomes a crime in an impious man. Therefore our Savior also says in the Apocalypse to a lukewarm Christian: "I would thou wert hot or cold; so then because thou art lukewarm, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

The Lord commanded every Christian to be fervent in faith and spirit. For it is written: "That we may be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." In this fervor of spirit the ardor of religious faith is made known; he who has the largest share of such ardor is recognized as fervent and faithful, while he who has none at all is known to be cold and an unbeliever. But he who is betwixt and between is a lukewarm Christian and hateful to the Lord, who therefore says to him: " Would that thou wert hot or cold, now therefore since thou art lukewarm I will spue thee out of my mouth." That is to say: "Would that you had either the heat and faith of good Christians or the ignorance of pagans. For then either your warm faith would make you pleasing to God, or at least for the time being your ignorance of the law would give you some measure of excuse. But as it is, since you know Christ, and neglect him whom you know, you who have, so to speak, been received into the very presence of God by the recognition of the faith, are cast out because of lukewarmness."

The blessed apostle Peter also made this plain when he said of the lukewarm and vicious Christians, that is, those who live wicked lives: "For it had been better for them not to have known the truth, than after they had known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them. But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, 'The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.' " To make clear that this was said of those who live under the name of Christian in the vileness and filth of the world, hear what he says of such men in the same passage: "For if, after they had escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning." This, indeed, the blessed Paul repeats in like manner: "For circumcision verily profiteth, if thou keep the law; but if thou be a breaker of the law, thy circumcision is made uncircumcision." He himself shows very clearly that by circumcision Christianity is to be understood when he says: "For we are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit and have no confidence in the flesh." By this we see that he is comparing the wicked Christians with pagans, and not merely comparing them but almost ranking them as of less account, when he says: "However, if the uncircumcision keep the righteousness of the law, shall not his uncircumcision be counted for circumcision? And shall not uncircumcision, which is by nature, if it fulfil the law, judge thee, who by the letter and circumcision dost transgress the law?"

From this we learn, as I said before, that we are much more blameworthy, who have the law and reject it, than those who neither have it at all nor know it, for no one despises what he does not know. "I had not known lust," the apostle says, "except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet," Nor do men transgress the law which they do not know, for, as it is written: "Where no law is, there is no transgression." If men do not transgress the law which they have not, neither do they despise the terms of the law which they have not, for no one, as I said, can despise what he does not know. We, therefore, are alike scorners and transgressors of the law, and thus we are worse than the pagans, because they do not know the ordinances of God, but we know them; they do not possess them, but we do; they do not perform precepts they have not heard, but we read and trample them under our feet. Hence

what with them is ignorance is in us transgression, since there is less guilt in ignorance of the law than in contempt of it.

BOOK V: ON HERESY, AND ON THE OPPRESSION OF THE POOR BY THE POWERFUL THROUGHOUT THE ROMAN EMPIRE

1. I know that there are men, utterly lacking in faith and void of the divine truth, who think they have an easy answer to my arguments. They say that if the guilt of unfaithful Christians is so great that they sin more in disregarding the commands of the Lord which they know, than do the heathen tribes in their ignorance, then ignorance has proved of more benefit to the pagans than knowledge, and knowledge of the truth is only an obstacle to the Christians. My answer must be this: it is not the truth that stands in our way, but our own vices; not the law that does us injury, but our evil ways. In brief, give us good ways of living and the decrees of the law are in our favor; take away our vices and the law helps us. "For we know," the apostle said, "that the law is good, if a man use it lawfully; knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man. Therefore, begin to be just, and you shall be free from the law, because the law cannot act against the holy life, in which it consists. "For we know," he said, "that the law is good, if a man use it lawfully; knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the unholy, for the ungodly and for sinners, and if there be any other thing that is contrary to sound doctrine. So the law is not so much fighting against you, my friend, as you against the law, nor does it by its good precepts take action against you, but you against it by your evil life. In fact, it is on your side, but you are against it. It gives you good counsel with holy words, while you fight against it with evil deeds, and yet not so much against it as against yourself. To oppose it is to oppose yourself, since in it lie your life and safety.

When you desert the divine law, you abandon your own salvation. Thus our complaints of the Lord's law are like those of an impatient invalid against an excellent doctor. When his own fault has increased his illness, he accuses his physician of incompetence. As if, indeed, prescriptions could cure any illness if the patient did not obey them, or the regimen ordered by the physician work a cure if the patient did not follow it. What good can bitter draughts do the stomach if sweet ones are taken immediately after? What good can the silence of those about him do the delirious patient whose own ravings are killing him? Of what avail will the antidote be if the poison is

poured over it? Now in our case the law is the antidote, the poison our wickedness. The antidote of the law cannot cure us who are being killed by the poison of our own vice. But of these matters I have said enough before, and if occasion arises shall speak again later with God's help. 2. Meanwhile, since I mentioned above that there are two classes or sects of barbarians, namely, pagans and heretics, and I have already, I think, said enough of the pagans, let me now add what is necessary about the heretics. For my opponent may say: "Even if the divine law does not exact of the pagans that they keep commandments they do not know, it certainly does exact this of the heretics who know them; for they read the same books we do; they have the same prophets, the same apostles, the same evangelists, and therefore they are no less guilty than we are of neglect of the law. Eeally their neglect is much worse than ours, for although their Scriptures are the same, their actions are much worse."

Let us consider both points. You say that they read the same books we do. How can their books be the same, being badly interpolated and falsified by unscrupulous men? They are not the same at all, for they cannot be said to keep their identity unchanged if they are corrupted in any part. Having lost their full completeness they are not unharmed, and being robbed of the power of the sacraments they do not keep their true value. We alone, therefore, have the Sacred Scriptures in full, unviolated and complete, who either drink them at their fount, or at least drawn from the purest source by the agency of an incorrupt translation; we alone read them well. I wish we might fulfil them as well as we read them! But I fear that we who fail to keep them do not read them correctly either. For there is less guilt in not reading the holy words than in reading and violating them. The other nations either do not possess the law of God or have it in a changed and weakened form, and, as I said, to have it in such a condition is the same thing as not to have it at all.

If there are any among the barbarians who seem in their books to possess the Sacred Scriptures less interpolated and torn to pieces than the rest, still the corruptions in their texts are due to the tradition of their first teachers, whose disciples hold rather to their tradition than to the Scripture itself. For they do not abide by the instructions of the true law, but by the interpolations of an evil and distorted interpretation. The barbarians, indeed, lacking the Roman training or any other sort of civilized education, knowing noth-

ing whatever unless they have heard it from their teachers, follow blindly what they hear. Such men, completely ignorant of literature and wisdom, are sure to learn the mysteries of the divine law through instruction rather than reading, and to retain their masters' doctrines rather than the law itself. Thus the interpretation and doctrine of their teachers have usurped the authority of the law among them, since they know only what they are taught. So they are heretics, but unwittingly. Indeed it is only among us that they are heretics, and not among themselves, for they are so sure of their own orthodoxy that they libel us in turn by the accusation of heresy. As they are to us, so are we to them. We are convinced that they injure the holy incarnation in calling the Son inferior to the Father: they think that we do injury to the Father in believing the two equal. The truth is on our side, but they claim it for theirs. We truly honor God but they think their belief honors his divinity the more. They fall short in their Christian duty, but through what they think its fullest performance; their lack of reverence seems to them true piety. So they err, but with the best intentions, not through hatred, but through love of God, believing that they honor and love him. Although they have not the true faith, yet they think they possess the perfect love of God.

How they shall be punished for the error of their false opinion on the day of judgment, none can know but the Judge. In the meantime, God bears with them patiently, I think, for he sees that though they have not the true faith, yet their error is due to the love of what appears to be the truth, especially since he knows that their wrongdoing is due to ignorance, while among us men neglect what they believe. So their sin is the fault of their teachers, while ours is our own; theirs is committed in ignorance, ours in full knowledge; they do what they think right, but we what we know to be perverse. Therefore with just judgment the patience of God bears with them but punishes us, because ignorance may be pardoned for a time, but contempt deserves no lenience. For it is written: "The servant who knows not his lord's will and does it not, shall be beaten with few stripes, but he who knows it and does it not, shall be beaten with many."

3. Let us not wonder that we are beaten with many stripes, since we err not through ignorance but through rebellion. For knowing the good we do not perform it, and knowing the distinction between right and wrong we pursue the wrong. We read the law and trample underfoot what is lawful; we

learn the decrees of the sacred ordinances only to increase the gravity of our sins after their prohibition; we say that we worship God, but give our service to the devil. After all this, we wish to receive good gifts from God, while we heap wrong upon wrong continually; we wish to have God do our will, though we are unwilling to do his. We treat with him as his superiors; we wish him to accede to our wishes constantly, though we constantly fight against his. But he is just, however unjust we may be; for he punishes those he thinks deserve punishment, and bears with those he thinks deserve his patience. In each case his end is the same, that his chastisement of the orthodox may restrain their lust for sinning, and his forbearance at length bring the heretics to recognize the full truth of the faith, especially since he knows that those men are not apt to be unworthy of the catholic faith whom he sees superior to the orthodox in their way of living. All those of whom I speak are either Vandals or Goths, for I say nothing of the multitude of Roman heretics, and shall not compare them with either Romans or barbarians, since their lack of faith makes them worse than the Romans, and their disgraceful lives than the barbarians. That the men of whom I speak are Romans, far from helping us, makes our case even worse. It is easy to estimate what the whole Roman state deserves, when part of the Romans offend God by their way of life, part by their lack of faith and their way of living also. Add that the very heresies of the barbarians spring originally from the false teaching they received from the Romans, and the inception of heresy among them becomes another heavy charge against us.

4. But as for the way of life among the Goths and Vandals, in what single respect can we consider ourselves superior to them, or even worthy of comparison? Let me speak first of their affection and charity, which the Lord teaches us are the chief of virtues, and which he commends not only through the Sacred Scriptures but also in his own words, when he says: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another. Now almost all barbarians, at least those who belong to one tribe, under one king's rule, love one another, whereas almost all the Romans are at strife with one another. What citizen is there who does not envy his fellows? Who shows complete charity to his neighbors? All are indeed far from their neighbors in affection, however near in place; though living side by side, they are far apart in spirit. While this is a most grievous wrong, I wish it were true only of citizens and neighbors. But the situation is still more serious, for not even relations

preserve the bonds of kinship. Who renders a brotherly service for his next of kin? Who pays to family affection the debt he knows is due to the name he bears? Who is as closely related by his affections as by blood? Who is not fired with a dark passion of ill will? Whose emotions are not the prey of envy? Who does not look on another's good fortune as his own punishment?

Who does not reckon another's good as his own evil? Who finds his own good fortune so ample that he is willing that another should be fortunate also? Most men are now suffering a strange and incalculable evil, in that it is not enough for any man to be happy himself unless another is thereby made wretched. What a situation is this, how savage, how rooted in the same impiety we deplore, how alien to barbarians and familiar to Romans, that they proscribe one another by mutual exactions. My last words, perhaps, give a wrong impression, for it would be much more tolerable if each man endured what he himself had inflicted on others. The present situation is harder to bear, for the many are proscribed by the few, who use the public levies for their individual gain, and convert the bills of indebtedness to the public treasury to their private profit. Nor is it only the highest officials who do this, but the least too in almost equal measure; not only the judges, but their obedient underlings as well.

For what cities are there, or even what municipalities and villages, in which there are not as many tyrants as curials? Still perhaps they preen themselves on their title, since it seems to be one of power and honor. Brigands usually rejoice and exult at being considered somewhat more ruthless than they really are. What place is there, as I said before, where the very lifeblood of widows and orphans is not drained by the leading men of their states, and with them that of all godly men? For these last are classed with widows and orphans, since they are either unwilling to protect themselves, out of devotion to their vows, or unable because of their simplicity and humility. Therefore not one of them is safe, indeed scarcely any are safe, except the very greatest, from the plunder and ruin of this universal brigandage, other than those who are a match for the brigands themselves. Matters have come to such an evil pass, to such a criminal condition, that only the wicked man may count himself secure.

5. But certainly, you object, even though there are so many who persecute good men, there must be some who come to the rescue of those in distress, and, as it is written, "deliver the poor and needy out of the hand of the

wicked." "There is none that doeth good, no, not one:" as the prophet showed by these words, good men are so rare that scarcely one seems to remain among us. Who offers help to those who are distressed and suffering, when even the priests of the Lord make no resistance to the violence of the unscrupulous? The majority of the clergy either say nothing, or, if they do speak, their words are no more effective than silence. "With many of them it is not lack of resolution, but what they consider a prudent discretion that commends this course. They are not willing to declare the truth openly, for this the sensitive ears of the wicked cannot bear. Not content with shunning the truth, our oppressors hate and curse it, they fail to evince any reverence or respect when they do hear the truth, and show utter scorn for it, in their stubborn and rebellious conceit. Therefore, even those who have occasion to speak remain silent and refrain from immediate attacks on those whom they know to be guilty. They dare not publish the whole truth openly for fear of increasing oppression by a too emphatic insistence.

Meanwhile the poor are being robbed, widows groan, orphans are trodden down, so that many, even persons of good birth, who have enjoyed a liberal education, seek refuge with the enemy to escape death under the trials of the general persecution. They seek among the barbarians the Roman mercy, since they cannot endure the barbarous mercilessness they find among the Romans. Although these men differ in customs and language from those with whom they have taken refuge, and are unaccustomed too, if I may say so, to the nauseous odor of the bodies and clothing of the barbarians, yet they prefer the strange life they find there to the injustice rife among the Romans. So you find men passing over everywhere, now to the Goths, now to the Bagaudae, or whatever other barbarians have established their power anywhere, and they do not repent of their expatriation, for they would rather live as free men, though in seeming captivity, than as captives in seeming liberty. Hence the name of Roman citizen, once not only much valued but dearly bought, is now voluntarily repudiated and shunned, and is thought not merely valueless, but even almost abhorrent. What can be a greater proof of Roman injustice than that many worthy noblemen to whom their Roman status should have been the greatest source of fame and honor, have nevertheless been driven so far by the cruelty of Roman injustice that they no longer wish to be Romans?

The result is that even those who do not take refuge with the barbarians are yet compelled to be barbarians themselves; for this is the case with the greater part of the Spaniards, no small proportion of the Gauls, and, in fine, all those throughout the Roman world whose Roman citizenship has been brought to nothing by Roman extortion. 6. I must now speak of the Bagaudae, who, despoiled, afflicted, and murdered by wicked and bloodthirsty magistrates, after they had lost the rights of Roman, citizens, forfeited also the honor of the Roman name. We transform their misfortunes into crime, we brand them with a name that recalls their losses, with a name that we ourselves have contrived for their shame! We call those men rebels and utterly abandoned, whom we ourselves have forced into crime. For by what other causes were they made Bagaudae save by our unjust acts, the wicked decisions of the magistrates, the proscription and extortion of those who have turned the public exactions to the increase of their private fortunes and made the tax indictions their opportunity for plunder?

Like wild beasts, instead of governing those put under their power, the officials have devoured them, feeding not only on their belongings as ordinary brigands would do, but even on their torn flesh and their blood. Thus it has come to pass that men who were strangled and half killed by brutal exactions began to be really barbarians, since they were not permitted to be Romans. They were satisfied to become what they were not, since they were no longer allowed to be what they had been; and they were compelled to defend their lives as best they could, since they saw that they had already completely lost their liberty. How does our present situation differ from theirs? Those who have not before joined the Bagaudae are now being compelled to join them. The overwhelming injuries poor men suffer compel them to wish to become Bagaudae, but their weakness prevents them. So they are like captives oppressed by the yoke of an enemy, enduring their torture of necessity, not of their own choice; in their hearts they long for freedom, while they suffer the extremes of slavery.

7. Such is the case among almost all the lower classes, for the same circumstances force them to two very different alternatives. They are most strongly compelled to wish for freedom, but the compulsion they suffer deprives them of power to carry out their wish. Perhaps it may be asserted that the very men who have these desires would wish for nothing better than to be free of any occasion to feel them, for what they wish is the greatest mis-

fortune. They would be much better off if they had no need for such ambitions. But what other wish can these poor wretches have? They must endure the frequent, even continuous, ruin of state requisitions, always menaced by severe and unremitting proscription; they desert their homes to avoid being tortured in them, and go into voluntary exile to escape heavy punishment. To such men the enemy are kinder than the tax collectors. This is proved by their actions, for they flee to the enemy to avoid the oppression of the levies. Such taxation in itself, however harsh and brutal, would still be less severe and painful if all shared equally in the common lot. But the situation is made more shameful and disastrous by the fact that all do not bear the burden together; the tributes due from the rich are extorted from the poor, and the weaker bear the burdens of the stronger. The only reason why they do not bear the whole burden is that the exactions are greater than their resources.

They are suffering the most diverse and dissimilar misfortunes, envy and need. For envy is involved in the payment, and need in the means by which it is made. If you consider the amount they pay, you will think them wealthy; but if you consider what they have, you will find them in dire need. Who can square the accounts of such injustice? They make the payments due from the rich while they suffer the poverty of beggars. My next point is still more serious. The rich themselves from time to time make additions to the amount of taxation demanded from the poor. You may ask how it is, when their assessment has already reached a maximum figure, and the payments due from them are very large, that the rich can possibly wish to increase the total. But I did not say that they increase their own payments, for they permit the increase simply because it does not cost them anything additional. Let me explain. Frequently there come from the highest imperial officials new envoys, new bearers of dispatches, sent under recommendation to a few men of note, for the ruin of the many. In their honor new contributions and tax levies are decreed. The mighty determine what sums the poor shall pay; the favor of the rich decrees what the masses of the lowly shall lose; for they themselves are not at all involved in these exactions. Do you say that it is impossible not to give due honor and entertainment to the envoys sent by our superiors? Then be the first to contribute, you men of wealth, who are first to pass such decrees; be first to lavish your property who are first in largess of mere words. You who give, give of mine and thine alike; though absolute justice would require that any one who wishes sole claim on the resulting favor should also

bear the expense alone. However, we poor men accede to the wish of the rich. What you few order let us all pay. What is so just and humane as this? Your decree burdens us with new debts; at least let this indebtedness be shared between us. What can be more unjust or unworthy than that you alone should be free from debt, who are making us all debtors?

The poor, indeed, in the extremes of their misery, pay all the exactions of which I have spoken, in utter ignorance of the object or reason of the payments. For who is allowed to discuss the payments, or inquire into the reasons for the amounts due? The sum is openly published only when the rich fall out with one another, and some of them feel slighted because they learn that assessments have been passed without their advice and management. Then you will hear some among them say: "What an unconscionable crime! Two or three decide the ruin of the many; a few powerful men determine what is to be paid for by many poor wretches!" For each individual rich man thinks it due to his honor to object to any decree passed in his absence, but he does not consider it due to justice to object to any wrong being enacted in his presence.

Finally, what they have criticized in others they themselves afterward establish in law, either in requital for the earlier contempt, or as proof of their power. As a result the most unhappy poor are like men far out at sea, buffeted by conflicting winds; they are overwhelmed by the billows that break over them now from one side, now from the other. 8. But surely, you say, those who are unjust in this respect are known to be moderate and just in another, and atone for their wickedness in the one matter by their generosity in the other. For in proportion as they burden the poor with the weight of new indictions they sustain them by proffering new alleviations; in proportion as the lesser men are weighed down by new tributes, they are relieved by new remedies. But this is not the case, for the injustice is alike in both the exactions and the remedies. As the poor are the first to receive the burden, they are the last to obtain relief. For whenever, as happened lately, the ruling powers have thought best to take measures to help the bankrupt cities to lessen their taxes in some measure, at once we see the rich alone dividing with one another the remedy granted to all alike. Who then remembers the poor? Who summons the needy and humble to share in the common benefit? Who allows the man who is always first in bearing the burden to have even the last place in receiving relief? What more can I say? Only that the

poor are not reckoned as taxpayers at all, except when the weight of taxation is being imposed on them; they are outside the number when remedies are being distributed.

Under such circumstances can we think ourselves undeserving of God's severe punishment when we ourselves continually so punish the poor? Can we believe that God ought not to exercise his judgment against us all, when we are constantly unjust? For where, or among what people, do these evils exist save only among the Romans? Who commit such grave acts of injustice as ours? Take the Franks, they are ignorant of this wrong; the Huns are immune to it; there is nothing of the sort among the Vandals, nothing among the Goths. For in the Gothic country the barbarians are so far from tolerating this sort of oppression that not even Romans who live among them have to bear it. Hence all the Romans in that region have but one desire, that they may never have to return to the Roman jurisdiction. It is the unanimous prayer of the Roman people in that district that they may be permitted to continue to lead their present life among the barbarians.

Yet we are surprised that the Goths are not conquered by our resistance, when the Romans would rather live among them than at home. Not only have our kinsmen no desire at all to escape from them to us, but they even leave us to take refuge with them. I could find occasion to wonder why all the poor and needy taxpayers do not follow their example, except for the one factor that hinders them, namely, that they cannot transfer their poor possessions and homes and their households. For, since many of them leave their tiny fields and shops to escape the enforced payment of taxes, how could they help wishing to take off with them, if it were at all possible, the property they are compelled to abandon? They are not capable of doing what they would probably prefer, hence they do the one thing they can. They put themselves under the care and protection of the powerful, make themselves the surrendered captives of the rich and so pass under their jurisdiction. Still I should not consider this a serious or unfitting procedure; on the contrary, I should laud the public spirit of the powerful to whom the poor entrust themselves, if they did not sell their patronage, if the defence they claim to give the poor were due to their humanity and not to their greed.

It is a serious and grievous situation, that the rich make a show of protecting the poor only in order to rob them, that they defend the wretched only on condition of making them more wretched still by this defence. For

all those who seem to be enjoying protection assign to their patrons the bulk of their property before they receive any help, and thus the sons' inheritance is destroyed that the fathers may be secure. Protection for the parents is assured by the beggary of the children. See then the aid and patronage afforded by the great: they do nothing for the benefit of those who come under their care, but only for their own. Some aid is granted the parents for the time being, but only on condition that in the future the children shall lose everything. It is a mere process of sale, and certain of the great are sure to demand a very dear price for everything they offer. I said it was a process of sale ---- I wish they would sell in the ordinary sense of the term, for in that case perhaps they would leave something to the purchaser! But this is a new sort of buying and selling; the seller gives nothing and receives everything, while the buyer receives nothing and loses all that he had.

Now practically every sales agreement has this characteristic, that the element of desire is on the side of the buyer, and that of need on that of the seller, inasmuch as the buyer wishes to increase his substance and the seller to diminish his. This, however, is an unheard-of sort of trading, in which the property of the sellers increases while nothing remains to the buyers but sheer beggary. What an intolerable and monstrous thing it is, one that human hearts can hardly endure, that one can hardly bear to hear spoken of, that many of the wretched poor, despoiled of their tiny holdings, after they have completely lost their property, must still pay taxes for what they have lost! Though possession has been forfeited, the assessment is not cancelled: they are without property but are overwhelmed with taxes. Who can fairly estimate this evil? The poor wretches pay taxes for the invaders who have swooped down on their estates. After the father's death, the sons have no claim on the little farms that should rightly be theirs, but are forced to pay ruinous taxes for them. As a result, what else is accomplished by this great wrongdoing except that men stripped naked by private robbery, die under the public exactions, and taxation ends the lives of those whose property has been carried off by plunderers?

Therefore some of those of whom I speak, who are either shrewder than the rest or have been sharpened by necessity, have lost their homes and farms by such encroachments, or have fled before the taxgatherers, because they cannot hold their property, and seek out the farms of the rich and great, to become their coloni. Those who are driven by the terror of the enemy flee to

the forts, and those who have lost their immunity as free men take refuge in some asylum out of sheer desperation. So also these men, who are no longer able to guard the home and condition of their birth, subject themselves to the lowly yoke of serfdom. They have been reduced to such a necessitous state that they are cut off not only from their former possessions, but also from their rank. They are exiled not alone from their property but from their very selves; losing all that was theirs along with their freedom, they lack any title to their holdings and forfeit the very rights of liberty.

9. Even this might through sheer necessity seem somehow tolerable, if there were not further misfortune to follow. Their lot is made more bitter by a worse injustice still. For they are received as strangers; they become natives only on the terms of their present condition. Recalling the example of that evil sorceress of old who is said to have changed men into beasts, we might say that all who are received on the farms of the rich are transformed as if by Circe's potions. For the owners begin to count those whom they have received as outsiders and aliens, as their own property; they turn into slaves men known to be free-born. Do we wonder that the barbarians are able to capture us, when we take our brothers captive? It is not at all strange that our states are being devastated and destroyed. We have long been providing by the oppression of the multitude for our own eventual capture, falling into captivity by our enslavement of others. Much later than we deserve, do we now at length suffer the treatment that we have meted out to others, and in the words of the Holy Scripture, eat the labor of our own hands. Under the judgment of a just God we are paying what we owe. We showed no mercy to exiles; behold, we ourselves are in exile: we deceived wanderers; behold, we ourselves, now wanderers, are deceived in turn: we took advantage of circumstances to ruin free-born men; behold, we ourselves are beginning to live on alien soil, and fear the same ruin.

How great is the deceptive blindness of sinful minds! We are suffering from the condemnation of God's judgment and still do not acknowledge that we are being judged. Some of the saints wonder that the others who have thus far not endured any such fate are not reformed by our example! Not even those of us who are already smitten by God are being corrected by the torments justly due to our wickedness. What intolerable pride is ours! However many are enduring the punishment that their sins require, no one deigns to acknowledge the cause of his trouble. The reasons for our pride are

perfectly obvious: even though we are at last suffering a little, we do not yet suffer as we deserve. So great is the mercy of God that he does not wish us to endure the full penalties for our misdeeds, but only a part of what is due; he chastens the wicked, but not to the full measure of their sin. He wishes us to acknowledge our misdoings rather than to endure their penalties, to the end that by his loving and salutary correction he may show us what we deserve to suffer, but not inflict on us the stripes we deserve. In this he follows the words of the blessed apostle, who said: "Dost thou not know that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? But after thy hardness and impenitent heart thou treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath."

In truth our actions suit the words of the apostle, for God calls us to repentance, but we treasure up wrath; he invites us to receive pardon, but we daily heap up our offences. We bring force to bear on him by our iniquities; we ourselves arm the divine wrath against us. We compel God against his will to take vengeance on our monstrous crimes; we give him scarcely any opportunity to spare us. For although no token of injustice can ever light on him or appear in him, our actions are such that if he did not take vengeance on our sins he would seem to be unjust. 10. Surely, you say, a man who has once been a sinner may have ceased to do wrong. Is there any end to wrongdoing? Do not men give up life sooner than iniquity? What man does not die in his evil pursuits, to be buried with his sins and crimes? Truly, one might apply to such men the words of the prophet: "Their graves are their homes forever, and they are compared to foolish cattle, and are become like them." If only they were like cattle! It would at least have been something gained, to have gone astray through mere brute folly. To have sinned, not through ignorance, but in despite of God, is worse and deserves a heavier penalty. Do you claim that this is the case with the laity only, and not with even a few among the clergy? With worldly men only, and not with many of the religious also, or rather men given over to worldly vices under the empty show of religion? These, to be sure, after the shameful guilt of their past misdeeds, have gained themselves the honorary name of sanctity. They have altered in their profession but not in their actual way of life, and, thinking that the service of God depends on costume more than on action, have changed their garments but not their hearts. Why should men think their guilt less hateful, who, though they are said to have performed a sort of penance, do not put off their old habits when they lay aside their former style of dress? Their actions as a

whole are such that there is less reason to suppose that they have already done penance for their misdeeds than that they afterwards repented of their penitence. There is less ground to think that they have repented their evil life than that they have since regretted their promise of a good one.

Many men know that I am speaking the truth, and can even bear witness to my words in their own conscience. Chief among these are the religious who have gained some reputation by a general repentance and now seek after new honors, and buy powers they formerly lacked. They are so anxious to be not merely men of the world, but more than worldly, that what they were before their repentance does not now suffice them unless they may become greater than they were in the past. Do they not repent of their conversion? So also do those men repent of their conversion and their brief thought of God, who, abstaining from intercourse with their wives, do not refrain from invasion of other men's property; who, professing physical continence, run riot in incontinence of spirit. A strange sort of conversion, truly! They do not do what is permissible, but commit forbidden sins. They refrain from lawful wedded life but not from rapine.

What vain delusion is this? Sins were forbidden us by God, not marriage. Your deeds do not suit your convictions; you who call yourselves adherents of virtue should not consort with crime. What you are doing is utterly absurd; this is not conversion to God but aversion from him. If, as is rumored, you have left off long since the functions even of lawful wedlock, now at last give up your sin. It is indeed just that you should refrain from crime of all sorts, but if you think this impossibly difficult, at least give up your greatest and most monstrous sins. Grant, whoever you are, that the neighbors whose land adjoins yours cannot remain prosperous; grant that the poor cannot support life near you; grant that you persecute the indigent and plunder the wretched; grant that you cause affliction to all men, provided that they are outside your own circle: still, I beg, at least spare your own family. And if you think it too hard and burdensome to spare all who are yours, then spare those who have preferred you not only to their other relatives and kinsmen, but even to those most closely bound to them and their dearly loved children. Yet why should I speak of their loved ones and their children, when they have preferred you almost to their very life and hope? There is nothing praiseworthy in this, as everyone who has committed the error now recognizes. But what has that to do with you, whom even their mistakes have ad-

vantaged? Your debt to such men is the greater because they have erred from too great trust in you. They were indeed blinded by devotion, and consequently are branded and censured by all; but even so you are under greater obligations to them because they have incurred the blame of all for love of you.

11. What is there to compare with this among the barbarous Goths? Who among them injures those who love him, attacks his friends, and cuts the throats of his dear ones with his own dagger? You attack those who love you, you cut off the hands of those who offer gifts, you kill your closest friends, and do you not fear and tremble? What would you do if you had not felt the present judgment of God in the scourging you have just received? You increase the count and constantly add new crimes to your former misdeeds. Think what punishment awaits your worse deeds, when even lesser faults are regularly punished by demons. Be content now, I pray, with robbing your friends and companions. Let it be enough that the poor have been harried and beggars despoiled by you, that hardly any one can keep from trembling in your presence, no one can feel secure. Torrents rushing down from Alpine crags, or flames driven by the wind, are more easily borne. No such death as this ---- to use a well known figure ---- do sailors die, devoured by the engulfing whirlpool or by Scylla's proverbial dogs. You evict your neighbors from their little farms, those nearest you from their houses and property. Would you "be placed alone in the midst of the earth," as it is written? This is the one end you cannot gain. Seize all that you can, occupy by force all that you can, still you shall always find a neighbor.

Consider, please, other men, whom even you, willingly or not, regard with honor; consider others, whom even you, willingly or not, admire. They are above others in honor, but on a level with them in their own estimation; they are greater in their power and less in their humility. You yourself, to whom I am now speaking, surely know whom I mean, and you of whom I now complain ought to recognize whom I honor by this praise. I only wish that there were many who deserve such praise; the nobility of a great number might work healing for all. But suppose that you do not wish to win praise; tell me, why do you wish to be worthy of condemnation? Why is nothing dearer to you than injustice, nothing more delightful than avarice, nothing more cherished than the seizure of other men's goods? Why do you judge nothing more precious than wickedness, nothing more excellent than

rapine? Learn the true good from a pagan, who says: "One should be fenced about by charity and goodwill, not by arms." So your delusions lead you astray; the wickedness of your blind and evil heart deceives you. If you wish to be upright, to be powerful, to be great, you ought to surpass other men not in ill will but in honor. I once read somewhere: "No one is wicked but a fool; for if he were wise, he would prefer to be good." Do you, therefore, if you can at last return to sanity, put off your wickedness, if you wish wisdom. For if you hope to be at all wise or sane, you must discard all that you have been and change completely. Deny yourself that you may not be denied by Christ; cast yourself off that you may be received by him; lose yourself, that you may not perish. For the Savior says: " Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." Wherefore love this profitable loss, that you may gain true safety. For God will never set you free, unless you have first condemned yourself.

BOOK VI: ON THE RUINOUS INFLUENCE OF CIRCUSES AND SPECTACLES

1. I have been dealing with personalities for a long time now, and seem to have exceeded the rules of argument. For undoubtedly the reader (if anyone for Christ's sake does read these words written from love of Christ) is thinking or saying of me: "Since the subject he is pursuing is a general one, of what use is it to heap up so many accusations against a single person? Suppose ---- for it is credible ---- that the man of whom he speaks is as he describes him; still how can one man's goodness be blocked by another's guilt, or ---- a point of much greater importance ---- how is the general cause injured by one individual's crime?" The injury indeed I can prove by clear examples. For instance, Achar once stole a part of an accursed thing, and the trespass of one man was the ruin of all. David ordered the children of Israel to be numbered, and the Lord punished his fault by the destruction of the whole people. Rapsaces spoke scornfully of God, and God smote a hundred and eighty-five thousand men because the froward tongue of one profane man spoke evil of him. Hence it was not without justice that the blessed apostle Paul ordered a noxious sinner cast out of the church and showed why he gave this order, saying: "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. From this we clearly see that even one evil man very often works the destruction of many. Nor is this without justice. The reader should recognize that what I said above concerning one wicked man is not beside the point, since we read in the Scriptures that the wrath of the Divine Majesty has very frequently been kindled on ac-

count of one man's guilt. But my argument is not limited by this consideration, for we do not need to assume that one man blocks the way of all, since all are blocking each other; it is not fitting to consider that all are imperilled by one, since they are all imperilled by their own actions. For all men are rushing headlong into destruction, or at least, to put it somewhat more mildly, almost all.

Where can the Christian people find such good fortune that the number of evildoers may be less than the number of the good, or failing that, be merely equivalent to it? How lamentable and grievous is our present wretchedness! How changed is the Christian people now from its former character! Of old, Peter, the chief of the apostles, punished with death the falsehood of Ananias and Sapphira. The most blessed Paul also expelled one wicked man from the church, that he might not infect a great number by his presence. But we are content to have an equal number of good and evil men. Why should I say we are content? We ought rather to exult and dance for joy, if we could achieve such an equal balance. See to what depths we have fallen, to what state we have been reduced after that glorious purity of the Christian people which kept them all unspotted, for now we think that the church would be happy if it contained even as much good as evil. How could we fail to consider it blessed if half its members were guiltless, since now we lament that they are almost all guilty?

Since this is the case, it was useless, useless indeed, to speak so long of one evil man, useless to weep for one man's crimes, since all or almost all require our tears and lamentations. There are many who are of this sort or who wish to be so, which is no less incriminating, and who strive by their zeal for evil to seem guilty of the charge. On this account, even if their lesser capacity accomplishes less evil, they are themselves as wicked as the rest, for it is their lack of ability and not their will that prevents them. Their hopes alone are within their own control, and in these they are criminals; they yield to none in their desire for wrongdoing, and in this, as far as their means permit, they strive to excel. Different though the two cases are, their rivalry is like that of good men, for as the good desire to outdo all others in honorable aims, so the evil yearn to surpass in depravity. As the glory of good men is to grow daily better, even so the glory of the wicked is to become worse; and as the best wish to reach the height of all virtues, so the worst hope to claim the palm in all vices. To our misfortune this is particularly characteristic of us,

the Christians, since, as I have already said, we think wickedness is wisdom. Of these God spoke particularly:

"I will destroy the wisdom of the wise and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. When the apostle cried, "if any man seemeth to be wise, let him become a fool, that he may be wise," he meant that if a man wishes to be wise, he should be good, for no one is truly wise unless he is truly good. We, on the contrary, through the viciousness of our perverse spirits and our "reprobate minds" ---- to use the scriptural phrase ----reject goodness in favor of folly. Loving corruption more than wisdom, we think we become daily wiser in proportion as our depravity increases. 2. Yet what hope of betterment is there in us, I ask, who are not led into evil by mistaken opinion, but strive with all the eagerness of our perverted natures to appear constantly worse and worse? This is the reason why I have long lamented that we are much worse than the barbarians, for ignorance of the law excuses them, whereas our knowledge of it accuses us. They prefer the evil to the good through inexperience of the truth, because they do not know what things are good; we, by our knowledge of the truth, know very well what things are good, [but consider them inferior to the evil in many] ways. In the first place, there is almost no crime or vice that does not accompany the games. In these the greatest pleasure is to have men die, or, what is worse and more cruel than death, to have them torn in pieces, to have the bellies of wild beasts gorged with human flesh; to have men eaten, to the great joy of the bystanders and the delight of onlookers, so that the victims seem devoured almost as much by the eyes of the audience as by the teeth of beasts. That such things may take place the whole world is ransacked; great is the care with which the search is carried on and perfected. Hidden retreats are entered, pathless ravines are searched, impenetrable forests traversed, the cloud-bearing Alps are climbed, the depths of valleys plumbed, and in order that the flesh of men may be devoured by wild beasts, the last secrets of the world of nature are revealed.

My opponents object that this is not done all the time. True, and a glorious excuse it is for wrongdoing, that it is not constantly carried on ---- as if any time were appropriate for actions that injure God! Are evil deeds well done because they are not done incessantly? Even murderers are not always employed in murder, but they are still murderers when they are not actually killing, for their hands are at all times stained with bloodshed. Bobbers do

not steal all the time, but they do not cease to be robbers, for when they are not engaged in theft, their minds are occupied with it. Certainly men who take pleasure in the animal fights of the arena are by no means free from the guilt involved in such spectacles, even when they are not actually looking at them. Would they not enjoy watching them always if they could?

Nor is this the only possible example of our sins, but there are still greater ones. For instance, do not the consuls even now have hens fed after the custom of the sacrilegious pagans? Are not auguries still sought from the flight of birds, and almost all those superstitions kept up which even pagan writers of old thought laughable? Now when the very men who give their names to the years and with whose office the years themselves begin do such things, are we to believe that years begun under these auspices can continue their course propitiously? I wish that these actions might pollute only the consuls who are responsible for them. But the situation is the more desperate because while such things are done with the public consent, the honor of a very limited number becomes the guilt of all, and so, although only two men are inaugurated in any given year, scarcely any one in the whole world escapes infection.

3. Let this much suffice about the games, seeing that they are, as you say, not performed all the time. We shall speak, instead, of everyday obscenities. These the hosts of demons have contrived of such a sort and so innumerable that even honest and upright hearts, though they can scorn and tread down some among them, yet can scarcely find a way to overcome them all completely. Armies about to engage in battle are said either to intersect with pitfalls the places through which they expect the troops of the enemy to march, or plant them with stakes, or fill them with caltrops, so that even if some of their snares fail to entrap a victim, none of the enemy can fail to be caught. In like manner the demons have prepared so many treacherous lures in this life for the human race that even though one escapes many of them, he is finally caught by one or another.

And since indeed it would take too long to tell of all these snares, that is, the amphitheaters, the concert halls, games, parades, athletes, rope dancers, pantomimes and other monstrosities of which one is ashamed to speak, since it is shameful even to know of such wickedness, I shall describe only the vices of the circuses and theaters. For the evils that are performed in these are such that no one can mention them, or even think of them without being pol-

luted. Other vices as a rule claim only some one portion of our being; for instance, base thoughts affect the mind only, immodest glances the eyes, shameful sounds the ears, so that when any one of these has gone astray, the rest can still be free from wrongdoing. But in the theaters no part of our bodies is free from guilt, for our minds are polluted by evil desires, our ears by hearing and our eyes by what they see, and all these are so disgraceful that a man cannot even describe them without loss of decency.

Who without injuring his modesty can tell of those representations of base acts, those obscenities of words and voice, those disgraceful motions and foul gestures? The very fact that they forbid description shows what great sin there is in all these. Some of the very greatest crimes can be named and discussed without injury to the character of the speaker, as homicide, robbery, adultery, sacrilege and so forth; it is only the vice of the theaters that cannot even be attacked without loss of modesty. So in arraigning these vile and disgraceful abuses the prosecutor has a strange experience, in that, although the honesty of the would-be accuser is unquestioned, he cannot without prejudice to his honor relate or attack them. All other evils pollute those who perform them, not those who merely see or hear them. You may, for instance, hear a man blaspheme, but since your mind disapproves of his sacrilege you are not polluted by it. Or if you happen to be present during a robbery, you are not denied by the act, inasmuch as it is abhorrent to your principles. The indecencies of the spectacles alone involve actors and audience in substantially the same guilt. For all those who approve such performances and take pleasure in seeing them perform them through the medium of their sight and approval. To such men the words of the apostle apply with a peculiar force, since not only "they which commit such things are worthy of death" but also "those who have pleasure in them that do them."

Therefore in these pictures of vice the whole people commits fornication mentally, and any who happen to come to the spectacle chaste go home from it adulterers. They are guilty of this fornication not only when they go home, but also when they come to the theater, for the very desire of the obscene makes a man unchaste who is hurrying toward an impure spectacle. 4. You see then in what actions all or the majority of Romans participate. None the less, we who do such things say we are forsaken by God, though we ourselves are forsaking him. Let us suppose that our Lord would like to watch us even though we do not deserve it: can he do so? See countless thou-

sands of Christians daily spending their time at shows representing shameful acts. Can God look at them at such a time? Can God watch over men who are revelling in the circuses and wantoning in the theaters? Or do we perhaps think it fitting and desirable that when God sees us in the circuses and theaters, he should see with us what we ourselves see there, and look with us at the disgraceful sights at which we gaze? One of two things must happen; either, if he deigns to look on us, he must also see our surroundings, or if he averts his eyes from them, which he surely does, then he must avert them equally from us, who are among them.

In spite of this, without interruption we continue to do those thing's of which I speak. Do we perhaps suppose that, like the ancient pagans, we have a god of theaters and circuses? For they built the theaters and circuses long ago because they believed that such vanities were a delight to their idols. How can we imitate them in this, who surely know that our God hates such things? Of course, if we know that these vile shows please God, there can be no objection to our performing them incessantly. But if in our hearts we know that God abhors and abominates them, that as they are the devil's food so are they also a cause of offence to God, then how can we say that we worship God in the church, we who always serve the devil in the obscene games with full knowledge and understanding and with deliberate intention? What hope, I ask, shall we have before God, who injure him not by chance or by ignorance, but after the manner of those old giants of whom we read that they attempted to scale the heavens in their mad ambition and climbed, as it were, into the clouds? So we, by the injuries that we constantly inflict on God throughout the world, as if by common consent, are making war on heaven.

Therefore we offer up to Christ ---- O monstrous folly! ---- to Christ we offer up circuses and mimes, and we do this chiefly when we receive some benefit from him, when some mark of prosperity is granted us by him, or a victory over the enemy is bestowed on us by his divine favor! How do we seem in this to differ from a man who injures a generous benefactor, or responds to endearments with cutting abuse, or pierces with his dagger the lips that seek to kiss him? I ask all the rich and powerful men of this world, what punishment they think fitting for a slave who plots evil against a good and loving master, who quarrels with a master who deserves only good of him, and returns only foul words for the liberty that he has received. Undoubtedly he is

guilty of the greatest wrongdoing who returns evil for good, when he should not even feel free to return evil for evil. But this is what we do who are called Christians: we arouse a merciful God against us by our licentious acts, we insult him by our filthy deeds when he is propitious, we lash him with abusive words when he speaks gently to us.

5. To Christ then ---- O monstrous folly ! ---- we offer circuses and mimes, to Christ in return for his benefits, we offer the obscenities of the theaters, to Christ we dedicate the vilest shows as sacrificial offerings. Was this the teaching given us by the Savior, incarnate for our sake? Was this his preaching, or that of his apostles? For this did he endure the humiliation of human nativity and take upon himself a shameful origin in his mortal birth? For this he lay in a manger, whom angels served as he lay there. For this he willed to be wrapped in swaddling clothes, and wearing them ruled heaven; for this he hung upon the cross, whom the world feared as he hung there. "Who though he was rich," the apostle said, "yet for your sakes became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich." "And being in the form of God," I quote farther, "he humbled himself unto death, even the death of the cross." These then are the precepts that Christ gave us at the time of his passion. A glorious return we are making for his suffering, who, having received redemption by his death, offer him in return most disgraceful lives! The blessed Paul said: "For the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ hath appeared, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope and glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a people worthy of acceptance, zealous of good works.

Where are men who do those things for which the apostle says Christ came? Where are those who flee from worldly lusts? Where are those who live righteous and godly lives, who show in their good works that they hold the blessed hope, and by living immaculate lives prove that they await the kingdom of God, since they deserve to receive it? "The Lord Jesus Christ," Paul said, "came to purify unto himself a people worthy of acceptance, zealous of good works." Where is that pure people, that acceptable people, that people of good works, that people of righteousness? "Christ," the Scripture says, "suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps." So we follow the Savior's steps in the circuses; we follow the Savior's steps in the

theaters. Is this the example Christ left for us? We read that he wept, not that he laughed. In both he gave us an example, for weeping is the remorse of the heart, laughter the corruption of uprightness. For this reason he said: "Woe unto you that laugh now; for ye shall weep;" and again: "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." But we do not think it enough to laugh and rejoice, unless we rejoice in sin and madness, unless our laughter is mixed with impure and disgraceful actions.

6. Who can describe this delusion of ours, this folly? Are we really unable to enjoy ourselves day by day, and to laugh, without turning our laughter and joy into crime? or do we perhaps consider wholesome enjoyment profitless and find no pleasure in innocent laughter? What wickedness is this, I ask, and what insanity? Let us laugh indeed, let us rejoice unstintedly, and as constantly as you please, if only we do so innocently. What folly and madness it is for us to think laughter and joy worthless unless they involve injury to God! Injury indeed, and a very great one. The spectacles involve a sort of apostasy from the faith, a fatal violation of the creed itself and of the divine sacraments. For what is the first confession of faith made by Christians in baptism for their salvation? What else than their vow to renounce the devil and his pomps and spectacles and his works? So in the very words of our profession of faith spectacles and pomps are the works of the devil How then, O Christian, shall you after baptism seek the spectacles, which you confess are the work of the devil? You have once renounced the devil and his spectacles, and therefore as a rational and intelligent being must recognize that in resorting again to them, you are returning to the devil. For you have renounced them both at the same time and declared them to be one and the same. If you return to one, you return to them both. For your words were: "I renounce the devil, his pomps and spectacles and his works." What follows in your baptismal vows? "I believe in God the Father Almighty and in Jesus Christ his Son." First then, you renounced the devil that you might believe in God, for he who does not renounce the devil does not believe in God and therefore he who returns to the devil forsakes God.

Furthermore, the devil is present in his spectacles and pomps, and therefore when we return to the devil's spectacles, we abandon our Christian faith. Thus all the sacraments of our belief are broken, and all that follows in the creed is shaken and totters; for nothing that follows remains intact if the chief clause has fallen. Tell me then, you who are a Christian, how you think

you are keeping the latter portions of the creed, whose first clauses you have abandoned? The limbs without the head are worth nothing, and everything depends on its own first principles; these surely, if they perish, will drag all the rest down with them to destruction. If the main stock is removed, the other parts either cease to exist or if they continue are useless, for without its head nothing can subsist. If any one thinks the wickedness of the spectacles a trivial matter, let him consider well all that I have said, and he will see that in them is not pleasure but death. For what else is it but death, to have lost the source of life? When the foundations of our creed are overthrown, life itself is strangled.

7. I must return again to my oft-repeated contention, what have the barbarians like this? Where in their lands are circuses, where are theaters, where those other wicked vices that are the ruin of our hope and salvation? Even if they had such things, being pagans, their error would involve less offence to what is sacred, and less guilt, for though such sights as these are impure, still they would not involve violation of a sacrament. But as for us, how can we answer in our own behalf? We hold the creed and overthrow it. We are equally ready to confess the gift of salvation and to deny it. Where then is our Christianity, when we only receive the sacrament of salvation to the end that falling from grace we may thereafter sin more grievously than before? We prefer vain shows to God's churches, we scorn his altars and honor the theaters. To conclude, we love and honor everything else; only God, in contrast with worldly pleasures, is vile in our sight.

One case in itself proves the truth of my contention, disregarding all the rest. Whenever it happens, as it does only too often, that on the same day we are celebrating a feast of the church and the public games, I ask it of everyone's conscience, which is it that collects greater crowds of Christians, the rows of seats at the public games or the court of God? Do all men throng to the temple in preference to the theater, love the words of the Gospel more than those of the stage ---- the words of life or of death, the words of Christ or of a mime? Without doubt; we love more that which we place first. For on every day when the fatal games are given, whatever festival of the church it may be, not only do men who claim to be Christians fail to come to the services, but any who do happen to have come unwittingly, if they chance to hear, while in the church, that games are being given, leave the building at once. The temple of God is scorned for a rush to the theater; the church is

emptied and the circus filled; we leave Christ alone on the altar and feast our adulterous eyes on the foulest sights of the vile games. So it is with the greatest justice that the Lord God says to us:

"For your filthiness you have been driven out in banishment." And again he says: "The altars of this laughter shall be brought to nothing." 8. At least, you say, this answer can be made, that such things are not done in all the cities of the Romans. True, and I shall even go so far as to say that they are not now being done in all places where they have been hitherto. For instance, no shows are given now in Mayence, but this is because the city has been destroyed and blotted out; nor at Cologne, for it is overrun by the enemy. They are not being performed in the most noble city of Treves, which has been laid low by a destruction four times repeated, nor finally in many other cities of Gaul and Spain. Then woe to us and our iniquities, woe to us and our impurities! What hope have Christian congregations in the sight of God when these evils cease to exist in the Roman cities only from the time when the cities themselves have come into subjection to barbarian jurisdiction? This mark of vice and impurity seems to be a native characteristic of the Romans, an inborn trait, for wherever there are Romans, these evils prevail. Do you think that this is a serious and unjust accusation? Serious indeed, if it is without foundation. But how can it fail to be false, since the activities of which I spoke are now carried on in only a few Roman cities? Most of our cities, you claim, are not now polluted by the taint of these vices; even though they are the same places which were the homes of our old wickedness, still their former indulgences have ceased.

So we must now consider the question, why those cities still seem to be the haunts of the games, whereas the games have ceased. They are still the homes and abiding places of disgraceful vice because all sorts of vile deeds have hitherto been enacted in them. Moreover, the only reason for the cessation of the games themselves is that they cannot be given at the present time because of the misery and poverty in which we live. That they were presented before was due to our depravity; that they are not given now, to our necessity. For the collapse of the imperial fiscus and the beggary of the Roman treasury do not permit money to be lavished on trifling matters that make no return. Let men squander as much as they please, casting their money into the mire; they cannot lose as much as they could formerly, for they have not as much to lose. In respect of our lustful desires and our base pleasures we should cer-

tainly like to have more abundance, if only that we might be able to transmute our wealth into disgraceful filth. The amounts squandered in our beggary are an indication of what we should like to spend if we were rich and magnificent. The bane and ruin of our present depraved condition is that though our poverty has nothing left to lose, our sinful souls yearn for more wealth to cast away.

We cannot therefore console ourselves at all on these grounds, that is, by saying that the former extravagances are not now being committed in all our cities. For the only reason for their abandonment is that cities where they were carried on in the past are no longer in existence, or that in the places where such things used to be done, [means are lacking] to perform them. Thus the spectacles are no longer possible in the cities where they were formerly performed; as God himself said to sinners through his prophet: "The Lord remembered these things and it came into his mind, and the Lord could no longer bear, because of the evil of your doings and because of the abominations which ye have committed; therefore is your land a desolation, and an astonishment and a curse." So it has come to pass that the greater part of the Roman world is become a desolation and an astonishment and a curse.

9. Would that these abominations had only been committed of old and that Roman depravity would at length cease such performances! Then perhaps, as it is written, God would be merciful to our sins. But we do not so act as to propitiate him. We constantly add evils to evils and pile sins upon sins, and though many of us have already perished we seek to complete our own destruction. Who, tell me, seeing another man killed beside him is not in terror for himself? Who can see his neighbor's house burn and not try by every means in his power to keep his own from being set on fire? But we not only see our neighbors burning but know that the flames have already spread over the greater part of our own bodies. What unspeakable evil is this that we are suffering? We are on fire, on fire, I say, and yet we do not fear the flames that burn us. That the evils committed formerly are at last diminishing is the result of our miseries, not the fruit of a true repentance.

This is easily proved; only give back our former prosperity and you shall see at once the old interests everywhere restored. Note this also: as far as men's wishes are concerned, even if the games are no longer actually being given in many places, yet they still exist as of old, for the Roman people

everywhere wish them given. When nothing but sheer necessity hinders a man from an evil deed, the mere desire for a base act is as much to be condemned as the action. For if, as I said, according to the words of our Lord: "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her is guilty of the adultery conceived in his heart," we can understand that while of necessity we do not commit disgraceful acts worthy of condemnation, we are nevertheless guilty if we only desire forbidden things. Why should I mention desire? Most men actually do these things whenever they can. When the inhabitants of other cities come to Ravenna or Rome they join the Roman plebs in the circus, and the people of Ravenna in the theater. Therefore let no one consider himself acquitted on the ground of his distance from the spectacles. All are united in the turpitude of their actions who join one another in their desire for disgraceful deeds.

Yet we flatter ourselves on the uprightness of our ways, the rarity of our vices. So I shall carry my charges farther: not only do men still yield as of old to the pollution of those infamous games but their guilt in this is much greater than before. For in the past the various members of the Roman world flourished unimpaired; the public wealth had made the storehouses inadequate; the citizens of all the towns had abundance of riches and delights, and amid such overflowing prosperity the authority of religion could hardly exercise due censorship of conduct. Then indeed those who exploited base desires found rich grazing on all sides, but there was no lack of wealth to satisfy their greed; no one worried about the public disbursements and expenses, for the cost was not felt. The state indeed seemed in a way to seek an opportunity to squander what it could scarcely continue to hold. Thus the heaped-up wealth that had already begun to exceed just bounds furnished abundance for lavishness even in trivial matters.

But of the present situation what can we say? Our old abundance has deserted us; the resources of former times are gone, and we are in a wretched state, but do not cease our frivolities. Although even orphan wastrels are usually benefited by poverty, leaving off the error of their ways as soon as they have squandered their wealth, we seem to be a new class of profligates, in whom opulence has ceased to dwell, but dissipation persists. The causes of our corruption lie not as with other men in outside enticements, but in our hearts, and our minds are the source of our depravity, so that [we] are not [moved] to amend our ways by the loss of our wealth, but [go on] sinning

through love of wickedness. 10. Although I may have shown sufficiently what serious vices the Romans have, from which the barbarian tribes are free, still 1 shall add many points that I have omitted. But before I continue, let me remind you that a fault of any sort which dishonors God should in no sense seem a trivial matter to anyone. It is never permissible to dishonor an illustrious and powerful man, and anyone who dishonors such a one is held guilty in the eyes of the law and is condemned in due course as responsible for the injurious action. How much more difficult of atonement is the accusation of injury to God! The fault of the wrongdoer always increases in proportion to the position of the person injured, since necesssarily the greater the person of the man who suffers abusive action, the greater is the guilt of the man who commits such action. Wherefore we read in the law that even those who seem to have committed only slight offence against the sacred ordinances have nevertheless been most severely punished; to the end that we might know that nothing pertaining to God should be considered unimportant. Even what seemed to be a petty fault became a grave one, inasmuch as it was an injury to the divine power.

What did Oza, the Levite of God, do against the divine commandment, when he tried to steady the ark of the Lord? There was no law laid down regarding this. Yet immediately he took hold of it, he was struck down, apparently not because he did anything in an impudent fashion or with an undutiful intention, but his very service was undutiful because he exceeded his orders. When a man of the Israelites had gathered wood on the Sabbath, he was struck down and killed by the judgment and command of God, who is truly a most gentle and merciful judge, who would doubtless have preferred to spare rather than to kill, if the consideration of severity had not outweighed consideration of mercy. For one incautious man perished to save many from perishing thereafter through lack of caution. But why do I speak of single individuals? The children of Israel in their journey through the desert, because they longed for their accustomed meat, lost a part of their number. The desire for meat had not yet been forbidden them, but God, I think, wished to further the observance of the law by the suppression of rebellious desires. He intended the whole people to learn the more easily how earnestly one should avoid what God forbade in his divine writings, since even those acts injured him which he had not yet forbidden by law.

The same people also murmured at the hardships they underwent, and for this reason were punished by the Lord's rods, not because it is forbidden a man to groan at hardships, but because their murmurs were displeasing to God, inasmuch as they seemed to accuse him of causing them too much labor. From this we should learn how much a man enjoying the blessings of good fortune ought to seek to please God, since it is not even permitted to complain of those ills that seem painful. 11. What is the purpose of these examples? What else than that nothing should seem trivial that causes injury to God? For we were talking of the public games, which are truly mockeries of our hopes, mockeries of our life. While we sport in the theaters and circuses, we perish, according to the Sacred Word which says: "It is as sport to a fool to do mischief. So we too, when we laugh amidst disgraceful and shameful sights, are committing crimes, and crimes of no slight extent. Our wrongdoing is the more worthy of punishment for this very reason, that though it seems to be of a most trivial nature, it is really pestilential and deadly in its outcome. There are two chief evils, for a man to destroy himself and for him to injure God; both of these are committed in the public games, where through criminal and shameful sights the eternal salvation of the Christian people is utterly destroyed, and through a sacrilegious superstition the divine majesty is violated. There can be no doubt that the games injure God, consecrated as they are to idols. For Minerva is worshipped and honored in the gymnasia, Venus in the theaters, Neptune in the circuses, Mars in the arena, Mercury in the palaestra, and thus the superstitious worship varies according to the character of its sponsors. Impure actions of all sorts are performed in the theaters; there is wanton luxury in the palaestras, immoderate vice in the circuses, madness in the arenas.

In one of these is wantonness, in another lasciviousness, in another intemperance, in another insanity, in them all the devil; nay, in each individual place where shows are held, not merely one devil, but devils of all varieties, for they preside over the places dedicated to their worship. Therefore in spectacles of this sort neither allurements nor vices are found alone. It is sacrilege for a Christian to mingle with this superstition, sharing in the worship of those in whose festivals he takes delight. While such a thing is always serious enough, it becomes more intolerable when either our adversity or our prosperity, exceeding the ordinary measure of our life, makes our acts more blameworthy. In adversity there is double need to appease God, and in

prosperity to avoid grieving him. Surely he must be appeased when he is angry, and must not be alienated when he is propitious; for our adversities come to us through his wrath, our prosperity through his favor. But we do everything by contraries.

How, do you ask? Listen. First, if won over by his own mercy ----for we never so live that we deserve his favor ---- if, as I say, at any time won over by his own mercy God gives us peaceful seasons, plentiful crops, tranquillity rich in all good things and abundance increasing beyond our hopes, we let ourselves be so corrupted by great prosperity and fortune, we let ourselves be so depraved by insolent manners that we altogether forget God and ourselves. Although the apostle says that every benefit of the peace given by God depends on this: "That we lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty," the only use we make of the quiet he gives is to live in drunkenness and luxury, in wantonness and rapine, in all manner of crime and wickedness. We look on his goodly gift of peace as an opportunity for licentiousness, and take the quiet given by his truce as a chance to sin more freely and safely.

Therefore we are unworthy of heavenly gifts, who make no good use of God's kindness, and see in the means of good works only material for vice. Hence it comes that the peace which we so abuse itself works against us, and is actually harmful to us, since we use it to our detriment. Is this worthy of belief? We change nature itself by our wickedness, and the good things that God has made as his loving gift to us are turned to evil by our wanton lives.
12. We who are corrupted by prosperity, you say, are corrected through adversity. Long peace had made us unruly, but we are brought back by strife to moderation. In what cases have the dwellers in our cities, who were licentious in prosperity, begun to be chaste in adversity? When has drunkenness, which increased in the time of our peace and prosperity, ceased under the ravages of the enemy?

Italy has already been devastated by many disasters: have the vices of the Italians therefore ended? The city of Rome has been besieged and taken by storm: have the Romans therefore ceased their mad blasphemy? Barbarous nations have overrun the states of Gaul: have the crimes of the Gauls therefore changed in character, as far as their evil habits are concerned? Tribes of Vandals have crossed over into the Spanish countryside: the fortune of the Spaniards has indeed changed, but not their corruption. Lastly, that no part

of the world might be immune from fatal destruction, wars have begun to cross the seas, they have devastated and overthrown cities shut off by the waves, in Sardinia and Sicily, the imperial granaries. Having, as it were, cut off the vital channels of the empire, they captured Africa, which may be called its heart. What then? As barbarians entered that land, did its vices cease, even through fear? Or, as even the most worthless slaves are usually reformed for the time being, did terror drive them to modesty and self-restraint? Who can rightly estimate this evil? The barbarians' arms clashed about the walls of Cirta and Carthage while the Christian congregation of the city raved in the circuses and wantoned in the theaters. Some had their throats cut without the walls, while others still committed fornication within; part of the people were captive to the enemy without, while part within the city were captive to their own vices. It is hard to decide which suffered the worse misfortune. The former indeed were captive externally in the flesh, the latter inwardly in the soul. Of the two deadly evils, it is less, I think, for a Christian to endure captivity of the body than of the soul, according to the teachings of the Savior himself in the Gospel, that the death of the soul is much more fatal than that of the body.

Or do we perhaps believe that those men were not captive in soul, who then rejoiced in the time of their people's captivity? Was he not captive in mind and heart, who laughed amid the punishments of his people, who did not know that his throat was being cut along with theirs, that in their deaths he also died? Outside the walls, as I have said, and inside them too, was heard the din of battle and of the games; the voices of dying men mingled with the voices of revellers; the outcry of the people slain in the war could scarcely be distinguished from the clamor of those who shouted in the circus. What was accomplished by this but the hastening of the destruction of the people who chose such a course, though God perhaps did not yet wish to destroy them? 13. These places, however, are far away, almost removed to another world, and seem irrelevant to the discussion when I consider that even in my own country, in the Gallic states, almost all men of high degree have been made worse by their misfortunes. I myself have seen men of lofty birth and honor, though already despoiled and plundered, still less ruined in fortunes than in morality; for, ravaged and stripped though they were, something still remained to them of their property, but nothing of their character. They were so much more hostile to themselves than to alien enemies

that, though they had already been ruined by the barbarians, they now completed their own destruction. It is sad to tell what we saw there; honored old men, feeble Christians, when the ruin of their state was already imminent, making themselves slaves to appetite and lust. What are the first grounds of accusation? That they were honored, old, Christians, or in danger? Who would deem it possible that such things should be done by old men even in utter security, or by boys in a crisis, or at any time whatever by Christians? They reclined at feasts, forgetful of their honor, forgetting justice, forgetting their faith and the name they bore. There were the leaders of the state, gorged with food, dissolute from winebibbing, wild with shouting, giddy with revelry, completely out of their senses, or rather, since this was their usual condition, precisely in their senses. In spite of all this, what I have next to say is still worse:

not even the destruction of their towns put an end to their excesses. The wealthiest city of Gaul was taken by storm no less than four times. It is easy to recognize the city of which I speak. The first captivity should surely have sufficed to mend the ways of the citizens, so that the renewal of their sins would not have renewed the destruction. But what followed? The tale is incredible. The constant repetition of misfortunes in that city increased its crimes. Like that fabulous monster whose heads multiplied as they were cut off, so also in the most excellent city of Gaul, wickedness gathered strength from the very blows that punished it. You would have thought that the punishment intended to end the crimes of its people acted instead as the begetter of vice. What then? By the daily multiplication of swarming evils it has come to such a pass that the city could more easily exist without inhabitants than any of its citizens could do without crime.

So much then for this city. What of another not far distant but of almost equal magnificence? Has it not suffered the same ruin of fortunes and of morals? For aside from all else, when it was utterly demoralized by the two chief evils common to all, avarice and drunkenness, it finally reached such a state of rabid greed for wine that the very rulers of the city did not rise from their feasts when the enemy were actually entering the gates. God wished to make clear to them why they perished, since at the moment of their final disaster they were leading the very life through which they had come to ruin. I myself saw lamentable sights there, with no distinction between boys and old men. The scurrility and levity of all were alike; all vices reigned at once

---- extravagance, drinking bouts, wantonness ---- all the people revelled together. They drank, gamed, committed adultery. Old and honored men waxed wanton at their feasts; men already almost too feeble to live proved mighty in their cups; men too weak to walk were strong in drinking; those whose steps tottered were nimble dancers. What more can be said? Through all that I have recounted they became so degraded that the words of the Sacred Scripture were fulfilled in them: "Wine and women make men of understanding to fall away from God." For while they drink, dice, rape and play the madman, men begin to deny Christ. After all this do we wonder that men who have long since undergone moral ruin suffer the ruin of their fortunes? Let no one think that such a city perished only at the time of its physical destruction, for the deeds of its people had brought its ruin long before their death.

14. I have told the fate of the most famous cities. What of the many others in various parts of Gaul? Have they not fallen, too, because of like vices on the part of their citizens? All were so completely possessed by their crimes that they did not fear any danger they had foreknowledge of captivity and did not dread it. Fear indeed was taken away from these sinful men to prevent them from the exercise of caution. Therefore, though the barbarians were settled almost within their sight, men felt no fear, the cities remained unguarded. Such was the blindness of their hearts, or rather of their sins, that although doubtless no one wished to die, no one did anything to ward off death. Everything was in the grip of carelessness and sloth, negligence and gluttony, drunkenness and sleep, as has been written of such men: "Because a deep sleep from the Lord was fallen upon them." A deep sleep indeed fell upon them that destruction might follow closely. For when, as it is written, a sinner's iniquity is full and he is due to perish, foreknowledge is taken from him, that he may not escape his doom. But enough of this. I have made my point sufficiently clear, I think, that not even in the time of the greatest danger did the vices of the people come to an end before the actual overthrow of their cities.

15. Perhaps such things have occurred in the past, but have now come to an end, or will do so at some future time. Yes, forsooth, if today any city or province that has been smitten by God's scourge or devastated by the enemy appears humbled, converted and amended, if practically all who bear the Roman name do not prefer death to reformation, the end of their life to the

end of their vices! This can be quickly tested by the example of the greatest city of Gaul, three times destroyed by successive captures,yet when the whole city had been burned to the ground, its wickedness increased even after its destruction. Those whom the enemy had not killed when they pillaged the city were overwhelmed by disaster after the sack; those who had escaped death in the capture did not survive the ruin that followed. Some died lingering deaths from deep wounds, others were burned by the enemy's fires and suffered tortures even after the flames were extinguished. Some perished of hunger, others of nakedness, some wasting away, others paralyzed with cold, and so all alike by diverse deaths hastened to the common goal.

Worse than all this, other cities suffered from the destruction of this single town. There lay all about the torn and naked bodies of both sexes, a sight that I myself endured. These were a pollution to the eyes of the city, as they lay there lacerated by birds and dogs. The stench of the dead brought pestilence on the living: death breathed out death. Thus even those who had escaped the destruction of the city suffered the evils that sprang from the fate of the rest. What followed these calamities? Who can assay such utter folly? The few men of rank who had survived destruction demanded of the emperors circuses as the sovereign remedy for a ruined city. O that I might here and now be gifted with eloquence adequate to cope with this shocking event, that there might be at least as much virtue in my complaint as there is sorrow at its cause! Who can even decide what chiefly merits accusation in the tale, irreverence or stupidity, extravagance or insanity? In these terms the whole is comprised. What is more irreverent than a petition that works injury to God? What is more stupid than not to consider your petition carefully? What so clear a proof of hopeless extravagance as to desire luxuries in a time of general mourning? Or more insane than to be in the midst of evils without any understanding of them?

Among these, however, insanity is the least culpable, for the will is not at fault when sin is committed through sheer madness. Therefore those of whom I speak deserved the greater blame, because, though sane, they acted senselessly. Do you, O citizens of Treves, long for circuses when you have been plundered and captured, after slaughter and bloodshed, after stripes and captivity, and the repeated destruction of your ruined city? What is more lamentable than this stupidity, more grievous than this folly? I confess I thought you most miserable when you were suffering destruction, but I see

that you are now more miserable when you demand public shows. At first I thought you had lost only your material property in the capture of your city; I did not know that you had lost also your intelligence and control of your senses. Do you then ask for theaters, and demand a circus from our emperors? For what condition, I ask, what people and what city? A city burned and destroyed, a people captive and killed, who have perished, or mourn their dead; a city of which nothing survives but sheer calamity, whose people are altogether anxious in their grief, worn out by tears, prostrate in bereavement, so that it is hard to say whether the lot of the living or the dead is worse to bear. So great are the miseries of the survivors that they surpass the ill fortune of the dead.

Do you then seek public shows, O citizen of Treves? Where, pray, are they to be given? Over the pyres and ashes, the bodies and blood of the dead? For what part of your city is free from these? Where has blood not been shed, where are bodies and mangled limbs not strewn? Everywhere the city's appearance betrays its capture, everywhere are the horror of captivity and the image of death. The remains of a most unhappy people lie on the graves of their dead, yet you ask for circuses; the city is blackened by fire, yet you put on a festive countenance; all things mourn, but you rejoice! Yea more, by your infamous pleasure you provoke God, and by your vile superstitions arouse his divine wrath. Can there be any wonder that such a fate has befallen you, when threefold destruction has not corrected you, so that you richly deserved to perish by the fourth?

16. I have given the above account in somewhat full detail to prove that we have borne all our sufferings not through the failure of God's providence or through his neglect, but because of his justice and judgment ---- a most just dispensation and worthy retribution ---- and that no portion whatever of the Roman world and Roman name, however greatly chastised by afflictions sent from heaven, has ever been corrected. Thus we prove that we do not deserve to enjoy prosperity, since we are not corrected by adversity. Good gifts are given us from time to time, however, unworthy though we are. The good God, like a most indulgent father, sometimes lets us be humbled for our sins, but does not suffer us to be afflicted long. So at one time he chastises his children by adversity, in accordance with his discipline, and again favors them with peace, according to his mercy. As the best and most skilful doctors give different cures for various diseases and succor some by sweet, others

by bitter drugs; cure certain ills by cautery, others by soothing poultices; employ ruthless surgery for some, but pour healing oil on others; seeking the same good health by utterly different cures: so also our God, when he restrains us by harsher blows, is seeking to cure us by cautery and surgery; when he favors us with good fortune he is offering us soothing oil and poultices ---- for by means of different treatments he wishes to restore us all to the same good health.

Gentle treatment usually corrects even the most incorrigible slaves whom punishment has failed to reform, and kindness subdues those whom the lash failed to make submissive to their masters. Babies, too, and almost all stubborn children, whom threats and blows do not make amenable, are often led to obedience by goodies and endearments. Hence we should realize that we are more worthless than the worst slaves, and more stupid than foolish children, since torments do not correct us as they do bad slaves, nor coaxings win us over as they do naughty children. 17. I think I have now proved adequately that punishment has not corrected any part of the Roman people; it remains to prove that neither the gifts nor the gentle words of God correct us. What then are the gifts and gentle words of God? What indeed but our peace and quiet, the calmness of prosperity that attends on our hopes and wishes? Let me give you a particular instance, since the case demands it.

Whenever we are in fear, distress and danger, when cities are besieged by the enemy or provinces devastated, or the members of the state wounded by any other adversities, and we offer prayers and vows to the heavenly hosts for help, then if by the aid of the divine mercy our cities are saved, the devastation ended, the hostile armies routed and all fear removed by God's grace, what do we immediately do? Do we endeavor to recompense our Lord God by our worship, honor and reverence for the benefits we have received at his hands? For this is the fitting action and in accordance with human custom, that those who give us gifts may receive due return for them. This then perhaps we do, giving God recompense in human fashion, and making a good return for the good we have received of him. So we run at once to the Lord's house, and prostrate ourselves on the ground, we supplicate him, our joy mixed with tears, and bedeck his doorway with, votive garlands, we adorn his altars with gifts, and since we ourselves are making a festival of gifts to him, transfer the joy of our countenance to his temples also. Or at least, an act no less pleasing to him, we renounce the vices of our former lives, we give

good works as a sacrifice to him, and offer up a new conversion in return for our new joys. Lastly we declare a holy war on all uncleanliness, shun the madness of the circus, curse the vileness of the shows in the theater, vow a new life to the Lord and, to obtain his protection forever, dedicate ourselves to God.

18. Although all that I have described should be given to God for his recent benefits, let us consider what we actually do. Men run at once to the games, fly off to their old insanity, the folk pour into the theaters, the whole people riot madly at the circuses. God gives us good gifts to assure our merit, but we, as often as we receive his benefits, multiply our crimes. He by his mercies calls us to righteousness, but we rush headlong into wickedness; he by his mercies calls us to repentance, but we rush to destruction; he calls us to chastity, but we rush into impurity. A noble response we make to his holy favors, nobly do we recognize and honor his gifts, who repay the kindness we have received from him by an equal measure of injustice! Is this not injury to our God, or can any injury be less deserved, [when] great and frequent [gratitude] is needed instead?

But since by the taint of wickedness ingrained in our nature we cannot fail to be prey to vice except by ceasing to live at all, what hope of good is there in us? Those who sin through ignorance correct themselves when they learn their error; those who do not know the true religion begin to change their way of life when they change their faith. Lastly, those who are spoiled by excessive abundance and security, as I said, cease their depravity when they are no longer secure. "We do not err through ignorance, nor are we outside the true religion, nor corrupted by prosperity and security: quite the reverse. We know the true religion, so ignorance cannot serve as our excuse; we lack the peace and wealth of our former days; all that we had has been taken from us or changed ---- only our vices have been increased. Nothing remains of our former peace and plenty but our crimes, which have made our prosperity cease. Where are now the old resources and honors of Rome? The Romans were of old the mightiest of men, now they are without strength; of old they were feared, but now they live in fear; barbarous nations paid tribute to them, but to these same nations they are now tributary. The enemy sell us the very daylight; almost our whole safety is purchased for a price. Alas for our misfortunes! to what a pass have we come!

For this we give thanks to the barbarians, that we are allowed to ransom ourselves from them at a price. What could be more abjectly wretched than to live on such terms? Yet after all this we think that we are living, we whose lives depend on tribute! We even make ourselves additionally ridiculous by pretending that the gold we pay is merely a gift. We call it a gift, yet it is really a ransom ---- but a ransom paid on unusually hard and wretched terms. When captives have been redeemed, they gain their liberty, whereas we pay ransom constantly and are never free. The barbarians deal with us like those masters who hire out for wages slaves not needed for their own service. In like fashion, we are never free of the payments due: we pay ransom constantly in order to have the privilege of continuing endlessly to pay.

BOOK VII: WHEREIN ROMAN VICE IS CONTRASTED WITH VANDAL VIRTUE

1. My description, at the end of the previous book, of the weakness and misery of the Romans, may seem to be at variance with my general proposition. I admitted that the very people who, as pagans, conquered and ruled the world, are being conquered and enslaved, now that they have become Christians. Is not this clear evidence of God's neglect of human affairs? The charge is easily refuted by what I said long ago about the pagan nations. Those who know the law of God and neglect it are more guilty than those who fail to observe it through lack of knowledge. However, if God is willing, since we have reached the point in our undertaking at which something should be said of the old Romans, we shall, with God's help, prove that his favor to them in the past was as just as is his present severity toward us, and that his help to them in former times was as fully deserved as is our punishment now.

Would that this same punishment were of benefit to us! Much harder and more grievous than punishment is the fact that no amendment follows. The Lord wishes to cure us by his chastisement, but improvement does not result. How can we explain this evil? Cattle and flocks are cured by surgery; when the diseased organs of mules, asses and swine have been cauterized they acknowledge the healing effect of the fire, and at once when the corruption of the infected parts has been burned away or cut out, living flesh grows in place of the dead tissue. But we are burned and cut, yet are not healed by the surgeon's tools or the burning of the cautery. What is more serious, such care makes us even worse. It is not mere chance that we undergo the same treatment as flocks and cattle afflicted by incurable diseases. For in all parts of the

world, since the healing care that is given us has no effect, our lives are being brought to an end by death and destruction. Indeed, not to repeat what I said some time ago, how can we define these disorders except by saying that we are at the same time living in misery and in luxury? Grant that luxury is the vice of the fortunate (though no one can be both infamous and happy at the same time, since there is no true happiness without honor), grant that these are the vices of a long peace and plentiful security, why then are they found where there is no longer peace or security? Almost throughout the Roman world peace and security have ceased. Why do only the vices they engender survive? Who can tolerate licentiousness in a needy man? Wantonness in poverty earns the more reproach, and a worthless fellow is more heavily censured if his condition is wretched.

The whole Roman world is at once wretched and voluptuous. What poor man is also wanton? What man awaiting captivity thinks of the circus? Who laughs in the shadow of death? Yet we, in the fear of captivity, continue to frequent the games, and shadowed by the fear of death, we laugh. You would think the whole Roman people had been steeped in Sardonic herbs: they are dying, yet they laugh. So in almost every part of the world tears follow close upon our laughter; and the saying of our Lord comes home to us at the present time: "Woe unto you that laugh, for ye shall weep." 2. The great length at which I have spoken of the disgraceful character of the public spectacles may have led you to assume that the abstinence of the barbarians from this particular vice of ours is their only point of moral superiority to us, inasmuch as we are not polluted as they are by the crime of carnal lust and the filth of mortal fornication. Let us then, if you please, compare the Romans in this respect also with other nations. I cannot indeed think of any with whom we may be more justly compared than those whom God has put into the very bosom of the state and made owners and lords of the Roman land. Although there was absolutely no ground to dispute his judgment in this, still, since he has taken away from us the best part of our territory, and given it to the barbarians, let us see whether he seems to have exercised justice in this transfer.

No one questions that the Aquitanians and the Nine Peopleshad the very marrow of the Gallic provinces, rich in every sort of fertility, and not in fertility alone, but in qualities sometimes ranked above this, charm, beauty and luxury. Almost all that district is still covered with close-planted vines,

flowering meadows, plowed fields, fruit orchards, charming groves, springing fountains, flowing streams or waving grain, so that the owners and masters of the land truly seem to have taken for their own not so much a section of ground as a likeness of paradise. What conclusion can be drawn from this? Unquestionably those men ought to have been more fervent in service to God whom he had especially enriched by the most abundant evidence of his favor. What is more right and fitting than that those whom their Lord seemed especially to have favored by his gifts should themselves make an earnest effort to please him by their religious worship, particularly since God lays no heavy or burdensome demands on us? For he does not call on us to plow or hoe, to spade up the earth or prepare the ground for vines, nor, to sum up, does he exact from his slaves what we require of ours. What does he himself say? "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

So we see that the Lord calls us not to labor but to rest. What does he exact of us, what does he order us to offer him, save only faith, chastity, humility, sobriety, mercy and sanctity? All these assuredly do not burden but adorn us. Nor is this all; they adorn our present life to the end that they may adorn even more the life to come. O good and loving master, of inestimable mercy! He has given us the gifts of religion at the present time that he may later reward us for the gifts he now gives! These virtues, then, all the Aquitanians should have cultivated, and indeed, as I said before, they should have made more especial efforts in this direction, since they had received the especial gifts of God. What resulted from their prosperity? What was bound to result? Was it not the exact reverse of what should have happened? In all the provinces of Gaul these men who are first in wealth, are first also in vice: nowhere is pleasure more shameless, life more vicious, or moral standards more corrupt. This is the return they have given God for his sacred gifts, that as far as by his generosity he had drawn them to his favor, so far they by their abuse have labored to arouse his anger.

3. Or is this perhaps false, and are all my statements due to envy rather than truth? I shall not use the method of proof some men employ in the courts, bringing in as witnesses outsiders or persons unsuitable to testify for some other reason. I shall cross-question the very men by whom these things

have been done. I have spoken falsely if they deny me. They confess, and indeed, which is much more serious, they confess without any apparent grief. For now in their confession they have the same attitude as in their commission of the fault. Just as then they were not ashamed to perform disgraceful acts, so now they do not in the least repent having performed them. We must indeed make exception for a very small number of men distinguished for their holiness, who, as one of their number has said, "have given their wealth to redeem their crime." Of these we must make an exception, men who, we believe, were actually guilty only of lesser crimes even in the midst of the almost universal entanglements of vice, and who merited conversion by God's divine power. Now one for whom favor is reserved has not been altogether injurious to his master in his actions. What more can I say? I think that a man whom God has persuaded at last to cease from his wrongdoing has always had God in mind, even in the midst of his error.

The rest, however, at least the great majority and the most noble, are all very nearly of a kind: the intemperance of all is a devouring whirlpool, their life a brothel. Why should I speak of brothels? Even those I think are less wicked than the men of whom I spoke. For the prostitutes in them have not experienced the marriage bond, and so do not defile what they do not know; their shameless lives require atonement, it is true, but they are not liable to the charge of adultery. Add to this that such haunts are few, and few the prostitutes who have condemned themselves to a most unhappy life in them. Among the Aquitanians, on the other hand, what city in its richest and most elegant quarters was not practically a brothel? What rich and powerful man did not live in lustful vice? Who among them did not plunge into the pit of the most sordid associations? Who honored his wife by a faithful observance of his marriage vows? Nay, as far as passive endurance of their lust is concerned, who among them did not reduce his wife to the status of his maidservants and degrade the sacrament of holy matrimony so far that no woman in the house was made to seem more contemptible by her husband's conduct than she who was made chief in it by the dignity of marriage?

4. Perhaps some one is thinking that what I say is not strictly accurate; for the matrons of southern Gaul did continue to exercise their rights and to hold honor and power as mistresses of their households. That is true. Many of them indeed did keep unimpaired their right of government, but scarcely one kept her marriage rights unpolluted. Our present object of investigation

is not the power of women, but the infamous conduct of their husbands. However, I should not even say that the matrons kept their power uninjured, since a wife who has not kept her connubial rights safe and inviolate has not kept her full rights of domination. When the master of the house acts as husband of the maidservants, the mistress is not far removed from the mean position of the slave. Who among the rich men of Aquitania did not so act? Who among them has not been considered by his shameless maids, and with good, reason, as either adulterer or husband? For, as the prophet said: "They were as fed horses in the morning; everyone neighed after his neighbor's wife. Those of whom he spoke sinned perhaps less grievously, and, I think, with less intention of wrong than did our men. The Aquitanians more truly resembled the post horses: they whinnied not after a few women merely, but after all their household maids ---- that is, after their own herds ---- and, like those;

beasts called the stallions of the herd, they waxed wanton with the heat of their intoxicating passion, and attacked whatever woman was first exposed to the onslaught of their shameless lust. Since this is the case, I ask the wise what sort of families they think were found where such men were heads of the households? What corruption do they think there would be among the slaves, where there Avas such great vice among the masters? For if the head is diseased no part of the body is sound, and no member performs its functions when the dominating part is not functioning. Moreover, the master's relation to his house is that of the head to the body, its very life, setting up standards of living for all its members. The most unfortunate aspect of the matter is that all follow the worse example more readily, and evil associations corrupt good manners more easily than good ones will correct the evil. Furthermore, since even good and honorable heads of families cannot make their slaves good, what do you think becomes of the household morality when the master himself sets an example of lewdness? And yet in such a case we have not only an example of immorality but a sort of enforced necessity, since the slave women are compelled to obey their wanton masters against their will, and the lust of those in power is the compulsion of their subjects.

From this we may see how great was the filth of shameless vice when women subject to the most depraved of masters were not allowed to be chaste even when they wished. 5. It may be difficult, you think, to prove this, and

no traces are likely to be found remaining of the past debauchery and lust. See, then, how many of these men, even though they no longer have any country, and are living as paupers in comparison with their past wealth, are really worse than before. They are worse not only in that they continue to live as they did formerly, but in the very fact that their crimes never cease. Indeed their evil deeds, though not worse than before in character, are more numerous; thus, even though no new devices lend novelty to their sins, the number of their misdoings is increased. Add to this that, as I have said, it is old men, and poor ones, who live in such a fashion; for each of these points increases the evil. Surely it is less shocking for young men and rich to sin. But what hope of cure is there for men who are not recalled from their wonted vice either by miserable poverty or by extreme age? Some of them, I suppose, are relying on a foolish assurance of long life or the intention of eventual penitence; is it not a strange prodigy that men should be given over to vice even at the very time of death? This being the case, what more can be said? I add one more point, however, that many are living in this fashion today, even among the enemy, and subject as captives to daily fear and danger, and although it was on account of the excessive wickedness of their lives that God surrendered them into the hands of the enemy, they do not forsake their vice even among the barbarians.

6. Perhaps those among whom they now live are of such a character that these vices please them, and they would be most grievously offended if they were to see the Romans living chastely in the midst of their vices. If this were the ease, still the wickedness of others ought not to make us wicked. It should be of more importance in every man's eyes to be good on his own account than to be wicked for another. We should strive to please God by our uprightness rather than men by our vices. Consequently, even if a man lives among unchaste barbarians, he ought to seek chastity, which is of service to him, rather than lewdness, which pleases his lustful enemies. But note a point that serves to increase our guilt: among chaste barbarians we ourselves are unchaste. I shall say even more; the barbarians themselves are offended by our vices. Among the Goths no one is permitted to indulge in fornication; only the Romans in their land, by national and titular prerogative, are allowed this vice. What hope, I ask, have we then in the sight of God? We love vice, while the Goths execrate it; we flee from purity, while they love it; fornication with them is a perilous vice, but with us a mark of honor. Do we

think that we can stand before God, do we think that we can attain salvation, when every crime of impurity, every disgraceful vice, is committed by the Romans and censured by the barbarians?

At this point I ask those who consider us better than the barbarians to tell me which of these evils are committed by even a very few of the Goths, and which of them are not committed by all or nearly all of the Romans? Yet we wonder that the lands of the Aquitanians and of us all have been given by God to the barbarians, though those same barbarians are now purifying by their chastity the places polluted by the fornication of the Romans. 7. Is this the case in Aquitania alone? Let us pass under review other parts of the world also, and not speak exclusively of the Gauls. Have not the same crimes or greater ones destroyed the provinces of Spain? Even if the divine wrath had handed these lands over to any other barbarians you might name, the enemies of chastity in them would have suffered tortures worthy of their vices. But as an added evidence of the condemnation of their shamelessness they were delivered into the hands of the Vandals, the most shamefast of barbarians. In the captivity of Spain God wished to give a twofold evidence of his hatred of carnal lust and love of chastity, when he put the Vandals in command solely on account of their preeminent chastity and subjected the Spaniards to them solely on account of their surpassing lewdness. What do I mean by this? Were there not anywhere in the world stronger barbarians to whom the Spanish lands might be surrendered? Many, without doubt, nay, all of them were stronger, if I am not mistaken. But he handed the people of Spain over to the weakest of the enemy expressly to show that it was not the strength but the merit of the Vandals that conquered, and that we were not being overwhelmed by the power of our foes, who then seemed most unheroic, but only by the wickedness of our vices, that the saying of the Lord to the Jews might be fulfilled in us: "According to their uncleanness and according to their transgressions have I done unto them, and hid my face from them." Elsewhere speaking to the same people, he said: "The Lord shall bring a nation against them from far . . . with the hoofs of his horses shall they tread down all thy streets; they shall slay thy people by the sword."

So all that the Lord said has been fulfilled in us, and our punishment has vindicated the force of his divine words. 8. Since the majority of barbarian nations have drunk Roman blood and torn our flesh, we may ask why it is especially into the power of those once considered the most cowardly of the

enemy that the Lord has delivered the greatest resources of the state and the wealthiest people who bear the Roman name. Why else indeed, except to make us recognize, as I said before, that the outcome depended on merit, not on strength, and that this should serve to confound and punish us, that we were given into the power of the weakest, and must recognize the correction of God's hand in the fact that not the bravest but the most despised of our enemies overcame us. For we read that whenever God has willed that men should clearly see his great works, the action has been performed through the medium of a few men, of men of the lowest sort, so that his divine handwork might not be ascribed to human power.

Thus indeed Sisera, the captain before whom the Hebrew army trembled, was laid low by a woman; a woman's hand struck down Abimelech, the stormer of cities, and the ironclad hosts of the Assyrians were routed by the help of a widow. Not to speak of women only, did not the Lord wish Benedad, king of Syria, whom thirty-two kings and armies of like proportions served, as well as countless thousands of his own people, to be conquered by a few serving-men, so that God himself might be recognized as the author of so great a victory? Against the Midianites also, who, as the Book of Judges relates, had filled all the land like locusts, Gideon was ordered to fight with a few men, not because he had not more in his army, but he was forbidden to lead many men to battle for fear that a multitude might claim some share in the victory as their own. When Gideon had gathered together thirty thousand armed men, the Lord spoke thus to him: "The people that are with thee are too many for me to give Midian into their hands." What followed? He left Gideon, to fight against countless thousands of barbarians, only three hundred men. Indeed, he commanded the force of soldiers to be reduced to such a scanty number in order that their lack of men might prevent any claim of credit for a victory divinely won. Why he did this, the Lord himself declared most plainly: "Lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying: 'Mine own hand hath saved me.' "

Let all the wicked hearken, I say, let all the presumptuous hearken, and all who excel in power; let all men hear what the Lord says: "Lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, 'Mine own hand hath saved me.' " 9. Let all men hear, I repeat, who utter blasphemies against the Lord, let all hear who put their trust in man. God declares that all men speak against him who presume to think that they can be freed by their own might. Who is there

among the Romans who does not hold this opinion? Who is there in our number who does not blaspheme in this respect almost constantly? It is common knowledge that the state has no longer any strength, yet not even now do we acknowledge to whose favor we owe it that we still live. Whenever God gives us a degree of prosperity beyond our hopes and deserts, one man ascribes it to fate, another to chance, another to the strategy of our leaders, another to their foresight, another to the administration, another to his patron, but none to God.

Yet we wonder that his divine hand fails to give us some things for which we wish, though we deny him credit for what he has given in the past. What else are we doing, when we ascribe the good things he gives us to the blind workings of chance, the ability of our leaders, or any other minor agencies? Following such arguments we ought to thank the earth for our yearly harvests, the vineyards for the vintage, the sea for hauls of fish, the forests for the wood we cut, the sheep for our clothing, and other beasts for the meat with which we are filled. What sense is there in our willingness to be grateful to God for his other gifts when we deny him gratitude for his greatest benefits? What man of our condition would be satisfied to have another thank him for some minor favor if he had denied him credit for his greatest gifts? So though we cannot thank God worthily, we shall fall far short of what is due him if we are grateful to him only for the means of daily life, and withhold from him our gratitude for helping us in time of trouble, freeing us in the midst of dangers and preserving us by his constant protection when we are placed in the midst of barbarous nations.

Not so do the Goths or the Vandals regard him, being better in this respect than ourselves, though trained by heretical teachers. However, I have grounds to suspect that certain men are offended by what I say. Since the truth must outweigh the fear of giving offence I shall say it nevertheless, and say it repeatedly: not so do the Goths or the Vandals act, for when they are in danger they beg help of God and they call their prosperity the gift of his divine love. In fact our misfortune in the last war furnished proof of this difference between us. For the Goths through fear put their hope in God, and we through presumption put ours in the Huns. The Goths sought peace and we denied it; they sent bishops to make terms and we rejected them; they honored God even in the person of alien priests and we despised him in our own. Was not the outcome of these events consonant with the actions of

each side? To them in the depths of fear was given the palm of victory; to us in the height of confidence was given confusion, so that the words of our Lord were clearly exemplified in us and in them: "For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." To them was given exaltation for their humility and to us humiliation for our pride.

10. This the general of our forces learned when he entered as a captive the same city of the enemy that he had boasted he would enter that same day as victor. He proved indeed the words of the prophet: "For a man's way is not his own, nor is it in his own power to walk and direct his steps." Since he thought his actions were under his own control, he could neither direct his steps nor find the way of safety. So we read: "He poureth contempt upon the prince and causeth him to wander in the wilderness where there is no way. . . . He has been brought to nothing, even as the waters which run continually." In him, indeed, in addition to his actual misfortune, the present judgment of God was clearly shown. He has endured all the sufferings that he had boasted he would inflict on others. Because he trusted that the enemy could be taken without God's aid and consent, he has himself been captured; he claimed foreknowledge and wisdom and has met with disgrace for his presumption; he himself has worn the chains he prepared for others.

What clearer proof, I ask, could there have been of the judgment of God, than that the general who boasted of plundering should be counted as booty; that he who counted his triumph already won should be led in another's triumph ---- be surrounded, seized, and bound, his arms twisted behind his back; that he should see those hands tied whose prowess he vaunted; that he should become a spectacle for women and children, see barbarians making sport of him, endure the derision of both sexes, and though he had the greatest pride in his bravery, meet a coward's death? Would that this might have been a speedy cure for his wrongdoing, without longer suffering! But, as befits the greatness of his punishment, wasted by the days of his captivity and by the prolonged anguish of a barbarian prison, he was reduced to such misery that he roused the pity of the enemy, and this most men think harder and more bitter to bear than the imprisonment itself. Why did these things happen? Surely because, as I have already indicated, the enemy were humble before God, whereas we were rebellious; they believed the victory lay in his hand, we that it lay in our own ---- a sacrilegious and wicked conception

that makes our sin so much the worse and more injurious to us. Lastly, we learn from an authentic report that the king of the enemy himself lay on haircloth and prayed up to the very day of the conflict; when battle was imminent he lay in prayer, and rose only to fight. Before he assumed command in the battle he fought in prayer, and so went forth to the fight with confidence in a victory already earned by his prayers.

11. Moreover, the experience of the Vandals was not dissimilar: when our people went against them in Spain and had as much confidence in a complete victory as they had recently against the Goths, the same overweening pride engulfed them in the same disastrous ruin. Then the words of the prophet were fulfilled for our army: "The Lord shall reject thy confidence and thou shalt not prosper in it." For we trusted in our own wisdom and strength against the command of the Lord, who said: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither the mighty man in his might, but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord." So we have not been conquered undeservedly, for the enemy sought better aid than we did. While we prided ourselves on arms and auxiliaries, on the side of the enemy the Book of the Divine Law opposed us. To its help most of all the fear and terror of the Vandals then resorted, to oppose to us the Divine Word and to open up to those who came against them in rivalry the writings of the Sacred Book which may be called the very voice of God. At this point I ask: who of our number ever did this, or who would not have been derided if he had thought it should be done? He would have been scorned indeed, as almost all religious acts are derided among us. Then what value can our claim to a religious title have for us, what use is it to say we are catholic, to boast that we possess the true faith, to despise the Goths and Vandals, reviling them as heretics, when we are living in a truly heretical depravity? The words of the Divine Scripture addressed to the Jews who trusted in the law are most fittingly applied to us: "How do you say, 'We are wise and the law of the Lord is with us?' . . . Trust ye not in lying words, saying, 'The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these.' For if ye thoroughly amend your ways and your doings; if ye oppress not the stranger and the fatherless and the widow and shed not innocent blood in this place, then will I cause you to dwell in this place, in the land that I gave to your fathers for ever and ever." By this surely it is shown that if

we do not amend our ways, it is useless for us to vaunt our claims to Catholicism.

Enough of this has been said already, and more must perhaps be said later, though there seems little need to discuss the point further, since the judgment of God is constantly manifested. Recent history shows his verdict both upon us and upon the Goths and Vandals; they increase daily while we diminish; they gain in power while we are humbled; they flourish and we wither away. So the words of the Holy Scriptures concerning Saul and David may be truly spoken of us also: "David waxed stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker." For the Lord is righteous, as the prophet says: "He is righteous and his judgments are upright." 12. We are judged by the ever-present judgment of God, and thus a most slothful race has been aroused to accomplish our destruction and shame. They go from place to place, from city to city, and destroy everything. First they poured out from their native land into Germany, which lay nearest them, a country called barbarous, but under Roman control. After its destruction, the country of the Belgae burst into flames, then the rich estates of the luxurious Aquitanians, and after these the whole body of the Gallic provinces. This ruin spread gradually, however, in order that while one part was being visited with destruction, another might be reformed by its example. But when has there been any amendment among us, or what part of the Roman world, whatever its affliction, is corrected by it? As we read: "They are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become useless." And in like manner the prophet cried out to the Lord, saying: "Thou hast stricken them but they have not grieved; thou hast consumed them, but they have refused to receive correction; they have made their faces harder than a rock; they have refused to return."

How truly this applies to us the present situation shows. Gaul long endured devastation; did Spain, her near neighbor, mend her ways? Not undeservedly, since they showed no fear whatever, and no reform, the people of Spain began to catch fire from the flames by which the Gauls were consumed. The worst and most evil aspect of all this is, as I have said before, that the fires which, to speak figuratively, consumed the bodies of these sinful men, did not burn away their vices. Thus God has been compelled by our crimes to scatter the enemy's forces as a scourge for our sins, from place to place, from city to city, and to send nations aroused almost from the very

ends of the earth even across the sea, to punish the crimes of our people in Africa. Why was this? Having been led forth from their own country, could the Vandals not have remained within the Gallic states? Could fear have prevented these tribes from abiding there, who had already devastated all the land without injury from us? But suppose they had cause for alarm in Gaul, why should they have feared to settle and stay in Spain, where they had completely crushed our armies in battle, where they were already triumphantly victorious, having reached such a height of valor as to learn that after trial in a war long anticipated, the strength of the Roman state, even with barbarian reinforcements, could not equal theirs?

13. They could have stayed there, then, and were not afraid, but surely the heavenly hand that had dragged them thither to punish the vices of the Spanish compelled them also to cross the straits to devastate Africa. In fact, they themselves confessed that they did not act of their own volition, for they were driven and urged on by a divine command. From this we may learn how great are our misdoings, since to destroy and punish us the barbarians are compelled to move against their will, following the words of the devastator of the land of Israel, the king of the Assyrians, when he said: " And now without the will of the Lord am I come up against this land? The Lord said unto me, 'Go up against this land, to destroy it.' "And elsewhere the Sacred Word says: "Therefore thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: 'Behold, I will send and take Nabuchodonosor the king of Babylon, my servant, and when he cometh, he shall smite the land of Egypt.' "

From this we may know that all things which are afflicted are indeed smitten by the judgment of God; their overthrow, however, as I have often remarked, is due to sin. So whatever is done on account of sin is not to be ascribed to God, since a deed is rightly ascribed to that cause which has made it unavoidable. For example, a murderer sentenced to death by the judge is actually punished by his own crime; a thief or a man who has committed sacrilege is consumed not by the flames that burn his body, but by his own sin. Whence we see that the Vandals did not cross to Africa because of God's severity but because of the sins of the Romans in that country. By their grave and long continued iniquity these people were forcing the Vandals to come before they actually left their native land. Therefore we must understand that only God's mercy postponed the punishment so long due, and their misdeeds and crimes at length brought upon these sinful people the chastise-

ment they deserved. Or are we to believe that they did not deserve their fate? Have any people better deserved ruin than these, in whom all sorts of shameful and indecent lust have flourished at once? For the rest of the world, though bound by some disgraceful vices, has some virtue still remaining: men who are subject to drunkenness are free from malevolence; those who live in a fever of lust do not suffer from raging greed; finally, many who are accused of physical incontinence are commended by the simplicity of their minds. But among the people of Africa, with few exceptions, you will find none with an equal measure of good and evil, for almost the whole population is evil. So the purity of their original nature has been shut out and their vices have, as it were, created a new character among them.

14. Indeed, aside from a very few servants of God, what was the whole territory of Africa but one house of vice, like that bronze vessel of which the prophet said: "Woe to the bloody city! to the bronze vessel whose scum is therein, and whose scum hath not gone out from it, because the blood shall not go out from it!" He compared the city, as we see, to a bronze vessel and its iniquity to blood, that we might know that the iniquity of the people in a city is like blood seething in a brazen pot. And again, not unlike this is another saying of the Sacred Word: "The houses of Israel have all been made a mixture before me of brass and iron and tin and lead, in the midst is silver mixed with the mass. Therefore say this; thus saith the Lord God: 'Inasmuch as ye are all made one mass I shall blow upon you and melt you in the fires of my wrath.' "

How are the very dissimilar metals that the Scriptures have named melted together in one furnace? Surely in the diversity of metals the unlike qualities of men are figured. Thus even silver, that is, metal of the nobler sort, is cast in the same fires as the rest because men have debased the gifts of their nobler natures by their degenerate lives. Even so we read that the Lord spoke also of the king of Tyre through his prophet: "Son of man, take up a lamentation upon the king of Tyrus, and say unto him, 'Thus saith the Lord God: thou hast been the seal of likeness, and a crown of beauty in the delights of paradise; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius and topaz and emerald.' " Again he says: "With silver and with gold hast thou filled thy treasuries, from the multitude of commerce hast thou filled thy storehouses." Do not all these things seem to have been said expressly of the people of Africa? Where are greater treasuries, where is greater commerce, where are

fuller storehouses? "With gold," he says, "hast thou filled thy treasuries from the multitude of thy commerce." I add more: Africa was once so rich that the abundance of her commerce seems to have filled not only her own treasuries but those of the whole world as well.

What did the prophet say next? " Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, because of the multitude of thine iniquities have I cast thee to the ground." How does this apply to the power of Africa, and how does that land seem to have been laid prostrate on the ground? How except that when she lost the height of her former power, she also lost her almost celestial honor? "And I shall bring forth," said the prophet, "a fire from the midst of thee, it shall devour thee." ' What could be truer than this? The fire of sin went forth from the midst of their iniquity, and devoured the happiness of former times. "And all they that know thee among the people shall be sore afflicted over thee." We might think that this phrase did not apply to them, were it not that the destruction of Africa is the sorrow of the human race. "Thou art become destruction," said the prophet, "and never shalt thou be any more." It is only too well known that everything in that province has been completely destroyed; all that we can do is to prevent those evils which are now being punished from being continued forever.

15. May God in his merciful kindness not permit this! Indeed, as far us the deserts of our crimes are concerned, there is no reason why he should not. What misdeeds are not constantly committed there? I shall not speak of them all, for their enormity is such that they cannot be known or discussed. I shall talk chiefly of the obscene nature of their indecencies, and, which is more serious still, of their acts of sacrilege. I pass over their insane greed, a vice shared by the whole human race; I pass over their inhuman avarice, an evil characteristic of most of the Romans; let their drunkenness be left unmentioned, since it is common to noble and base alike; let swelling pride be omitted, for this is so particularly the province of the rich, that they would perhaps think they were losing something of their just due if anyone else wished to claim any share in it. Finally, let almost all the wickedness involving frauds, forgeries and perjuries be passed over, for no Roman city was ever free from these evils. Yet this crime was the especial prerogative of all the people of Africa. For just as the filth of a boat is washed down into the bilge water in its depths, so vices seem to have flowed into their habits from the whole world.

I know of no wickedness that did not abound there, whereas even pagan and barbarous nations, though they have evil ways especially characteristic of their own races, still do not merit reproach in all things. The race of the Goths is treacherous but chaste, the Alans unchaste but not treacherous; the Franks are deceitful but hospitable, the Saxons savage in their cruelty but admirable for their chastity; to conclude, all races have their own peculiar vices accompanied by their own good qualities. But among the people of Africa practically without exception there is nothing but evil. If inhumanity is the subject of our accusation they are inhuman; if drunkenness, they are drunken; if falsehood, they are most false; if deceit,, they are unexcelled in deceitfulness; if greed, they are surpassingly greedy; if perfidy, theirs is unequalled. Their impurity and blasphemy must not be confused with these other sins, since in the evils of which I have spoken above they have surpassed the vices of other nations, but in these they have outdone their own.

16. To speak first of their impurity ---- who does not know that all Africa has always flamed with the torches of obscenity, so that you would think it not a land and abiding place of men, but an Aetna of unclean fires? As Aetna has always seethed with certain inner flames of heat implanted in it by nature, so also has Africa with the abominable fires of fornication. I do not wish you to believe my words alone in this matter, but to seek the corroboration of the whole human race. Who can fail to recognize that all the people of Africa are unchaste unless they happen to have been converted to God, and changed by their religious faith? This however is as rare and strange as to see a Gaius who is not a Gaius or a Seius who is not a Seius. It is as unusual and rare for an African not to be unchaste as for him not to be an African.

So general is the vice of impurity among them that whoever ceases to be indecent seems to be no longer an African. I shall not discuss the individual cities nor mention all the different localities, for fear of seeming to search out examples too curiously. I shall content myself with one city instead, the chief of all the cities of that land, and in a way the mother of them all, the eternal rival of Rome's citadel, of old in arms and courage, afterwards in splendor and dignity. It is Carthage of which I speak, the greatest rival of the city of Rome, and a sort of Rome in the African world; she alone suffices as an example and witness of my words, since she has contained within herself all the resources and governance of statecraft in the world. There you would find all the appurtenances of the public offices, schools of the liberal arts, the

studies of the philosophers, training schools in languages and ethics; there also were military forces and the powers that control the army, there was the office of the proconsul, there the daily judge and ruler of the province ---- in name, indeed, proconsul, but in power a very consul; there lastly were the administrators of the state properties, their honors differingfrom one another in rank and name ---- procurators, as I may call them, of the public streets and crossroads ---- governing all the wards of the city and all sections of the people. With this one city we may well be content as an example of the others, and as evidence of their condition, so that having seen the character of the city where the officials have always been of the highest grade, we may infer what those towns were like that had the supervision of less honored men.

At this point I almost repent of my promise made above, to omit almost all the vices of the people of this province and to speak chiefly of their obscenities and blasphemies. For I see the city overflowing with vice, boiling over with every sort of iniquity ----full indeed of people, but even fuller of dishonor, full of riches but fuller still of vice; men striving to outdo one another in depravity and lust, some vying with their mates in rapacity, others in indecency. Some are languid with wine, others distended with feasting-, some garlanded with flowers, others smeared with unguents, all wasted by various forms of dissipation, but sunk in the same mortal error. Not all, indeed, were intoxicated with winebibbing-, but all were drunk with their sins. You would judge such a people lacking in sanity, not in full possession of their senses, steady neither in mind nor in gait, attacking each other in a mob like drunken men. Now we must consider also another charge of a serious kind, unlike this in its nature but not unlike it in gravity, unless its greatness sets it in a different class. I mean the proscriptions of orphans, the afflictions of widows and the crucifixion of the poor. All these made their moan daily to God, and prayed for an end of their sufferings. Nay, what is worse, they were sometimes driven by their bitter woes even to pray for the arrival of the enemy. These have now at last obtained from God the privilege of enduring with the rest such ruin from the barbarians as they formerly suffered alone from the Romans!

17. But let us pass over these matters, for they may be paralleled in practically every part of the Roman world, and I promised to mention them only briefly. As to the unchastity and impurity which I have been discussing, would these not have been sufficient of themselves to destroy Africa? What

part of the state was not full of indecency, what street or bypath was not a place of shame? Lust had so cut off most of the crossroads and streets with its snares, and entangled them with its nets, that even those who utterly abhorred such vices could scarcely avoid them. You might compare them to brigands lurking in ambush and snatching their spoils from passers-by; they so hedged in the paths, the winding roads and byways with their close-set traps, that scarcely anyone could be cautious enough not to fall into some of their treacherous snares, however many he escaped. All the citizens reeked, if I may use the expression, with the stench of lust, all inhaled the fetid odors of their mutual impurity. Yet this horrid condition inspired no loathing in them, for the same plague had infected them all. You would think the city a sinkpot of lust and fornication, like the muck collected from the offscourings of all the streets and sewers. What hope could there be in such a place, where, except for the temple of the Lord, there was nothing to be seen but filth?

Yet why should I except the temple of God? The church was, to be sure, completely under the care of the priests and clergy, whom I prefer not to discuss. I am bound by reverence for my Lord's ministry, and think that those men who served at the altars alone preserved their purity, as we read that Lot stood alone on the mountain when the people of Sodom perished. As for the people, however, who among such countless numbers was chaste? Chaste, did I say? Who was not guilty of fornication, or adultery, and that too without ceasing? Therefore must I cry out again ---- what hope could there be in that people? One adulterer sometimes pollutes a whole church congregation, but there you could scarcely find one chaste man among thousands, if you searched most diligently, even in the church. I have much more than this to say. Would that what I have said included the whole accusation, and that these men in their indecency had been content to satisfy their lust with fornication of fallen women only! Their fault was still more serious and wicked than this, for nearly all the vices of which the blessed apostle Paul complained so bitterly existed in Africa. "The men leaving the natural use of women burned in their lust toward one another; men with men working that which is unseemly, and receiving in themselves that recompense of their error which was meet. And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient." Was it not of barbarous and savage races that the

blessed apostle spoke? Nay verily, but of us, that is, expressly of the Romans, whom indeed the people of Africa, since they were not able of old to overcome them in power and might, have now outdone in the only way left to them, to wit, in lust. Whoever thinks he has a right to be angry at my words should rather be incensed at the apostle, for what I have said of the character of the inhabitants of Africa, he once said of their masters, the Romans.

18. Perhaps the vices of which I spoke were hidden, or the men in charge of the public morals in different places took care that the diffusion of such crimes should not sully the eyes of the people. If this had been done, however many had been defiled by the actions themselves, all would not have been injured by the sight and thought of them. However disgraceful a vice is, it does not as a rule deserve full credence when it is committed secretly. But to commit the greatest sins and feel no shame for what one has done, demands censure passing that of the sins themselves. What more prodigious wrong could have been performed there? In a Christian city, in a church which the apostles founded by their teachings, which martyrs had crowned by their passion, men took upon themselves the functions of women, without any shame to cloak their action, without the shield of modesty; as if their sin would be too slight if only the authors of these evils were stained by them, through the public knowledge of their vice it became the wrong-doing of the whole city. The entire city saw this and suffered it, the judges saw and condoned it, the people saw and applauded, and thus when fellowship in disgraceful lust was spread through the city, the general consent made it common to all. But, you say, perhaps there was at length an end to the evil and some emendation of the wrong. Who could believe or even hear calmly that men converted to a feminine passivity not only their natural functions but even their looks, their step, their clothing and everything characteristic of the male sex and appearance? So completely was nature reversed in them that although nothing should be more shameful to men than to seem to have any feminine characteristics,nothing seemed to certain of these men more disgraceful than to seem in any respect masculine.

19. You may argue that this disgrace was that of a few men only, and what was not perpetrated by the majority could not injure all. Indeed, I have said before that very often among the people of God the crime even of one man has been the ruin of many, as the people were betrayed by the theft of Achar, a pestilence arose from the jealousy of Saul, and a plague came from the

numbering of the people by the blessed David. For the church of God is like an eye. If even a little mote fall into the eye, it blinds the whole sight; so, if even a few men in the body of the church act indecently, it darkens the whole light of the church. Therefore the Savior called the chief part of the church its eye, saying: "The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness," Whence the apostle asked: "Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?" I should not say, however, that there was in Africa a little of this evil, but overmuch, not that most of the people there were effeminate, but that the effeminacy of the few was the corruption of the many. Even if there are few who live disgracefully there are many who are stained by the filth of the few. As one harlot makes many commit fornication, so the abominable unions of the effeminate few infect the vast majority of the people.

Nor do I know which of them are worse in the sight of God, since in the Sacred Scriptures they are condemned by one and the same decree. "Neither effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, shall inherit the kingdom of God," said the apostle. This makes it the more lamentable and deplorable that such a sin should appear to be the wrongdoing of the whole city, and that the honor of the Roman name should be branded with the infamy of prodigious wickedness. Men took the garb of women and made their steps more mincing than women do; they wrought for themselves the tokens of a monstrous impurity and swathed their heads with the wrappings of feminine veils. And this they did publicly in a Roman city, the greatest and most famous city in that region! Was this not a disgrace to the Roman power, which permitted a most execrable wrong to be openly committed in the very bosom of the commonwealth? A great and strong power, capable of preventing the greatest crime, must approve the actions which with full knowledge it suffers to be committed, for he who has prohibitory power sanctions any action that he does not prevent.

20. Once again, impelled by my grief, I ask those who are angry at my words in what barbarian nations such things have at any time been done or permitted with general impunity? Finally, to save the necessity of longer discussion or investigation of this point, let us compare the actual devastators of Africa with the people whom they conquered. What actions of this sort have been performed by the Vandals? Surely barbarians, swollen with pride, puffed

up with victory, rendered lax by the abundance of riches and luxuries, would have been changed by their unusual good fortune and prosperity, however chaste and continent they had always been before. They had, as it is written in the Scriptures, entered "a land flowing with milk and honey," a fertile land, so rich in all delicacies as to be almost intoxicating in its plenty. Under these conditions it would be no cause for surprise that a barbarous tribe should wax wanton where nature herself seems unrestrained. Who would doubt that the Vandals, upon entering such a country, would plunge into all manner of filthy and unclean vice? Or, to speak more moderately, that they would at least copy the constant behavior of the people of Africa, into whose province they had come? Indeed, if that were all they did, they would deserve to be judged most continent and moderate, whom good fortune had not rendered more corrupt. For how often do you find a wise man whom prosperity does not change, whose faults do not increase with his fortunes?

It is certain that the Vandals were most temperate, if they, the victors, merely resembled their captive subjects. In such great abundance of wealth and luxury, however, not one of them was rendered effeminate. Does that seem a small matter? Certainly the Romans of noble birth made effeminacy a regular practice. What more have I to add? Not one of the Vandals was polluted by the incest of the effeminate Romans about him. Certainly, effeminacy had long been considered by the Romans as a virtue rather than a vice, and those men thought themselves models of manly strength who had put others to the basest uses. For this reason the attendant boys, who once followed the soldiers, were given as a reward for services well performed on campaign, the privilege of being shamefully used as women, since they had proved themselves brave men. What a crime was this! Such were the actions of Romans, and Romans not of the present time; nevertheless ---- not to accuse the men of old ---- they were not the ancient Romans, but those who had already become corrupt and dissolute, no longer living up to their former reputation, but resembling Greeks more than Romans. Hence, as I have often said before, it should cause no surprise that the Roman state is at length suffering what it has long deserved.

21. This vice began among the Romans before Christ's Gospel, but that it did not cease after the Gospel was preached among them is still more grievous. After recalling this fact, who can help admiring the Vandals? They entered the wealthiest cities, where such vices were common, and took over

the riches of dissolute men in such a way that they rejected their corrupting customs and now possess and use those things that are good, and avoid the degrading influence of those that are evil. This ought to be enough in their praise even if I add nothing more; for they have abominated the illicit acts of men. Still more noteworthy is it that they have also abstained from the corruption of women; they have shrunk from evil haunts and brothels, they have avoided illicit unions and the company of harlots. Can it be credible that the Romans permitted these things and barbarians abhorred them? Is there anything more to be said after this? There is indeed, and much more. That they have avoided foul actions is the lesser part; for a man can abhor disgraceful deeds without abolishing them. Their great and singular merit is that not only do they themselves avoid pollution by this stain, but they take care that others shall not be polluted. Indeed, a man is in some sort a guardian of human welfare who not only endeavors to be good himself, but also strives to bring it about that others may cease to be evil.

What I have said is a great point, surely, great and of preeminent importance. Who could believe that the Vandals in the Roman cities committed such sins? Sexual vice has been completely abolished by them. How was it removed? Not as some crimes are wont to be prohibited by the Romans, who decree that there shall be no theft, and go on thieving; who decree that there shall be no adultery, and are first to commit it. Yet I should scarcely say that they commit theft, for theirs is no mere theft but highway robbery. A judge punishes a petty theft in another though he is himself a robber: he punishes rapine, though he is himself guilty of the same crime ; he punishes the cutthroat, though he himself wields a sword; he punishes those who break down bars and doors, though he himself destroys cities; he punishes those who burglarize houses, though he himself robs the provinces. Would that this were true only of those who are set in positions of power and to whom the very honor conferred on them gives some right to carry on their robberies; it is worse and more intolerable that even private citizens do the same, that is, men who have previously held high office. The honor once given them affords them this much advantage, that they may keep forever the legal right to plunder. So even when they have ceased to wield public administrative power, they do not cease to enjoy the private right of plundering. Thus the power they had as judges is slighter than that they have as private citizens,

for in the former case successors were sure to be appointed for them, but now they have no successors.

See then how much legal decrees are worth, what profit we gain from the passage of ordinances which those men most scorn who administer them! The humble and lowly are forced to obey, the poor are compelled to accede to the orders of their superiors, and if they fail in their obedience, they are punished. The same rule is observed in this case as in that of the taxes: the poor are the only ones to obey the public decrees, as they alone pay the taxes. Thus in the laws themselves and in the execution of justice, injustice is most criminally wrought, since the lesser men are compelled to observe as sacred the laws that their betters continually trample under foot as of no importance. 22. Indignation has led me to exceed somewhat the appointed order of my discourse; let me now return to the original topic. I said that the cities of Africa were full of monstrous vices, and especially the queen and mistress of them all, but that the Vandals were not polluted. How unlike the Romans: did these barbarians prove themselves, in cleansing the stains of our disgrace! For they have removed from every part of Africa the vice of effeminacy, they have even abhorred intercourse with harlots, and have not only shunned or done away with it for the time being, but have made it absolutely cease to exist. O kindly Master, O good Savior! How much the desire of discipline accomplishes with your help, through which the vices of nature can be changed, as they have been by the Vandals! Let us see how they have been changed, since it is important to show not only the results of this action, but also the method by which it was made effective. It is difficult to have lewdness removed by a word or order, unless it has been done away in fact, and to have decency required by a command unless it has been enjoined before. Knowing this to be true, they removed unchastity while preserving the unchaste; they did not kill the unfortunate women, lest they should stain their prevention of vice with cruelty, and sin themselves in the very act of destroying the sins they desired to abolish.

But they corrected the erring in such a way that the change should be a medicine, not a penalty. They ordered and compelled all prostitutes to marry; they transformed harlots into wives, fulfilling the word and command of the apostle that every woman should have her husband and every man his wife, that since incontinence cannot be restrained without some permissible indulgence of the flesh, sexual desire might have this legitimate

outlet without sinful lust. In this, indeed, provision was made not only that women who could not live without husbands should have them, but also that through their domestic guardians those who did not know how to protect themselves should be safe. While the marriage bond constantly bound them, even if the customary unchastity of their former lives enticed them to sin, their husbands' guardianship should keep them from going astray. The Vandals also added severe requirements of chastity to prevent lust, coercing lewdness by the sword with the obvious purpose of preserving the chastity of both sexes by conjugal affection at home, and the fear of the laws in public. Thus purity should rest on a double basis of love at home and fear abroad. Moreover, the laws they possessed were not at all like those enactments that removed a part of the wickedness without preventing all of its obscenity, or like those Roman decrees that cut off adulterers from other men's wives but left them free access to single women, forbidding adultery while encouraging houses of ill fame.

Those seem to have feared that men would be too chaste and pure if sexual vice were entirely forbidden. Not such are those of whom we speak, who have forbidden loose living as well as adultery, who wish women to be women only to their husbands and men to exercise their male functions only with their wives; who do not permit sexual desires to stray beyond the marriage bed, but order their laws after the pattern of the divine law, so that they think nothing permissible to them in this matter that God did not wish to permit. So they did not think any man should be given license by them to do anything that is not permitted to all by the divine power. 23. I know that what I say may seem to some intolerable, but I must treat these matters, in the light of reason, not oil personal prejudices. Let anyone who is angry at what I say tell me this, has not Socrates always been considered the wisest of all men, and that too on the testimony of the Delphic demon, who might be called the prince of philosophers, as he was the prince of demons? Let us then consider what laws Socrates decreed as to chastity and what those men of whom we have been speaking have ordained about it.

Socrates said: "Let no man have a wife of his own, for marriage should be common to all; for so there will be greater harmony among the states, if all men have intercourse indiscriminately with all women, and all women with all men, and if all men become husbands of all women, and all women wives of all men. Have we ever known any madman, or any possessed or driven out

of his senses by any sort of insanity, say such a thing as this? You say, O chief of philosophers, that by the terms of this ordinance all men will be the husbands of all women, and all women the wives of all men, and all their children the offspring of all parents. But I maintain that no man would then be any woman's husband, no woman the wife of any man, and no child the offspring of any parents, for where all is promiscuous and confused, no one can claim anything as his own. And some men say that it was not sufficient for the wisest of philosophers to teach others such ideas, but he must needs carry them out for himself, handing his wife over to another man, as indeed the Roman Cato, that second Socrates of Italian birth, actually did. See then the examples given us by the Roman and Attic wisdom; as far as in them lay, they made all husbands panders of their wives. Yet Socrates outdid the rest, for he wrote books on the subject, and handed his shameful ideas down to posterity.

So he had the more reason to glory in his teachings; as far as his principles were concerned, he made a brothel of the world. He is said to have been unjustly condemned by the judges. That is true, for it would have been better for the whole human race to condemn a man for preaching such doctrines. Without doubt it has condemned him. Since, indeed, as far as this theory goes all have repudiated his doctrines, all have condemned him not only by the authority of the sentence passed at his trial, but even more by their choice of a way of life, and rightly too. Let us now compare with his statutes those of the men whom God has recently ordered to rule in Africa. Socrates decreed that no one should have a wife of his own, they that no one should have one not his own. He wished every woman to be subject to all men, they that no woman should know any man but her husband. He wished a mixed and promiscuous generation, they one purely born and regulated. He ordained that all houses should be of evil reputation, and they that there should be none such. He tried to build evil resorts in every dwelling, they removed them even from entire cities. He wished to prostitute all maidens, they made the prostitutes chaste. Would that Socrates' error had been his alone, and not that of many, or even the majority of Romans! These follow Socrates' precepts in this matter even if they accept his teachings in nothing else, for many men have more than one wife apiece, and countless women have many husbands each. Are not all our cities full of dens of vice, and reeking with houses of ill fame? When I said all, I meant of course the noblest

and loftiest, for such is the prerogative of dignity and honor in our great cities that they excel others as much in indecency as they do in size.

What hope, I ask you, can there be for the Roman state when barbarians are more chaste and pure than the Romans? What I say is all too little: what hope of life or pardon, I ask, can we have in the sight of God when we see chastity in the barbarians and even so are not willing to be chaste ourselves? Should we not feel shame and confusion at this? Already among the Goths you will find none impure except the Romans, none unchaste among the Vandals except the Romans. So much has the desire for chastity accomplished for the barbarians, so much has the severity of their moral code gained, that not only are they themselves chaste, but ---- though it is so new and strange an event as to be almost incredible ---- they have even made some Romans chaste. If my human frailty permitted, I should wish to shout beyond my strength, to make my voice ring through the whole world: Be ashamed, ye Roman people everywhere, be ashamed of the lives you lead. No cities are free of evil haunts, no cities anywhere are free from indecency, except those in which barbarians have begun to live. Do we then wonder that we are wretched who are so impure, that we are conquered by the enemy who are outdone by them in honor, that they possess our properties who abjure our wickedness? It is neither the natural strength of their bodies that makes them conquer nor the weakness of our nature that makes us subject to defeat. Let no one think or persuade himself otherwise ---- it is our vicious lives alone that have conquered us.

BOOK VIII: THAT THE SINS OF THE ROMANS ARE ALONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR RUIN

1. I think, nay, I am certain, that the great length of my argument will arouse distaste in many, especially since it upbraids our vicious lives. For most men wish praise, and no one enjoys censure. Worse than this, however evil a man is, however profligate, he would rather be falsely praised than rightly reproved, and prefers to be deceived by the mockery of false praise than healed by the most salutary admonitions. Since this is true, what are we to do? Must we accede to the will of wicked men? Or if they wish even empty praise conferred on them, is it fitting to proffer silly and meaningless eulogies? Surely we must consider that, as men of honor should not mock even those who wish to make themselves ridiculous, so they should not laud in lying phrases those who yearn to be adorned by praise, however false. We must

not take into account the preferences of individuals, but rather what is fitting for us to say, especially since the prophet said: "Woe unto them that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter."

We must by every means hold fast to the truth, so that what a thing is in fact, it may also be in words, and those that contain sweetness be called sweet, and those that contain bitterness, bitter. This is the more obligatory in the present discussion of a sacred matter, when our iniquities are made by many a cause of wrath against God, and men try to avoid seeming themselves worthy of accusation by first accusing him. When they blasphemously call him careless and neglectful of human affairs, and say that he does not govern according to justice, or even that he does not govern at all, what else are they doing but accusing God of laziness and abuse and injustice? Alas for the blindness of human folly! for the madness of insane audacity! It is God, O man, that you call careless and neglectful. If you injured any freeborn man with such slanders, you would be accused at law of malicious abuse; if you so attacked any illustrious or eminent man you would be sentenced in the courts. Such slanders are chiefly hurled at prodigal wards; it is the special byword for profligate youths, to call them wastrels and careless and negligent about their property. What sacrilegious words! what profane impudence! We use such terms of God as we would not employ of any men except those of the most abandoned sort. Yet this is not all the abuse given him: as I said before, men even brand him as unjust.

If we claim that we do not deserve our sufferings and are unworthy to endure our present misfortunes, surely we are calling God, who bids us endure undeserved evils, unjust. You say, however, that he does not bid, but merely permits us to endure them. Suppose we grant this point, still I ask how far he is from ordering what he permits? For he who knows we endure such woes and can prevent our suffering them, proves beyond a doubt that we ought to endure whatever he permits. From this it is manifest that his acquiescence is part of his judgment, and that we are enduring a sentence from heaven. As all things, are subject to sacred authority and the will of God rules everything, whatever evils and whatever punishments we bear daily are the censure of his divine hand, which censure, indeed, we constantly arouse and kindle by our sins. We kindle the fire of the celestial wrath and arouse the flames by which we are burned, so that the words of the prophet may rightly be used against us as often as we endure such ills: "Make your way into the

flames of the fire that you have kindled." From this we see that according to the sacred sentence each sinner is preparing for himself the suffering that he endures. None of our misfortunes can be imputed to God; we are the authors of our own misery. For God is gracious and merciful and, as the Scripture says, he wishes no one to perish or be injured.

So whatever is done against us is done by our own actions; there is nothing more cruel to us than ourselves; we, I say, are torturing ourselves even against God's will. But, forsooth, I seem to be contradicting myself; whereas I said before that we are punished by God on account of our sins, now I say that we are punishing ourselves. Both are true; we are indeed punished by God, but we ourselves force him to punish us. Inasmuch as we cause our own punishment, who can doubt that we are chastising ourselves by our crimes? For whoever gives cause for his punishment chastises himself, according to the saying: "Every one is bound by the chains of his sins." If wicked men are bound by the chains of their sins, every sinner doubtless binds himself when he sins. 2. Since I have already spoken at length of the unchastity of Africa, let me now briefly discuss its blasphemies, for the paganism of the majority has had no interruption. They have indeed confined within their own walls their native crime, by which of course I mean that "Celestial" demon of the Africans, to which I suppose the pagans of old gave so fair-sounding a title in order that having no divinity it should at least have a name, and lacking any virtue derived from actual power should gain honor from its designation. Who among them has not been initiated into the worship of that idol? Who has not been dedicated to it by his very family and birth? I am not speaking now of men who are pagans as much by profession and name as in their way of life, and whose name indicates their heathen error. Paganism is certainly more tolerable and less evil in men avowedly pagan; the more deadly peril lies in the fact that many who have made their vows to Christ continue to give their real devotion to idols. For did not those who were called Christians turn from the worship of Christ to that of the "Celestial deity," or ---- which is far worse ---- worship her even before they paid their devotions to him?

Who among them did not cross the Lord's threshold redolent of the odor of demoniacal sacrifices and go up to the altar of Christ reeking with the foulness of very demons, so that it would be less monstrous not to come at all to the Lord's temple than to come in such a fashion? For a Christian who

does not come to church is guilty of neglect, but one who comes in such a way is guilty of sacrilege. It is less difficult to atone for failure to honor God than for direct insult to him. So we see that any who have acted thus have not given honor to God, but have taken it away from him. They have even in a way given the attention due to the church of God to an idol, because that to which priority is accorded gains in honor from that which is relegated to second place. See then the faith of the Africans, and especially of the noblest among them! See what their religion and their Christianity have been! It was in scorn of Christ that men called them Christians. Though the apostle cries: "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table and of the table of devils," it was not enough for them to drink the cup of the Lord with the cup of devils, but they must take the latter first.

It was not enough for them to match the table of devils with the Lord's table, unless they came to the temple of God fresh from the worship of infamous superstitions and breathed on the holy altars of Christ the foul miasma of the diabolical spirit itself. 3. But, you say, they do not all do these things ---- only the highest and most powerful are guilty of these wrongs. Suppose I agree to this. Still, since the greater part of a city is made up of the richest and most powerful households, you see that the whole city was polluted by the sacrilegious superstition of a few great men. No one indeed can doubt that all the households are either like the masters who rule them, or worse, and usually worse! Therefore, since even good masters as a general rule have bad slaves, it is easy to decide what sort of households all of these were, in which servile minds, already disposed to evil, were made more vicious by the wickedness of their masters.

Suppose for the sake of the argument that what we said was true only of all the most powerful and noble. Were the vices that were common to noble and ignoble alike less serious? I mean the hatred and abuse of all holy men, for surely it is a sort of sacrilege to hate those who worship God. Just as the man who injures our slaves thereby harms us, and the man who flogs another's sons tortures the father's affection by his children's suffering, so anyone who injures a servant of God violates the divine majesty, as the Lord said to his apostle: "He that receiveth you, receiveth me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth me." Our most gracious and loving Lord shared his honor and disgrace alike with his servants, to the end that no one who injured a servant of

God should think that the man alone was hurt by his action, since injury to God would undoubtedly be mingled with the harm inflicted on his followers. Of this God gave us proof, according to his most indulgent love, in these words: "For he that toucheth you toucheth the pupil of my eye." To express the tenderness of his love he used the most tender part of the body, that we might clearly understand that God is injured by a contempt of his saints as slight as the touch required to injure the eyesight. So the people of Africa injured and hated the servants of God and God himself in them.

4. But perhaps the question will be asked: "In what ways was their hatred manifested?" In the same manner, of course, in which also the Jews' hatred of Christ was declared when they said to him: "Thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil," when they mocked and cursed him, when they breathed into his face and gnashed their teeth over his head. Whence also the Savior himself says in the Psalms: "All they that saw me laughed me to scorn; they shot out their lips and shook their heads." And elsewhere he says: "They have tempted me and laughed me to scorn, they gnashed upon me with their teeth." So is the hatred of the Africans for the monks ---- that is, for the servants of God ---- proved, because they mocked at and cursed them, because they attacked and execrated them, because they did practically everything against them that the wickedness of the Jews contrived against our Savior before they actually shed his divine blood. But they, you say, did not kill the saints, while we read that the Jews did.

Whether they killed or not, I do not know; I make no claims of that, but yet how great a defence is it that the only element of pagan persecution lacking was the very end of persecution? Let us assume that the saints were not killed there; what then shall we make of the fact that they are not far from killing who hate with the desire to kill, especially as the Lord himself says: "Whosoever hateth his brother without a cause is a murderer?" Yet it was not without cause that they persecuted the servants of God. For who can say that it was without a cause, seeing that these men differed from them in all the characteristics of their life and habits, that in them they saw nothing that was theirs, since all was God's? The greatest cause of discord is diversity of interests, because it is nearly or quite impossible that a man should love in another that with which he himself is at variance. So it was not without cause, as I said, that they hated those in whom they saw everything hostile and inimical to them. For they lived in constant wickedness, but the saints in con-

stant innocence; they lived in lust, these in chastity; they in evil dens, these in monasteries; they almost constantly with the devil, and these incessantly with Christ. It was not without cause that within the cities of Africa, and especially within the walls of Carthage, a people as unhappy as they were unfaithful could scarcely look without reviling and curses at a man pale and in monkish garb, his flowing locks cut even to the shaved skin. And if ever any servant of God from the monasteries of Egypt or the sacred places of Jerusalem or the holy and venerable retreats of the desert came to that city in performance of his sacred mission, as soon as he appeared to the people, he met with contumely, sacrilege and curses. Nor was this all, he was flayed by the vile derision of dissolute men and hissing mockery of the coarsest sort; so that if any man uninformed of these things witnessed the scene, he would not think that a man was being mocked, but that some strange and unheard-of monster was being expelled from the city.

5. Consider the faith of the Africans and especially the people of Carthage. It was safer for the apostles of old to enter the cities of the pagans, and those wild and barbarous assemblies had less hatred of their arrival and presence. The holy vessel of election, Paul the apostle, spoke of the worship and majesty of one God, and the people of the Athenians, most superstitious though they were, heard him patiently. The Lycaonians also so marvelled at the apostles that, seeing their divine strength, they thought they were not men. But in Carthage the servants of God were scarcely allowed to appear in the streets and public squares without mockery and cursing. Certain men think that this was not persecution because they were not actually killed. You know that brigands have a proverb that those they spare owe their lives to them. But in Carthage this benefit was due less to the men than to the laws, for the laws of the Twelve Tables forbade a man to be put to death without a trial. Hence we see that the power of the Lord's religion was indeed great in a place where his servants were only permitted to escape death at the hands of Christians because they were defended by pagan law. Yet we wonder that such Christians are now suffering at the hands of the barbarians, when they themselves inflicted barbarous treatment on the saints.

So God is just and his judgments are righteous, for, as the Scripture says: "What men have sowed, that shall they also reap." God seems to have referred to the wickedness of the people of Africa, when he said: "Recompense her according to her work; according to all that she hath done do unto her; for she

hath been proud against the Lord." Let us then be surprised and angry that they now endure some few trials at the hands of men! Their conduct toward God has been far worse than any treatment they have received, especially if one compares their sufferings and their misdeeds with due consideration of the distinction between the persons concerned.

PART TWO

Sidonius Apollinaris

A bishop's picture of Gaul in the last years of Roman rule: the introduction to the Letters, and the nine books of the letters.

Introduction to the Letters of Sidonius

Sidonius Apollinaris

c. AD 430–490

This is the introduction to Sidonius that O. M. Dalton wrote for his English translation of the Letters in 1915. It tells the life of Sidonius and describes the Gaul in which he lived, from the last Roman emperors to the Visigothic and Burgundian kings.

INTRODUCTION

(CAIUS) SOLLIUS APOLLINARIS (MODESTUS) SIDONIUS was born at Lyons, about the year 431, and died at Clermont perhaps in A.D. 489, at the age of nearly sixty years. The exceptional interest of the period covered by his life is apparent from these dates; he saw the last sickness and the death of the Roman Empire in the West, and is our principal authority for some of the events which attended its extinction. He was a younger contemporary of Attila and Gaiseric. The campaigns of Aëtius took place in his boyhood; he was a youth of about twenty when the Huns were defeated on the Catalaunian plains, and for the first time in history the Roman and the Teuton fought side by side against a common enemy. He was about twenty-four when the house of Theodosius became extinct with Valentinian III, and the Vandals plundered the city of the Caesars (A.D. 455). He was still alive when Romulus Augustulus laid down his diadem at the bidding of Odovakar. More than once his path crossed that of the last emperors who ruled in Italy; as the son-in-law of Avitus, and a high officer of state under Anthemius, he saw Rome in the final phases of her imperial existence. In his own country he met or corresponded with every person of importance. He had dined with Majorian, he had played backgammon with the Visigoth Theodoric II; he lived to become first the prisoner and then the subject of that monarch's fierce successor, Euric. He exchanged letters with Lupus, Remigius, Faustus, and all the leaders of the Church in Gaul. There was hardly a single distinguished name with which in some way or another his own was not associated. Like

Cassiodorus, he enjoyed an outlook over two worlds, the old Roman civilization in its decay, and mediaeval society in its beginnings. To paraphrase a sentence of Sir Thomas Browne, he stands like Janus in the field of history.

Sidonius came of a senatorial family long settled in Gallia Lugdunensis, a family to which, as he himself says, the holding of high office seemed almost a hereditary right: both his father and his grandfather had been prefects in Gaul. His mother belonged to the gens of the Aviti, which was connected with other noble provincial families, the Ferreoli, the Ommatii, and the Agroecii; when therefore he married Papianilla, daughter of the Avitus who became emperor, he may only have added a new tie to an old alliance. He had a brother, who may not have lived to mature age, as no letter is addressed to him; he had aunts or sisters and a mother-in-law, mentioned as taking care of one of his children (V. xvi. 5). A nephew Secundus (III. xii), and a cousin Apollinaris complete the list of his own relations, with the possible addition of Simplicius, who is so often mentioned with Apollinaris that he may have been his brother. He had two brothers-in-law, Ecdicius and Agricola, of the latter of whom we hear little, of the former, much. For Ecdicius was the hero of his native country of Auvergne. He distinguished himself by great gallantry in the last struggle for independence (III. iii), and seems to have had in him much of the spirit of mediaeval chivalry. Nor was he deficient in other gifts; he must have possessed some talent for diplomacy, since he was instrumental in rallying the Burgundians to the cause of Auvergne at a very critical moment.

Sidonius and Papianilla had one son, Apollinaris, and three daughters, Alcima, Roscia, and Severiana. The boy, whose early promise is mentioned in one of the most pleasing passages of the Letters (IV. xii. 1), was destined to disappoint his parents, first in his failure to maintain the intellectual promise of his youth, and later by more serious deficiencies, recorded by other hands than those of his own father. Of the girls, only Roscia and Severiana are mentioned in the Letters, and both in an incidental manner; for Sidonius was not communicative on his family affairs. The name of Alcima does not occur at all: we learn more of her from other sources than Sidonius himself tells us of her sisters. She became noted for her devotion to the saints, and for her munificence to the Church, and is said to have joined her sister-in-law Placidina in a successful effort to obtain the see of Clermont for her brother some years after her father's death (see below, p. li, note 2).

Sidonius was educated in his native city, where the schools, if less famous than those of Bordeaux, were yet of high repute. He passed through the regular course of academic training, the essential parts of which consisted of grammar and rhetoric; and in both Letters and Poems preserves kindly memories of his teachers and fellow students. As might be expected from the fortunate circumstances of his birth, and his father's rank as prefect, his youth was probably a happy one, passed alternately between the city and the country estate, where he enjoyed games and all the pleasures of the chase. His love of eloquence began early; he refers to the delight with which, as a youth of eighteen, he listened to the speech of Nicetius when Astyrius assumed the consulship at Aries in 449 (VIII. vi. 5). After his marriage, which must have been an early one, he probably divided his time between Lyons and Auvergne; in the latter region was situated his father-in-law's estate of Avitacum, which was ultimately to come to him through Papianilla, and of which he has left a description (II. ii; Carm. xviii). It was probably during the first years of his married life that he frequented the Visigothic Court at Toulouse, from which he wrote home the very interesting letter descriptive of Theodoric II to his brother-in-law Agricola (I. ii). Avitus, to whose exertions the coalition of Roman and Visigoth against Attila had been largely due, had long favoured an understanding between the two peoples.

He had been a familiar figure at the Court of Theodoric I, whose sons he had endeavoured to imbue with Roman civilization; it was therefore natural that he should encourage the visits of his son-in-law to the more important of these pupils. He may not have clearly foreseen the part which he was destined personally to play in the near future; but it must have appeared a possible contingency that the Goths and their Gallo-Roman neighbours might once more be called upon to take decisive action together. With Tonantius Ferreolus and many others, he may well have shared the belief that the Roman understanding with the most civilized of the barbaric peoples might save an Empire which Italy was too enfeebled to lead. He had seen the Visigoths and the Burgundians in their homes, and learned to appreciate the rude virtues and the manly strength which redeemed the coarser elements in their nature. He dreamed perhaps of a Teutonic aristocracy more and more refined by Latin influences, which should impart to the Romans the qualities of a less sophisticated race and to their own countrymen a wider acceptance of Italian culture. He knew that for more than a century Gaul had been

the most vigorous and enlightened portion of the Empire in the West, and as Italy became year by year more helpless, he may well have believed that the leadership of the decaying state might pass into the control of his own country. But throughout he probably gave Theodoric II credit for a greater disinterestedness than he possessed;

for in all likelihood the Visigothic king intended to exploit the Roman connexion in the interest of himself and his own people. Be that as it may, when, in 455, the line of Theodosius became extinct with Valentinian III, the murderer of Aëtius, Avitus was sent as magister milltum to secure the recognition of Petronius Maximus in Gaul. But while he was at Toulouse, news came of that emperor's murder, whereupon Theodoric urged him to assume the diadem himself.After a meeting either of representative magnates or of the Council of the Seven Provinces at Ugernum (Beaucaire), Avitus, then some sixty years of age, was formally invested with the purple. The event was the first turning-point in the career of Sidonius: it opened before him the brightest prospects of advancement, and awakened in him that ardent desire of political distinction which was for many years to exert so strong an influence on his life. He accompanied his father-in-law to Rome, and there, following the precedent of a Claudian or an Ausonius, delivered the Panegyric of Avitus which earned him the honour of a statue in the. Forum of Trajan. But the hopes which the young aspirant might legitimately base upon his relationship to the head of the state were soon dashed to the ground: Avitus did not fulfil the expectations of his friends. His personal courage availed him little in Rome. On the other hand, his character revealed unsuspected weakness, and his position as a provincial nobleman among the critical aristocracy of the capital became each day more difficult. His every action was watched with unfriendly eyes; his bodyguard of Visigoths aroused resentment; and when, to provide their payment, he was reduced to melting statues and stripping the bronze tiles from temple roofs, it needed but a pretext to ensure his speedy ruin. The immediate cause of his downfall lay in the hostility of Ricimer, now only at the beginning of his career as king-maker. The formidable Suëve had achieved a notable triumph over the Vandal fleet near Corsica (456), and, flushed with victory, determined to remove an emperor over whose election he had exerted no control.

The unfortunate Avitus, who found his position in Rome untenable, fled to Gaul with the object of obtaining military support, but returning with an

insufficient force, was defeated by Ricimer at Placentia.The conqueror, establishing a precedent destined to be followed more than once in the immediate future, compelled him to exchange the diadem for the mitre, but the transformation did not long preserve the victim's life. Apprehensive that his fate was only postponed, Avitus seems to have sought safety in renewed flight; it is certain that he met his death within a few months of his deposition. The fall of Avitus was a crushing blow to Sidonius. He returned home, where he found many spirits troubled like his own, and a party among the nobility still indisposed to acquiesce in the rule of Ricimer, or to see Gaul robbed of the leadership which she had fairly assumed. Feeling ran so high that a regular conspiracy was formed with both Visigothic and Burgundian support, in the hope of placing upon the throne a second emperor approved by Gaul. The candidate is conjectured to have been the gallant Marcellinus; but it seems unlikely that such a scheme can have had the consent of the person principally involved, for Marcellinus, actually commander in Dalmatia, had been the comrade of Majorian, now raised by Ricimer to the principate (April 457), and during the new reign played a part of conspicuous loyalty. Majorian had almost all the gifts which make a ruler----courage, prudence, tact, love of justice, and magnanimity. A puppet-emperor might have been defied, but not a man like this. As soon as events permitted, he entered Gaul, and in 458 and 459 reduced the rebels to submission, The focus of the rising was Lyons, which had actually received a Burgundian garrison. Whether these barbaric auxiliaries remained in the city, or whether they were persuaded to withdraw by Petrus, Majorian's Secretary of State, there could only be one end to the adventure; the city, after suffering great hardships, was compelled to unconditional surrender. The emperor felt it necessary to exercise severity;

in addition to the ruin of its walls and buildings, Lyons was punished by severe taxation. In this rising and its consequent disasters Sidonius took a prominent part; he seems to imply that he and his friend Catullinus actually bore arms, and he was certainly one of those who had to smart under the lash of a 'tribute' described in one of his poems as triple-headed, like the monster Geryon.After the capture of Lyons, the movement collapsed: perhaps by the secret activity among the rebels of men like Paeonius, the upstart, who during the interregnum had usurped positions to which he had no claim, and who now sowed dissension in the hope of securing favour at the

victor's hands. Theodoric, who had attacked Aries, abandoned open hostility, and renewed his previous relations to the empire; the Burgundians, returning to their old position as loyal foederati, were confirmed in possession of all Lugdunensis Prima except the capital itself.

From the embarrassment into which his active participation in rebellion had thrown him, Sidonius extricated himself, perhaps with the assistance of the literary Petrus, by the exercise of his poetic talents. His short appeal against the triple impost was successful; he made a further bid for the emperor's favour by writing a pane-eyrie. It is difficult to exonerate our author from the charge of a certain moral pliancy in this matter. Not twenty months had elapsed since he had sung the praises of Avitus before the Senate at Rome, and now he stood forth in the town of his birth to laud the nominee of Avitus' murderer. This second panegyric is in some ways superior to the first; if the heart of the writer was less glad, his pen was no less ready; and the poem contains passages of no small brilliance and great descriptive power. Majorian loved letters, and had a generous nature; he accepted the tribute, and admitted the panegyrist to the circle of his friends. Sidonius received the title of count, and became a persona grata at the court; the extent of his influence became apparent during the second visit of Majorian to Gaul in the year 461. At that time there appeared an anonymous satire which created a great stir at Arles; the writer severely lashed some of the personages most prominent under the new régime, among others the parvenu Paeonius, who was naturally consumed with the desire to unmask the hidden assailant.

He thought he had succeeded in tracing the lampoon to Sidonius, whom he would have gladly humiliated. Instead of this, he was himself subjected to new and conspicuous discomfiture in the presence of the emperor, who at a banquet endorsed the conduct of his new friend by publicly resenting an unproved insinuation (X. xi).Once more the star of Sidonius seemed in the ascendant; for the second time it was eclipsed. Majorian's career, which promised so much for the empire, was suddenly arrested, and the last real emperor of Rome fell a victim to the jealousy of Ricimer (461). The king-maker availed himself of the disappointment caused by the failure of a new naval expedition against the Vandals to remove too popular a rival. During the next four years he kept upon the throne Severus, a feeble personage on whose nullity he could rely. Severus died in 465, whereupon Ricimer for two years controlled the destinies of Italy alone. In 467, however, a rapprochement

with the court of Constantinople, alienated by the murder of Majorian, became the interest of Italy, and the Senate requested Leo I to nominate an emperor in the West. He complied, naming Anthemius, a great Byzantine noble, son-in-law of Marcian, and a soldier of high repute. Soon after the new ruler had landed in Italy, he endeavoured to conciliate Ricimer by giving him his daughter Alypia in marriage. For the first time since Majorian's death Italy indulged new hopes.

Under a soldier supported by Byzantine influence she might make head against the barbarian without, while the union of Ricimer with the imperial princess promised internal peace. When his prospects were for the second time overclouded by the untimely fate of Majorian, Sidonius passed six years of retirement at Lyons and upon his favourite estate of Avitacum. The quietness of his life was relieved by more than one round of visits to friends at Bordeaux and Narbonne; a number of the letters, and these among the most entertaining, were probably written during the leisure which he now enjoyed. But for the ambitions awakened by experience of two courts and only latent during these years, this would perhaps have been the happiest period of his career. Reading or composing in his library, or instructing his young son; wandering in his grounds by the lake, and amusing himself upon occasion with games and with the chase, he found the hours pass not unpleasantly at home; abroad, the society of the cultured friends and relatives who vied with one another in their desire to show him hospitality, afforded him the most agreeable of distractions. But he had tasted publicity and imperial favour; he had fallen under the glamour of Rome; and amid all the ease and calm of his existence the thought of the prizes which had just slipped from his grasp was a source of secret discontent. He was still well under forty; he could not yet resign himself to the undistinguished life of a provincial noble. While Ricimer remained sole arbiter of Rome's destinies, Ricimer who had caused the death of both his patrons, there seemed no place for him on the greater stage of the world. On all sides the road was barred against him; he must accept the fate of the disappointed man.

Into these shadows the election of Anthemius and the improved position of affairs in Italy brought a sudden light; hopes almost abandoned rose once more. Sidonius began to consider whether he might not attain at the new court the position which fortune had twice placed almost within his reach and twice withdrawn. The course now taken by events was exceptionally fa-

vourable to the attempt. Anthemius fully grasped the importance of strengthening his new dominions, and his attention was naturally directed to Gaul as the bulwark of empire in the West. The provincials on their side were anxious to explain their needs, and to enlist the sympathies of the new prince; they probably had grievances for redress, and schemes for a strong policy against barbaric encroachment. A deputation was appointed to visit Rome, and after offering congratulations to Anthemius, to lay before him the hopes and the necessities of the country. What more natural than that the eloquent son-in-law of Avitus, one used to courts and no stranger in the capital, should be selected to act as leader? Doubtless to his great satisfaction, Sidonius found himself once more preparing to cross the Alps, furnished with an Imperial letter which placed all public means of transport at his disposal. After a favourable journey down the Ticino and the Po to Ravenna, he learned that the emperor was at Rome, and followed him thither by the Flaminian Way, arriving on the eve of the nuptials of Ricimer and Alypia.

The first step was taken; Sidonius had now to see that on this, his third endeavour to rise, he reached an altitude commensurate with his persistent effort and with the dignity of his family. It is probable that Anthemius met him more than half-way, and that the comedy of advancement in which Sidonius now engaged was in reality directed by the imperial advisers. It was very important for the emperor to conciliate Gaul. He was now perfecting a defensive scheme against the aggression of Euric, which involved the sanction of all Burgundian appropriations, and possibly a further cession, in order to secure the more willing cooperation of Gundioc. It was a matter of moment to win for his policy a man of such influence in Lyons and Auvergne as Sidonius, and it may therefore be fairly surmised that the way of ascent was made smooth for the aspirant's feet. The leader of the deputation took up his quarters with a cultured Roman noble, Paulus, by whose assistance he prepared to combine the prosecution of his mission with a legitimate advancement of his private fortunes. The two selected the most efficacious patron in the Senate, Basilius, who had the reputation of obtaining promotions for all his clients and not for his relatives alone. It was arranged that the emperor should be favourably impressed by a panegyric delivered on his assumption of the consulship for the second term on New Year's Day, 468 A.D. The story which must be read in Sidonius' own words (I.

ix), recalls some episode from court-life in the eighteenth century; as Baret has said, the scene might almost be an entresol at Versailles. The panegyric was graciously received----had not Basilius guaranteed as much? And the poet was magnificently rewarded with the office of Prefect of Rome, carrying with it the presidency of the Senate. It can hardly be supposed that the appointment was nothing more than a distinction offered to Letters, like the consulship of Ausonius, or those nominations with which ministers of the eighteenth century recompensed their literary partisans. As already hinted, it is more probable that in part at least the affair was prearranged, and that the panegyric provided an ostensible motive for an act really dictated by considerations of imperial policy. Sidonius now rode, as he would have said, at a safe anchor of glory, he had attained the highest grade but two in the imperial system of honours. There remained only the titles of Patrician and Consul; could he win these, he would have achieved the feat which he repeatedly declared to be every man's proper ambition; he would have risen to a higher rank than any of his ancestors. In the moment of his elation, he doubtless indulged golden dreams; but the unselfishness of his nature is shown by his evident desire that his friends in their turn should set their feet upon the official ladder, and by his promises to do all that he can to further their advancement. Yet he soon found that office has its troubles; almost from the first, the path of greatness was rough to his feet. Among his duties as prefect was the superintendence of the Corn Supply, the Praefectus Annonae being his subordinate officer.On one occasion supplies ran dangerously short, and he grew somewhat alarmed, fearing outbreaks in the amphitheatre on the part of the spoiled Roman populace; fortunately the arrival of ships at Ostia preserved him from the unpopularity which he dreaded (I. x. 2). A more serious event was the impeachment of Arvandus, Prefect of Gaul, and a personal acquaintance of his own, before a committee of the Senate on charges of peculation and high treason. Sidonius was now placed in a most embarrassing position.

On the one hand, he could not but sympathize with this effort of his native province to end by a signal example the insolence and corruption which were leading Roman provincial government to disaster; moreover, the principal accuser, Tonantius Ferreolus, was his connexion and intimate friend. On the other hand, to leave Arvandus to his fate without lifting a finger, appeared a dishonourable and cowardly course. He decided to do what he could

for the impeached man who proved an intractable client, committing every possible blunder in the defence, and rendering the severest sentence unavoidable. The action of Sidonius has been commended by historians, among whom Gibbon is numbered. He necessarily incurred much odium (I. vii. i); for never had representative of law and order a more compromising client. The praise which thus falls to his lot is doubtless deserved, for it may well have been that Sidonius was unaware of Arvandus' treasonable correspondence with Euric, a matter which the prosecution may have kept as the trump-card to be played at Rome, and perhaps deliberately concealed from all friends of the accused, however nearly connected with themselves. Even when the treasonable letter was produced, Sidonius may have hoped against hope that it was not a genuine document, but had been supplied to the accusers by more unscrupulous enemies of the fallen prefect. But though we may approve this loyalty to a fallen friend, we cannot but feel some astonishment that a man of Sidonius' high character should have permitted himself an intimacy with an unscrupulous and violent personage like Arvandus:

he was wont to choose his intimates among men of a very different stamp, and to be fastidious in selection. The conceit and obstinacy of the ex-prefect frustrated all efforts to establish a plausible defence, and Sidonius absented himself from Rome before sentence was pronounced, probably to avoid the pain of witnessing a condemnation which he had been unable to avert. But he and those who acted with him did not relax their efforts on behalf of the condemned man; in all likelihood the commutation of the death-sentence to banishment with confiscation of property may be ascribed to their active intervention. Events of such a nature must have rendered the term of his office an anxious time for the Prefect of Rome. There was another and yet graver cause of anxiety, less immediately conspicuous, but big with coming trouble. This was the increasing tension between Anthemius and his new son-in-law. To any one gifted with political foresight, an ultimate rupture became day by day more certain; and it may be that the retirement of Sidonius was hastened by his desire to leave Rome before fresh disasters broke on the ill-fated empire. This explanation of his final departure is perhaps as likely as that which would attribute his second return from Italy to something in the nature of honourable dismissal. It is possible, however, that, like Mr. Secretary Addison in 1717, this earlier literary statesman proved unequal to the routine of administration, and that the title of Patri-

cian which he now received, was intended to cover any mortification at the premature close of his career; but the capacity for affairs manifested in the stage of his life on which he was now to enter, is rather against the supposition of actual failure. Whatever the causes of his retirement, Sidonius now bade farewell to secular ambitions; restored to the peace of Avitacum, he may well have reflected upon their vanity, and tasted the last bitterness of disillusion.

It is a probable conjecture that such reflections gave a more serious turn to a mind never irreligious, and that the evident change of his outlook on the world conditioned the event which was now to transform his life. On the death of the Bishop of Clermont, Sidonius was invited by general consent to occupy the vacant throne, and he accepted the invitation. Assuming him to have been born between 431 and 433, he was now about forty years of age. The Letters contain no allusion to the circumstances immediately preceding this, the crucial event of our author's life. Nowhere does Sidonius allude to the invitation itself, of the persons who made it or to the arguments which they employed, though more than once he describes his new profession as having in a sense been forced upon him, as indeed it had been forced upon many other men of birth and wealth alike in Italy, and in his own country, among whom St. Ambrose himself is numbered. It is not difficult to supply the information which he omits to furnish. In those troubled times, the Church had special need of leaders familiar with the traditions of high office, trained to public life, and possessed of ample fortune (see below, p. lxxiii). Such men were better able than any others to stand between their flocks and the imperious barbarian princes who, with every year, closed in a narrowing circle round the dwindling territory of Rome. The careers of a Patiens and a Perpetuus proved the wisdom of those who elected them:

the career of Sidonius was destined to justify it in an equal degree. He probably accepted the office not only from the changed view of life which led him to despise worldly ambition, but also because he believed that it opened to him a prospect of useful action for the benefit of his fellow countrymen. He well knew the anxieties and labours which it would involve; long before his own ordination, he had been acquainted with some of the best among the Gallic bishops, and the arduous manner of their life. There can be no question of vanity or ambition in his acceptance. As far as worldly honour went, the ex-Prefect and Patrician had nothing to gain by occupying

a bishop's throne; and Clermont was not even a metropolitan see. Several letters written by Sidonius to other prelates soon after his election show that he was sincerely oppressed by the sense of his own unworthiness, and aware how little his previous life had prepared him for his new career; at the same time his health seems to have suffered, and a dangerous fever brought him almost to death's door (V. iii. 3). But he was cheered by the receipt of encouraging and kindly replies from several bishops of the Province; that of Lupus of Troyes, which is preserved, must have caused him peculiar pleasure, for Lupus was the most venerable figure in Gaul, and regarded with respect in every diocese.

Events were now moving to a crisis which was to put the character of Sidonius to the severest test, alike as patriot and as ecclesiastic. The hold of the empire upon Gaul continually relaxed. It had rewarded the friendship of the Burgundians by permitting great annexations of territory; its enemies were never satisfied. Riothamus the 'King' of the Bretons, who had been entrusted with the defence of Berry with some twelve thousand men, had already been defeated by the Goths, whose ambition was an ever-present menace.Count Paul, for a while the Roman commander, had checked with Frankish support their advance north of the Loire, but they now added to their dominion the northern part of Aquitanica Prima, with the cities of Bourses and Tours. While Euric's lieutenant Victorius made steady conquests in Aquitanica Prima he himself overran the country beyond the Rhône, which he was unable to retain on account of Burgundian jealousy.

The fulfilment of his ambitions involved the absorption of Auvergne, the most loyal district which remained to the empire, inhabited by a war-like race claiming Trojan descent, a people which had fought with Hannibal, and, in the person of Vercingetorix, sent against Julius Caesar a captain worthy of his military genius. Their principality had been the most formidable in Gaul, and they had long enjoyed the reputation of freemen and warriors. Such men, whose leaders still desired Roman rule, even with the traitorous Arvandus and Seronatus as the official representatives of the empire, were not likely to accept Visigothic domination without a struggle. Their country was apparently exposed for several years to a series of raids and invasions culminating in sieges of the city of Clermont, whose people offered a most stubborn resistance, with Sidonius at their head. The bishop was no longer animated by the sentiments towards the Gothic monarchy which had

inspired his eulogy of Theodoric II. Euric was a very different man from his murdered brother, more violent, less refined, less amenable to reason. He made no pretence of recognizing Roman supremacy; moreover his Arianism was of an aggressive type, and with Sidonius, whose Catholicism was orthodox and sincere, this was a factor which now weighed more than any other. The Arvernians, though at first they had conceived new hope from the accession of Nepos, now began to fear that they looked in vain towards the Rome for which they prepared to make the utmost sacrifices.

As the year 474 advanced it was seen that without imperial support their position was hopeless. Sidonius had attempted to postpone the evil day by diplomatic means; Avitus, whose family name was so well known to the Goths, had been sent to intercede with Euric; Ecdicius seems to have been dispatched to solicit aid from the Burgundians. But neither was able to prevent the horrors of continued siege. The defenders fought with tenacity; and though their walls were damaged, though fires destroyed whole quarters and they were reduced to extremities by hunger, they succeeded in holding the city. Their spirits were at one time raised by a heroic exploit of Ecdicius, 'the Hector of this Troy,' who with a little band of eighteen troopers broke through the enemy's lines, inflicting heavy loss upon seasoned warriors, perhaps overcome by a momentary panic. The privations of the city had been so severe, that a party was apparently formed in favour of accepting Gothic rule, a party perhaps recruited by Gothic agents, who no doubt reminded the suffering citizens that the exactions of Visigothic counts were not likely to exceed those of Seronatus. This was a move of which Sidonius perceived the peril. The tension of war was followed each winter by inevitable reaction. The Goths had burned the crops; and though the generosity of Patiens and Ecdicius, now and later, did much to relieve distress, men stood among ruined homes and saw their families still suffering the pangs of hunger.

The advocates of surrender had here a promising material to work upon, and Sidonius strained every nerve to counteract their efforts. He induced his friend Constantius of Lyons, a venerable priest whose name was held in honour in Auvergne, to visit Clermont. The appeal was not in vain; though the winter weather was severe, the old man braved every inconvenience of the way, and by his cheerful presence and calm advice composed the differences and animated the courage of the people.The bishop also instituted the solemn processional prayers or Rogations already used in time of peril by

Mamertus, bishop of Vienne. These also had a tranquillizing effect. But there was still a prospect that the siege might be again renewed, and all eyes were turned to Italy. Julius Nepos was alive to the danger that Euric might cross the Rhône; but weak as his resources were, he could only hope to secure peace by negotiation. The quaestor Licinianus, who had been sent into Gaul to investigate the condition of affairs upon the spot, had done little more than confer upon Ecdicius the title of Patrician, an honour which even at this anxious time highly gratified Sidonius, and filled Papianilla with delight; he had now returned, and it was soon only too clear that hopes based on his intervention were not likely to be fulfilled. Rumours of negotiations were in the air. We find Sidonius writing for information to those presumably in a position to receive early intelligence.

To this last period of suspense, if not earlier, may belong the visit to the Burgundian kingdom, when he was able to frustrate the machinations of the informers threatening Apollinaris. He began to fear that something was going on behind his back, and that the real danger to Auvergne came no longer from determined enemies but from pusillanimous friends. His suspicions were only too well founded. On receipt of the quaestor's report, a Council was held to determine the policy of the empire towards the Visigothic king. Four Gaulish bishops were empowered to enter into negotiations----Leontius of Arles, Graecus of Marseilles, Faustus of Riez, and Basilius of Aix. It is not easy to say whether they failed because they refused to surrender Auvergne; nor can we precisely define the relation of their mission to that undertaken on behalf of the emperor by the venerated bishop of Pavia. Schmidt considers that the embassy of Epiphanius took place when the negotiations of the four bishops had broken down, and that the treaty of 475 was ratified by him. The empire did not feel strong enough to support Auvergne, and it was decided to cede the whole territory to Euric, apparently without condition, unless, indeed, the Visigoth undertook that Catholics should receive fairer treatment, and that the disabilities from which they had suffered should cease.If so, the contingent religious advantages of the treaty might ultimately have soothed Sidonius the Churchman, as the shame of surrender at first incensed Sidonius the patriot. But when the news of the decision reached him he gave way to an outburst of righteous indignation, and wrote to Graecus, his intimate friend, a letter in which the bitterness of reproach is no less remarkable than the exalted tone of patriotism. Sidonius

loved Auvergne; among all the Gallo-Roman nobles none was more devoted to the imperial connexion than he; none attached more weight to the maintenance of Latin letters and Roman civilization. He was cut to the heart. All the valour of Auvergne had been thrown away: the treaty seemed an impossible, an incomprehensible betrayal; the thought of it filled him with mingled shame and sorrow. The year 475, in which he ceased to be a Roman citizen, was the darkest year of his life.

In the organization of his new territory, which he seems to have annexed without further opposition, Euric showed the qualities of a statesman. He appointed Victorius, a Catholic and Gallo-Roman, as Count of Clermont, a man whose piety Sidonius praises, but whose character is painted in a different light by Gregory of Tours. He probably intended to act as fairly by his new Catholic subjects as violent prejudice would allow. But the conduct of Sidonius in encouraging so protracted a resistance at Clermont had incurred his sharp resentment. The bishop was imprisoned in the fortress of Livia, situated between Narbonne and Carcassonne. There may have been some pretence of entrusting him with a special duty, but probably the principal object of the victor was to keep him away from his people until the new government was fairly established. Sidonius seems to have remained for some time within the walls of Livia, but to have undergone no great physical hardships, since his chief complaint is that he suffered from the chattering of two repulsive Gothic hags outside his window (VIII. iii. 2). He had a powerful friend at court in the person of Leo, Euric's Secretary of State, who only waited a propitious time to intercede for his unfortunate countryman, and meanwhile recommended him to occupy his mind by literary work. It must have been due to the solicitations of Leo (VIII. iii) that the prisoner was at last removed, apparently on parole, to Bordeaux, where Euric was now holding his court;

and here, among a crowd including members of numerous barbaric tribes, he was forced to wait the king's good pleasure. Sidonius was ill at ease about his property, perhaps his loved estate of Avitacum, all, or part, of which had been seized during the recent disturbances. He found it difficult to obtain justice; and in a letter to his friend Lampridius (VIII. ix), whose case was very different from his own, bewails the hardness of his lot; but the verses which accompany the letter are practically a panegyric of the Visigothic ruler, whose power they exalt to the skies. As Lampridius was now a fa-

voured personage in the king's entourage, the writer doubtless hoped that they would be brought to the royal notice, as indeed they probably were; the subsequent permission to return home, soon afterwards accorded to Sidonius, may well have been hastened by this timely resort to the arts of the court poet. Euric was perhaps of opinion that his prisoner had now suffered enough, and would cause him no further trouble.

The bishop returned to Clermont in a despondent mood. The Patrician and ex-Prefect was brought low; the idol of his patriotism was shattered. He saw himself abandoned by the government for which he had willingly risked his life; he was the subject of a barbarian whose manners he despised and whose heresy he detested. There remained to him only his faith and his pastoral duty; and in time these were sufficient for him, leading him to those paths of sanctity which were to result in his canonization. But at first the new life was hard; Auvergne enslaved was no longer Auvergne to one whose youth was full of such memories as his. He threw himself with a high sense of duty into his episcopal work; several of his letters refer to events and meetings which occurred in the course of his diocesan visitations; those which were written to aid clerks, deacons, readers, and others in need of his assistance prove that he did not spare himself when an opportunity came to help his neighbours or dependants. But in spite of all these activities, there must have been long and melancholy hours, especially in winter; and his friends feared their effect on his mind. They therefore encouraged him to write; and to this encouragement we probably owe the nine books of the Letters. The first book was issued in response to a request from the aged priest Constantius who had rendered him such noble aid after the siege of Clermont. It probably appeared in 478. It was followed by Books II-VII, dedicated to the same venerable friend. Books VIII and IX were supplemental, the first added to gratify Petronius,though still dedicated to Constantius; the second by desire of another friend, Firminus.

There can be no two opinions as to the wisdom of his friends. It is clear from more than one passage that Sidonius enjoyed rummaging among his papers for any letters suited for publication, and that to transcribe, correct and polish the pages written at various periods of his life provided just the distraction which he required. To the gradual process of publication may in part be ascribed the lack of chronological order in the Letters, which makes them appear inconsequent to the modern reader, though it is not the sole

reason (cf. below, p. cliv). But Sidonius was not only asked for collections of his letters. His talent as a poet was still in request. If a new church was erected, a metrical inscription for the walls must come from his hand; if a notable person died, he must provide an elegy. High ecclesiastic though he was, he was still expected by privileged persons to furnish occasional verses; and though he sometimes declined a request which he felt inappropriate, at others he could not find it in him to refuse. He was also urged to write the history of periods falling within his own remembrance, a task which he was unwilling to perform. But he occupied himself with Commentaries on the Scriptures, and composed, among other religious works, certain Contestatiunculae, which appear to have been prefaces to the Mass. The loss of his religious writings makes it impossible to estimate his position among the doctors; Gennadius placed him without hesitation among their number.His activities were not confined to composition; he also revised manuscripts. Thus we find him sending to Ruricius a Heptateuch collated by his own hand.

Amid these manifold occupations, pastoral, literary, and scholastic, the later life of Sidonius wore away. In the words of his epitaph (see p. Hi), he lived tranquil amid the swelling seas of the world (mundi inter tumidas quietus undas). He continued to write to his friends and to receive letters from them; it is thought some examples may date from 484, or even later. This was an important year, for it marked the death of Euric, and the succession of a weaker ruler in the person of Alaric II. The disappearance of the great Arian may have relaxed in some measure the tension between the Catholic Gallo-Romans and their unorthodox rulers; but it prepared the way for the final subjection of Gaul under a single barbaric nation. The Franks soon afterwards commenced the advance which was only to end on the shores of the Mediterranean; in 486 Clovis ended the shadowy rule of Syagrius between the Loire and Somme, and prepared the way for a descent upon the Visigothic and Burgundian kingdoms;Sidonius may even have lived to hear of this event.The last years of his life are said to have been embittered by the persecution of two priests of Clermont, Honorius and Hermanchius, possibly representatives of the Arian heresy. The story runs that they proposed on a certain day to drive Sidonius from his church, but a horrible fate overcame one conspirator, and the other for the moment desisted from aggression. Thus Sidonius, when his time came, was suffered to die in peace.

He is said to have fallen sick of a fever, and to have been carried into the church of St. Mary, where he took an affecting farewell of his flock, and indicated his desire that Aprunculus should succeed to his office. Little more is heard of his family after his death. His son Apollinaris is said to have been one of his successors in the see of Clermont. The year of Papianilla's death is unrecorded; of her daughters, we know only the meagre facts with regard to Alcima related by Gregory of Tours. By the end of the sixth century the house which had played so great a part in Gaul was no longer known to history. Sidonius was buried in the chapel of St. Saturninus at Clermont, and an epitaph of eighteen hendecasyllables, composed not very long after his decease, is quoted by Savaron from an early manuscript formerly belonging to the Abbey of Cluny, but now at Madrid. At some time after the tenth century, the chapel having fallen into ruin, his remains were translated to the church of St. Genesius in the centre of the town, where they lay in a reliquary on the right-hand side of the principal altar. In 1794 the church was destroyed; it is not known whether the bones were actually burned within the Place de Jaude, or whether the reliquary was buried under the ruins of the demolished walls.

Such were the principal events in the career of Sidonius, Gallo-Roman noble, Prefect and Patrician, Visigothic subject, bishop and saint. His letters have been compared to a literary Herculaneum, preserving under the accumulated centuries the most varied evidences of late Roman provincial life. We may gather from them a multitude of facts bearing upon the society, civil and ecclesiastical, of the time; and though the value of Sidonius as a chronicler is seriously affected by an upbringing which set more store on literature than on observation, the harvest is plentiful enough. He experienced life under such various aspects, and knew so many people, that he could not fail to present a picture of provincial society of the highest interest and importance. It was inevitable that he should see things in the light of his own times, and remain under the influence of his own environment. He does not say as much about common things and ordinary events as a modern historian would like to know; he is reticent, after the Roman manner, about his family. It was not an age which cared to talk much of private life, or to describe the usual scenes of city, farm and country-side; nor was it the age of confessions, confidences and apologies. Sidonius does not depict his inmost nature like Montaigne, though in many little touches, applied almost at ran-

dom, he allows us to trace for ourselves a portrait which he would not himself elaborate.

We must not therefore go to him either for the sociology of the fifth century, or for the more intimate aspects of life; his mind was absorbed in other things. But when all deductions are made, we shall still find in his pages much invaluable material even on the subjects which he disregards; while those on which he cared to be explicit receive from him more illumination than from any contemporary writer. This is especially true of the lives of the members of his own class, of the literary activities of fifth-century Gaul, and of ecclesiastical affairs. His hundred and forty-nine letters are addressed to a hundred and nine correspondents, including ex-prefects and patricians, a minister and an 'admiral' of the Visigothic king, a Breton commander, and no less than twenty-eight bishops; while among the recipients of letters who did not hold ecclesiastical or secular office are to be found the student, the poet, the young noble, the country gentleman, the schoolmaster and the rhetor. So varied a list proves that the writer was a man whose wide acquaintance gives him a right to be heard as a representative of his time and country.

Many allusions in the Letters will be more intelligible if a few words are said in the present place on the general conditions obtaining in Gaul when Sidonius wrote, with especial reference to the classes from which his correspondents were drawn. And firstly in relation to his own class, the provincial nobles of senatorial houses. Perhaps the point which first strikes us is that life on the great estates in the last half of the fifth century, at the very end of Roman power in Gaul, is just as Roman, and in some ways almost as secure, as in the times of Hadrian or Trajan. The noble has his town house and his country villa, the latter with its large establishment of slaves, its elaborate baths, and all the amenities of country existence as understood by Roman civilization. In his well-stocked library he reads his favourite authors, writes himself in verse and prose, or maintains a continual correspondence with friends of equal wealth and leisure. For diversion, he hunts and fishes, or rides abroad to visit his neighbours; if interested in the development of his land, he goes round the estate, watches the work in progress, and is present at the harvest or the vintage. It is the life of the cultured landed proprietor in a country at profound peace, where soldiers seem to be neither seen nor thought of, and the only sense of insecurity arises from the presence of robbers on the lonelier roads; but for the apparent predominance of literary over

sporting interests, we might be reading of the English shires in the days of the Georges, when the carriages of nobles were stopped by highwaymen on Bagshot Heath. Yet the Visigoths had been established half a century in Aquitaine; the Burgundians were on the Rhône;

the Franks were pressing upon such territory in northern Gaul as still retained a shadow of Roman authority. The barbarians encompassed the diminished imperial possessions upon three sides; even before the time of Anthemius and Euric, the empire must have been aware that they were bent on a further advance. When we think of the apprehension caused in modern times by the threatened invasion of one nationality by another, of the military preparations and the manifold precautions on every hand, it all seems at first sight very strange. The explanation is to be sought in the fact that, for the majority of the population, the possibility of change had no exceeding terrors. The small landowners and townsmen had suffered to such an extent from maladministration in the past, that they regarded the future with indifference; their own lot was no whit better than that of their fellows who had already passed under Teutonic sway. The Visigoths and the Burgundians had the best reputation among the barbarian peoples; they kept order with a strong hand; they endeavoured to assimilate what was good in Roman law and practice. Even the great landowner had only to fear a partial confiscation of his estates; but in most cases the acreage was large enough to leave him still in comfort, and in difficulties he would probably still have an appeal to some administrator of Roman extraction, like Leo or Victorius. Under these circumstances the Gallo-Roman noble might view the change in his allegiance without despair;

though his income and his acreage would be diminished, he would still have his villa, and cultivators to work on his land; he would still live his leisured life. Only in Auvergne, perhaps, did loyalty to a tottering empire go the length of resolute resistance; even there, it is probable that a part of the population was lukewarm, and that ardour had to be assiduously fanned by enthusiastic loyalists like Sidonius and Ecdicius. Thus the change from Roman to Visi-gothic citizenship implied, for the noble, a comparative loss, and for the lower classes a possibility of actual gain: a Euric was less likely than a remote and helpless emperor to tolerate a Seronatus in his service. The Letters afford interesting confirmation of a certain tacit confidence in barbaric rule. One year Sidonius paid a round of visits to Roman friends living near Bor-

deaux and Narbonne; these friends are displayed to us reading and writing in their comfortable libraries, maintaining their luxurious kitchens, entertaining each other, and living a large life at their ease. Yet at the time every one of them had ceased to have any political concern with the empire; every one of them was a Visigothic subject. The fact speaks for itself, and it makes the point from which we started less strange than it at first appeared. If life continued almost in the old fashion, even across the barbaric frontier, why should there be panic on the Roman side, or terror as to what would happen when the line was finally abolished?

Existence would be much the same for most men after the great change was made. The higher nobility would lose the honours of imperial office, for there would be no more prefectorian or patrician rank; the rude barbarians would be unwelcome neighbours; but there were ways of avoiding them, and after all, they were a small minority. The Gallo-Roman nobles would continue to pay each other visits and write each other elaborate letters; they would hold closely together, and neither Visigoth nor Burgundian would care to intrude on their society. The prestige of Roman culture would remain; things would go on as before. Their day would begin at its usual early hour, opening in religious families with a service in the chapel attached to the house, followed by visits to particular friends. After nine o'clock, there would be outdoor and indoor games; if sport was pursued, the hawks or hounds would be taken out. The company would perhaps adjourn to the baths, after which would come the prandium or midday meal, about 11 a.m. The hour of the siesta would be succeeded by a ride or other light exercise, and by the afternoon bath, preparatory to the coena, or supper, which would be enlivened by songs and music, or seasoned by cultured conversation. The barbarian might rule the land, but the laws of polite society would be administered as before.

The Letters enable us to follow in some detail the career of the Gallo-Roman noble from childhood to mature age. During his tender years he and his sisters were left to the care of the ladies of the family; at this period of their lives they remained in a seclusion almost resembling that of the Eastern gynaeceum. From this seclusion the girl never really issued into the full light; she learned, as she grew up, to superintend and share the work of the textrinum (II.ii. 9); if she was skilful, like Araneola, she executed ambitious pieces of embroidery with figure-subjects (Carm. xv. 147 ff.); in the library,

her place was where the religious books were kept (II. ix. 4), and sometimes, like Frontina, she attained at home a reputation of piety superior to that of nuns (IV. xxi. 4). The boy was permitted far more freedom; he played ball-games, and was initiated into the various forms of outdoor sport. As soon as he was old enough he attended the schools of his provincial capital, and learned to deliver 'declamations' before the rhetor, perhaps a man of distinction like Eusebius of Lyons, at whose feet Sidonius sat (IV. i). In his holidays, or on special occasions, the high official position held by his relatives might secure for him a good position at any spectacle or ceremony; we see the young Sidonius, when his father was prefect, pushing into the near neighbourhood of the consul Astyrius on the day of his inauguration (VIII. vi. 5).

Released from the schools, he continued his sports, adding games of chance with dice, evidently very popular on all hands (II. ix. 4; V. xvii. 6, &c.). If a young man was rich and clever, or his family had influence, he went to Rome and entered the Palatine service, with the hope of rising to the high offices of the State. But his public life was usually over before middle age, and he retired to enjoy the honorary rank conferred by his late office. If he had no taste for further publicity he remained at home, read and wrote, followed his hounds, or acquired a taste for rural economics; kept up his classics and his ball-games; perhaps built additions to his villa. He might even grow too absorbed in rural interests to visit town even in the winter, like the Eutropius whom Sidonius rebuked, or the Maurusius whose company he so highly valued. Or he might advance a stage further, and think of nothing else, till he was lost to all ambition beyond crops and stock, and sank into rusticity. There were many such in Gaul, and in more than one letter Sidonius alludes to them with regret or indignation. But the more intellectual among the country gentlemen did not lightly forget the culture of their younger years. Literature probably occupied the class as a whole more than it has ever done in modern Europe. The Gallo-Roman noble was always a potential author, and valued himself as a critic.

Verses and epigrams were circulated from house to house, and the writers of these expected from every reader a letter of acknowledgement, which could be nothing less, under the circumstances, than eulogistic. The more earnest students would edit a classic, and keep copyists at work transcribing manuscripts for their shelves. In their houses the library was a very important room, and the scrolls and books were carefully arranged.We receive the im-

pression that the proportion of well-to-do people really fond of literature was high in the second half of the fifth century; and though the devotion to the classics in many ways recalls that of the Chinese literate to whom the past is everything, the precedence given to literature over sport is a feature which commands our respect. For all this, the more strenuous noble must often have found time hang heavy on his hands. He had few outlets for his energy; local politics were of the slightest interest to him; they were the affair of smaller men, and he had, as a rule, little notion of what we now call social service (see below, p. lxx). But his duties as father of a family were conscientiously performed; he sometimes himself took a part in his children's education. Then there was the regular and voluminous correspondence with his friends, comparable, in the care lavished on style and diction, to the leisurely exchange of letters by persons of culture in the eighteenth century. Visits to friends living at a distance were also serious undertakings; we find Sidonius making 'rounds' which range from Auvergne to Provence, from Bordeaux to Lyons. On long expeditions he took his servants, bedding, and all impedimenta; where there was no friend's house to offer hospitality, he camped (IV. viii), or, if driven to it, used an inn (II. ix. 7; VIII. xi. 3). Friends' houses stood open to each other, and liberal hospitality reigned. But though good cooking was evidently as general as in modern France, excess at table was rather the exception than the rule. Hospitality, however, was sometimes insistent, then as now; and in one place Sidonius confesses that after the opulent suppers of Ferreolus and Apollinaris a week's thin living will do him good (II. ix. 10).

If the noble was a Christian, as was now very generally the case, public religious duties played some part in his life. When a church was consecrated, or the feast of the patron saint came round, he made a point of attending the services, which sometimes began even before daybreak: at such festivals all classes came together, though they did not mingle, and the intervals between the services were occupied with games and conversation (V. xvii). Or he would prepare to set out with all his family on a pilgrimage to some important shrine, even when the state of the roads was dangerous (IV. vi). With these tranquil occupations his years passed by. But if he bore a high character and was popular with his neighbours, the quiet tenor of his life might be suddenly interrupted: he might wake one day to find himself elected bishop, and the most earnest nolo episcopari was not accepted as an excuse. If, on the

other hand, the Church made no such claim upon him, he declined into a serene old age, and might have to listen in his own bed to those contradictory verdicts of the doctors whose quarrels in previous years disturbed his patience. He died; but though veneration for the dead was a conspicuous virtue of his age, his family might forget for two generations to erect his monument, and when reminded by some accident of their duty, excuse each other by citing the irrelevant cases of an Achilles and an Alexander.

Both in town and country, the nobles seem to have led a large and sumptuous existence, in no way inferior to that of their own class in Italy. The proud name of 'the lesser Rome of Gaul' which Ausonius applied to Arles, is justified by the letters alluding to the sojourn of Majorian in that town. In one an imperial banquet is described; in another a private feast, given by an acquaintance of Sidonius. In both cases the luxury is redeemed by an intellectual atmosphere, but the luxury is there, with all the genialis apparatus which contemporary extravagance required. There are the hangings of rich purple, the napery 'white as snow', the table-decoration of vine-tendrils and ivy; there are flowers in profusion. The guests recline, with balsam-perfumed hair, while frankincense smokes to the roof, and the very lamps are scented. The slaves bow beneath the burden of chased silver plate; choice wines flow in cups crowned with rose-wreaths. There is dancing, and music made on cithara and flute by Corinthian girls and other professional musicians. It all suggests an evening with Lucullus rather than a dinner-party in a provincial capital. These were special occasions; but the general standard of life was clearly high. There is a picture of one Trygetius, so comfortable at Bazas amid the selected delicacies of his storeroom that even the prospect of a gourmet's paradise at Bordeaux cannot drag him from home.

A snail would outstrip this lazy personage, whom a comfortable boat awaits on the Garonne, with 'mounds of cushions', a grating to keep the feet dry, an awning to ward off the evening damp, dice and backgammon to pass the idle hours while, in frequent chants, the oarsmen sing his praise. Even the delicata pigritia of Trygetius, thinks Sidonius, must be tempted by this care for his comfort, all leading to a veritable tournament of epicures at the end. Who would imagine that when this invitation was sent, the homes of these Gallic Sybarites were in Visigothic territory, and that Theodoric was master of Bordeaux? Sidonius himself was comfortable enough at Avitacum, with his winter and summer dining-rooms, his elaborate baths, and his ball-

ground down by the lake (see below, p. xcv); while the lordly villa of Consentius, the Octaviana, was probably more extensive still, with its porticoes and baths, its well-stocked library, its vineyards and olive-groves, where the visitor hardly knew which to praise most, the cultivation of the estate or that of the master's mind (VIII. iv).

It is in many respects a singularly refined life, free, as a rule, from coarse vice and brutality. But no one who reads either the letters of Sidonius, or any other work descriptive of the fourth and fifth centuries, can fail to be struck by a certain lack of broad aims or ardent interests. These men are less primitive than the barons of the Middle Ages, but in idealism and fervour the mediaeval knights leave them far behind. It has already been hinted that to find a parallel for some of these lives, absorbed in solemn literary trifling, we should have to look to the Far East, rather than to any European state. These members of the senatorial class were possessed of enormous wealth, but they seem to have had little encouragement to expend any part of it for the benefit of their country. They escaped the municipal taxation which they could well afford; their chief use for surplus money was to lend it at twelve per cent, and if possessed of business instinct, to foreclose their mortgages. Thus they had come to possess nearly the whole superficial area of a country which they were not even supposed to defend. If they wished to commit illegal acts, they could often set themselves above the law. Provincial governors were amenable to hospitality and open to social influence; a Seronatus could be persuaded to sanction courses which the distant emperor would not have tolerated. Judges were even more exposed to improper influence;

the powerful noble had probably little difficulty in wresting a judgement, if he had the mind to do so. The base arts to which some members of the senatorial class descended to evade their share of taxation, or fill their pockets at the expense of a defrauded state, disclose a code of ethics for which too often public duty was a phrase without a meaning. The honourable men among them----a Tonantius Ferreolus, a Thaumastus----might discountenance such ignoble practices, and lead the province in an attempt to obtain the punishment of a bad governor. But they were in a minority, and the evil grew despite their efforts. It is difficult to understand how the nobles spent the princely incomes which, by fair or unfair means, were always increasing. In modern times, with continual demands upon his purse for all kinds of public objects, with the competition for expensive works of art, with a thou-

sand and one objects of use or luxury daily forced upon his notice, it may be supposed that the magnate can keep expenditure within range of income. But the Roman millionaire, at any rate in the provinces, had no great and steady drain on his resources unless he was a devout man and prepared to erect or restore churches as a practice. He might spend considerable sums on his houses and baths; but as labour was cheap, if not unpaid, and as there is a limit to construction, even building on a large scale would not seriously diminish an income equivalent to £50,000 a year.

A few, like Magnus or Consentius, might buy pictures or other works of art, but the sums paid for them can hardly have been comparable with those given for old masters to-day, nor do we gather from the Letters that the love of art was really intense, or widely disseminated in Gaul. The chief intellectual interest was literary, and however enthusiastic it may have been, it can hardly have depleted a senatorial purse. There were manuscripts to buy, but, it may be conjectured, not at the prices of the modern sale-room; and the rarer illuminated books were not yet collected by the competitive methods of our day. If then there were no hospitals to endow, no large yachts to maintain, no subscription lists to head, on what did the provincial millionaire spend his money? He could only entertain on a very lavish scale when resident in a town like Arles. He gambled, but not, as far as we know, on the heroic scale. He patronized the chase, but hunting was then a cheap pursuit. The milliners' and jewellers' bills which he had to pay can hardly have caused him much embarrassment; the weaving, and probably the making, of his wife's clothes was done by the maids of the house; and it may be doubted whether, in an age when diamonds were practically unknown, the most expensive jewellers could send him an inconvenient account. His estate was self-supporting; those who tilled it largely worked for nothing or were recompensed in kind;

all the food and all the fuel required for his household came from his own fields and woods. 'Clients' cannot have been ruinously expensive where food was cheap. He had only to feed and clothe his domestic servants, not to pay them wages. The answer to the question probably is that the rich provincial noble did not and could not spend his income; year by year he became richer and ever more uselessly rich. That he did so was but one count in the indictment against the Roman system of provincial government, which threw such burdens on the middle class and the lower class of freemen, that the

vigour of both was sapped, and the spirit of enterprise crushed out of existence. It is unnecessary in the present place to dwell upon the notorious evils of the Curial system,which gave the decurion all duties and no rights, and the senatorial class all rights and no duties. We need not linger over the folly which encouraged useless wealth and useless lives in a class which, reasonably handled, might have become a bulwark of the State. The noble had no useful work to do. His tenure of quaestorship, vicariate or prefecture once over, he had no further career. He could not serve in the army; he was not supposed to found an industry. There was no scope for active brains except in literature, and literature was now of such a kind that its propagation was of doubtful advantage to the world. We can hardly wonder if men unmanned, as it were, by statute failed the empire in its need, or if the great proprietor made his estate his world, and cared little for events beyond his boundaries. He had become a fly upon the wheel of government, brilliant perhaps, but an insect still, and adding no momentum. Sidonius belonged to the best of his order; he and his relations loved their country, and were prepared to sacrifice everything for it. But custom held them bound; they had no chance to prove themselves until it was too late.

The Roman empire opened its own veins. But there was now within it an organism which drew to itself new blood, and amid the general enfeeblement of old institutions, grew daily in vitality. The Church succeeded to the neglected opportunities of the State. While the secular arm relaxed, the Church enlarged her power, and drew the people to the one rallying-point that remained to them amid the increasing disruption of society. 'In the civil world', said Guizot, many years ago, speaking of the fifth century, 'we find no real government; the imperial administration is fallen, the senatorial aristocracy fallen, the municipal aristocracy fallen as well. It is a tale of dissolution everywhere. Authority and freedom alike are attacked by the same sterility. In the religious world, on the other hand, we see an active government, an animated and interested people. Excuses for anarchy and tyranny may be numerous; but the liberty is real, and so is the power. On all sides are the germs of an energetic popular activity and of a strong executive. This, in a word, is a society marching towards a future, a stormy future fraught with evil as well as good, but full of power and fecundity.' Here is the root of the matter: the Church had a future and a present; the State had only a past.

While the imperial officials were too often regarded as instruments of tyranny, whose only relation to the mass of the people was external and oppressive, the leaders of the Church were in constant touch with national and individual life. Their homes were in the towns; their houses were open to all in trouble. Instead of being the common enemy, the bishop was every one's friend,he stood in a regular relation to the municipal body, and exercised certain judicial rights of his own. Moreover, he controlled the Church lands in his diocese, and had thus a power of the purse which necessarily increased his consideration at a time of general impoverishment. It is not astonishing that under such circumstances the prestige of the bishop steadily rose. In the time of Sidonius, the episcopate was already moving towards the emancipation attained in the sixth century; but as yet the occupants of the Gallic sees were men of such high character that there was little abuse of their expanding authority. The Letters bring no such charges of violent and unseemly conduct as those which are scattered through the pages of Gregory of Tours. The bishops of the expiring fifth century were powers in the land and powers for good, mitigating the hardships of a dangerous epoch, and standing forth in the public eyes as the true representatives of national life. They were indeed almost the only conspicuous figures who were visibly doing national work, and the fact was widely recognized.

Good men of wealth and standing, condemned to inaction by the absence of any secular career, must have cast envious eyes upon this episcopal office which enabled its holders to serve their country so well; the hierarchy and the people, equally alive to the importance of strengthening the Church by the admission of such valuable recruits, did not discourage their aspirations. The Church was not so ill-advised as to imitate the State in debarring from a share in her activities the very men who could render the greatest service; she gave the nobles a ready welcome, not merely because they were rich, though riches were desirable, but because they were likely to possess, in a more eminent degree than others, the high culture and the great manner which the long habit of receiving deference conferred. The Church had room, as historians have observed, for two types of bishop. She needed, on the one hand, the learned pupil of the monasteries, the theologian, preacher, and disciplinarian. She needed, on the other, the man born to great place, imposing respect by personal distinction, and a commanding figure in any company. She appreciated a Faustus, pursuing as bishop the austerities which

he had practised as a monk; she welcomed Remigius and Principius, sons of a count, and the wealthy Patiens, who could combine simplicity in his own life with a lordly openness of hand and the most gracious arts of hospitality (cf. VI. xii. 3).

The aristocratic bishop could serve her best not only in her relations with imperial officials, whose day was almost gone, but also with the barbarian princes, whose favour grew more important with every year. As the empire was ever further dismembered, and the Church provided the one bond of union between the subjects of isolated kingdoms, the diplomatic bishop continually proved his worth. The Visigoth and the Burgundian were impressed by his culture and his experience of the world; moreover, they were by tradition disposed to favour high birth. There was thus a general tendency to elect a certain number of aristocratic personages to vacant sees, and a corresponding readiness, on the part of the worthier noble, to look with favour on such election, seeing, as he could not fail to do, that the one way to be of use was to become a bishop. It was therefore no unprecedented event when upon the death of the Bishop of Clermont, Sidonius found himself called to succeed by the voice of his fellow countrymen in Auvergne. The call came perhaps too suddenly; it appeared rather a summons than an invitation; but the recipient of it was more ready for the change than he supposed himself to be. And in spite of the misgivings which crowded upon his mind, he must have seen ground for hope in more than one direction.

In leaving the aimless existence of the provincial magnate for the living work of the Church, he joined an organization which now assumed a commanding influence over the whole moral and intellectual field; to throw himself with ardour into its work was to aid the one force in the land which made for regeneration. The Church appealed also to the scholar and man of letters. The only original philosophical speculation of the day was carried on by theologians like Faustus and Claudianus Mamertus, who had persuaded Philosophy into the service of Religion (IX. ix. 12). To rhetoric the Church offered the one chance of effective action; the orator in the pulpit could feel that he was not delivering a class-room declamation, but reaching the hearts of men. The preacher could treat the great subjects of life, not as themes for academic display, but with a purpose of practical reform; the eloquence of a Remigius carried away great congregations; the pulpit had succeeded the rostra, it alone spoke to an assembly of the people. Even the education of the

young was beginning to pass into the control of the Church: in the monastery of Lerins a school was established by Faustus, at which a brother of Sidonius was trained (Carm. xvi. 1. 70). The old education was doomed to pass with the passing of the empire; it was a survival, unfitted for the coming age. The people at large had no interest in the exercises of rhetors and grammarians; they turned from them to other teachers.

And among these the former pupil of Hoënius and Eusebius now took an honoured place. We may briefly notice a few allusions in the Letters to those ecclesiastical matters with which the second part of Sidonius' life was so largely concerned. Great as the influence of the bishops had become, it is clear that it was still in some measure controlled both by the general voice of the laymen, and by that of the priesthood, now a body apart, and more definitely severed from the community than in early Christian times. We mark the survival of these two factors, the popular and the priestly, in the interesting accounts of the episcopal elections at Bourges and Châlon (VII. ix; IV. xxv). We there find the popular vote still regarded as an integral part of the proceedings, while some of the diocesan priests give vent to strong opinions of their own, not always coincident with the episcopal point of view. But in both cases the bishops, though recognizing the traditional popular claim, succeed in carrying their point. They hold a private meeting at which they agree upon their candidate and it is this candidate who is elected. The consecration of a new bishop at Châlon is carried out by Patiens and Euphronius in a masterful manner; at Bourges, Sidonius delivers a formal address calling upon the people to accept Simplicius. At Bourges, indeed, the electors seem to have recognized the necessary confusion where 'two benchfuls' of unscrupulous men were all urging their claims to a single throne (VII. ix. 2).

When one aspirant based his hopes on his kitchen and his dinners, and another on a promise to divide Church property among his supporters, the evils of popular election became apparent to all responsible laymen: they abrogated their claims in favour of the bishops, whose selection they agreed to accept. Such cases probably illustrate as well as any examples could, the evil tendencies which necessitated a change of system.And the people were not alone in the responsibility for undesirable episodes on these occasions. At Bourges the priests openly favoured promotion by seniority rather than by merit, and Sidonius was obliged to administer a sharp rebuke. It is plain that in the late fifth century a tightening of the bonds of discipline was inevit-

able, and this could only be effected by the bishops. The intense and factious excitement aroused on the occasion of an episcopal vacancy affords yet another proof of the importance attaching to the bishop's position. A see was worth fighting for; so much so, that the prize attracted candidates whose motives were sometimes entirely base. Perhaps in the years preceding the disasters of A.D. 474 there had been a certain laxity in the religious life of Gaul. Sidonius alludes to public devotions in which the prayers were too much interrupted by refreshments (V. xiv. 2); the dicing and other amusements interspersed between the services at the festival of St.. Just seem in rather too close an alternation with the devotions of the day (V. xvii).

There may have been in many places an excessive preoccupation with the material side of life, which affected even those whose office it was to inspire thoughts of the opposite kind. An Agrippinus in holy orders harassing his sister-in-law on money matters is not a pleasant figure (VI. ii). Nor can we approve the apparent toleration of money-lending in the case of priests (IV. xxiv). But against such examples may be set others of a very different kind, which show that there was a strong leaven of piety and devotion both among clerics and among laymen. In the monasteries there was severe self-discipline, and many of the distinguished monks or abbots who were taken from Lerins to fill the sees of Gaul, carried into their new spheres of activity all the monastic rigour to which they had been accustomed. The Syrian monk Abraham, who after being driven from his native country by Sassanian persecution, had finally settled down at Clermont (see below, pp. lxxxiii, civ), afforded another example of renunciation, which produced its effect even upon Victorius, Euric's Count of Auvergne (VII. xvii. 1). Vectius, the noble who maintained his place in the world while secretly practising a devout life, is, as Dill has observed, a character which might be taken from Law's Serious Call (IV. ix). The ex-quaestor Domnulus, a friend of Sidonius, goes into retreat in the monasteries of the Jura (IV. xxv). Simplicius, while a young man, straitens his resources by building a church, Elaphius builds a baptistery in Rouergue (IV. xv).

It is natural that we should learn more from Sidonius of the contemporary bishops than of the lower ranks in the Church, since it was with them that he had chiefly to correspond. Many attractive figures pass before us, some already familiar, as having their recognized place in the history of their age. There is the aged Lupus of Troyes (S. Loup), the doyen of Gaulish

bishops, who in spite of advanced years and many anxieties, received the news of Sidonius' election with fatherly satisfaction, and, for all his saintliness, was human enough to take umbrage at a supposed breach of literary etiquette (IX. xi). There is Remigius (S. Remi), the apostle of the Franks, to whose glowing eloquence Sidonius bears his testimony (IX. vii). There is Faustus, the daring theologian of the day, and leader of a semi-Pelagian school in the south of Gaul, whose work on Free Grace was condemned by Pope Gelasius, and whose anonymous treatise on the Materiality of the Soul elicited the De Statu Animae of Claudianus Mamertus. There is the learned Graecus of Marseilles, whose part in ratifying the treaty of surrender drew from Sidonius the bitter reproach of outraged patriotism, but did not ultimately affect the friendly relations between them. There are St. Euphronius of Autun, Leontius of Arles, Perpetuus of Tours, Basilius of Aix, and many others less known to posterity.

Finally there is Patiens, for whom Sidonius is the sole authority, the saintly and generous bishop who relieved the distress even of those living far beyond the limits of his own diocese, and rebuilt on a magnificent scale the old church of the Maccabees at Lyons: for him, as bishop of his native town, Sidonius may well have felt an almost filial affection. Of the 'second order' in the Church, the priests, we hear comparatively little. The most distinguished among them is the above-mentioned Claudianus Mamertus, the religious philosopher of Gaul, who combined high speculation with orthodox belief, while at the same time aiding his brother Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne, in almost all the practical work of the diocese, from the receipt of the revenues to the training of the choir (IV. xi). Most other priests whose names are mentioned in these pages are names and nothing more; it is a matter for regret that there is no portrait of the parish priest and his activities, such as the most literary bishop of Gaul could so well have drawn for us on his return from one of his extended visitations. Of the inferior orders, one or two deacons ('Levites') are briefly introduced. Proculus, a pupil of Euphronius, is praised as reflecting in his manner something of the urbanity of his master Principius (IX. ii);

a more unfortunate Lévite, who, driven from home by the barbarian incursion, has sown a crop on church-lands in the diocese of Auxerre, finds a ready advocate in Sidonius, who begs of Bishop Censorius the remission of the payments due (VI. vii). Two Readers (lectures) also find mention in these

pages, one, the impudent Amantius, several times, and once at great length; the other, an unnamed person engaged in commerce, whom the influence of Graecus is to convert from a small trader into a 'splendid merchant' (splendidus mercator (VI. viii). Of the monks in Gaul Sidonius gives but scanty information. An Abbot Chariobaudus receives a gift of a cowl for winter use (VII. xvi); but though allusions are made to the great houses of Lerins and Grigny, and to the smaller houses of Condat and Lauconne in the Jura, the Letters give us no details of monastic life. We only learn that on the death of the monk Abraham, the founder of St. Cirgues at Clermont, his successor had not the qualities which maintain order, and Sidonius asks his friend Volusianus to act as a kind of Superior without the walls (VII. xvii); perhaps in the founder's time these monks followed an oriental custom, and Volusianus was now to introduce the stricter rules of Lerins or Grigny. It was at St. Cirgues that some ill-conditioned person removed Sidonius' book when he was conducting a service, with the vain idea of causing him embarrassment (Gregory, Hist. Franc. II.

xxii), a rather curious little episode, which, if really founded on fact, throws an interesting side-light on the maintenance of monastic discipline. The house ultimately became a priory and lasted till the close of the eighteenth century. Though as a young man Sidonius was familiar with the court of Theodoric II at Toulouse (I. ii), no small part of his experience among the barbarians was gained when he had become a bishop. We have seen that after his imprisonment in the fortress of Livia, he seems to have been compelled to wait the king's pleasure at Bordeaux; and in the course of his efforts to recover his lost property, he must have been brought into contact with various members of the Visigothic administration. It was at Bordeaux that he saw those representatives of the different barbarian tribes whose personal characteristics he has described, some of them captives like himself, others rendering voluntary service to a dreaded master. At both periods of his life he must have been familiar with the Burgundians, whose territory even in his youth was at no great distance from his native town. But in their case also, the acquaintance which was so distasteful to his fastidious mind was renewed at a later time after they had entered on the possession of Lyons. His female relations continued to reside in that city; and he went there after his entry into the Church, to see not only his family, but also the Burgundian king who stood with Rome against the aggression of Euric.

It must have been painful in the extreme for one to whom Roman culture meant so much, to hear the guttural voices of the barbarians in the streets where in his young days he had passed to and fro with his Latin classics; to see 'skin-clad' guards at the gate of the praetorium where Rome had displayed the symbols of her power, and, penetrating to the halls built for an imperial magistrate, to be welcomed by the gross good-humoured chieftain whom Patiens conciliated by excellent dinners (VI. xii. 3). Sidonius paid his court, as duty to his people compelled him to do; he took the opportunity of interceding for his kinsman Apollinaris, threatened by the malevolence of the informers who now infested the barbarian capitals; but, all the time, the iron must have entered into his soul. Like his brother-in-law Ecdicius, who in like manner had frequented these same halls, he must have suffered from a keen sense of humiliation. There was but one consolation, that however unrefined the Visigoth and the Burgundian might appear by comparison with the Roman standard, they were humane and civil compared with the pagan Frank and the fierce piratical Saxon of the north.

It was indeed the peculiar good fortune of central and southern Gaul that the two peoples which here succeeded to the Roman inheritance were the best of all the conquering Teutons. The Visigoths belonged to a tribe which had now been in contact with imperial civilization for generations and had adopted much from Roman law and custom; the Burgundians, though outwardly less civilized, were the most genial and good-natured of all the German nations. The great drawback to both lay in their common profession of the Arian heresy, but for which the Gallo-Romans might have acquiesced far more readily in their dominion, and the ultimate triumph of the Frank would hardly have been so rapid. Religious fanaticism apart, and this only flamed fiercely in the ten years of Euric's reign, the relations between provincial and barbarian were those of mutual tolerance. Neither Visigoth nor Burgundian was animated by any inveterate hostility to Rome. They had been confirmed in possession of their present territory by imperial sanction; it had been their earlier ambition to rank as foederati; the Burgundian king was even now proud to hold rank under the empire. It was impossible even for the most exclusive Roman citizen to forget that the fabric of the empire had been preserved by barbarian arms, and that the great Stilicho was a Vandal. Nor could personal charm be denied to those Teutonic leaders who had

learned the arts of Roman life. In Italy itself there had been conspicuous examples; and though the portrait of Theodoric II in I.

ii is perhaps overdrawn for a temporary political purpose, his manner of life was tolerably civilized. The Goths and Burgundians were prepared to treat the Gallo-Romans without violence; but they were determined ultimately to dominate the whole of central and southern Gaul. Before the time came for the full satisfaction of that ambition, they were as a rule inclined to live peaceably with their neighbours; meanwhile they were subjected to a continual process of Romanization, their new relation to the land and their inferior knowledge of agriculture alone making them to a great extent dependent on Roman law. On their side, the Gallo-Romans were used to the presence of the northerner in their midst. The individual Teutonic peasant or slave had been a familiar figure in their households or on their farms since the days when the military emperors had distributed thousands of prisoners over the land. It was recognized, not by the fiery Salvian alone, but by the average inhabitant, that the barbarians had their good qualities, and that in blunt honesty and the sense of justice the Teutonic chief might excel the Roman official. When the imperial system degenerated beyond redemption, when a Seronatus succeeded an Arvandus, and the extortions of the tax-gatherers were hardly to be borne, the perception became general that life might be more tolerable in Septimania, or under Chilperic than under the jurisdiction of Rome. Except in Auvergne, where among a section of the inhabitants loyalty to Rome was a passion, the country was being gradually prepared for the inevitable transference of sovereignty. The poor man often longed for the change; the rich man resigned himself to unavoidable fate. The one felt that his lot could not be worse; the other saw that the civilized life of ease might be led almost as agreeably at Toulouse or Bordeaux, which had been Visigothic for half a century, as in the cities remaining to the empire (cf. above, p. lxv). It may be added that even as fighting men the barbarians did not inspire universal terror.

The intruders were in a numerical inferiority which increased with each fresh annexation, and the Gallo-Roman could remember more than one occasion on which, man for man, Roman warriors had proved their equals. Moreover the barbarian tribes were not united against Rome. The Burgundian was jealous of the Visigoth, and even lent troops to Auvergne to assist in opposing his advance. Perhaps the worst feature in the situation was the gen-

eral suspense; the uncertainty when the blow would fall paralysed such public life as remained. The administration continued to deteriorate; the officials were openly dishonest. The roads were insecure. Fugitives from unjust usage established themselves in fastnesses and seized on all property which could be carried off. They were joined by bankrupts, runaway agents or cultivators from the great estates, in short by every one to whom the lawless life appealed. Rome was ceasing to maintain order; she had to make way for a power which could.

Perhaps when the blow did fall, it proved, for a time at least, more serious than the sanguine had expected. Euric was an intolerant Arian; the passive or active resistance of the Catholic clergy provoked him to harsh treatment of individuals, while he prevented new appointments to sees left vacant by death or deprivation. Churches fell in ruin; bereft of their pastors, flocks were scattered. He was further incensed by the obstinate resistance of Auvergne; his troops burned the crops and devastated the country, thus causing the most widespread distress. But as soon as the treaty was concluded and Berry and Auvergne were his own, he in some measure justified the hope that the Goths would establish a reputable government. He already had at his right hand, as prime-minister, the Catholic Gallo-Roman Leo; he now set over the conquered Auvergne another Gallo-Roman, Victorius; and we may perhaps assume that the episcopal negotiators of the treaty had secured from him better conditions for the Catholic population under his rule (see above, p. xlii). As a whole, the newly acquired territory settled down under Visigothic laws, in which, as we have seen, much Roman law was now incorporated. A sensible loss to the senatorial families was that of the 'consular', 'prefectorian', and other titles derived from their passage through the cursus honorum. As Sidonius says, the only distinction now was culture, so that the jealous maintenance of Roman literature and the purity of Latin speech became more than ever important.

A few nobles followed the example of Leo and Victorius, and took high office under the new régime, as they did in like manner at the Burgundian courts. Evodius, for whose presentation-cup to Ragnahild Sidonius wrote his verses (IV. viii), may have succeeded in pushing his fortunes in this manner. Other conspicuous Gallo-Romans were perhaps content to ingratiate themselves with their prince by the arts of flattery: such was Lampridius, the orator and poet of Bordeaux (VIII. ix).The baser sort found their advantage

in becoming informers, and trading in the properties and lives of their fellow countrymen. Their machinations were in one case thwarted by the interventions of Chilperic's queen, whose support was of such worth to Patiens. The respect which the Teutonic princes and peoples showed to their women was a virtue which did much to make them respected by their Gallo-Roman subjects. Probably Sidonius came into close personal relations with no barbarians other than the Visigoths and Bur-gundians; of the rest he had a glimpse during his sojourn at Euric's court (see below, p. cix), or only knew by hearsay. His experience was gained in the most favourable field; but it is clear that though in younger days he had followed his father-in-law's pro-Gothic policy, and though as a Visigothic subject he schooled himself to civility, the intensity of his Roman sympathies never suffered him to like even the best of the barbarians. In a confidential letter he makes the confession that he does not care for barbarians even when they are good (VII. xiv. 10). He despised them as lacking in the refinements of the one culture in which he believed. The personal habits of the Burgundians revolt him, he indulges in a subdued sneer at the culture of the Visigothic court: the quality of the silver of Ragnahild's cup, not that of the verses engraved on it, will alone be esteemed 'in such an Athenaeum' (cf. above, p. xlvi). The barbarians are always the skin-clad savages (pelliti), as compared with . the Romans in their civilized dress.2 In a time of strained relations, the Visigoths become the perfidious people (foedifraga gens), in whom no reliance can be placed (cf. p. lxxxvii, note). This ingrained dislike on the part of Sidonius is an unfortunate circumstance for the historian of the barbaric nations.

He was in a position which offered him priceless opportunities to observe not only the outward appearance of a few ypes casually seen at Bordeaux or Lyons, but the daily life of the community. He might have learned to converse with them, given us examples of their speech, told us their proverbial wisdom, their legends and their history. He did none of these things. The apostle of Latin idiom would not soil his lips with the detested German tongue. An Athenian, forced to learn Persian under a victorious Xerxes, would not have suffered more than this Patrician, if Visigothic had been made a compulsory language in vanquished Gaul. It is clear that he only half admires the cleverness of a Syagrius who became so proficient in the Burgundian dialect that old men were afraid of being detected by him in solecism (V. v. 3). It is a great opportunity lost. But though he falls lamentably short of

what he might so easily have accomplished, Sidonius has left several sketches of barbarian types which are not without their value to the student of history and ethnology, or even to the literary man. It was probably at Lyons that he saw the young Frankish (? prince Sigismer in his rich apparel, walking amongst his guards to the house of his prospective father-in-law, the Burgundian Chilperic (IV. xx). The description is full of interest, and has attracted the attention of every historian of the fifth century; so circumstantial is it that though the nationality of Sigismer is not stated, it may be fairly inferred from his equipment and his arms. But, as already noted, it was during his enforced stay at Bordeaux that the Bishop of Clermont had occasion to observe the various representatives of the northern tribes who pressed upon one another at the court of the powerful Euric (VIII. ix). There he saw the swift Herulian with his glaucous countenance; the blue-eyed Saxon 'archpirate', terror of the coasts; the grey-eyed Frank with his shaven face, yellow hair, and close-fitting tunic; the Sigambrian, shorn of his treasured backhair. His knowledge of Mongolians probably dates from an earlier time, and is not displayed in the Letters; it may chiefly have been derived from Avitus, who knew the Asiatic nomads well from the days of Attila, Aëtius, and Litorius.

What Sido-nius has to say of them is to be found in his Panegyric of Anthemius, where he praises the horsemanship of troopers who seem rather centaurs than men separable from their mounts. From hearsay also may have come the extremely interesting description of the Saxons, 'who regarded shipwreck as only so much practice.' Their maritime skill and enterprise are told in a few vigorous phrases, while their custom of offering a human sacrifice before setting sail on the homeward voyage is recorded as a fact of common knowledge. Taken as a whole, these contributions to our knowledge of the Teutonic tribes are well worth having, though, for the reasons given above, they at the same time disappoint us, knowing as we do the unique nature of his opportunities. After all, great allowance must be made for a writer who had championed a lost cause against these very peoples of the north. The representative of a high civilization who fears that all refinement is going down before the flood of barbarism cannot be expected to regard the barbarian with the same sympathetic interest as the conqueror or pioneer who carries the banner of the higher culture into the wilderness in the confident assurance of its triumph. Had Sidonius accompanied a victorious Ro-

man army to the shores of the Baltic, he might have looked upon the Teuton with other eyes, and developed some of the observant qualities of a Tacitus or a Lafitau.

And yet, when we remember his silence on his own countrymen of the lower classes, we may perhaps doubt whether, even under stimulating conditions, he would have made a good scientific observer. The whole education and training of the Roman school were such as to make the scientific attitude almost impossible to the finished product of the system. Before turning to consider that system and its effect upon the literary talent of Sidonius, we may pause briefly to consider the information which he supplies on several external aspects of Gallo-Roman civilization in the last years of the imperial connexion. We may take, in the first place, his description of his villa Avitacum, evidently modelled upon Pliny's accounts of his own favourite country seats. In some parts this description is hard to follow, and the relative position of the principal chambers not quite easy to understand. We imagine, however, an extensive structure designed with all the Roman regard for aspect; with a winter dining-room provided with an open hearth, and summer dining-room, half out of doors; with colonnade and loggia, weaving-room, women's quarters, and very extensive baths. The baths were clearly a great feature of Avitacum. The house almost abutted upon an eminence, from which a stream flowed down, while the same hill provided timber for heating in such convenient fashion that the cut logs rolled down the steep slope, and almost delivered themselves at the furnace-door. The different chambers used by the bathers, some of which were adorned with frescoes, are described in some detail; one had a pyramidal roof; another a basin filled from pipeheads cast to resemble lion-masks, through which the water comes in such a tumult that the master of the house and his fellow bathers have to converse at the top of their voices to be heard. Sidonius clearly prided himself on his baths, saying that they need fear no comparison with public establishments. The house of Avitacum must have been a charming place, situated on rising ground with a wide prospect over a lake, perhaps the Lake of Aydat (see note, 36. 2, p. 222);

it is not wonderful that the owner should describe it with enthusiasm. But there are curious omissions in the description of its amenities. It is remarkable that so bookish a man should say nothing of his own books, though he could certainly have quoted Cicero's words about his library (Ep. VI. viii),

and in another letter dwells at some length on that of a friend. Again, while there must have been extensive gardens round such a residence, not a word is said of them, though, here again, the gardens of a friend are praised in another place. How different Pliny, who dwells with delight upon his fountains and trim walks, his cypresses and roses! We are tempted to doubt whether Sidonius really loved flowers. Nothing, again, is said of stables; nor is there a word of domestic pets: we doubt Sidonius as a lover of animals. Yet, for its freshness and solitude, Avitacum was evidently near to his heart; there he enjoyed the tunicata quies, which to the Roman was the equivalent of the ease in 'flannels' so delightful to the city dweller of to-day. We gather that the villa of Avitacum was as undefended as Roman country-houses usually were. But it is a sign of this unsettled period that some seats were already fortified, rather, perhaps, to resist sudden attack by brigands than assault by barbarian invaders. We learn nothing precise from the Letters of the architectural features of town dwellings.

It would have been interesting to know the disposition of the houses in such a place as Lyons, and how those of the chief citizens resembled the larger residences in Italy on the one side and Britain on the other. Of the interior furnishing of the house, little is said; apart from the description of baths, what details we have concern almost exclusively the dining-room. Here were the stibadium (horseshoe couch) and 'gleaming sideboard' (nitens abacus); here couches for the diners, decked perhaps, like those of Theodoric, with linen coverings on ordinary days, and silk on great occasions (I. ii). The best accounts of dining-room arrangements are given where Sidonius describes the banquets at Arles already mentioned (p. lxiv). In I. xi the arrangement of the company on the stibadium. in strict order of precedence is clearly noted, the host being at one 'horn', his principal guest at the other, followed by the remaining guests in order of their official rank, so that the junior (in this case, Sidonius himself) reclined next to the host. The poem of IX. xiii enters with some detail into the luxurious accessories of a Roman banquet in the capital of the province. The couches are draped with hangings of purple silk, or with figured silk textiles bearing representations of mounted huntsmen in Sassanian style, which proves the importation of oriental stuffs into the West as early as the mid-fifth century (see note, 203. I, pp. 251-2). There are flowers on the sideboards and even on the couches. Burning frankincense rolls its perfume to the roof; the lamps, knowing nothing of

common oil (oleum nescientes), are fed with scented opobalsamum. When the feast begins the servants appear, bowed under the weight of the chased silver plate.

Wine gleams in rose-wreathed cups and bowls of various form, and is spiced with nard. When the meal is done, some of the guests are stimulated to the imitation of Bacchantes, and dance among garlands that hang from the unguent-vases. But the chief entertainment comes with the introduction of Corinthian girls, who sing to the accompaniment of the cithara, and of other flute-players and singers. It is a scene of lavish extravagance. The mid-day meal of a senatorial family in every-day life is described as consisting of dishes few in number but varied in contents; the evening meals seem to have been more elaborate (II. ix. 6, 10). A high standard of comfort and a good cuisine were evidently the rule. Introducing to Simplicius a person unused to the manners of society (IV. vii), Sidonius pictures the man's astonishment when invited, as the acquaintance of so old a friend as himself, to sit at the family table: 'it will abash this rustic to be entertained with an elegance which will make him think himself among the delicate guests of Apicius, and served by the "rhythmic carvers of Byzantium".' The one indispensable article of furniture, not necessarily placed in the dining-room, which receives special mention is the water-clock or clepsydra;even here, however, it is in one case brought in as having announced to the chef the hour for lunch. Of bedrooms nothing is said: one passage rather leads us to suppose that sleeping accommodation was less extensive than we should have expected (II. ix. 7).

Such artistic references as occur seem to show that Sidonius, though fond of all refinement, was not a connoisseur. It may perhaps be surmised that provincial art in Gaul in the second and third quarters of the fifth century resembled the literature of the same period, and that its work was uninspired and imitative, coldly reproducing at second-hand traditional classical models. It probably did not share the great prestige accorded to literature; though Sidonius mentions a score of contemporary orators and poets, artists are to seek in his pages. The wealthy Gallo-Romans may have chiefly concentrated their enthusiasm upon Letters, and have regarded art as a secondary matter. Such comparative indifference could only have hastened the downfall of the academic Roman style before the invading oriental motives which now entered Gaul in increasing numbers, and were naturally more congenial to

barbaric taste. Of sculpture we learn even less than painting. The author gives no description of his own statue erected at Rome after the delivery of his Panegyric of Avitus, nor does he allude to the sculptor. His mention of stereotyped attitudes when enumerating the principal philosophers of antiquity (IX. ix. 14) suggests that he had well-known sculptural types in his mind, but he does not himself assert it. On the subject of architecture Sidonius does not seem to write with understanding. The account of the villa of Avitacum is not that of an expert; and his descriptions of two churches, that erected by Patiens at Lyons (II. x) and that by Perpetuus at Tours (IV.

xviii. 4) are rather slight: we do, however, gather that the first was an orientated basilica, preceded by an atrium, and with a coffered ceiling in the interior, though there is no clear statement as to the number of aisles or the form of the bema. The second, which replaced the older building erected by St. Brice over the shrine of St. Martin, seems to have presented most exceptional features; it may have introduced into Gaul a type of choir which was destined to influence the whole course of Romanesque and even Gothic building (see note, 33. 1, p. 231). Yet nothing that Sidonius says would lead us to infer that the church of Perpetuus was an epoch-making structure; we infer it only from the later description by Gregory of Tours. In connexion with the churches mentioned by Sidonius, we must not forget the metrical inscriptions which he and his rival poets composed at the bishop's request to be engraved upon the walls. These are of such a length that they were probably cut in rather small characters upon panels or executed in mosaic. In the case of Patiens' church, the verses of Constantius and Secundinus were to be placed to right and left of the altar, those of Sidonius himself perhaps opposite on the west wall, though the words he uses are not clear (in extimis). Monastic buildings are not described by our author.

Yet, as we have already seen, he had a personal knowledge of Lerins, and any details of its architectural features, plan, and internal arrangements would have been of the highest interest. He could have described to us, too, the process by which the simple cell of the Syrian monk Abraham near Clermont developed into the monastery of St. Cirgues, for at the time of Abraham's death the community was evidently of some size (VII. xvii. 3, 4). Altogether, we could wish that Sidonius shared the architectural interest of one of his friends, who was fond of reading Vitruvius (VIII. vi. 10). Perhaps, however, he would only have reiterated his preference for the traditional in all

things, and, like the accepted oracles of the eighteenth century, to whom Gothic architecture was all contemptible, have regarded all divergences from Vitruvian precept as wholly beneath his notice. His indifference to the really important features of Perpetuus' church lends some colour to the supposition. In relation to the art of music, our author again reveals no personal enthusiasm. His references to secular music usually concern the performances enlivening banquets, which then, as now, were intended rather to distract than to inspire. But we are told that Theodoric II only cared for serious strains at table, and that he dispensed alike with the hydraulic organs and with vocalists---- the negative statement here suggesting that in other houses neither was disdained (cf. above, p. lxiv). Perhaps at no period of his life was Sidonius a patron of musicians.

Church music receives just enough attention to tantalize the reader. Among the merits of the accomplished priest-philosopher Claudianus Mamertus, Sidonius records his zeal in training the choir for his brother the Bishop of Vienne; again, in connexion with the celebration of the festival of St. Just at Lyons, we hear of antiphonal singing (V. xvii. 3). There is no definite allusion to the use of musical instruments in churches. In the matter of costume, we learn more of barbarian than of Roman dress, and more of the garb of laymen than of clerics. It may be taken for granted that the tunic remained the usual garment for the house among the Gallo-Romans; sometimes the girdle or belt which held it round the waist offered scope for ornament of a particular fashion (IV. ix. 2). Over the tunic were probably worn the mantles most commonly in use in late-Roman times----the pallium, of Greek origin, and the paenula (a kind of poncho) for bad weather. The toga was now a ceremonial garment, of which the most sumptuous form was the toga palmata, or embroidered robe worn by the Consul. Sandals or boots are only mentioned in relation to a symbolic figure of a Muse; the description of the method of lacing is not easy of comprehension (VIII. xi., 11. 12 ff. of the poem). It is just possible that there is an allusion to a professional dress in the letter which Sidonius sends to Domitius, the grammarian of Ameria, inviting him to the cool retreat of Avitacum in a very hot summer. Domitius is depicted as expounding Terence to his pupils wrapped in a thick cloak, while others were perspiring in thin linen or silk; it may be, however, that Domitius was extremely sensitive to draughts, for even under the thick cloak he is

said to be swathed round and round, a fashion which would be no necessary accompaniment of a master's gown.

Armour is mentioned in the letter which recounts the prowess of Ecdicius in breaking through the Gothic lines round Clermont. The hero is described as wearing greaves, a cuirass, and a helmet with cheek-pieces (III. iii. 5), the whole equipment following the Roman model. The most careful description of barbarian costume concerns not the Visigoths or Burgundians, with whom Sidonius was in frequent contact, but in all likelihood the Franks, with whom he had had probably no regular relations. It has been already noticed (p. xciii) that the weapons borne by the guards of the young Sigismer, whom Sidonius saw at Lyons, are characteristic of that nation (note, 35. 1, p. 233). The prince himself wears a flame-red mantle over a white silk tunic, and a wealth of gold ornaments. His companions wear high, close-fitting, short-sleeved, parti-coloured (? tunics scarcely reaching to their bare knees, and low boots of hide with the hair adhering; their legs are left uncovered. Each has a green cloak (sagum) with a purple border, and apparently a skin mantle over all, brooched on the right shoulder to leave the sword-arm free. The sword is worn on a baldric; the other weapons are barbed lances and missile axes (lancet uncati, secures missiles). Circular shields enriched on the field with silver, and on the umbo with gold, complete the equipment of the brilliant train. In general it recalls the Frankish warrior as he is depicted in Carolingian illuminated manuscripts of the ninth and tenth centuries;

though at this later date the legs are commonly protected by tight bandages. The skin garment is the great characteristic of the barbarian in the Roman's eyes; the adjective pellitus is used almost as a synonym for barbarian. Especial importance was attached by the different tribes to the manner in which the hair was cut. Theo-doric's hair is withdrawn from the forehead and long over the ears (I. ii. 2). The Saxons have the whole fore-part of the skull shorn, a fashion which at a distance seems to increase the length of the face and reduce that of the head (VIII. ix, 11. 23-7 of the poem). The Sigambrian normally wears his hair long at the back; the old warrior of this tribe, whom Sidonius sees at Bordeaux, has had his long locks cut off, and will not feel a true man until they have grown again (ibid. 1. 28). Of clerical vestments, unfortunately, nothing is said; at this early period, differentiation between clerical and lay garb may not have gone very far; but it had begun, and even a few words would have had their importance. Monks are described

as wearing the palliolum, which would seem to indicate that the monastic dress at first resembled that of the philosopher (IV. ix. 3). The cowl was apparently at this time an independent covering for the head, as Sidonius sends a thick one as a present to the abbot Chariobaudus (nocturnalem cucullum, VII. xvi. 2). The tonsure is described by the usual word corona, which is ultimately transferred to the tonsured: corona tua is used very much as we should say 'your reverence'.

The allusions to sport and games are fairly numerous. In the chase the bow is the principal weapon (I. ii), but for encountering the boar and other beasts the spear comes into play, the game being driven into nets (VIII. vi. 12). Namatius is bantered on the over-merciful temperament of the hounds with which he pursues the hares of Oleron (ibid.). The hawk is more than once mentioned as an essential possession of the young country gentleman with sporting tastes (III. iii. 2). In one place we hear of a fishing expedition to which Agricola, his brother-in-law, invites Sidonius (II. xii. i). Racing in small boats took place in former times on the lake below Avitacum, in recollection of Aeneas' regatta at Drepanum, the people of Auvergne claiming a Trojan descent (II. ii. 19). Large comfortable river-boats manned by rowers ply on the Garonne (VIII. xii. 5). References to games are of much interest, but unfortunately they are seldom precise, and where they seem to give detail, only confuse by uncoordinated facts. A board-game of some kind resembling backgammon, possibly that known as duodecim scripta, is indicated in the difficult passage in I. ii, where Theodoric is described at play. Dice-boxes are frequently mentioned, and one would assume that games of hazard were a little too popular with the aristocracy of Gaul. Outdoor games with balls were evidently pursued with ardour, and Sidonius, similar in this to Augustine, admits himself a devotee (V. xvii. 6). But here again it is difficult to form an idea of the rules. There is no mention of any apparatus beyond the ball itself, so that to translate by 'tennis' is misleading to a modern reader: the players seem simply to have required an open space in a courtyard or on the grass, with perhaps lines marked upon the ground. Sometimes two players were enough, as when Sidonius and Ecdicius play in the meadow by the lake (II. ii. 15); at others there are opposing pairs (II. ix. 4); in one place we read of whole 'sides', when at the festival at Lyons the elderly Filimatius is knocked down (V. xvii. 7). The reference to collisions shows that the game

was fast. The great games of the Circus were still held in Gaul in the second half of the fifth century, but possibly not after Majorian's time.

Turning to the apparatus of more serious pursuits, we find various references to writing materials. Letters and manuscripts were written upon parchment or paper; the words membrana, papyrus, and charta are all employed, the two latter being synonymous. But tablets (codicilli, pugillares) and a stylus were used for the first notes or rough drafts (e. g. IV. xii. 4, and cf. Cicero, Ad fam. IX. xxvi). Literary people were sometimes accompanied by a secretary, who kept the tablets always ready for their use, or himself wrote from their dictation, as did the secretary of Filimatius on the famous occasion when Sidonius composed his epigram upon the towel (V. xvii. x). From IX. xvi it would appear that ink was allowed to dry, and that the process was not accelerated by the use of sand, or by any other substitute for blotting-paper. In the same passage there is a reference to ink freezing on the pens in very cold weather.

A few miscellaneous facts may be noted which bear upon contemporary custom and observance. From I. v. 10 we gather that the old Thalassio still held its own in 468, the year of the wedding of Ricimer and Alypia, and that the crown was still worn by the bridegroom at the ceremony. For all that is said to the contrary, it might have been a pagan marriage of Catullus' day, whereas both the contracting parties were Christians. An interesting point is raised with regard to the disposal of the dead. The spade of the excavator seems to show that in the Roman provinces cremation went out of fashion about the year A. D. 250. We should infer the opposite from those passages in Sidonius, where the machinery of cremation is mentioned as if it were still in use, or had been so within living memory (III. iii. 13; III. xiii; Carm. xvi. 123). Perhaps we may hazard the conjecture that a few aristocratic families preserved an old custom after it had been abandoned by the mass of the people, just as, in more ancient times, they had maintained burial when incineration was first introduced. The evidence of Sidonius with regard to epitaphs also deserves notice. Those which he himself composed are of inordinate length, and imply monuments with abundance of plane surface.That they are not merely literary exercises, but really meant to be used, is shown by his desire that the work of the monumental mason who was to cut the epitaph on the tomb of the prefect Apollinaris should be carefully checked, for fear that any error committed might be imputed to the writer and not to

the artisan. Altogether, the epitaphs are of most formidable length, eclipsing in this respect those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or the longer effusions of our country churchyards.

The imperial road system was still apparently maintained on a satisfactory footing in the year 467, when Sidonius travelled from Lyons to Rome, and, as bearer of an imperial summons, was entitled to the free use of post-horses. The mansiones, or rest-houses, and the veredarii, or mounted letter-carriers, are mentioned in different Letters (III. ii. 3; V. vii. 3). In more than one place Sidonius alludes to inns which were patronized by nobles when no better accommodation was to be had, but they seem to have been of indifferent quality. The above are but examples of a much larger number of points which the archaeologist may discover in the Letters. But even these will suffice to show that the study of Sidonius is not altogether unprofitable to archaeological research. The preceding pages have sketched in outline the life of Sidonius and the surroundings in which it was passed. But the conditions under which he grew to manhood will be imperfectly understood unless something is said of the system under which the young Gallo-Roman was prepared for his career. For the education which the boy Sidonius received, the typical education of his class and time, exerted a lasting influence upon the man. It coloured his whole outlook upon the world, not always to his advantage, since his very loyalty to academic ideals obscured those natural powers of observation which he certainly possessed. It controlled his literary prospects, determined his interests, and created the astonishing style which seemed to him worth so many vigils, but to us is like a faded finery, hampering the free movement of his thought. Some idea of the intellectual training which produced such strange results is thus essential to our purpose.

The education of the young Gallo-Roman in the fifth century differed but little from that which his father and grandfather had received. The whole training was rooted in traditions no longer vital; it was essentially bookish, uninterested in facts, almost exclusively absorbed in words. Before all other things it set Grammar and Rhetoric; in many schools these two subjects represented almost the whole curriculum. Law had of course to be learned by candidates for the bar; philosophy was studied perhaps more as an accomplishment and a discipline of the mind, than for the problems with which it was properly concerned; there was some musical instruction, perhaps more of a theoretical than of a practical nature. But for most youths

education meant a proficiency in the Latin classics, a knowledge of the structure of the Latin language, and of the art of speaking before an audience upon a given subject. The interest was directed not to the synthesis of life, but the antithesis of clauses. Science, as we understand the term, was practically unknown; the mathematics, the geography, the astronomy of the schools had as much relation to mythology as to fact. The interesting letter on the death of the rhetor Lampridius shows that even on the most brilliant products of the late Roman schools, astrologers could still exert their baneful influence (VIII. xi. 9). Perhaps the decline in the study of Greek prejudicially affected the power and inclination to observe or think naturally. That language was still taught in Gaul;

Sidonius noted the fluency of Lampridius in both Greek and Latin; and at Narbonne there were men of culture who appreciated Greek poetry. But the Theodosian Code shows that the Latin grammarians received higher salaries than the Greek, enjoyed a higher position, and probably instructed larger classes. Their lectures consisted for the most part in commentaries on classical authors, chiefly the Roman poets. Style was analysed; the vocabulary of each writer examined; metaphors and expressions were carefully discussed. Points of etymology and antiquarian knowledge were raised, and pursued along the by-paths of erudition; it was a golden age for commentators. Not all, however, was learned trifling. Some of the criticism upon Virgil and Homer was acute and penetrating, as, for example, the fifth book of the Saturnalia of Macrobius. The great text-book in the schools of the fourth and fifth century was Virgil. To Sidonius, as to Augustine, he is the prince of poets. Terence was evidently popular in Gaul; the Letters allude to his characters, and in the passage on the home-education of Apollinaris, Sidonius reads the Hecyra with his son, uncertain which delights him most, the fine style of the author, or the youthful grace and ardour of the boy. The influence of Horace is also evident in our author; he is second to Virgil among the poets. The opulent and elaborated style of Statius naturally commended him to such a society as that of fifth-century Gaul; he had been popular with Ausonius; and his influence on Sidonius as poet is undeniable. It is the same with Claudian; the Panegyrics which charmed the ears of an Avitus or an Anthemius owe him much, but the splendour of the original is gone. Among prose-writers, not Cicero, but the younger Pliny was the favourite. In the introductory Letter of the fifth book, Sidonius acknowledges him as his mas-

ter; and in a later book again refers to this professed allegiance. Pliny, the agreeable letter-writer, was the inevitable model of a society in which correspondence with friends was a main interest of existence: no less inevitable was the reproduction of his mannerisms rather than his excellences by purely imitative writers. In his introductory epistle to Constantius, Sidonius quotes as a warning the nickname given to Julius Titianus for his sedulous efforts to reproduce the style of Cicero: he was called 'the ape of orators' (pratorum simia). Yet he and his own contemporaries fell into the same error; they were apes of the second great Roman letter-writer, caricaturing their master by accentuating all his faults. Features of Sallust's style were distorted by them in the same manner.

Grammatical criticism of the classics was followed by specialized study of the great orators, with a view to proficiency in public speaking: this was the course of Rhetoric. The rhetor was a more important person in society than the grammarian. But, as noted above, he professed an art which, except in the Church, had little prospect of great or serious audiences; it was divorced from real life; it was the accomplishment of the speech-room. The training was still, no doubt, a good one; rhythm, prosody, voice-production, division of the subject, were all thoroughly taught, and proved their value when there was a worthy occasion for their use. But most opportunities were hardly worth the taking; the speaker eulogized the great dead or the Epigoni of the present; he took part in academic displays or competitions before small circles, in which ancient or unreal issues were treated in the style of the classroom declamation. An unbounded respect for certain models, a good memory with an endless stock of figures, metaphors and mythological examples always at command----these, and not the power to read hearts and sway them to a genuine emotion, were the essentials of oratorical success. These were the qualities which carried Ausonius, the rhetor of Bordeaux, to the highest office in the State. The enthusiasm for letters which such promotion implies is laudable in itself; but in the time of Roman decadence the reward fell to an artifice which sterilized instead of fertilizing the mind, and drove hearts capable of valiant action into channels of sentimental retrospect. The fine flower of all this education was the panegyric, and it was an artificial flower.

It has been already noted that the Church was beginning a new education of her own (p. lxxvi), and that in some cases boys were placed under a reli-

gious teacher, as Sidonius' own brother studied under Faustus at Lerins. But as a rule, sacred learning would seem to have been neglected in the schools attended by wealthy pupils. Some of the great families were probably still pagan: others appear to have shown little zeal for the religion which they nominally professed; the old mythology dominated literary culture. Perhaps Sidonius was never really grounded in the study of the Scriptures till after his consecration. Only after that event do his letters show a familiarity with Holy Writ; examples and illustrations derived both from the Old and New Testament then accompany or displace the mythological figures dear to his earlier years. By the side of Triptolemus, we hear of Joseph.Moses, Aaron, and Solomon, Joshua, the Gibeonites, and the people of Nineveh are introduced in illustration.The Church is the spiritual Sara; Philosophy is the fair woman captured from the enemy and espoused by the captor; the story of Peter and Simon Magus points its obvious moral. St. Luke is quoted as a believer in the advantage of long descent.

In no capacity did this scholastic education so harm Sidonius as in that which it was designed to advance---- his quality as man of letters. He was too good a pupil of his peculiar masters to be anything but a bad writer. The curse of the rhetorical tradition clung to him like a chronic disease; it destroyed the originality of a genius never too spontaneous. In an age when it was improper for a literary man to be himself, he thought too faithfully of the proprieties. His age was just to him: he had the reward of his obedience. The society whose conventions he defended saw in him the mirror of contemporary writers; in his heart, he himself was sure that the vote of posterity was won.Though, soon after his death, a Ruricius might whisper a doubt, it was long before the general verdict turned against him. The Middle Ages approved; and even after Petrarch's misgivings, the voice of admiration continued to be heard. But the Renaissance grew critical, the eighteenth century dared to attack. If the value of Sidonius really lay in his style and diction, as he himself believed, then his credit would indeed be dead beyond resuscitation. Hardly any Latin author has received so short a shrift at the hands of modern criticism as this professed champion of the Roman tongue. When good Latinity was once more understood, our author's pedestal became a pillory; and the works of every writer upon style, from Horace to Boileau, provided missiles wherewith to pelt him.

Gibbon, preferring his prose to his 'insipid verses', pays it a back-handed compliment after his manner. Even those who uphold particular merits are forced to draw upon the arsenal of epithets forged against the affected and the turgid writer. The most recent critics are the most severe of all. Hodgkin says that Sidonius has achieved nothing beyond a fifth-rate position as a post-classical author; Dill sees in him one of the most tasteless writers who ever lived. In the matter of depreciation the last word has been spoken; nothing fresh can now be said. The Latin style of Sidonius is condemned as finally as the French style of Voiture. But the position of Sidonius no longer depends on his manner; his style is to-day brushed aside as a tiresome veil, obscuring what he has to say. He refused to write history; he survives as the historian malgré lui. Though he missed one of the great opportunities in literature; though he failed to record much that was most worth recording in the world about him, and instead of the new drama of his times preferred to transmit for the hundredth time the vapid and worn-out stories of Greek mythology, he has yet preserved for us facts enough to constitute him a chief authority on the century in which he lived. His literary fate is indeed a paradox; he is one of those men whose parergon alone is valued, and who are esteemed for the very part of their work which they themselves deemed least important. By a careful sifting of the Letters and the Poems, modern writers have extracted much material which, classified and co-ordinated, has thrown useful light on one of the darkest periods of history; on many points, Sidonius is the sole source of information. Nor is his mannerism always with him. The Letters which yield most with least trouble are precisely those in which an eager personal interest in his subject, or the pressure of a busy life, or some unexpected necessity for haste have forced the writer to abandon his preoccupation with style and tell his business in a natural way. At such times he speaks directly: tam nunc dicit tam nunc debentia dici.

The most efficient cause of plainer writing was probably the stress of episcopal work; to this our debt is large. We are infinitely relieved when amid the familiar affectations we come upon the stilus rusticans or the sermo usualis for which he apologizes as a degradation of his pen. We almost lose sympathy with him in his personal troubles, as soon as it appears that it is misfortune which has simplified his diction. Appreciating to the full the honourable solicitude of Sidonius for the purity of Latin, and his ever-present fear of Celtic or Teutonic encroachments, we are willing to condone

any intrusions from the vulgar tongue to be rid for a while of the alliterations, the inversions, the forced antitheses, and to see the meaning quickly in a simple dress. What we want of Sidonius is plain fact, and it is pleasant to admit that occasionally we get it without too much exasperation; sometimes the actor removes the mask and speaks in unaffected tones. Let it therefore be recorded to his credit that he does not always offend, and that not once or twice, but many times, he writes in a manner worthy of Roman literature at an earlier day. Let it also be remembered that his subject-matter is often well presented; when his narrative interests him, he can tell a story brightly and with effect. Nor should we overlook the fact that Sidonius has a gift for portraiture, which frequently lends animation to his pages.

Sometimes a character is sketched in a few sentences, as in the case of Paeonius the parvenu, the malicious old Athenius, the lively veteran Filimatius who plays ball with the younger men (V. xvii), and Himerius the model priest (VII. xiii). At other times the description is at greater length, and details are drawn with a free hand. We have amusing pictures of the young fortune-hunter Amantius (VII. ii), and of Ger-manicus the juvenile sexagenarian (IV. xiii), who dresses in the fashion, who will hear nothing of age except the increased respect it brings, and grows more boyish every day (non iuvenescit solum sed quodammodo repuerascit). We have the interesting sketch of Vectius the country gentleman, whose girdles are of exquisite design, who hunts, hawks, and entertains his friends, but listens to the Psalms at meals, and is more priestly in spirit than many of those who wear priests' garments (IV. ix). We have the memoir of Claudianus Mamertus who does all the hard work for his brother St. Mamertus, to which allusion has been made above (p. lxxxi); we have the reminiscences of Lampridius, the quicktempered rhetor, murdered by his slaves (VIII. xi). In other cases classes of men are portrayed with the same precision; for instance, informers, or popularity-hunting candidates for municipal appointments (XV. xix). A writer possessing such penetration and such graphic powers as these deserves something more than an untempered ridicule.

Yet the counts in the indictment are sufficiently numerous. First and foremost there is the mania for antithesis, and plays on words which degenerate into the most lamentable of puns, for paronomasia, antonomasia, and all the other obliquities of language which sound like the infirmities which they are. A critical examination of Sidonius' work resembles literary patho-

logy; his language is often diseased language, which could only regain a semblance of health by a free use of the knife. It calls aloud for amputation of the platitudes, pomposities, and verbal conceits which the euphuist himself would renounce as foolish. It is unnecessary to dwell long on a subject which has its pathetic side, yet concrete instances must be adduced in evidence. First, we may take examples of the ruling passion for antithesis. The abuse of this is persistent, and sometimes verbal oppositions are cumulated with almost incredible pertinacity, as, for instance, in the description of Ravenna (I. viii). Sidonius pits against each other the words novus and vetus or antiquus, until the staleness of the trick infuriates. Thus novus clericus, peccator antiquus (IX. ii); novo exemplo amicitiarum vetera iura (VII. vi. l), in famillari vetusto novum ius potestatis (V. xviii). But no glaring contrast of word or sense, however elementary, comes amiss; for instance: pingues caedibus gladii, macri ieiuniis praeliatores (VII. vii. 3); confitetur repulsam qui profitetur offensam (VII. ix); pharetras sagittis vacuare, lacrimis oculos implere (V. xii); Cuius parva tuguria magnus hospes implesti (III. ii); Itinerum longitudinum, brevitatem dierum, &c. (III. ii. 3).

And so on, and so on. The reader who desires more of this misplaced ingenuity will find instances on every other page. Plays upon words are no less common. Inferre calumnias, deferre personas, afferre minas, auferre substantias (V. vii); scientia fortis, fortior conscientia (IX. iv); at non remaneamus terrent quibus terra non remanet (IX. iii); iuste iusta solventes (III. iii. 8); indidit prosecutionibus, edidit tribunalibus, prodidit partibus, additit titulis, &c. (VIII. vi. 7); seu sic sentiente concordia, seu sic concordante sententia (IV. xxv. 5); inconsulte consultat. (VIII. ix. 13); praedae praedia (IV. xxv. 2); suspicere iudicium, suscipere consilium (IV. xxii. 1). The changes are continually rung upon such words as dicere and ducere, suspicere despicere, orare perorare, ambiendus ambitiosus, providere praevidere, &c. The list of such things is endless, but we are not yet at the worst; we have to endure puns from which a schoolboy would recoil. A proper name like Faustus, Perpetuus, or Rusticus is seldom allowed to escape: let two of them represent the series: Perpetua durent culmina Perpetui (IV. xviii----this to be carved on the wall of a church); rusticans multum quod nihil rusticus (VIII. xi. 6, cf. Rusticus). It is pardonable for a man once in a way, in intimate conversation, to indulge a weakness of this kind, but how can a bishop be forgiven who puns for publication, and in work carefully revised not only by himself but by his friends?

From a long list we may cite the following specimens: non tam honorare censor quam censetor onerare (VIII. viii); honoris . . .

oneris (IX. ii); ex more . . . ex amore (IX: iv. 1); classicum in classe cecinisse (VIII. vi. 13); Aptae fuistis, aptissime defuistis (IX. ix)----perhaps the worst of all. It is time to draw the. veil over faults which it is impossible to condone; we may conclude with the following instances of paronomasia and antonomasia. Leges Theodosianas calcans, Theudoricianasque proponens (I. ii. 3); flumen in verbis, fulmen in clausulis (IX. vii); inter perfectos Domini quam inter praefectos Valentiniani (VII. xii. 4). The reader may be spared illustration of the overloaded interminable sentences;. or of the strings of illustrative instances and persons, sometimes eight or ten where two would have sufficed, till the tail is out of all proportion to the kite; or of the mannerism which declares for silence on things which might be praised, and then enumerates them to the bitter end; or of the labouring of points till they are, so to speak, hammered blunt; or the tautologies recalling the 'which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest or seest' of Armado: to insist on these things is to waste time; there is no possible defence. We may pass to other features, not reprehensible in themselves, but made so by immoderate or tasteless use. The metaphors of Sidonius for the most part are familiar, and worn in service. The world is a threshing-floor, spiritual exhortation a harrow. Life is like a river; a literary career is a sea-voyage; the mind of man is a sea, suddenly disturbed by the squall of adverse tidings. Silence is a curb; evil tongues are like barbed hooks. Verse written in sorrow is like the song of swans, or the music of very tense strings (VIII. ix. 4). A king's favour is a flame, which illuminates afar, but in neighbourhood consumes (III. iii. 9). A friendship not maintained is like a sword that rusts if not frequently polished. The schools of Lyons resemble a mint, in which youthful natures are struck on a philosophical die (IV. i. 3).

Where originality is attempted, the result is often either crude or over-intricate. As an example of the latter fault we may take the passage comparing the scion of a clerical family to a rosebush, for if he be not holy he stands amid all the roses armoured in the thorns of his sin (IV. xiii. 4); or that comparing Lupus, the generous discoverer of hidden talent, to the sun, whose searching rays will detect and draw up a moisture hidden deep under ground (IX. xi. 9); again, that which likens an author who is always writing but never publishes, to a dog who only snarls but never barks out (VII. iii. 2). Some-

times we find similitudes extraordinary to our taste, like the mysticus adeps et spiritalis arvina, which recalls the startling similitudes of a Crashaw or a Donne (VI. vi. 2). It is not surprising to find that Sidonius will mix metaphors with any man. Salsi sermonis libra (III. ii. 1); lacrimis habenas anima parturients laxavi (IV. xi. 7); manum linguae porrigis (IV. i. 3); quibus . . .faece petulantiae lingua polluitur infrenis (III. xiii. 2), may suffice to show his quality. There are other defects or affectations, not immediately concerned with words, but equally due to the same imitative contentment with bad rhetorical tradition. There is the tiresome realism which insists upon elaboration of unessential details offensive to the finer sense----what Chaix has called la manie de tout peindre;

there is the parade of erudition which, if less obtrusive than the determined pedantry of Cassiodorus, is yet a weariness to the reader; there are the hyperbole in flattery, the perverse preference of the inappropriate, the joy in 'combinations of confused magnificence'. We cannot more justly stigmatize the work of Sidonius at his worst than by continuing the criticism from which the last phrase was quoted, a criticism directed against certain English poets of the seventeenth century, but equally applicable to our author of the fifth. For his style too is marred 'by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery and hereditary similes'. The thing could not be better said. The result of all these artifices, applied with an unshrinking hand, is that Sidonius is often hard to construe. Ruricius, his younger contemporary and partial imitator, was the first to complain of his obscurity, Petrarch confessed that he often found him unintelligible; and the most accomplished modern editors of his text admit that he presents some problems which they cannot be sure of having solved. While diffuseness is his besetting sin, some of his phrases are condensed to the point of impenetrability, and his constructions are rendered obscure by the imperfect development of his thought. Petrarch wondered at the audacity of his style; yet, as Baret has remarked, when it is examined, it is found that in prose he has fewer direct irregularities than Tacitus, and, in verse, than Virgil. It is rather a certain strange exotic character, instinctively felt, but not easily defined, which characterizes our author's work, compared not only with that of the golden age, but with that of a late writer like Symmachus. He is 'heteroclite' ; his cadences have an unfamiliar ring; when they are read aloud, they strike us as differing not in degree, but in kind from

those of the classical authors. Were it not that an early critic has given blunt utterance to the suspicion, we should hardly dare to hint that some subtle Celtic influence had really affected his manner, and that, unknown to himself, the older Gaul was secretly revenged upon this son of hers who had only ears for an Italian idiom.

Is it merely a fancy that indigenous turns of thought have been unconsciously adopted by this champion of the classics? Do we witness the first movement towards the changes which were to issue in the Romance language in the South of France? Various indications seem to point that way. The synthetic structure of the older Latin tends to pass into analysis: the conjunctions quia or quod replace the complementary infinitive; the abstract replaces the concrete term. Prepositions grow more indispensable to inflected cases; the genitive is used in a manner which is almost French. The reader of the Latin text will discover a number of words or turns of expression used in a mediaeval or modern way. In one place, if not in two, the word familia is employed in the French, in place of the old Latin sense (VI. vii). Vir litterarum is homme de lettres; nebula de pulvere is nuage de poussière. Baret records a number of these peculiarities, and gives a list of the archaisms and neologisms in the text. We may note a few favourite or peculiar words: e. g. tumultuarius, used of rapid or impromptu composition; lenocinari, to coax or flatter; fatigatio, chaff or banter; eventilare, to go over, or search through; humanitas, hospitality; piperatum, 'piquant' or caustic. To some words Sidonius appears to give a new sense; thus it is hard to avoid the conclusion that more than once he employs toreuma where toral is alone appropriate. In his complimentary formulae he is as a rule correct and Roman;

though he is fond of abstract terms like celsitudo or Sanctitas tua as honorific appellations. His superscriptions give the name of his correspondent in the dative, with the addition of suo, if the person is a friend, or of the title domino papae if he is a bishop.Sidonius does not employ the affectionate modes of address adopted by Ruricius, e. g. domino pectoris sui Lupo; domino animae suae Pomerio; domino venerabili, admirabili, et sanctis omnibus aequiparando Sidonio. As a rule, the letter ends with a Vale; but when the correspondent is a bishop, the formula is: memor nostri esse dignare, domine Papa. In one instance he closes with an ora pro nobis (VII. xii----to Ferreolus). So much for the more obvious characteristics which mar the style of Sidonius; we have now briefly to estimate his merits as a letter-writer. It

need hardly be said that he cannot be placed in the first rank; he is not, as his friends averred, a second Pliny, far less a second Cicero. But he touches so many sides of contemporary life; he lived through such momentous times; he is so exceptional in speaking with two voices, first as man of letters, nobleman and high official, then as a prominent Churchman, that in spite of his deterrent style, he has an interest somewhere for almost every reader. In most things but the cultivation of brevity, he is superior to his predecessor Symmachus, whose letters seldom touch either great or entertaining issues, but are written to discharge the obligations of a punctual correspondent, and are often brief as memoranda, and of an unsurpassed aridity. It will be more easy to understand the level on which Sidonius should be placed if we consider a few of the gifts which make the letter-writer, and then ask whether he possessed them. The master in this art must not be argumentative, or his letters become treatises; he must not always be serious, or they may insensibly change to sermons. He must know, as one of the greatest of the craft has said, how to approach great matters by their small side----prendre les grandes choses par les petits cotes.

If he confines himself chiefly to questions of public concern, he must be doubly careful to be individual, terse, and vivid; above all, he must have the light touch, and the latent gaiety, which never permit the tale to drag. He must be skilled in expression; things must be put, they will not put themselves. But the art must be so concealed that what he writes affects us like the prompt phrases of an unpremeditated conversation. He must be catholic in taste and subject. He must interest most men and not a few; the greatest letter-writers play upon an instrument of many strings. And, in the modern view, at any rate, his letters should be often intimate, revealing the writer's own mind, and telling something of his private life. We thus require of the perfect correspondent much that even the greatest of the ancient letter-writers cannot give. They are mostly Romans; and Roman manners entailed reticence on intimate things; hence a certain preoccupation with intellectual themes and public affairs, which tends to reduce the human interest of their letters. It is not that human interest is absent; there is evidence enough, especially in the case of Cicero, to prove the contrary. But it is often too much in the background, and a correspondence which is too objective is not letter-writing at its very best: it is one-sided; it lacks the perfect balance.

For these reasons, even the first among the ancients will sometimes disappoint a modern reader familiar with the achievement of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but approaching the classics for the first time. In many ways Cicero is almost modern; his lively sympathies bring him nearer to natural unreserve than any letter-writer of antiquity; he stands in a class by himself. But if we are conscious of a something wanting when reading Cicero, with all his ardour, his mobility, his colour and conciseness of phrase, it is inevitable that the same deficiency in the less admirable Sidonius should cause a more conspicuous void. The studied care for form which makes the agreeable Pliny sometimes tire, is exaggerated in his last disciple until all spontaneity is lost. And while the manner is frequently repellent, the matter often wearies in its turn; there is too much laudation of obscure literary efforts, too little talk of home affairs, of country life, of details of travel, of the natural beauties of southern France. Nature is overlooked, or regarded, as it were, with the eyes of a duke or cardinal of the Renaissance, seated at a comfortable point of vantage and with quotations from Virgil nearer to his lips than true feeling to his heart. When Sidonius visited Rome in the time of Anthemius, his route followed the Flaminian Way from Rimini; and the latter part of it was the wonderful hundred and fifty miles beginning at Foligno, the stage which travellers from northern Europe used to cover before the days of railways.

Goethe followed it when he first approached Rome; Shelley came down it in 1818, and felt the charm to the full. But of that charm the Gallo-Roman poet is silent, betraying no interest in these things, and assuming none in his correspondent. He has nothing to say of Spoleto, or the falls of the Velino; we should never guess that he had seen Soracte from Civita Castellana, or looked from Castelnuovo across the valley of the Tiber towards the distant Alban hills. And on his river journey down the Ticino and the Po, though the song of the birds in the bulrushes gives him pleasure, his thoughts are soon diverted to Tityrus and the metamorphosis of Phaethon's sisters. For these and other reasons Sidonius cannot be placed very high among the masters who have expressed themselves through the medium of letters. It is in vain to seek in his pages the unstudied brilliance of Mme de Sévigné, the wit and vivacity of Voltaire, the light irony of Horace Walpole, or the natural gaiety of Cowper. We feel that Sidonius would never christen a path or copse 'La Solitaire' or 'La Sainte Horreur'; or stay alone in the woods all day for

sheer love of verdure. His is not the art to throw off a likeness in half a dozen words, or to resume an affair of State in a pair of sentences; nor is it his to make a hearthside event like the escape of a pet hare an absorbing and complete adventure.

In edification, he lacks the winning simplicity, the amiable grace of St. Francis of Sales. He cannot restrain his scholarship like Gray, or expand in confidences like Lamb. His humour often strikes us as forced; he has compliments like those of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but less adroitly turned. In fine, he was the victim of an artificial training; he lived in times not of renaissance but of dissolution; his was an age more eager for epistolary honours than any other, but more obviously debarred by circumstance from their attainment. Though we are not primarily concerned with Sidonius as poet, the inclusion in the Letters of some dozen epigrams and short pieces compels us to ask whether Gibbon's contemptuous phrase is deserved. Were these verses all that remained to us, there could be but one answer; ' insipid ' is a temperate epithet for some among them. Of the two impromptu epigrams, one on the imputed satire (I. xi. 14), the other on Filimatius' towel (V. xvii. 10) we can only say that, like other couplets written against time, they should not have been exposed to time's revenge. The epitaphs, elegies, and church inscriptions have the mechanical correctness to be expected of one whose mind was continually exercised by questions of metre. But they are mostly written out of good nature, or out of kindness of heart, motives which in all ages have often left the imagination uninspired. In truth, some of them come near to deserving the title of naenia epltaphistarum which their author almost feared for them himself. The poet's reputation cannot, however, be judged by these secondary efforts; it rests upon the Carmina, the twenty-four poems issued in 468, and chiefly upon the three panegyrics in honour of Avitus, Majorian, and Anthemius.

In these more ambitious works, which challenge, if unsuccessfully, a comparison with Claudian and Statius, we find the same faults so conspicuous in the writer's prose, with others added----the glittering antitheses, the far-fetched metaphors, the forced emphatic utterance, the unquestionable facility, the lack of emotional inspiration, the tiresome parade of knowledge, making whole parts read 'like versified chapters out of Livy'. But though over the greater part hangs the curse of an implacable memory that cannot forget the Schools, though Pegasus is ever reined to the manège, the

whole achievement cannot fairly be dismissed as bad because the bad preponderates. It may be that here, as in the stilted periods of the Letters, the ear is arrested by unfamiliar rhythms and strange sonorities; here, too, a breath of barbarism has passed. But where the author feels his conscious power, there is dexterity, opulence and movement, there is a pageantry of changing form and colour to which the name of poetry cannot be denied. There are narrative passages which seize and hold the interest; for example, the description of the Vandals, or of the Roman army crossing the Alps. Parts of the Panegyric of Majorian advance with an ardour worthy their theme, while here and there flash out gnomic phrases after the glittering style of Lucan. The declamatory manner of these hexameters, so far removed from the suave Virgilian grandeur, admits of frequent brilliance in description; the effect is that of historical painting on a large scale by a skilful but uninspired master.

Some of the pieces on less ambitious subjects are not without occasional grace. The verses to Majorian, pleading for remission of the triple tax, strike a light vein with more success than the humour of the Letters would lead us to expect; but the Epithalamia would damage any reputation. Sidonius is at his best in the rhetorical vein; he is the rhetor through and through. In his never-failing fluency, his adroit use of mythology and proverbial wisdom, he is the natural successor of Ausonius, and takes his place after him among the poets of the Roman decadence. The literary reputation of Sidonius long survived his death. Ruricius of Limoges, in some respects a pupil, refers to him in eulogistic terms, though conscious, as we have seen, of a certain obscurity in his style; so does Avitus of Vienne, another late writer of letters. Gregory of Tours praises his eloquence and power of improvisation. Cassiodorus regards him as a master; Ennodius and Fortunatus are his frank admirers; Jornandes had clearly read his poems. Savaron has illustrated his popularity during the Middle Ages, when John of Salisbury, Abelard, and other scholars were familiar with his works, and mediaeval writers sought to imitate his manner. But in the fourteenth century, the growing familiarity with Classic models reacted unfavourably upon his reputation. We have already noted that Petrarch was critical; and the Renaissance more critical still. Politian was unimpressed by his style; Vives called his prose ridiculous (absurdissima); Casaubon is severe, though Scaliger can still find words of praise.The editions of Savaron and Sirmond revived an interest in his works; but with the eighteenth century he finally lost credit as a writer of Latin, while securing a per-

manent place as an authority for the history of his times. From Tillemont and Gibbon to Amédée Thierry, Guizot and more recent historians of his age, all have rendered homage to his involuntary merit, while one man of letters at least, Chateaubriand, has borrowed material from his pages (p. xciii above). Despite his chastisement as stylist, Sidonius has not fared ill at the hands of the posterity to which he entrusted his fame. Though his periods will never be recited either for pleasure or instruction, neither his name nor his work is forgotten; and in our greater libraries, while men pursue research, the Letters and the Panegyrics will always hold their undisputed place.

Of Sidonius as a man it is almost unnecessary to speak; the Letters prove his noble qualities, and those written after his entry into the Church reflect the saintliness which won him the honour of canonization. His chief fault, a defect of his ambitious early life, was an over-readiness to flatter where flattery, if given at all, should not have come from him. There were times when he too conveniently forgot the antecedents of the great, or their connexion with men whom honour forbade him to conciliate. Majorian was the comrade and the nominee of that Ricimer who had murdered Avitus; Sidonius forgets the fact too soon. Theodoric II had murdered his own brother; Sidonius, perhaps for a political end, appears oblivious of all save the royal virtues. Such flexibility is unworthy of the man who was to write the stern letter of rebuke to Graecus; nor was it a true part of the nature which trials and disillusions proved to be really his. This is the worst charge which can be brought against him; his other failings are little weaknesses which make him real to us, and which he never seeks to conceal. Thus he sometimes appears too lenient towards unworthy action: for instance, towards the deception of the young adventurer Amantius; but he confesses with a charming frankness that he does not like censorious rigour (VII. iv 3). His literary vanity is now and then accentuated by false modesty (VII. iii, IX. xiii); but as a rule his simple confidence disarms resentment.

When he assured his friend Fortunatus that the appearance of his name on the superscription of one of the Letters would ensure its immortality, he was probably more serious than not; after all, he spoke the truth, for the name of Fortunatus is preserved (VIII. v). He probably had no objection to being called a second Pliny (IX. i), and was quietly convinced that his critics were in the wrong. But no doubt he discounted the eulogy which he received;

much of it was complimentary verbiage, belonging to the etiquette of his day; and he himself was so profuse of it to others, that he can have been under no illusion as to its current value. The age allowed a great latitude in exaggeration; but it must be admitted that Sidonius availed himself of it upon occasion to an extent which is revolting to modern sentiment. His letter to Claudianus Mamertus reaches the limit of extravagance, and with all allowance for the influence of an eulogistic time, we cannot read it without continual irritation. When we are told that the subject of his praise can hold his own with the first names in every field, with Orpheus, Aesculapius, Archimedes, Vitruvius, Thaïes, Euclid, Chrysippus, and all the greatest Fathers of the Church as well, credulity is too obviously taxed, and we wish that Sidonius had remembered more often the gnomic saying which he ascribes to Symmachus: ut vera laus ornat, ita falsa castigat.

Nevertheless it must be remembered that eulogies almost as absurd have been perpetrated in periods very near our own. Thus Prior, in his Carmen Saeculare so grossly flattered William III that, in Johnson's phrase, he exhausted all his powers of celebration. We may dismiss the present subject by once more applying to Sidonius the words of the same critic, and say of him that in these matters he 'retained as much veracity as can be properly exacted from a writer professedly encomiastic'. Again, Sidonius was quickly moved, and sometimes allowed his temper to impair his dignity. He 'blazes out' when views are expressed which controvert a pet opinion; and when more seriously offended, does not confine himself to words. The apparently innocent disturbers of his grandfather's grave feel the weight of his fists or the lash of his whip (III. xii); he explodes at the carelessness of a slave who lost some letters, and will not speak to him for days (IV. xii. 2).

But these are the small defects of great qualities. The most affected of writers is the most natural of men. Though uncommunicative about his home, he says enough to show that he was a good father of his family, affectionate to his wife, solicitous for the health and welfare of his children. There is real charm in the passage, already noted, in which he describes himself as sitting reading with his son, distracted between delight in the boy's ardour, and in the fine passages of the poets (IV. xii); there is real regret when in later years the enthusiasm of the young Apollinaris waned (V. xii). He was a loyal friend. Mention has been made of his fidelity to Arvandus in the dangerous hour of disgrace (V. vii). Similar qualities are apparent in the letter on

the death of Lampridius, another friend to whose faults he was by no means blind. At a time when his own anxieties were great, he exerts himself to the utmost at the Burgundian court to foil the informers who had brought Apollinaris into danger (V. vii). A large number of the Letters illustrate his anxiety for the health and prosperity of those for whom he felt regard, or his sympathy with them in their misfortunes. When he became bishop, this fellow feeling was extended to a wider circle, and Claudianus Mamertus bears the highest possible testimony to the unselfishness of his life, when he complains that Sidonius is so busy attending to those who have no real claim upon him, that he finds too little time to answer the letters of old associates. He, too, like this venerated friend, 'remembered through good and evil the necessities of the human lot.' He was generous alike in the distribution of gifts and in the sentiment which is always ready to recognize the qualities of others. Gregory of Tours relates, in a passage often quoted, how he gave away his silver plate to relieve distress, and how, when Papianilla insisted on the recovery of the silver, the poor were compensated in other ways.An example of his kindly thought for others is seen in VII. xvi, where he sends the winter cowl to Chariobaudus.

He is ever ready to encourage the literary efforts of younger men (II. x, IX. xi), and even to lend them most precious volumes in his library, a supreme test of human kindness. He was capable of tolerance towards those whose religious views he most detested; the Letters concerning the two Jews Gozolas and Promotus exhibit him in a pleasing light, and his dictum that a man may be a Jew and yet be sound in judgement does credit to his breadth of vision. He was sociable and friendly, possessed of tact and patience, accommodating affairs to men in a manner which would have won the approval of his favourite Horace. Nor was he devoid of humour; though the examples of his wit which have come down to us are sometimes tiresome, he was probably good company when in the mood. Throughout the Letters he appears as the kindly intermediary who endeavours to help others in the practical difficulties of life. As bishop, his benevolence is always active. We see him receiving a truant son and bringing about a reconciliation with the injured father (IV. xxiv); securing the remission of interest on an old debt for the advantage of an orphaned family (IV. xxiv); persuading a delinquent husband to return to his wife (VI. ix). But he never countenanced favouritism. He saw clearly

that reward should only follow efficient service, and expressly opposed the plea that promotion should go by seniority (VII. ix; VIII. vii).

He was a man of insight and common sense, upon whom people relied for good advice. Many reflections and maxims in the Letters attest his practical wisdom. He insists that the safeguard of enduring friendship lies in community of likes and dislikes (III. i); he sees that self-depreciation may be pushed to the verge of folly (IX. iii. 7); he knows that the most bitter family quarrels are those which arise over the division of estates (IV. i), and that at a Burgundian court, as at most others, proximity to kings is dangerous (III. ix). He was a patriot both as Roman and Arvernian. In the earlier part of his career we find him always urging the strenuous life for the credit of the Roman name. We have seen that more than once he rebukes the men of family who allow all interest to centre in their estates or pleasures, while the imagines of trabeated ancestors look down on their degeneracy (I. vi); even philosophy is not accepted as an excuse for inactive contemplation (VI. vi). He did not despair of the empire even in the days of Julius Nepos; he thought that if only patriotism were fairly rewarded, as good men would appear to show it as in the great days of the past (III. viii). When Auvergne was attacked by Euric, his spirit was worthy of Roman tradition at its best. Both during the siege of Clermont and after it, he evinced a courage and a fortitude which proved him worthy of his ancestors. It is unnecessary to dwell upon this crisis of his life; his nature issued from it confirmed in strength and refined as by fire. He possessed to the full the moral strength which enables men to overcome old prejudice in the service of a changed ideal. The exclusive magnate who chose his acquaintances with such care became the friend of all men; the proud noble could beg for the Church (III. i; VIII. iv).

He was consistent in his loyalty to his new profession, and resolutely maintained the dignity of the priesthood even against the high worldly rank which he never ceased to respect (IV. xiv; VIII. vii). He was sincerely humble in his sense of his own unworthiness to be the shepherd of others at a time when he felt the need of guidance for himself: in his Letters to Lupus and other bishops after his election to the see of Clermont, the language is emphatic but the contrition is sincere (V. iii; VI. i; VII. vi). The devotion which in earlier years had perhaps depended much on formality of observance was now the guiding principle of his life; the reputation for piety which he gained among his contemporaries and immediate successors is sufficient

proof of his sincerity. History records no career precisely comparable to this. Conspicuous alike for his rank and literary celebrity, Sidonius was in many ways the first personage in his native land, yet he fulfilled his arduous and unfamiliar duties in a spirit of abnegation equal to that of colleagues trained to the renunciations of monastic life. In the evil days which fell upon his country, he never abandoned his people; when his own fortunes were darkest, he rejoiced that others escaped affliction (IV. ii). If Sidonius failed of greatness as a writer, he surely attained it as a man.

There are extant more than sixty manuscripts containing the whole or the greater part of the works of Sidonius, and some twenty containing a small part of them. Out of this large number, Lütjohann, when editing the text for the Monumenta Germaniae Historica, selected six as of superior importance, some of these having affinities to a few other manuscripts, which for this reason were occasionally employed. The six manuscripts are: 1. Codex Laudianus, (Bodleian Library, MS. Lat. 104) 9th or 10th century. Known as L. Related to this book are Parisinus 1854 of the 10th century, known as N, and Vaticanus 1783, 10th century, known as V. 2. Marcianus. (Marcian Library, Venice, 554.) 10th century. Known as M. 3. Laurentianus. (Laurentian Library, Florence, Plat. XLV. 23.) 11th-12th century. Known as T. 4. Matritensis. (Madrid.) 10th-11th century. Known as C. (Related to this is Vaticanus 3421, 10th century.) 5. Parisinus. (Bibl. Nat., Paris, 9551.) 12th-13th century. Known as F.

6. Parisinus. Bibl. Nat., Paris, 2781.) 10th-11th century. Known as P. Of these, the first is the most valuable, with the two related, manuscripts in Paris and at the Vatican, and with M and T for use where it fails; the other three are of subsidiary importance. It may be noted that certain lacunae are common to all; this would seem to indicate that they had a single archetype, which in these places presented difficulties to the copyist or had perhaps been damaged by fire. Printed editions of Sidonius begin with the last quarter of the fifteenth century, at which period one was issued from Utrecht and another from Milan, the latter being reprinted at Basel in 1542 and 1595. E. Vinet's edition appeared at Lyons in 1552, and Wouweren's in Paris in 1598. The same year saw Savaron's first edition; his second (the first of critical value) followed in 1609. J. Sirmond's valuable edition, with notes from which every one has something to learn, was issued in 1614; Elmenhorst's five years later. Complete translations have hitherto appeared only in French;

the first, by R. Breyer, Canon of Troyes, was printed in 1706; that of E. Billarden de Sauvigny in 1787 and 1792; Grégoire and Collombet's version dates from 1836. The last-mentioned work has often been criticized for inaccuracy, but it is not for one who knows by experience the difficulties of their task to join in censure upon this point. Single Letters, or parts of Letters, are summarized or translated by many writers on Sidonius or his age.

The arrangement of the Letters in nine books is, as far as is known, that of Sidonius himself. Seven books were issued at different times at the request of Constantius, the first appearing in 478. The Poems had already seen the light, perhaps as early as 468 (see above, p. cxli). The eighth book was added at the request of Petronius the jurisconsult of Arles (VIII. i), and the ninth at that of Firminius (IX. i), perhaps about the year 484. It soon becomes apparent to any reader familiar with the history of the times, that the order of the Letters is not chronological; most books contain Letters from the earlier and later parts of Sidonius' life; and within the limits of the several books the arrangement often seems capricious, Letters logically and historically connected being separated by others unrelated to them in subject. This confusion is partly due to the fact that, to complete his tale of nine books, Sidonius had to ransack all his drawers and cases at Clermont for drafts of letters written long years before: this explains the inclusion in the two last books of Letters referring to his early manhood. But it is also true that in preparing for publication he was not primarily concerned with chronological sequence; he brought his letters together for other reasons, by associations of idea which to us are often obscure. One of them probably was to ensure to each book a wide variety of subject, that his readers might not accuse him of monotony.

Again, he regarded it as an advantage of the collection of Letters as such that it is essentially discontinuous, and provides reading for odd moments: from this point of view, lack of logical order is not of prime importance. It has before now been suggested that the author's arrangement should be disregarded, and that an edition should be issued with every letter in its proper order. If it were possible to give a precise and certain date to the majority of the letters, the overriding of the order approved by Sidonius might be justified on utilitarian grounds. But although certain Letters date themselves by recounting known events, while the period of others can be inferred from personal or other allusions, there remains a large proportion to which noth-

ing more than conjectural or approximate dates can be given. This being so, it is hardly justifiable to upset the sequence which received the author's sanction, and has been retained for fifteen hundred years. Moreover, the convenience gained in one direction would be lost in another; for the references to Sidonius in historical and critical literature all follow the old system; and, were it changed, the reader, driven to consult a table of concordance at every turn, would soon wish the old order back. It has therefore seemed best to keep the nine books as they stand in the texts, placing at the head of each letter its certain or conjectural date wherever such can be reasonably assigned.

In many cases the year is exactly or approximately indicated by the contents. In others, a particular allusion, or the general tone, may enable us to infer the period: for instance, it is often possible to say with some confidence that a given letter must have been written before or after the entrance of Sidonius into the Church, or the abandonment of Auvergne by the empire. Again, there is a long interval of leisure in the author's career between A.D. 461 and 467, within which many letters descriptive of provincial life seem naturally to fall: a few of these might be transferred to the years between A.D. 456 and 459, though I have not actually suggested this. It will thus be seen that the date of the majority of letters can only be regarded as approximate.

The Letters of Sidonius

Sidonius Apollinaris

c. AD 430–490

Sidonius gathered his letters into nine books between AD 477 and 482, in imitation of Pliny. They are letters to friends, bishops and officials of Gaul, and they show the villas, the courts of Visigothic and Burgundian kings, the siege of Clermont, and the life of the Church in the last years of the Roman West. The English is O. M. Dalton's of 1915. Each letter is numbered by book and letter, with the person addressed and the date at its head, and the footnotes are left out.

Book I

letter 1.1: to his friend constantius

c. AD 477

WITH all the influence you derive from a genius for sound advice, you have long urged me to correct, revise, and bring together in one volume the more finished of those occasional letters which matters, men, and times have drawn from me: I am to set presumptuous foot where Symmachus of the ample manner, and Pliny of the perfected art have gone before. [2] Of Cicero as letter-writer I had best be dumb; not Julius Titianus himself, in his Letters of Famous Women, could worthily reproduce that model; 1 he tried to imitate a style which was not of his time," and Fronto's other pupils, in their jealousy, called him 'ape of orators' for his pains. I have always been horribly conscious how far I fall short of these great examples; I have consistently claimed for each the privilege of his own period and genius. [3] But I have done your will; here you have the letters, not merely to revise, for that is nothing, but to polish and, as the phrase goes, clear of lees. Do I not know you devoted not to studies only, but to the studious too? Which devotion now makes you launch me, despite my fears, upon this deep main of ambition. [4] I had been safer had I breathed no word about these trifles, content

with the reception of my poems, which good luck surely helped to recognition rather than skill of mine. Such fame as I have should be to me an anchor cast in the haven of safe repute. I ought to be content with it after the envious snarls of all the Scyllas which my ship has passed. But if the tooth of jealousy spares these extravagances of mine, volume shall follow upon volume, all full-brimming with my most copious flow of correspondence. Farewell.

LETTER 1.2: TO [HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW] AGRICOLA

AD 454(?)

You have often begged a description of Theodoric the Gothic king, whose gentle breeding fame commends to every nation; you want him in his quantity and quality, in his person, and the manner of his existence. I gladly accede, as far as the limits of my page allow, and highly approve so fine and ingenuous a curiosity. Well, he is a man worth knowing, even by those who cannot enjoy his close acquaintance, so happily have Providence and Nature joined to endow him with the perfect gifts of fortune; his way of life is such that not even the envy which lies in wait for kings can rob him of his proper praise. [2] And first as to his person. He is well set up, in height above the average man, but below the giant. His head is round, with curled hair retreating somewhat from brow to crown. His nervous neck is free from disfiguring knots. The eyebrows are bushy and arched; when the lids droop, the lashes reach almost half-way down the cheeks. The upper ears are buried under overlying locks, after the fashion of his race. The nose is finely aquiline; the lips are thin and not enlarged by undue distension of the mouth. Every day the hair springing from his nostrils is cut back; that on the face springs thick from the hollow of the temples, but the razor has not yet come upon his cheek, and his barber is assiduous in eradicating the rich growth on the lower part of the face. [3] Chin, throat, and neck are full, but not fat, and all of fair complexion; seen close, their colour is fresh as that of youth; they often flush, but from modesty, and not from anger. His shoulders are smooth, the upper- and forearms strong and hard; hands broad, breast prominent; waist receding. The spine dividing the broad expanse of back does not project, and you can see the springing of the ribs; the sides swell with salient muscle, the well-girt flanks are full of vigour. His thighs are like hard horn; the knee-joints firm and masculine; the knees themselves the comeliest and

least wrinkled in the world. A full ankle supports the leg, and the foot is small to bear such mighty limbs.

[4] Now for the routine of his public life. Before daybreak he goes with a very small suite to attend the service of his priests. He prays with assiduity, but, if I may speak in confidence, one may suspect more of habit than conviction in this piety. Administrative duties of the kingdom take up the rest of the morning. Armed nobles stand about the royal seat; the mass of guards in their garb of skins are admitted that they may be within call, but kept at the threshold for quiet's sake; only a murmur of them comes in from their post at the doors, between the curtain and the outer barrier. And now the foreign envoys are introduced. The king hears them out, and says little; if a thing needs more discussion he puts it off, but accelerates matters ripe for dispatch. The second hour arrives; he rises from the throne to inspect his treasure-chamber or stable.

[5] If the chase is the order of the day, he joins it, but never carries his bow at his side, considering this derogatory to royal state. When a bird or beast is marked for him, or happens to cross his path, he puts his hand behind his back and takes the bow from a page with the string all hanging loose; for as he deems it a boy's trick to bear it in a quiver, so he holds it effeminate to receive the weapon ready strung. When it is given him, he sometimes holds it in both hands and bends the extremities towards each other; at others he sets it, knot-end downward, against his lifted heel, and runs his finger up the slack and wavering string. After that, he takes his arrows, adjusts, and lets fly. He will ask you beforehand what you would like him to transfix; you choose, and he hits. If there is a miss through either's error, your vision will mostly be at fault, and not the archer's skill.

[6] On ordinary days, his table resembles that of a private person. The board does not groan beneath a mass of dull and unpolished silver set on by panting servitors; the weight lies rather in the conversation than in the plate; there is either sensible talk or none. The hangings and draperies used on these occasions are sometimes of purple silk, sometimes only of linen; art, not costliness, commends the fare, as spotlessness rather than bulk the silver. Toasts are few, and you will oftener see a thirsty guest impatient, than a full one refusing cup or bowl. In short, you will find elegance of Greece, good cheer of Gaul, Italian nimbleness, the state of public banquets with the attentive service of a private table, and everywhere the discipline of a king's

house. What need for me to describe the pomp of his feast days? No man is so unknown as not to know of them. But to my theme again. [7] The siesta after dinner is always slight, and sometimes intermitted. When inclined for the board-game, he is quick to gather up the dice, examines them with care, shakes the box with expert hand, throws rapidly, humorously apostrophizes them, and patiently waits the issue. Silent at a good throw, he makes merry over a bad, annoyed by neither fortune, and always the philosopher. He is too proud to ask or to refuse a revenge; he disdains to avail himself of one if offered; and if it is opposed will quietly go on playing.

You effect recovery of your men without obstruction on his side; he recovers his without collusion upon yours. You see the strategist when he moves the pieces; his one thought is victory. [8] Yet at play he puts off a little of his kingly rigour, inciting all to good fellowship and the freedom of the game: I think he is afraid of being feared. Vexation in the man whom he beats delights him; he will never believe that his opponents have not let him win unless their annoyance proves him really victor. You would be surprised how often the pleasure born of these little happenings may favour the march of great affairs. Petitions that some wrecked influence had left derelict come unexpectedly to port; I myself am gladly beaten by him when I have a favour to ask, since the loss of my game may mean the gaining of my cause. [9] About the ninth hour, the burden of government begins again. Back come the importunates, back the ushers to remove them; on all sides buzz the voices of petitioners, a sound which lasts till evening, and does not diminish till interrupted by the royal repast; even then they only disperse to attend their various patrons among the courtiers, and are astir till bedtime. Sometimes, though this is rare, supper is enlivened by sallies of mimes, but no guest is ever exposed to the wound of a biting tongue. Withal there is no noise of hydraulic organ, or choir with its conductor intoning a set piece;

you will hear no players of lyre or flute, no master of the music, no girls with cithara or tabor; the king cares for no strains but those which no less charm the mind with virtue than the ear with melody. [10] When he rises to withdraw, the treasury watch begins its vigil; armed sentries stand on guard during the first hours of slumber. But I am wandering from my subject. I never promised a whole chapter on the kingdom, but a few words about the king. I must stay my pen; you asked for nothing more than one or two facts

about the person and the tastes of Theodoric; and my own aim was to write a letter, not a history. Farewell.

LETTER 1.3: TO HIS FRIEND FILIMATIUS

AD 467

INDICT me now by the laws against intrigue, degrade me from the Senate for keeping patient eyes on the promotion to which, after all, birth gives me claim, since my own sire and my wife's, my grandsire and his sire too before him were urban and praetorian prefects, or held high rank in court and army. [2] If it comes to that, consider our friend Gaudentius, who but now of tribune's rank, towers in the dignity of the Vicariate above the unenterprising sloth of our good citizens. Of course our young nobles grumble at his passing over their heads; as for him, his one sentiment is satisfaction. And they now respect a man scorned till yesterday; amazed at such a sudden rise, they look up to one as magistrate on whom as neighbour they looked down. He for his part sets his crier to stun the ears of his drowsy detractors; though envy goads them to hostility they always find a friendly bench reserved for them in court. [3] You too had best make good the loss of your old office by the membership of the prefect's council now offered you; if you fail to do so, if you sit without the advantage which such a position confers, you will be set down as one only fit to represent a Vicarius. Farewell.

LETTER 1.4: TO HIS FRIEND GAUDENTIUS

AD 467

CONGRATULATIONS, most honoured friend; the rods of office are yours by merit. To win your dignities you did not parade your mother's income, or the largess of your ancestors, your wife's jewels, or your paternal inheritance. In place of all this, it was your obvious sincerity, your proven zeal, your admitted social charm which won you favour in the imperial household. O thrice and four times happy man, whose rise means joy to friends, gall to enemies, and glory to your own posterity, to say nothing of the example given to the active and alert, and the spur applied to the listless and the slow. The man who tries to emulate you, be his spirit what it will, may haply owe the last success to his own exertions, but will certainly owe his start to your example. [2] I fancy I see among the envious, with all deference to better citizens be it said, the old miserable arrogance, the old scorn of service affected by men too slack to serve, men lost to all ambition, who crown their cups

with sophistries about the charm of a free life out of office, their motive a base indolence, and not the love of the ideal which they pretend. . . .

[3] [Such a] taste the wisdom of our fathers rejected, for fear that boys might take advantage of it; they likened school orations to a textile fabric, and perfectly understood that, in the case of youthful eloquence, it is harder to spin out the terse than cut the exuberant short. So much for this subject; for the rest, remember that if Providence approves my endeavours and brings me back safe and sound, I mean to repay your goodness with equal measure.

LETTER 1.5

To his friend Herenius * A. D. 467 [1] YOUR letter finds me at Rome. You are solicitous to know whether the affairs which have brought me so far go forward as we hoped, what route I took, and how I fared on it, what rivers celebrated in song I saw, what towns famed for their fair sites, what mountains reputed as the haunt of gods, what glorious battlefields; for it is your delight to check the descriptions you have read by the more accurate relation of the eye-witness. I am rejoiced that you inquire about my doings, because I know that your interest springs from the heart. Well then, though little accidents there were, I will begin, under kind Providence, with things of good event; it was the wont of our ancestors, as you know, to develop even a tale of mishap from fortunate beginnings. [2] As bearer of the imperial letter, I was able to avail myself of the public post on leaving our beloved Lyons + ; my path lay amid the homes of kinsmen and acquaintances; and I lost less time from scarcity of horses than from multiplicity of friends, so closely did every one cling about me, shouting each against the other best wishes for a happy journey and safe return. In this way I drew near the Alps, which I ascended easily and without delay; formidable precipices rose on either side, but the snow was hollowed into a track, and the way thus smoothed before me.

[3] Such rivers, too, as could not be crossed in boats, had convenient fords or traversable bridges with covered arches, built by the art of old time from the foundations to the stoned road above. On the Ticino I boarded the packet known as the cursoria, which soon bore me to the Po; be sure I laughed over those convivial songs of ours about Phaethon's sisters and their unnatural tears of amber gum. [4] I passed the mouth of many a tributary from Ligurian or Euganean heights, sedgy Lambro, blue Adda, swift Adige, slow Mincio, borne upon their very eddies as I looked; their margins and high banks were clothed with groves of oak and maple. Everywhere sweetly re-

sounded the harmony of birds, whose loose-piled nests swayed on the hollow canes, or amid the pointed rushes and smooth reed-grass luxuriantly flourishing in the moisture of this wet riverain soil. [5] The way led past Cremona, over whose proximity the Mantuan Tityrus so deeply sighed. We just touched at Brescello to take on Aemilian boatmen in place of our Venetian rowers, and, bearing to the right, soon reached Ravenna, where one would find it hard to say whether Caesar's road, passing between the two, separates or unites the old town and the new port. The Po divides above the city, part flowing through, part round the place.

It is diverted from its main bed by the State dykes, and is thence led in diminished volume through derivative channels, the two halves so disposed that one encompasses and moats the walls, the other penetrates them and brings them trade ---- an admirable arrangement for commerce in general, and that of provisions in particular. But the drawback is that, with water all about us, we could not quench our thirst; there was neither pure-flowing aqueduct nor filterable cistern, nor trickling source, nor unclouded well. On the one side, the salt tides assail the gates; on the other, the movement of vessels stirs the filthy sediment in the canals, or the sluggish flow is fouled by the bargemen's poles, piercing the bottom slime. [7] From Ravenna we came to the Rubicon, which borrows its name from the red colour of its gravels, and formed the frontier between the old Italians and the Cisalpine Gauls, when the two peoples divided the Adriatic towns. Thence I journeyed to Rimini and Fano, the first famed for its association with Caesar's rebellion, the second tainted by the fate of Hasdrubal; for hard by flows Metaurus, more durably renowned through the fortune of a single day than if it had never ceased to run red to this hour, and roll down the dead on blood-stained waters to the Dalmatian Sea. [8] After this I just traversed the other towns of the Flaminian Way----in at one gate, out at the other----leaving the Picenians on the left and the Umbrians on the right;

and here my exhausted system succumbed either to Calabrian Atabulus or to air of the insalubrious Tuscan region, charged with poisonous exhalations, and blowing now hot, now cold. Fever and thirst ravaged the very marrow of my being; in vain I promised to their avidity draughts from pleasant fountain or hidden well, yes, and from every stream present or to come, water of Velino clear as glass, of Clitunno ice-cold, cerulean of Teverone, sulphureous of Nera, pellucid of Farfa, muddy of Tiber; I was mad to drink, but prudence

stayed the craving. [9] Meanwhile, Rome herself spread wide before my view, but I felt like draining down her aqueducts, or even the water of her naval spectacles. Before I reached the city limits I fell prostrate at the triumphal threshold of the Apostles, and in a flash I felt the languor vanish from my enfeebled limbs. After which proof of celestial protection, I alighted at the inn of which I have engaged a part, and there I am trying to get a little rest, writing as I lie upon my couch. [10] As yet I have not presented myself at the bustling gates of Emperor or Court official. For my arrival coincided with the marriage of the patrician Ricimer, to whom the hand of the Emperor's daughter was being accorded in the hope of securer times for the State. Not individuals alone, but whole classes and parties are given up to rejoicing; you have the best of it on your side of the Alps.

While I was writing these lines, scarce a theatre, provision-market, praetorium, forum, temple, or gymnasium but echoed to the passage of the cry Thalassio! 4 and even at this hour the schools are closed, no business is doing, the Courts are voiceless, missions are postponed; there is a truce to intrigue, and all the serious business of life seems merged in the buffooneries of the stage. [11] Though the bride has been given away, though the bridegroom has put off his wreath, the consular his palm-broidered robe, the brideswoman her wedding gown, the distinguished senator his toga, and the plain man his cloak, yet the noise of the great gathering has not died away in the palace chambers, because the bride still delays to start for her husband's house. When this merrymaking has run out its course, you shall hear what remains to tell of my proceedings, if indeed these crowded hours of idleness to which the whole State seems now surrendered are ever to end, even when the festivities are over. Farewell.

LETTER 1.6: TO HIS FRIEND EUTROPIUS

AD 467

I HAVE long wished to write, but feel the impulse more than ever now, when by the Christ's preventing grace, I am actually on the way to Rome. My sole motive, or at least my chief one, is to drag you from the slough of your domestic ease by an appeal to you to enter the imperial service. . . . [2] Moreover, by the goodness of God, your age, your health of body and mind concur to fit you for the task; you have horses, arms, wardrobe, establishment, slaves in plenty; the one thing lacking, unless I greatly err, is the courage to begin. In your own home you are energetic enough; it is only at the idea of exile from

it that a dull despondency intimidates you. How can it fairly be described as exile, for one with blood of senators in his veins and with the effigies of ancestors in the trabea daily forced upon his sight, to visit Rome once in his prime----Rome the abode of law, the training-school of letters, the fount of honours, the head of the world, the motherland of freedom, the city unique upon earth, where none but the barbarian and the slave is foreign?1

[3] Shame on you now if you bury yourself among cow-keeping rustics, or grunting swineherds, as if it were the height of your felicity to feel the plough-handle tremble above the cleft furrow, or, bowed over your scythe, to spoil the meadow of its flowery wealth, or hoe the luxuriant vines with a face bent earthwards. Have done! awake! sleek ease has unstrung the sinews of your mind; raise it to higher things. Is it a less duty in a man of your descent to cultivate himself than his estate? [4] In fine, what you are pleased to call a young man's exercise is really a relaxation only fit for broken soldiers, when their feeble hands exchange rusty sword for belated mattock. Suppose you achieve your end; suppose that vineyard upon vineyard foams with purple juice, while piled granaries collapse under endless mounds of grain; suppose plump neatherds drive the crowding cows with their swollen udders into the reeking yards to milk: what then? What use will it be to have enlarged your patrimony by sordid gains like these, to have lived recluse not only among such things, but, O deeper shame! for such things' sake? You will have only yourself to thank if one day you stand, you a nobleman born, obscure in your white hairs behind your juniors seated in debate, if you smart under the speech of some poor man risen to honour by office, and with anguish see yourself distanced by those in whom it would once have been presumption to follow in our train.

[5] But why say more? 'Take my appeal as it is meant, and you shall find me at your side ready to anticipate and share your every effort. But if you let yourself be caught in the insidious nets of pleasure; if you choose to yoke yourself, as the saying is, with the tenets of Epicurus, who frankly sacrifices virtue, and defines the chief good as physical delight, then, be our posterity my witness, I wash my hands of the disgrace. Farewell.

LETTER 1.7

To his friend Vincentius A. D. 468 [1] THE case of Arvandus distresses me, nor do I conceal my distress, for it is our emperor's crowning praise that a condemned prisoner may have friends who need not hide their friendship. I

was more intimate with this man than it was safe to be with one so light and so unstable, witness the odium lately kindled against me on his account, the flame of which has scorched me for this lapse from prudence. [2] But since I had given my friendship, honour bound me fast, though he on his side has no steadfastness at all; I say this because it is the truth and not to strike him when he is down. For he despised friendly advice and made himself throughout the sport of fortune; the marvel to me is, not that he fell at last, but that he ever stood so long. How often he would boast of weathering adversity, when we, with a less superficial sense of things, deplored the sure disaster of his rashness, unable to call happy any man who only sometimes and not always deserves the name. [3] But now for your question as to his government; I will tell you in few words, and with all the loyalty due to a friend however far brought low. During his first term as prefect his rule was very popular; the second was disastrous. Crushed by debt, and living in dread of creditors, he was jealous of the nobles from among whom his successor must needs be chosen.

He would make fun of all his visitors, profess astonishment at advice, and spurn good offices; if people called on him too rarely, he showed suspicion; if too regularly, contempt. At last the general hate encompassed him like a rampart; before he was well divested of his authority, he was invested with guards, and a prisoner bound for Rome. Hardly had he set foot in the city when he was all exultation over his fair passage along the stormy Tuscan coast, as if convinced that the very elements were somehow at his bidding. [4] At the Capitol, the Count of the Imperial Largess, his friend Flavius Asellus, acted as his host and jailer, showing him deference for his prefectship, which seemed, as it were, yet warm, so newly was it stripped from him. Meanwhile, the three envoys from Gaul arrived upon his heels with the provincial decrees empowering them to impeach in the public name. They were Tonantius Ferreolus, the ex-prefect, and grandson, on the mother's side, of the Consul Afranius Syagrius, Thaumastus, and Petronius, all men practised in affairs and eloquent, all conspicuous ornaments of our country. [5] They brought, with other matters entrusted to them by the province, an intercepted letter, which Arvandus' secretary, now also under arrest, declared to have been dictated by his master.

It was evidently addressed to the King of the Goths,* whom it dissuaded from concluding peace with 'the Greek Emperor', + urging that instead he

should attack the Bretons north of the Loire, and asserting that the law of nations called for a division of Gaul between Visigoth and Burgundian. There was more in the same mad vein, calculated to inflame a choleric king, or shame a quiet one into action. Of course the lawyers found here a flagrant case of treason. [6] These tactics did not escape the excellent Auxanius and myself; in whatever way we might have incurred the impeached man's friendship, we both felt that to evade the consequences at this crisis of his fate would be to brand us as traitors, barbarians, and poltroons. We at once exposed to the unsuspecting victim the whole scheme which a prosecution, no less astute than alert and ardent, intended to keep dark until the trial; their scheme was to noose in some unguarded reply an adversary rash enough to repudiate the advice of all his friends and rely wholly on his own unaided wits. We told him what to us and to more secret friends seemed the one safe course; we begged him not to give the slightest point away which they might try to extract from him on pretence of its insignificance; their dissimulation would be ruinous to him if it drew incautious admissions in answer to their questions. [7] When he grasped our point, he was beside himself;

he suddenly broke out into abuse, and cried: 'Begone, you and your nonsensical fears, degenerate sons of prefectorian fathers; leave this part of the affair to me; it is beyond an intelligence like yours. Arvandus trusts in a clear conscience; the employment of advocates to defend him on the charge of bribery shall be his one concession.' We came away in low spirits, disturbed less by the insult to ourselves than by a real concern; what right has the doctor to take offence when a man past cure gives way to passion? [8] Meanwhile, our defendant goes off to parade the Capitol square, and in white raiment too; he finds sustenance in the sly greetings which he receives; he listens with a gratified air as the bubbles of flattery burst about him. He casts curious eyes on the gems and silks and precious fabrics of the dealers, inspects, picks up, unrolls, beats down the prices as if he were a likely purchaser, moaning and groaning the whole time over the laws, the age, the senate, the emperor, and all because they would not right him then and there without investigation. [9] A few days passed, and, as I learned afterwards (I had left Rome in the interim), there was a full house in the senate-hall. Arvandus proceeded thither freshly groomed and barbered, while the accusers waited the decemvirs'1 summons unkempt and in half-mourning, snatching from him thus the de-

fendant's usual right, and securing the advantage of suggestion which the suppliant garb confers.

The parties were admitted and, as the custom is, took up positions opposite each other. Before the proceedings began, all of prefectorian rank were allowed to sit; instantly Arvandus, with that unhappy impudence of his, rushed forward and forced himself almost into the very bosoms of the judges, while the ex-prefect* gained subsequent credit and respect by placing himself quietly and modestly amidst his colleagues at the lowest end of the benches, to show that his quality of envoy was his first thought, and not his rank as senator. [10] While this was going on, absent members of the house came in; the parties stood up and the envoys set forth their charge. They first produced their mandate from the province, then the already-mentioned letter; this was being read sentence by sentence, when Arvandus admitted the authorship without even waiting to be asked. The envoys rejoined, rather cruelly, that the fact of his dictation was obvious. And when the madman, blind to the depth of his fall, dealt himself a deadly blow by repeating the avowal not once, but twice, the accusers raised a shout, and the judges cried as one man that he stood convicted of treason out of his own mouth. Scores of legal precedents were on record to achieve his ruin.

[11] Only at this point, and then not at once, is the wretched man said to have turned white in tardy repentance of his loquacity, recognizing all too late that it is possible to be convicted of high treason for other offences than aspiring to the purple. He was stripped on the spot of all the privileges pertaining to his prefecture, an office which by re-election he had held five years, and consigned to the common jail as one not now first degraded to plebeian rank, but restored to it as his own. Eye-witnesses report, as the most pathetic feature of all, that as a result of his intrusion upon his judges in all that bravery and smartness while his accusers dressed in black, his pitiable plight won him no pity when he was led off to prison a little later. How, indeed, could any one be much moved at his fate, seeing him haled to the quarries or hard labour still all trimmed and pomaded like a fop? [12] Judgement was deferred a bare fortnight. He was then condemned to death, and flung into the island of the Serpent of Epidaurus. There, an object of compassion even to his enemies, his elegance gone, spewed, as it were, by Fortune out of the land of the living, he now drags out by benefit of Tiberius'2 law his respite of thirty days after sentence, shuddering through the long hours

at the thought of hook and Gemonian stairs, and the noose of the brutal executioner.

[13] We, of course, whether in Rome or out of it, are doing all we can; we make daily vows, we redouble prayers and supplications that the imperial clemency may suspend the stroke of the drawn sword, and rather visit a man already half dead with confiscation of property, and exile. But whether Arvandus has only to expect the worst, or must actually undergo it, he is surely the most miserable soul alive if, branded with such marks of shame, he has any other desire than to die. Farewell.

LETTER 1.8: TO HIS FRIEND CANDIDIANUS

AD 468

You congratulate me on my prolonged stay at Rome, though I note the touch of irony, and your wit at my expense. You say you are glad your old friend has at last seen the sun, since on the Saône his chances of a good look at it are few and far between. You abuse my misty Lyons, and deplore the days so cloaked by morning fog that the full heat of noon can scarcely unveil them. [2] Now does this nonsense fitly come from a native of that oven of a town Cesena? You have shown your real opinion of your charming and convenient natal soil by leaving it. The midges of Po may pierce your ears; the city frogs may croak and swarm on every side, but you know very well that you are better off in exile at Ravenna than at home. In that marsh of yours the laws of everything are always the wrong way about; the waters stand and the walls fall, the towers float and the ships stick fast, the sick man walks and the doctor lies abed, the baths are chill and the houses blaze, the dead swim and the quick are dry, the powers are asleep and the thieves wide awake, the clergy live by usury and the Syrian chants the Psalms, business men turn soldiers and soldiers business men, old fellows play ball and young fellows hazard, eunuchs take to arms and rough allies to letters. [3] And that is the kind of city you choose to settle in, a place that may boast a territory but little solid ground. Be kinder, therefore, to Transalpines who never provoked you; their climate wins too cheap a triumph if it shines only by comparison with such as yours. Farewell.

LETTER 1.9

To his friend Herenius A. D. 468 [1] THE patrician Ricimer well married, and the wealth of both empires blown to the winds in the process, the com-

munity has at last resumed its sober senses and opened door and field again to business. Even before this happened I had already been made welcome to the home of the prefectorian Paul, and enjoyed the friendliest and most hospitable treatment in a house no less respectable for piety than learning. I do not know the man more eminent in every kind of accomplishment than my host. I am amazed when I think of the subtleties which he propounds, the figures of rhetoric adorning his judgements, the polish of his verses, the wonders which his fingers can perform. And over and above this encyclopaedic knowledge, he has a still better possession, a conscience superior even to all this science. Naturally, my first inquiries as to possible avenues to court-favour were addressed to him; with him I discuss the likeliest patrons for the advancement of our hopes. [2] There is, however, little need to hesitate; the number of those whose influence merits our consideration is so small. There are, indeed, many senators of wealth and birth, ripe in experience, helpful in counsel, all of the highest rank, and equal in real consideration. But without disparagement to others, we found two consulars, Gennadius Avienus and Caecina Basilius, in enjoyment of a peculiar eminence, and conspicuous above the rest;

if you leave out of the account the great military officers, these two members of the exalted order easily come next to the emperor himself. We found them both deserving of the highest admiration; but their characters were very different; what resemblance there was rested rather on inborn than acquired qualities. Let me give you a short description of the pair. [3] Avienus reached the consulate by luck, Basilius by merit. It was observed that the former attained his dignities with enviable rapidity, but that although the latter was slower, he won the greater number of distinctions in the end. If either chanced to leave his house, a whole populace of clients was afoot to escort him, and pressed about him like a human tide. But though the two were in so far on a level, the spirits and expectations of their friends were very far from equal. Avienus would do all that in him lay for the advancement of his sons, or sons-in-law, or brothers, but was so absorbed in family candidates that his energy in the interest of outside aspirants was proportionately impaired. [4] There was a further reason for preferring the Decian to the Corvinian family. What Avienus could only obtain for his own connexions while in office, Basilius obtained for strangers while he was in a private station. Avienus opened his mind freely, and at' once, but little came of it; Ba-

silius rarely and not for some time, but to the petitioner's advantage. Neither of the two was inaccessible or costly of approach;

but in the one case cultivation reaped mere affability, in the other, solid gain. [5] After long balancing of alternatives, we finally compromised in this sense; we would preserve all due respect for the older consular, whose house we were duly frequenting, but devote our real attention to the habitué's of Basilius' house. Now while, with the assistance of this right honourable friend, I was considering how best to advance the matter of our Arvernian petition, the Kalends of January came round, on which day the emperor's name was to be enrolled in the Fasti as consul for a second year. [6] 'The very thing,' cried my patron. 'My dear Sollius, I well know that you are engaged in an exacting duty, but I do wish you would bring out your Muse again in honour of the new consul; let her sing something appropriate to the occasion, in whatever haste composed. I will obtain you an audience, be there to encourage you before you begin to recite, and guarantee you a good reception when you have done. I have some experience in these matters; trust me when I say that serious advantage may accrue from this little scheme.' I took the hint; he did not withdraw from the suggested plan, but gave me the support of an invincible ally in the act of homage imposed upon me, and managed so to influence my new consul, that I was incontinently named president of his senate.

[7] But I expect you are tired to death of this prolix letter, and would much rather peruse my little work itself at your leisure. Indeed, I am sure you would, so the eloquent pages bear you the verses herewith, and must do duty for me until I come to speak for myself a few days hence. If my lines win the suffrage of your critical judgement, I shall be just as delighted as if a speech of mine in the assembly or from the rostra called forth the 'bravos' not of senators alone but of all the citizens. I warn you, nay, I insist with you, not to think of setting this slight piece of mine on the same plane as the hexameters of your own Muse, for by the side of yours my lines will suggest the triviality of epitaph-mongers rather than the grandeur of heroic verse. [8] Rejoice, all the same, with the panegyrist; he cannot claim the credit of a fine performance, but at least he has the reward of one. And so, if gay may enliven grave, I will imitate the Pyrgopolinices of Plautus, and conclude in a robustious and Thrasonical vein. And since, by Christ's aid, I have got the prefecture by a lucky pen, I bid you treat me as my new state demands; pile up

all conceivable felicitations and exalt to the stars my eloquence or my luck, according as I please, or fail to please, your judgement.

I can imagine your smile when you see your friend carrying it off in this style with the braggart airs of the old stage-soldier. Farewell.

LETTER 1.10: TO HIS FRIEND CAMPANIANUS

AD 468

THE Intendant of Supplies 2 has personally presented the letter in which you commend him as your old friend to my new judgement. I am greatly indebted to him, but most of all to yourself for this evidence of your resolve to assume my friendship certain and proof against all suspicion. I welcome, I eagerly embrace this opportunity of acquaintance, and of intimacy, since my desire to oblige you cannot but draw closer the bonds which already unite us. [2] But please commend me in my turn to his vigilant care, commend, that is, my cause and my repute. For I rather fear that there may be an uproar in the theatres if the supplies of grain run short, and that the hunger of all the Romans will be laid to my account. I am on the point of dispatching him immediately to the harbour in person, because news is to hand that five ships from Brindisi have put in at Ostia laden with wheat and honey. A stroke of energy on his part, and we should have these cargoes ready in no time for the expectant crowds; he would win my favour, I the people's, and he and I together yours. Farewell.

LETTER 1.11: TO HIS FRIEND MONTIUS

about AD 461-7

ON the eve of your departure to visit your people of Franche-Comté, most eloquent of friends, you ask me for a copy of a certain satire, assuming it really of my composition. I must say the request surprises me; it is not nice to jump to a false conclusion about a friend's conduct in this manner. It is so likely----is it not?----that at my then age and with my total lack of leisure, I should devote my energies to a kind of literature which it would have been presumptuous in a young man doing his service to compose, and assuredly perilous to publish. Why, a mere nodding acquaintance with a grammarian would suffice to recall the advice of the Calabrian: 'Against the libellous poet, is there not remedy of law and sentence?'1 [2] To prevent any more credulity of this sort as regards your old friend, I will set forth at some length, and from the beginning, the events which brought on my head the sound and

smoke of public odium. In the reign of Majorian, an anonymous but very mordant satire in verse was circulated at court; gross in its invective, it took advantage of unprotected names, though it lashed vice, its attack was above all personal. The inhabitants of Aries (that city was the scene of these events) were much excited; they wanted to know on which of our poets the weight of public indignation was to fall; at their head were the men whom the invisible author had most visibly branded. [3] It chanced that the illustrious Catullinus arrived at this juncture from Clermont; always a close friend of mine, he was then nearer to me than ever, as we had just served together; a common duty away from home brings (you know how) fellow citizens nearer. Well, Paeonius and Bigerrus set a trap for the unsuspecting visitor: they took him off his guard, and asked him, before numerous witnesses, whether he was familiar with the new poem. 'Let me hear some of it,' said Catullinus.

But when they went on jestingly to quote various passages from the satire, he burst out laughing, and asseverated, rather inopportunely, perhaps, that such verses deserved to be immortalized, and set up in letters of gold on the rostra or the Capitol. [4] At this Paeonius flamed out, for he was the man whom the fiery tooth of the satirist had most sharply bitten. 'Ha!' he cried to the crowd attracted to the spot, 'I have found out the author of this public outrage. Just look at Catullinus half dead with laughter there; obviously he knew all the points beforehand. How could he thus anticipate, and conclude from a mere part, unless he were already acquainted with the whole? We know that Sidonius is in Auvergne. It is easy to infer that he wrote the thing and that Catullinus was the first to hear it from his lips.' Now I was not only absent, but ignorant and innocent as a babe; that did not prevent a tempest of fury and abuse against me; they cast to the winds loyalty, fair play, and fair inquiry; [5] such power had this popular favourite to draw the fickle crowd whither he would. As you know, Paeonius was a demagogue well versed in the tribune's art of troubling the waters of faction. But if you asked 'whence his descent and where his home?'1 'tis known he was nothing more than a plain citizen, whom the eminence of his stepfather more than any distinction of his own house first brought to public notice.

He was bent on rising, and more than once let it be seen that he would stick at nothing to attain his end; though mean by nature he would spend freely for his own advancement. For example, when the engagement of his daughter (against whom I would not breathe a word) brought him the alli-

ance of a family above his own, our Chremes, if rumour does not lie, announced to his Pamphilus a dower magnificently beyond the strict civic standard. [6] Again, when the Marcellian conspiracy 3 to seize the diadem was brewing, what did our friend do? A novus homo, and in his grey hairs, he must needs constitute himself the leader of the young nobility until in the fullness of time the efforts of a lucky audacity were rewarded, for the interregnum, like a rift in clouds, threw a flash of splendour on the obscurity of his birth. The throne was vacant, the State in confusion; but he, and only he, had the face, without waiting for credentials, to assume the fasces as prefect in Gaul, and for months together climb, in the sight of gods and men, the tribunal distinguished by so many illustrious magistrates. Like a public accountant or advocate promoted to honours at the close of a professional career, he just managed to get recognition at the very end of his official term.

[7] A prefect and senator in such wise that only my respect for the character of his son-in-law prevents me from exposing him as utterly as he deserves, behold him unashamed to fan the odium of good and bad alike against one still nominally his friend, as if I were the only man of my epoch competent to string a verse or two together. I came to Aries suspecting nothing ----how should I?----though my enemies were good enough to believe I dared not venture. The next day I paid my duty to the emperor, and went down to the forum, as I always do. As soon as I appeared, the conspiracy was at once confounded, being of the sort which, as Lucan says, dares put nothing to the touch. Some fell cringing at my knees, abasing themselves beyond propriety; others hid behind statues or columns to avoid the necessity of salutation; others, again, with looks of affected sorrow, walked closely at my sides. [8] I was wondering all the time what might be the meaning of this excess, first in insolence and now in abasement, but was determined not to ask, when one of the gang, put up, no doubt, to play the part, came forward to exchange greeting.

We talked, and incidentally he remarked: 'You see these people?' 'I do indeed,' I answered, 'and I may say that their proceedings astonish me as much as they impress me little.' To which my kind interpreter rejoined: 'It is in your quality of satirist that they show this fear or detestation of you.' 'How so,' I cried, 'on what grounds? when did I give them the excuse? who detected the offence? who brought the charge and who the proof?' Then, with a smile, I continued thus: 'My dear sir, if you don't mind, oblige me by asking these

excited persons from me, whether it was a professed informer or spy who got up this imaginative story about my writing a satire. If they have to make the inevitable apology later, it will be better for them to give up this outrageous behaviour at once.' [9] No sooner had he conveyed the message, than they all came to offer their hands and salutations, not man by man, and with decorum, but the whole herd with a rush. Our Curio was left all alone to breathe imprecations on the base deserters, until at fall of evening he was hurried off home on the shoulders of bearers gloomier than mutes. [10] The next day the emperor commanded my presence at the banquet he was giving on the occasion of the Games.

At the left end of the couch 1 was Severinus, the consul of the year, who managed to trim his sails to a wind of even favour throughout our vast dynastic changes and all the uneven fortunes of the State. Next him was the ex-prefect Magnus, who had just laid down the consul's office, and by virtue of these two dignities was no unworthy neighbour. Beyond Magnus was his nephew Camillus, who had also held two offices, and by his conduct of them added equal lustre to his father's proconsular rank and his uncle's consulship. Next to him was Paeonius, and then Athenius, a man versed in every turn of controversy and vicissitude of the times. After them came Gratianensis, a character not to be mentioned in the same breath with evil; and though lower in rank than Severinus, above him in the imperial estimation. I was last, upon the left side of the emperor, who lay at the right extremity of the table. [11] When the dinner was well advanced, the prince addressed a few short remarks to the consul. He then turned to the ex-consul, with whom he talked several times, the subjects being literary. At an early opportunity he addressed himself to Camillus, with the remark: 'My dear Camillus, you have so admirable an uncle that I pride myself on having conferred a consulship on your family.' Camillus, who coveted a like promotion, saw his chance, and replied: 'A consulship, Sire!

you surely mean a first?' Even the emperor's presence did not check the loud applause which greeted this rejoinder. [12] By accident, or of set purpose, I cannot say which, the prince now passed over Paeonius, and addressed some question or other to Athenius. Paeonius had the bad manners to take the oversight ill, and made matters worse by answering before the other had time to speak. The emperor only laughed; it was his way to be very genial in society so long as his own dignity was observed. To Athenius the laugh came

as compensation for the slight he had suffered. That craftiest of all the elders had been boiling with suppressed resentment all the time because Paeonius had been placed above him, but he calmed himself enough to say: 'It no longer surprises me, Sire, that he should try to push himself into my place, when he has now pushed into your Majesty's conversation.' [13] The illustrious Gratianensis here remarked that the episode opened a wide field to a satirist.

On this, the emperor turned round to me and said: 'It is news to me, Count Sidonius, that you are a writer of satires.' 'Sire,' I answered, 'it is news to me too.' 'Anyhow,' he replied with a laugh, 'I beg you to be merciful to me.' 'I shall spare myself also,' I rejoined, 'by refraining from illegality.' Thereupon the emperor said: 'What shall we do, then, to the people who have provoked you?' 'This, Sire,' I answered. ' Whoever my accuser be, let him come out into the open. If I am proved guilty, let me abide the penalty. But if, as will probably be the case, I rebut the charge, I ask of your clemency permission to write anything I choose about my assailant, provided I observe the law.' [14] The emperor looked at Paeonius, who was hesitating, and made a sign of inquiry whether he accepted the conditions. But he had not a word to answer, and the prince spared his embarrassment; at last, however, he managed to say: 'I agree to your conditions, if you can put them in verse on the spot.' 'Very well,' I said; and turning back, as if to call for water for my hands, I remained in that attitude the time occupied by a quick servant in going round the table. I then resumed my former position, and the emperor said: 'Your undertaking was to ask in an impromptu our sanction for writing satire.' I replied:

'O mightiest prince, I pray that this be thy decree: let him who calls me libeller or prove his charge, or fear.' [15] I do not want to seem conceited, but the applause which followed was equal to that which had greeted Camillus; though it was earned, of course, less by the merit of the verse than by the speed with which I had composed. Then the emperor cried: 'I call God and the common weal to witness that in future I give you licence to write what you please; the charge brought against you was not susceptible of proof. It would be most unjust if the imperial decision allowed such latitude to private quarrels that evident malice might imperil by obscure charges nobles whom conscious innocence puts wholly off their guard.' At this pronouncement I modestly bent my head and thanked him; the face of my opponent, which

had previously shown successive signs of rage and vexation, now grew pale. Indeed, it was almost frozen with terror, as if he had received the order to present his neck to the executioner's drawn sword. [16] Little more was said before we rose from the table. We had withdrawn a short distance from the imperial presence, and were in the act of putting on our mantles, when the consul fell upon my bosom, the ex-prefects seized my hands, and my guilty friend abased himself so often and so profoundly, that he aroused universal pity, and bade fair to place me in a more invidious position by his entreaties than he had ever done by his insinuations.

Urged to speak by the throng of nobles round me, I closed the episode by telling him that he might set his mind at rest; I should write no satire on his base intrigue so long as he abstained henceforward from the misrepresentation of my actions. It should be punishment enough for him to know that his ascription of the lampoon to me had added to my credit and brought nothing but discredit on himself. [17] In fine, honoured lord, the man whom I thus confounded had not been loudest in calumny; he was a mere whisperer. But since, by his offence, I had the satisfaction of being so warmly greeted by so many men of the highest influence and position, I confess that it was almost worth while to have borne the scandal of the exordium for the sake of so triumphant a conclusion. Farewell.

Book II

letter 2.1: to [his brother-in-law] ecdicius

c. AD 470

YOUR countrymen of Auvergne suffer equally from two evils. 'What are those?' you ask. Seronatus' presence, and your own absence. Seronatus----his very name first calls for notice; 1 I think that when he was so named, a prescient fortune must have played with contradictions, as our predecessors did, who by antiphrasis used the root of 'beautiful' in their word for war, the most hideous thing on earth; and, with no less perversity, the root of mercy in their name for Fate, because Fate never spares. This Catiline of our day is just returned from the region of the Adour to blend in whole confusion the fortune and the blood of unhappy victims which down there he had only pledged himself in part to shed. [2] You must know that his long-dissembled savagery comes daily further into the light. His spite affronts the day; his dis-

simulation was abject as his arrogance is servile. He commands like a despot; no tyrant more exacting than he, no judge more peremptory in sentence, no barbarian falser in false witness. The livelong day he goes armed from cowardice, and starving from pure meanness. Greed makes him formidable, and vanity cruel; he continually commits himself the very thefts he punishes in others. To the universal amusement he will rant of war in a civilian company, and of literature among Goths. Though he barely knows the alphabet, he has the conceit to dictate letters in public and the impudence to revise them under the same conditions.

[3] All property he covets he makes a show of buying; but he never thinks of paying, nor does he trouble to furnish himself with deeds, knowing it hopeless to prove a title. In the council-chamber he commands, but in counsel he is mute. He jests in church and preaches at table; snores on the bench, and breathes condemnation in his bedroom. His actions are filling the woods with dangerous fugitives from the estates, the churches with scoundrels, the prisons with holy men. He cries the Goths up and the Romans down; he prepares illusions for prefects and collusions with public accountants. He tramples under foot the Theodosian Code to set in its place the laws of a Theodoric, raking up old charges to justify new imposts. [4] Be quick, then, to unravel the tangle of affairs that makes you linger; cut short whatever causes your delay. Our people are at the last gasp; freedom is almost dead. Whether there is any hope, or whether all is to be despair, they want you in their midst to lead them. If the State is powerless to succour, if, as rumour says, the Emperor Anthemius is without resource, our nobility is determined to follow your lead, and give up their country or the hair of their heads. Farewell.

LETTER 2.2: TO HIS FRIEND DOMITIUS

AD 461-7(?)

You attack me for staying in the country; I might with greater reason complain of you for lingering in town. Spring already gives place to summer; the sun has travelled his full range to the Tropic of Cancer and now advances on his journey towards the pole. Why should I waste words upon the climate which we here enjoy? The Creator has so placed us that we are exposed to the afternoon heats. Enough said; the whole world glows; the snow is melting on the Alps; the earth is seamed with gaping heat-cracks. The fords are nothing but dry gravel, the banks hard mud, the plains dust; the running

streams languish and hardly drag themselves along; as for the water, hot is not the word; it boils. [2] We are all perspiring in light silks or linens; but there you stay at Ameria all swathed up under your great gown, buried in a deep chair, and setting with many yawns 'My mother was a Samian' 1 to pupils paler from the heat than from any fear of you. As you love your health, get away at once from your suffocating alleys, join our household as the most welcome of all guests, and in this most temperate of retreats evade the intemperate dog-star.

[3] You may like to know the kind of place to which you are invited. We are at the estate known as Avitacum, a name of sweeter sound in my ears than my own patrimony because it came to me with my wife. Infer the harmony which established between me and mine; it is God's ordinance; but you might be pardoned for fearing it the work of some enchantment. On the west rises a big hill, pretty steep but not rocky, from which issue two lower spurs, like branches from a double trunk, extending over an area of about four jugera. But while the ground opens out enough to form a broad approach to the front door, the straight slopes on either side lead a valley right to the boundary of the villa, which faces north and south. [4] On the south-west are the baths, which so closely adjoin a wooded eminence that if timber is cut on the hill above, the piles of logs slide down almost by their own weight, and are brought up against the very mouth of the furnace. At this point is the hot bath, which corresponds in size with the adjoining unguentarium, except that it has an apse with a semicircular basin; here the hot water pressing through the sinuous lead pipes that pierce the wall issues with a sobbing sound. The chamber itself is well heated from beneath; it is full of day, and so overflowing with light that very modest bathers seem to themselves something more than naked.

[5] Next come the spacious frigidarium, which may fairly challenge comparison with those in public baths. The roof is pyramidal, and the spaces between the converging ridges are covered with imbricated tiles; the architect has inserted two opposite windows about the junction of walls and dome, so that if you look up, you see the fine coffering displayed to the best advantage. The interior walls are unpretentiously covered with plain white stucco, and the apartment is designed by the nicest calculation of space to contain the same number of persons as the semicircular bath holds bathers, while it yet allows the servants to move about without impeding one anoth-

er. [6] No frescoed scene obtrudes its comely nudities, gracing the art to the disgrace of the artist. You will observe no painted actors in absurd masks, and costumes rivalling Philistio's gear with colours gaudy as the rainbow. You will find no pugilists or wrestlers intertwining their oiled limbs in those grips which, in real bouts, the gymnasiarch's chaste wand unlocks the moment the enlaced limbs look indecent. [7] Enough you will see upon these walls none of those things which it is nicer not to look upon. A few verses there are, harmless lines enough, since no one either regrets perusal or cares to peruse again. If you want to know what marbles are employed, neither Paros nor Carystos, nor Proconnesos, nor Phrygia, nor Numidia, nor Sparta have contributed their diverse inlays.

I had no use for stone that simulates a broken surface, with Ethiopic crags and purple precipices stained with genuine murex. Though enriched by no cold splendour of foreign marble, my poor huts and hovels do not lack the coolness to which a plain citizen may aspire. But now I had really better talk about the things I have, than the things I lack. [8] With this hall is connected on the eastern side an annexe, a piscina, or, if you prefer the Greek word, baptistery, with a capacity of about twenty thousand modii. Into this the bathers pass from the hot room by three arched entrances in the dividing wall. The supports are not piers but columns, which your experienced architect calls the glory of buildings. Into this piscina, then, a stream lured from the brow of the hill is conducted in channels curving round the outside of the swimming basin; it issues through six pipes terminating in lions' heads which, to one entering rapidly, seem to present real fangs, authentic fury of eyes, indubitable manes. [9] When the master of the house stands here with his household or his guests about him, people have to shout in each other's ears, or the noise of falling water makes their words inaudible; the interference of this alien sound forces conversations which are quite public to assume an amusing air of secrecy. On leaving this chamber you see in front of you the withdrawing-room;

adjoining it is the storeroom, separated only by a movable partition from the place where the maids do our weaving. [10] On the east side a portico commands the lake, supported by simple wooden pillars instead of pretentious monumental columns. On the side of the front entrance is a long covered space unbroken by interior divisions; it may be incorrect to call this a hypodrome, but I may fairly award it the name of cryptoporticus. At the

end it is curtailed by a section cut off to form a delightfully cool bay, and here when we keep open festival, the whole chattering chorus of nurses and dependants sounds a halt when the family retires for the siesta. [11] The winter dining-room is entered from this cryptoporticus; a roaring fire on an arched hearth often fills this apartment with smoke and smuts. But that detail I may spare you; a glowing hearth is the last thing I am inviting you to enjoy just now. I pass instead to things which suit the season and your present need. From here one enters a smaller chamber or dining-room, all open to the lake and with almost the whole expanse of lake in its view. This chamber is furnished with a dining-couch and gleaming sideboard upon a raised area or dais to which you mount gradually, and not by abrupt or narrow steps from the portico below. Reclining at this table you can give the idle moments between the courses to the enjoyment of the prospect. [12] If water of our famous springs is served and quickly poured into the cups, one sees snowy spots and clouded patches form outside them; the sudden chill dulls the fugitive reflections of the surface almost as if it had been greased. Such cups restrict one's draughts; the thirstiest soul on earth, to say nothing of Your Abstemiousness, would set lip to the freezing brims with caution. From table you may watch the fisherman row his boat out to mid-lake, and spread his seine with cork floats, or suspend his lines at marked intervals to lure the greedy trout on their nightly excursions through the lake with bait of their own flesh and blood: what phrase more proper, since fish is literally caught by fish?

[13] The meal over, we pass into a withdrawing-room, which its coolness makes a perfect place in summer. Facing north, it receives all the daylight but no direct sun: a very small intervening chamber accommodates the drowsy servants, large enough to allow them forty winks but not a regular sleep. [14] It is delightful to sit here and listen to the shrill cicala at noon, the croak of frogs in the gloaming, the clangour of swans and geese in the earlier night or the crow of cocks in the dead of it, the ominous voice of rooks saluting the rosy face of Dawn in chorus, or, in the half-light, nightingales fluting in the bushes and swallows twittering under the eaves. To this concert you may add the seven-stopped pipe of the pastoral Muse, on which the very wakeful Tityri of our hills will often vie one with another, while the herds about them low to the cow-bells as they graze along the pastures. All these tuneful songs and sounds will but charm you into deeper slumbers. [15] If you

leave the colonnade and go down to the little lakeside harbour, you come to a greensward, and, hard by, to a grove of trees where every one is allowed to go. There stand two great limes, with roots and trunks apart, but the boughs interwoven in one continuous canopy. In their dense shade we play at ball when my Ecdicius honours me with his company;

but the moment the shadow of the trees shrinks to the area covered by the branches we stop for want of ground, and repose our tired limbs at dice. [16] I have described the house; I now owe you a description of the lake. It extends in a devious course towards the east, and when violent winds lash it to fury, drenches the lower part of the house with spray. At its head the ground is marshy and full of bog-holes, impassable to the explorer; a slimy and saturated mud has formed there, and cold springs rise on all sides; the edges are fringed with weed. When the wind drops, small boats cleave its changeful surface in all directions. But if dirty weather comes up from the south the whole lake is swollen into monstrous waves and a rain of spray comes crashing over the tree-tops upon the banks. [17] By nautical measure, it is seventeen stadia in length. Where the river comes in, the broken water foams white against the rocky barriers; but the stream soon wins clear of the overhanging crags, and is lost in the smooth expanse. Whether the river itself makes the lake, or is only an affluent, I know not; certain it is that it reaches the other end, and flows away through subterranean channels which only deprive it of its fish, and leave it intact in volume. The fish, driven into more sluggish waters, increase in size, red bodied and white under the belly. They cannot either return or escape; they fatten, and go self-contained as it were in portable jails of their own composition. [18] On the right, a wooded shore curves with an indented line;

on the left, it opens to a level sweep of grass. On the southwest the shallows along the banks look green; overarching boughs lend the water their own hue, and the water transmits it to the pebbles at the bottom; on the east, a similar fringe of foliage produces a like tint. On the north, the water preserves its natural colour; on the west, the shore is covered with a tangle of common growths crushed in many places where boats have rowed over them; close by, tufts of smooth reeds bend to the wind, and pulpy flat leaves of aquatic plants float upon the surface; the sweet waters nourish the bitter sap of the grey-green willows growing near. [19] In the deep middle of the lake is an islet, at one end of which projects a turning post upon boulders

naturally piled, worn by contact with oar-blades during our aquatic sports; at this point competitors often collide and come to cheerful grief. Our fathers used to hold boat-races here in imitation of the Trojan ceremonial games at Drepanum.1

It is not in my bond to describe the estate itself; suffice it to say that it has spreading woods and flowery meadows, pastures rich in cattle and a wealth of hardy shepherds. [20] Here I must conclude. Were my pen to run on much further the autumn would overtake you before you reached the end. Accord me, then, the grace of coming quickly; your return shall be as slow as ever you choose. And forgive me if, in my fear of overlooking anything about our situation here, I have given you facts in excess and beyond the fair limits of a letter. As it is, there are points which I have left untouched for fear of being tedious. But a reader of your judgement and imagination will not exaggerate the size of the descriptive page, but rather that of the house so spaciously depicted. Farewell.

LETTER 2.3: TO [HIS FRIEND MAGNUS] FELIX

c. AD 472

I REJOICE, honoured lord, to see you win the distinction of this most exalted title; and all the more because the news is announced to me by special messenger. For though you are now high among the powers, and after all these years the patrician dignity comes back to the Philagrian house by your felicity 2, you will discover, most loyal of friends, how much your honours grow by being shared, and how far so rare a modesty as yours exalts a lofty station. [2] It was for these qualities that the Roman people once preferred Quintus Fabius the Master of the Horse to Cursor with his dictatorial rigour and his Papirian pride; for these that Pompey surpassed all rivals in a popularity which he was too wise to scorn. By these Germanicus won the whole world's favour and forced Tiberius to repress his envy. For these reasons I will not concede all the credit for your promotion to the imperial pleasure. It has only one advantage over ours; were we to oppose your claims, it has the power to override us. Your peculiar privilege, your unique advantage is this: you have neither actual rival nor visible successor. Farewell.

LETTER 2.4: TO HIS FRIEND SAGITTARIUS

AD 461-7

THE honourable § Projectus is ardently bent upon your friendship; I trust that you will not repel his advances. He is of noble lineage; the reputation of his father and his uncle, and his grandfather's eminence in the Church unite to lend a lustre to his name; he has indeed all that conduces to distinction; family, wealth, probity, energetic youth; but not till he is assured of your good graces, will he consider himself to have attained the culminating point of his career. [2] Although he has already asked and obtained from the widow of the late honourable Optantius her daughter's hand----may God speed his hopes----he fears that little will have been gained by all his vows, unless his own solicitude, or my intercession gains him your support as well. For you have taken the place of the girl's dead father; you have succeeded to his share in the responsibility for her upbringing; it is to you that she looks for a father's love, a patron's guidance, a guardian's bounden care. [3] And since it is but natural that your admirable government of your household should attract men of the right stamp even from distant places, reward the modesty of this suppliant wooer by a kindly response. In the usual course of events it would have fallen to you to obtain him the mother's consent; as it is, he saves you this trouble, and you have only to sanction a troth already approved. Your reputation gives you in effect a parental authority in regard to this match; the father himself, if he had lived, could not have claimed a greater. Farewell.

LETTER 2.5: TO HIS FRIEND PETRONIUS

AD 461-7

JOHN, my friend, is caught inextricably in the labyrinth of a complex business, and is at a loss what to hope and what abandon until your experienced eye, or another as good (if such there be), has looked into his titles to determine their validity. The case is confusing in that it has more than one side, and he does not see whether his statement should maintain one line of action or impugn another. [2] I most earnestly beg you, therefore, to examine his documents and tell him what his rights are, what he ought to allege or refute, and what his procedure should be. Let but the stream of this affair flow from the springs of your advice, and I have no fear that the other side will manage to reduce its volume by any unfair diversion. Farewell.

LETTER 2.6: TO HIS FRIEND PEGASIUS

AD 461-7

THERE is a proverb that delay is often best; I have just had proof that it is true. We have had your friend Menstruanus long enough among us, to find him worthy of a place among our dearest and most intimate friends. He is agreeable, and of refined manners, moderate, sensible, religious, and no spendthrift; his is a personality which confers as much as it obtains when admitted to the most approved of friendships. [2] I tell you this for my own satisfaction, and not to inform you of what you already know. As a result, content will now reign in three separate quarters. You will be pleased at this seal set on your judgement in the choice and adoption of your friends; the Arvenians will be pleased, since to my certain knowledge they liked him for the very qualities which, I am sure, commended him to you; lastly Menstruanus himself will be gratified at receiving the good opinion of honourable men. Farewell.

LETTER 2.7: TO HIS FRIEND EXPLICIUS

AD 461-7

You have given so many proofs of your impartiality that you have won universal respect, and for that reason I am always more than eager to send all seekers after justice to your judgement-seat; by so doing I ease the disputants from their burden, and myself from all necessity of argument. These ends I shall attain in the present case, unless your diffidence should prompt you to refuse the parties audience; but your very inaccessibility is the best proof of your impartiality. For almost every one else intrigues to be chosen as an arbitrator, expecting to gain something in influence or advantage. [2] Be indulgent, therefore, to men who press on each other's heels to enjoy the privilege of pleading before so fair a judge; your repute is such that the loser can never be so stupid as to impugn your verdict, or the winner so over-subtle as to deride it. Both sides respect the truth; those against whom the verdict goes respect you; those whom it favours show their gratitude. Therefore I implore your early decision on the matter in dispute between Alethius and Paulus. I believe your sound sense and healthy judgement can alone heal the malady of this interminable quarrel, and that they will be far more effective than any decrees of decemvirs or of pontiffs. Farewell.

LETTER 2.8: TO HIS FRIEND DESIDERATUS

AD 461-7

I WRITE oppressed by a great sorrow. Three days ago Filimatia died, and all business was suspended out of respect to her memory. She was an obedient wife, a kindly mistress, a capable mother, a dutiful daughter, whether at home or abroad, earning the willing service of her inferiors, the affection of her equals, and the consideration of the great. Left an only daughter at her mother's death, she so bewitched her father by her charming ways, that though he was still a young man, he never longed for a male heir. And now her sudden death pierces two hearts, leaving a husband desolate and a father childless. The mother of five children has been snatched away before her time, her very fertility her worst misfortune; had she been left, and the invalid father taken, the little ones would seem less helpless than now. [2] The tributes of affection which we pay the dead are not vain; it was not the sinister train of bearers who buried her; all present were dissolved in tears, and the very strangers hung upon the bier as if they would hold it back. They imprinted kisses on it, until more like one in slumber than one dead, she was received by her relatives and the clergy, to be laid to rest in her long home. When the rites were done, the bereaved father begged me to write an elegy for her tombstone; I did it while my tears were still almost warm, choosing the hendecasyllabic in place of the elegiac measure. If you do not think the lines too bad, my bookseller shall include them in the volumes of my selected poems; if you do, the heavy verse shall be confined to the heavy stone.

[3] Here is my epitaph: 'In this tomb a mourning country's hands have laid the matron Filimatia, whom with fierce stroke and swift, fate snatched from spouse, from sire, from five orphaned children. O pride of thy house, O glory of thy consort, O wise and pure and seemly, O strict and tender, and worthy to precede even the aged, by what art of thy gentle nature didst thou unite the qualities which seem at discord with each other? For a grave ease and a modesty not too severe for gaiety were ever the companions of thy life. Therefore we mourn thee taken, thy sixth lustre hardly run, and the due rites paid in this undue season of thy prime.' 1 Whether you like the verses or not, hasten back to the city. You owe the bereaved homes of two fellow townsmen the duty of consolation. Pray God you so act that the manner of your action may never be your reproach hereafter. Farewell.

LETTER 2.9

To his friend Donidius * A.D. 461-7 [1] To your question why, having got as far as Nimes, I still leave your hospitality expectant, I reply by giving the reason for my delayed return. I will even dilate upon the causes of my dilatoriness, for I know that what I enjoy is your enjoyment too. The fact is, I have passed the most delightful time in the most beautiful country in the company of Tonantius Ferreolus and Apollinaris, the most charming hosts in the world. Their estates march together; their houses are not far apart; and the extent of intervening ground is just too far for a walk and just too short to make the ride worth while. The hills above the houses are under vines and olives; they might be Nysa and Aracynthus, famed in song. The view from one villa is over a wide flat country, that from the other over woodland; yet different though their situations are, the eye derives equal pleasure from both. [2] But enough of sites; I have now to unfold the order of my entertainment. Sharp scouts were posted to look out for our return; and not only were the roads patrolled by men from each estate, but even winding shortcuts and sheep-tracks were under observation, to make it quite impossible for us to elude the friendly ambush. Into this of course we fell, no unwilling prisoners; and our captors instantly made us swear to dismiss every idea of continuing our journey until a whole week had elapsed.

[3] And so every morning began with a flattering rivalry between the two hosts, as to which of their kitchens should first smoke for the refreshment of their guest; nor, though I am personally related to one, and connected through my relatives with the other, could I manage by alternation to give them quite equal measure, since age and the dignity of prefectorian rank gave Ferreolus a prior right of invitation over and above his other claims. [4] From the first moment we were hurried from one pleasure to another. Hardly had we entered the vestibule of either house when we saw two opposed pairs of partners in the ball-game repeating each other's movements as they turned in wheeling circles; in another place one heard the rattle of dice boxes and the shouts of the contending players; in yet another, were books in abundance ready to your hand; you might have imagined yourself among the shelves of some grammarian, or the tiers of the Athenaeum, or a bookseller's towering cases. They were so arranged that the devotional works were near the ladies' seats; where the master sat were those ennobled by the great style of Roman eloquence. The arrangement had this defect, that it separated

certain books by certain authors in manner as near to each other as in matter they are far apart. Thus Augustine writes like Varro, and Horace like Prudentius; but you had to consult them on different sides of the room.

[5] Turranius Rufinus' interpretation of Adamantius Origen was eagerly examined by the readers of theology among us; according to our several points of view, we had different reasons to give for the censure of this Father by certain of the clergy as too trenchant a controversialist and best avoided by the prudent; but the translation is so literal and yet renders the spirit of the work so well, that neither Apuleius' version of Plato's Phaedo, nor Cicero's of the Ctesiphon of Demosthenes is more admirably adapted to the use and rule of our Latin tongue. [6] While we were engaged in these discussions as fancy prompted each, appears an envoy from the cook to warn us that the moment of bodily refreshment is at hand. And in fact the fifth hour had just elapsed, proving that the man was punctual, had properly marked the advance of the hours upon the water-clock 2. The dinner was short, but abundant, served in the fashion affected in senatorial houses where inveterate usage prescribes numerous courses on very few dishes, though to afford variety, roast alternated with stew. Amusing and instructive anecdotes accompanied our potations; wit went with the one sort, and learning with the other. To be brief, we were entertained with decorum, refinement, and good cheer. [7] After dinner, if we were at Vorocingus 3 (the name of one estate) we walked over to our quarters and our own belongings.

If at Prusianum, as the other is called, [the young] Tonantius and his brothers turned out of their beds for us because we could not be always dragging our gear about: 1 they are surely the elect among the nobles of our own age. The siesta over, we took a short ride to sharpen our jaded appetites for supper. [8] Both of our hosts had baths in their houses, but in neither did they happen to be available; so I set my own servants to work in the rare sober interludes which the convivial bowl, too often filled, allowed their sodden brains. I made them dig a pit at their best speed either near a spring or by the river; into this a heap of red-hot stones was thrown, and the glowing cavity then covered over with an arched roof of wattled hazel. This still left interstices, and to exclude the light and keep in the steam given off when water was thrown on the hot stones, we laid coverings of Cilician goats' hair over all. [9] In these vapour-baths we passed whole hours with lively talk and

repartee; all the time the cloud of hissing steam enveloping us induced the healthiest perspiration.

When we had perspired enough, we were bathed in hot water; the treatment removed the feeling of repletion, but left us languid; we therefore finished off with a bracing douche from fountain, well or river. For the river Garden runs between the two properties; except in time of flood, when the stream is swollen and clouded with melted snow, it looks red through its tawny gravels, and flows still and pellucid over its pebbly bed, teeming none the less with the most delicate fish. [10] I could tell you of suppers fit for a king; it is not my sense of shame, but simply want of space which sets a limit to my revelations. You would have a great story if I turned the page and continued on the other side; but I am always ashamed to disfigure the back of a letter with an inky pen. Besides, I am on the point of leaving here, and hope, by Christ's grace, that we shall meet very shortly; the story of our friends' banquets will be better told at my own table or yours----provided only that a good week's interval first elapses to restore me the healthy appetite I long for. There is nothing like thin living to give tone to a system disordered by excess. Farewell.

LETTER 2.10: TO HIS FRIEND HESPERIUS

c. AD 470

WHAT I most love in you is your love of letters, and I strive to enhance the generous devotion by the highest praises I can give; your firstfruits please the better for it, and even my own work begins to rise in my esteem. For the richest reward of a man's labours is to see promising young men growing up in that discipline of letters for which he in his own day smarted under the cane. The numbers of the indifferent grow at such a rate that unless your little band can save the purity of the Latin tongue from the rust of sorry barbarisms we shall soon have to mourn its abolition and decease. All the fine flowers of diction will lose their splendour through the apathy of our people. [2] But of that another time. My present duty is to send you what you asked, namely, any verses I might have written since we saw each other last, to compensate you for my absence. I now satisfy your desire; young though you are, your judgement is already so matured that even we seniors like to obey your wishes.

A church has recently been built at Lyons, and carried to a successful completion by the zeal of Bishop Patiens; you know his holy, strenuous, and

ascetic life, how by his abounding liberality and hospitable love towards the poor he erects to an equal height the temple of a spotless reputation. [3] At his request I wrote a hurried inscription for the end of the church in triple trochaic, a metre by this time as familiar to you as it has long been to me. Hexameters by the illustrious poets Constantius and Secundinus adorn the walls by the altar; these mere shame forbids me to copy here for you. It is with diffidence that I let my verse appear at all; comparison of their accomplished work with the poor efforts of my leisure would be too overwhelming. Just as a too beautiful bridesmaid makes the worst escort for a bride, and a dark man looks his swarthiest in white, so does my scrannel pipe sound common and is drowned by the music of their nobler instruments. Holding the middle post in space and the last in merit, my composition stands condemned as a poor thing, no less for its faulty art than for the presumption which has set it where it is. Their inscriptions properly outshine mine, which is but a sketchy and fanciful production. But excuses are of little use: let the wretched reed warble the lines demanded of me:

[4] 'O thou * who here applaudest the labours of Patiens our pontiff and father, be it thine to receive of heaven an answer to a prayer according with thy desire. High stands the church in splendour, extending neither to right nor left, but with towering front looking towards the equinoctial sunrise. Within is shining light, and the gilding of the coffered ceiling allures the sunbeams golden as itself. The whole basilica is bright with diverse marbles, floor vaulting and windows all adorned with figures of most various colour, and mosaic green as a blooming mead shows its design of sapphire cubes winding through the ground of verdant glass. The entrance is a triple portico proudly set on Aquitanian columns; a second portico of like design closes the atrium at the farther side, and the mid-space is flanked afar by columns numerous as forest stems. On the one side runs the noisy highway, on the other leaps the Saône; here turns the traveller who rides or goes afoot, here the driver of the creaking carriage; here the towers, bowed over the rope, raise their river-chant to Christ till the banks re-echo Alleluia. So raise the psalm, O wayfarer and boatman, for here is the goal of all mankind, hither runs for all the way of their salvation.'

[5] You see I have done your bidding as if you were the older and I the younger man. But mind not to forget that I expect repayment with compound interest; and to make the payment easy and positively delightful,

there is only one thing to do: read shamelessly; never stop longing for your books. The auspicious event, now so near, I mean the home-coming of your bride, must not distract you; keep steadily before your mind how many wives have held the lamp for studious or meditative lords----Marcia for Hortensius, Terentia for Tullius, Calpurnia for Pliny, Pudentilla for Apuleius, Rusticana for Symmachus. [6] When you are inclined to complain that feminine companionship may deaden not only your eloquence but your poetic talent as well, and dull the fine edge which long study has set upon your diction, remember how often Corinna helped her Ovid to round off a verse, Lesbia her Catullus, Caesennia her Gaetulicus, Argentaria her Lucan, Cynthia her Propertius, or Delia her Tibullus. Why, it is as clear as day that, to the studious, marriage is opportunity, and only to the idle an excuse. Set to, then; do not permit a mob of the unlettered to discourage your zeal for letters. For it is Nature's law in all the arts that the rarer the accomplishment, the higher the value. Farewell.

LETTER 2.11: TO HIS FRIEND RUSTICUS

AD 461-7

IF only we lived nearer to each other, and the distance which sunders us were less vast, I should allow no remissness in correspondence to affect the duties of our established intimacy. I should not cease, the foundations of our mutual friendship once laid, to raise thereon a noble structure by all honourable attention. The distance of our homes from each other may hardly affect the union of hearts linked once for all, yet it interferes with the intercourse of minds. [2] The remoteness of our cities is really responsible for the rarity of our letters; but so close is our friendship that we keep accusing ourselves, though all the time the obstacles are purely natural, and afford no real ground either for blame or for excuse. I opened my gates in a good hour, illustrious lord, to your messengers, in whom I marked the effect of your training and the influence of their master's unassuming manners. I heard with pleasure all they had to say, and finally dismissed them as the event required. Farewell.

LETTER 2.12

To his brother-in-law Agricola A. D. 461-7 [1] WHAT a fast and well-built boat you have sent, roomy enough to hold a couch; and a present of fish too! In addition, a steersman who knows the whole river well, with sturdy and

expert oarsmen who seem able to shoot up-stream just as fast as down. But you must hold me excused if I decline your invitation to join your fishing; stronger nets than yours detain me here, nets of anxiety for our invalids, a source of concern not merely to our own circle but to many beyond its limits. If the natural feelings of a brother awaken in you the moment you open this, you too will give up the expedition and return. [2] The cause of this general solicitude is our Severiana. At first she was troubled by a shattering intermittent cough; upon this an exhaustive fever supervened which has grown worse during successive nights. She longs to get away into the country; when your letter came, we were actually preparing to leave town for the villa. Whether you decide to stay where you are, or to come to us, join your prayers to ours that Nature with her vigorous growth may bring back health to one pining for country air. Your sister and I have been living in suspense between hope and fear; we thought that to oppose the invalid's wish would only make her fret the more.

So under Christ's guidance we are determined to fly the languor and heat of town with all our household, and incidentally escape the doctors also, who disagree across the bed, and by their ignorance and endless visits conscientiously kill off their patients. Only Justus shall be of our party, but in the quality of friend, not as physician; Justus, who, if this were a time for jesting, I could easily prove a Chiron rather than a Machaon. Let us then with all the more diligence entreat and beseech the Lord that the cure which our efforts fail to effect may come down to our invalid from above. Farewell.

LETTER 2.13

To Senanus* A. D. 461-7 [1] THE advocate Marcellinus has brought your letter; I find him a man of experience; he is of the sort that makes friends. The consecrated words of greeting over, you give all the rest of your space, no trifling amount, to laudation of Petronius Maximus, your imperial patron. With more persistence (or shall I call it amiability? than truth and justice, you style him 'the most fortunate', because, after holding all the most honourable offices of state, he at last attained the diadem. Personally, I shall always refuse to call that man fortunate who is poised on the precipitous and slippery peak of office. [2] O the unspeakable miseries of that life, the life of your fortunates! And are they who usurp the title, as Sulla did, really to be so styled for trampling upon all law and justice, and believing power the only happiness? Does not their blindness to their own most harassing servitude

alone prove them more wretched than other men? For as kings rule their subjects, so desire of domination dominates kings. [3] Were the fate of all princes before and after him left out of the account, this Maximus of yours would alone provide the maximum of warnings. He had scaled with intrepidity the prefectorian, the patrician, the consular citadels; with an unsated appetite for office, he took for a second term posts which he had already held.

But when the supreme effort brought him to the yawning gulf of the imperial dignity, his head swam beneath the diadem at sight of that enormous power, and the man who once could not bear to have a master could not now endure to be one. [4] Imagine how much was left in all this of the influence, the power, and the stability of the old life; then think of this two-months' principate, its beginning, its whirlwind course, its end. Is it not plain that his real happiness was over and done before this epithet of 'fortunate' was ever given him? The man who once was so great a figure, with his conspicuous way of life, his banquets, his lavish expense, his retinues, his literary pursuits, his official rank, his estates, his extensive patronage; who so jealously watched the flight of time that the clock 2 must set before his eyes the passage of every hour; this man, once made emperor, and prisoned in the palace walls, was rueing his own success before the first evening fell. And when his mountainous cares forbade him to mete the hours in his former tranquil way, he had to make instant renunciation of the old regular life; he soon discovered that the business of empire and a senatorial ease are inconsistent with each other. [5] The future did not deceive his sad forebodings; it was no help to him to have traversed all other offices of the court in the fairest of fair weather;

his rule of it was from the first tempestuous, with popular tumults, tumults of soldiery, tumults of allies. And the climax was unprecedentedly swift and cruel; Fortune, who had long cozened him, showed now all her faithlessness and made a bloody end; it was the last of her that stung him, as the tail of the scorpion stings. A prominent, noble man of high culture, whose talents raised him to quaestor's rank, a man of great influence among the nobility, I mean Fulgentius, used to say that whenever the thrice-loathed burden of a crown set Maximus longing for his ancient ease, he would often hear him exclaim: 'Happy thou, O Damocles, whose royal duresse did not outlast a single banquet!' [6] History tells us that Damocles was a Sicilian of

Syracuse, and an acquaintance of the tyrant Dionysius. One day, when he was extolling to the skies the privileges of his patron's life without any comprehension of its drawbacks, Dionysius said to him: 'Would you like to see for yourself, at this very board, what the blessings and the curses of royalty are like?' 'I should think I would,' replied the other. Instantly the dazzled and delighted creature was stripped of his commoner's garb and made resplendent with robes of Tyrian and Tarentine dye; they set him on a gold couch with coverings of silk, a figure glittering with gems and pearls. [7] But just as a Sardanapalian feast was about to begin, and bread of fine Leontine wheat was handed round;

just as rare viands were brought in on plate of yet greater rarity; just as the Falernian foamed in great gem-like cups and unguents tempered the ice-cold crystal; just as the whole room breathed cinnamon and frankincense and exotic perfumes floated to every nostril; just as the garlands were drying on heads drenched with nard,----behold a bare sword, swinging from the ceiling right over his purple-mantled shoulders, as if every instant it must fall and pierce his throat. The menace of that heavy blade on that horsehair thread curbed his greed and made him reflect on Tantalus; the awful thought oppressed him that all he swallowed might be rendered through gaping wounds. [8] He wept, he prayed, he sighed in every key; and when at last he was let go, he was off like a flash, flying the wealth and the delights of kings as fast as most men follow after them. A horror of high estate brought him back with longing to the mean, nicely cautioned never again to think or call the mortal happy who lives ringed round with army and guards, or broods heavy over his spoils 1 while the steel presses no less heavily upon him than he himself upon his gold. If such a state be the goal of happiness I know not my lord brother; but that those who attain it are the most miserable of men is proved beyond dispute. Farewell.

LETTER 2.14: TO HIS FRIEND MAURUSIUS

AD 461-7

I HEAR that your vines have responded to your hard work and our general hopes with a more abundant harvest than a threatening and lean year promised. I expect that you will consequently stay longer at the village of Vialoscum; 1 was not the place formerly called Martialis, from the time when it formed Caesar's winter quarters? Of course you have a rich vineyard there, and a large farm besides worthy of its great proprietor, both of which will

keep you and yours busy harvesting the various crops and always in fresh quarters. [2] When your granaries and stores are full, you may decide to pass the snowy months of Janus and Numa in rural ease 2 by your smoking hearth until swallow and stork reappear; if so, we too shall cut short engagements hardly promising enough to keep us in town, and while you enjoy your country life we shall enjoy your society. You know me well enough to be aware that even the sight of a fine estate with ample revenues could never give me half the satisfaction or the keen pleasure which I derive from intercourse with a neighbour of my own years and so worthy of my esteem. Farewell.

Book III

letter 3.1

To his friend Avitus c. A. D. 472 [1] FROM our earliest boyhood and through our youth you and I have been linked by many bonds of mutual affection. To begin with, our mothers were very near relations. Then we were born about the same time and were contemporaries at school; we were together initiated into the study of the arts and employed our leisure in the same amusements; we were promoted by the same imperial favour; we were colleagues in the service of the state. Lastly, in personal likings and antipathies our judgement has always agreed----perhaps a stronger and more efficient factor this, in widening the scope of friendship than all the rest together. [2] The outward resemblance of our careers drew us together by the bond of similar occupation; inwardly we were less alike, for yours was by far the higher and more excellent nature. And now I gladly recognize that yours is the hand to crown the edifice of our long mutual regard by this most timely endowment of the church in our poor town of Clermont, whose unworthy bishop I am. In this estate of Cutiacum, lying almost at its gates, you have indeed made an important addition to its property; to the members of our sacred profession whom your generosity has thus enriched, the convenience of access counts for almost as much as the revenue which the place yields. [3] Under your late sister's will, you were only a co-heir, but the example of your piety has already moved your surviving sister to emulate your good works.

And heaven has already repaid you as you deserve for your own deed and its effect upon her; God has chosen you out to be exalted by unusual good fortune in inheritances. He did not long delay to reward your devotion a

hundredfold, and it is our sure belief that these earthly gifts will be followed by heavenly gifts hereafter. I may tell you, if you are really unaware of it, that the Nicetian succession is heaven's repayment for Cutiacum surrendered. [4] We pray you in the future to extend to the city itself the interest you have already shown its church; henceforward it should be more than ever the object of your protection since you have inherited a property there. You may conclude from the attitude of the Goths how valuable the place might become if you would only make it frequent visits; they are always depreciating their own Septimania, and even talking of returning it to the empire, all because they covet this land of yours, which they would like to annex even if everything upon it were laid waste. [5] But by God's grace and your mediation a more tranquil outlook lies before us.

For though the Goths have broken their old bounds, though their valour and the impetus of a vague greed have pushed their frontiers to the Rhône and Loire, yet the esteem in which you are held and the weight your opinion carries, should so influence both sides that we shall learn to refuse when we ought, and they to refrain from further demands when met with a firm denial. Farewell.

LETTER 3.2

To his friend Constantius A. D. 474 [1] THE people of Clermont salute you, a great guest in their lowly homes, coming without ambitious retinue and simply environed by their love. Merciful God, what joy they felt amid their tribulation when you set your venerated foot within their half-ruined walls. How dense was the crowd of both sexes, and of every rank and age about you; how impartially you gave a cheering word to one and all; how kind the small boys found you, how considerate the young men, how helpful in advice the older among us. What tears you shed over our buildings ruined by the flames and our homes half burned to the ground, as if you had been the father of us all. What grief you showed at the sight of fields buried under the bones of the unburied dead. And afterwards what a power of encouragement you were, with what spirit you urged the people to repair their loss. [2] Over and above this, you found the city no less desolated by internal dissension than by the barbarian onslaught; but you conciliated all; you renewed their harmony; you gave the country back her sons. The walls are re-manned, the people restored to them at unity, all thanks to you; your counsel it was which brought them back into one mind as into one city. They all regard you as

their father and themselves as your children; they perceive with an infallible eye wherein lies your greatest title to praise.

[3] For day by day it is borne in upon their minds what a magnificent thing this is that you have done at so advanced an age and in so delicate and infirm a state of health. Despite your noble birth and the veneration with which you are regarded, you broke down every barrier by sheer force of love; all the difficulties of the journey were nothing to you, long ways and short days, thick snows and thin fare, wide wastes and narrow lodging, roads full of holes, now sodden with rain, now ribbed with frost, highways covered with rough stones, rivers slippery with ice; you had steep hills to climb, valleys choked with continual landslides to pass; through every discomfort you came triumphant with the love of a whole people for your reward because your own comfort was the last thing of which you thought. [4] And now we beseech the Lord that he may hear our prayer and set far the term of your life; that the friendship of all good men may be yours to have and hold; that our affection which you seem to be leaving behind may ever be about your path; and finally, that the fair structure of our concord which you began to restore, may be regarded from foundation to summit as your peculiar work. Farewell.

LETTER 3.3

To his brother-in-law Ecdicius A. D. 474 [1] THERE never was a time when my people of Clermont needed you so much as now; their affection for you is a ruling passion for more than one reason. First, because a man's native soil may rightly claim the chief place in his affection; secondly, because you were not only your countrymen's joy at birth, but the desire of their hearts while yet unborn. Perhaps of no other man in this age can the same be said; but the proof of the statement is that as your mother's time advanced, the citizens with one accord fell to checking every day as it went by. [2] I will not dwell on those common things which yet so deeply stir a man's heart, as that here was the grass on which as an infant you crawled, or that here were the first fields you trod, the first rivers you swam, the first woods through which you broke your way in the chase. I will not remind you that here you first played ball and cast the dice, here you first knew sport with hawk and hound, with horse and bow. I will forget that your schooldays brought us a veritable confluence of learners and the learned from all quarters, and that if our nobles were imbued with the love of eloquence and poetry, if they resolved to for-

sake the barbarous Celtic dialect, it was to your personality that they owed all.

[3] Nothing so kindled their universal regard for you as this, that you first made Romans of them and never allowed them to relapse again. And how should the vision of you ever fade from any patriot's memory as we saw you in your glory upon that famous day, when a crowd of both sexes and every rank and age lined our half-ruined walls to watch you cross the space between us and the enemy? At midday, and right across the middle of the plain, you brought your little company of eighteen 2 safe through some thousands of the Goths, a feat which posterity will surely deem incredible. [4] At the sight of you, nay, at the very rumour of your name, those seasoned troops were smitten with stupefaction; their captains were so amazed that they never stopped to note how great their own numbers were and yours how small. They drew off their whole force to the brow of a steep hill; they had been besiegers before, but when you appeared they dared not even deploy for action. You cut down some of their bravest, whom gallantry alone had led to defend the rear. You never lost a man in that sharp engagement, and found yourself sole master of an absolutely exposed plain with no more soldiers to back you than you often have guests at your own table.

[5] Imagination may better conceive than words describe the procession that streamed out to you as you made your leisurely way towards the city, the greetings, the shouts of applause, the tears of heartfelt joy. One saw you receiving in the press a veritable ovation on this glad return; the courts of your spacious house were crammed with people. Some kissed away the dust of battle from your person, some took from the horses the bridles slimed with foam and blood, some inverted and ranged the sweat-drenched saddles; others undid the flexible cheek-pieces of the helmet you longed to remove, others set about unlacing your greaves. One saw folk counting the notches in swords blunted by much slaughter, or measuring with trembling fingers the holes made in cuirasses by cut or thrust. [6] Crowds danced with joy and hung upon your comrades; but naturally the full brunt of popular delight was borne by you. You were among unarmed men at last; but not all your arms would have availed to extricate you from them. There you stood, with a fine grace suffering the silliest congratulations; half torn to pieces by people madly rushing to salute you, but so loyally responsive to this popular devotion that those who took the greatest liberties seemed surest of your most

generous acknowledgements. [7] And finally I shall say nothing of the service you performed in raising what was practically a public force from your private resources, and with little help from our magnates.

I shall not tell of the chastisement you inflicted on the barbaric raiders, and the curb imposed upon an audacity which had begun to exceed all bounds; or of those surprise attacks which annihilated whole squadrons with the loss of only two or three men on your side. Such disasters did you inflict upon the enemy by these unexpected onsets, that they resorted to a most unworthy device to conceal their heavy losses. They decapitated all whom they could not bury in the short night-hours, and let the headless lie, forgetting in their desire to avoid the identification of their dead, that a trunk would betray their ruin just as well as a whole body. [8] When, with morning light, they saw their miserable artifice revealed in all its savagery, they turned at last to open obsequies; but their precipitation disguised the ruse no better than the ruse itself had concealed the slaughter. They did not even raise a temporary mound of earth over the remains; the dead were neither washed, shrouded, nor interred; but the imperfect rites they received befitted the manner of their death. Bodies were brought in from everywhere, piled on dripping wains; and since you never paused a moment in following up the rout, they had to be taken into houses which were then hurriedly set alight, till the fragments of blazing roofs, falling in upon them, formed their funeral pyres. [9] But I run on beyond my proper limits;

my aim in writing was not to reconstruct the whole story of your achievements, but to remind you of a few among them, to convince you how eagerly your friends here long to see you again; there is only one remedy, at once quick and efficacious, for such fevered expectancy as theirs, and that is your prompt return. If, then, the entreaties of our people can persuade you, sound the retreat and start homeward at once. The intimacy of kings is dangerous; 1 court it no more; the most distinguished of mankind have well compared it to a flame, which illuminates things at a short distance but consumes them if they come within its range. Farewell.

LETTER 3.4: TO HIS FRIEND MAGNUS FELIX

AD 473

THE bearer of this is Gozolas, a Jew, and a client of your excellency, a man I should like if I could only overcome my contempt for his sect. I write in great anxiety. Our town lives in terror of a sea of tribes which find in it an

obstacle to their expansion and surge in arms all round it. We are exposed as a pitiful prey at the mercy of rival peoples, suspected by the Burgundians, almost in contact with the Goths; we have to face at once the fury of our assailants and the envy of our defenders. [2] But of this more later. Only let me know that all goes well with you, and I shall be content. For though we may be punished in the sight of all men for some obscure offence, we are still generous enough of heart to desire for others all prosperity. If a man cannot wish others well in evil times he is no better than a captive; the enemy that takes him is his own unworthy nature. Farewell.

LETTER 3.5

To his friend Hypatius A.D. 473 [1] THE excellent Donidius admires and respects your character; and had he no other aim than his own family advantage, he might safely confide in your acknowledged reputation, and feel no need of another's advocacy. But he thinks so well of me, that he would have me ask for him what he could certainly obtain alone. Consequently, you will acquire a crowning title of distinction in making both of us your debtors, though one alone will reap the material benefit. [2] He seeks to acquire the other moiety of the estate of Eborolacum, abandoned even before the barbarian came, but now in possession of a patrician family; his rights are clear, but the added weight of your support would be very welcome. Respect for the memory of his ancestors, and no mere greed, inclines him to this purchase, for down to the recent death of his stepfather the whole property belonged to his family. He is of an economical turn of mind, but not the man to covet his neighbour's goods; the loss of a former possession in itself troubles him little; the point of honour decides him; it is not avarice which prompts his action, but the shame of inactivity. [3] Deign therefore to consider what you owe to your own credit, to his honourable desire, to my friendly intercession; help to secure for him this chance of rounding off the estate. These paternal acres are not just casually known to him; he crawled upon them as an infant hardly weaned. He will make little profit by their recovery; but he feels that it would have been too contemptible not to make the effort. Whatever favour you may be able to accord to one whom I regard as a brother in years, a son by profession, a fellow citizen by origin, and a friend by loyalty, I shall be as much beholden as if the matter turned to my own particular advantage. Farewell.

LETTER 3.6: TO HIS FRIEND EUTROPIUS

AD 470 (?)

IF kind memories still remain to you of our old comradeship and of an intimacy ever and again renewed, you will readily understand that our soaring wishes will follow your ascent to each new height of office. We rejoice with you over your insignia, believing that thereby your house and our friendship are alike promoted. In proof whereof I remind you of my letter of exhortations 1, which I think had no small share in this result. [2] But what trouble I had in persuading you that a man might be a philosopher and a prefect at the same time! You were deep in the tenets of Plotinus, and the Platonic school had seduced you into a quietism unsuited to your age. I maintained that only a man without family obligations was free to profess a philosophy of that nature. Most people ascribed your scorn for public service to simple indolence; malignant tongues added that our nobles fail to rise in the state less from disinclination than incapacity. [3] Now, therefore, as a Christian should, I begin by rendering unstinted thanks to Our Lord who has raised you to an official rank befitting your exalted birth; our hopes are also raised, so that we may fairly look for even better things to come. It is a common saying with provincials that a good year really depends less on ample crops than on a good administration; it must be yours, honoured lord, to crown all our expectations by such measures as the present occasion demands. Our nobles do not forget the stock from which you spring; they are sure that so long as the family of Sabinus controls their destinies, they have nothing to fear from the house of Sabinianus. Farewell.

LETTER 3.7

To his friend [Magnus] Felix A.D. 474 [1] You are very sparing in your correspondence. Each of us obeys his own temperament: I gossip, you hold your peace. And since in other obligations of friendship you are beyond reproach, I am driven to the conclusion that this indefatigable love of ease must itself be a kind of virtue. But, seriously, will no thought of old acquaintance ever lift you from the rut of this interminable silence? Or are you really unaware that it is nothing short of insult to refuse a talkative man an answer? You bury yourself in the depths of a library or office and give no sign of life, yet all the while expect the attention of a line now and then from me; and this though you know quite well that mine is rather a ready than a gifted pen. [2]

The apprehensions among which we live ought alone to furnish you with subject enough for letters; write then, and do not fail to entrust a good bulky missive to some one coming our way, to relieve your friends' anxieties and especially to let them know whether the new quaestor Licinianus 1 is likely to open a door of safety out of these mutual alarms. He is described as one who has more than fulfilled the expectations formed of him, proving greater on acquaintance than his great repute; in fine, a man conspicuously endowed with the best gifts of nature and good fortune.

[3] A model of judgement, adorned with equal discretion and personal charm, this trusty envoy is worthy of the power which he represents. He is quite free from affectation or pretence; there is nothing feigned in the gravity which lends weight to his words. He does not follow the example of most envoys who seek a reputation as safe men, and are over-timid in diplomacy; on the other hand, he is not to be numbered among those ambassadors to barbarian courts, who sell their master's secrets, and work for their own advantage rather than that of their mission. [4] Such is the character of the man as favourable rumour carries it to us. But let us know at once if the description squares with fact. Then perhaps we may snatch some breathing-space from our unceasing vigils; at present neither a snowy day nor a cloudy moonless night will tempt our people from their watch upon the walls. Even were the barbarian to draw off to winter quarters, their fears are too deep to be eradicated; at the most, they can only be deferred. Encourage us with hope of better times; you may regard our country as remote, but the cause we stand for is as near to your own heart as to ours. Farewell.

LETTER 3.8: TO HIS FRIEND EUCHERIUS (NO INDICATION OF DATE)

I HAVE the highest respect for the men of antiquity, but mere priority in time shall never lead me to place the virtues and the merits of our contemporaries upon a lower plane of excellence. It may be true that the Roman state has sunk to such extreme misery that it has ceased to reward its loyal sons; but I will not therefore admit that a Brutus or a Torquatus is never born into our age. You ask the purport of this declaration? You yourself shall point my moral, most capable of men; the state owes you the rewards which history applauds when granted to the great men of the past. [2] Men ignorant of the facts had best refrain from carelessly conceived opinions; they had best abandon the obstinate habit of looking up to the men of old time and down on those of our own day. It is abundantly clear that the recognition which

the state owes you is now long overdue. Yet what is there to wonder at in this, when a race of uncivilized allies directs the Roman power, yes, and bids fair to bring it crashing to the ground? We have men of rank and valour who excel anything we ourselves could hope, or our enemies believe. Aye, and they do the old deeds; but the reward is not forthcoming. Farewell.

LETTER 3.9: TO HIS FRIEND RIOTHAMUS

c. AD 472

I WILL write once more in my usual strain, mingling compliment with grievance. Not that I at all desire to follow up the first words of greeting with disagreeable subjects, but things seem to be always happening which a man of my order and in my position can neither mention without unpleasantness, nor pass over without neglect of duty. Yet I do my best to remember the burdensome and delicate sense of honour which makes you so ready to blush for others' faults. [2] The bearer of this is an obscure and humble person, so harmless, insignificant, and helpless that he seems to invite his own discomfiture; his grievance is that the Bretons are secretly enticing his slaves away. Whether his indictment is a true one, I cannot say; but if you can only confront the parties and decide the matter on its merits, I think the unfortunate man may be able to make good his charge, if indeed a stranger from the country unarmed, abject and impecunious to boot, has ever a chance of a fair or kindly hearing against adversaries with all the advantages he lacks, arms, astuteness, turbulences, and the aggressive spirit of men backed by numerous friends. Farewell.

LETTER 3.10: TO HIS FRIEND TETRADIUS

AD 461–7

IT is a most laudable trait in the character of younger men when they resort to more experienced heads in questions of perplexity; as the honourable Theodoras now does. He is a man of good family, but quite as much ennobled by his admirable modesty as by his high descent. My letter introduces him to the source of humane letters, I mean the pure fount of your erudition, to which he is setting out with the most commendable ardour, hoping to learn much himself and perhaps bring away as much to impart to others. [2] Should even an experience like yours fail to give him all the help he needs against such factious and powerful opponents, at all events your skill and advice will stand him in good stead. Unless you wish me to conclude that you

regard our joint petition as troublesome and importunate, justify his hopes of you and this testimonial of mine by a favourable reply, so that the cause and wavering fortunes of this suppliant may be fortified by your salutary counsel. Farewell.

LETTER 3.11: TO HIS FRIEND SIMPLICIUS (NO INDICATION OF DATE)

A KIND of fatality attends my hopes, and you still grudge us a sight of you. But, most excellent of men, we need not therefore regard you as one whose memorable actions must necessarily escape our notice. For all our people, the notables included, hail you with one accord as the model of all that a father should be, even in the select and critical society in which you move. [2] The manner in which you have brought up your daughter, and chosen a husband for her, confirms the opinion of our friends; and the accomplishment of your desires in this union must have raised in your mind an agreeable uncertainty whether you have most excelled in the choice of the one or the education of the other. On that score, venerable parents, you may wholly set your minds at rest; you surpass every one because your children surpass even you. Please, therefore, excuse my earlier letter; it was negligent of me not to have sent it before I did, but the dispatch of it, I fear, betrayed the chatterer. My officiousness will lose its blemish of loquacity if you condone the impertinence of this greeting by sending me an answer. Farewell.

LETTER 3.12

To his nephew Secundus c. A. D. 467 [1] I HAVE dreadful news. Yesterday profane hands all but desecrated the grave where my grandsire and your great-grandsire lies, but God's intervening arm stayed the accomplishment of an impious act. The cemetery had for years been overcrowded with burned and unburned burials, and interment there had long ceased. But snows and constant rains had caused the mounds to settle; the raised earth had been dispersed, and the ground had resumed its former even surface. This explained how it was that some undertaker's men presumed to profane the spot with their grave-digging tools just as if it were unoccupied by human bodies. [2] Must I relate what happened? They had already unturfed the ground, so that the soil showed black, and were piling the fresh sods upon the old grave. By a mere chance I happened to be passing on my way to Clermont, and saw this public outrage from the top of a neighbouring hill. I gave my horse his head, and dashed at full speed over the intervening ground, flat or steep was all the

same to me; I grudged even those brief moments, and sending a shout before me, stopped the infamy even before I myself reached the scene. The villains, caught in the act, were still hesitating whether to make off or hold their ground, when I was upon them. It was wrong, no doubt, but I could not allow them an instant's impunity;

on the very grave of our beloved ancestor I gave them such a trouncing as should in future secure the dead from molestation, and safeguard the pious care of the survivors. [3] I did not reserve the case for the judgement of our good bishop, considering it best for the common advantage not to do so; I knew too well the strength of my own case, and his gentle nature; he was certain to judge me with too much severity, and these fellows with too great a lenience. To satisfy his right to be informed I did explain the whole affair after I had resumed my journey, and this upright and holy man gave me far more than the mere absolution I expected; he extolled my righteous indignation, declaring that in his opinion men who perpetrated so audacious a deed deserved the death our forefathers would have inflicted. [4] The incident should help to prevent any similar mischance in future, and I beg you to see that the disturbed earth is at once raised to a mound again, and to have a smooth flat slab placed upon it at my expense. I have deposited a sum of money with the venerable Gaudentius to cover the cost of the stone and of the mason's labour. The verses which I enclose were composed the night of the occurrence; of course they are not finished to perfection; I was too busy with preparations for the road.

[5] Such as they are, please have them carved on the tomb with the smallest possible delay, and be specially careful that the stonemason makes no errors either by negligence or with intention; for whatever the cause, the captious reader will put it all down to me. If you carry out this pious obligation I shall thank you no less heartily than if you were not certain to receive part of the praise and credit. For were I, your uncle, no longer with you, the whole responsibility of this duty would have devolved on you as the next descendant after myself. 'A grandson not all unworthy of such a grandsire, I dedicate to him, though all too late, this epitaph, my father and my paternal uncles being dead, that you, O passer by, may never tread on unmounded earth, unwitting of the reverence due to him who is buried in this grave. Here lies Apollinaris, who, having ruled all Gaul, was gathered to the bosom of a mourning country. He was learned in the law and helpful to his kind above

all other men. He laboured for the land, and for the State, and in the cause of eloquence; and, example perilous to others, he dared be free under the rule of tyrants. But this stands as his chief title to fame, that of all his race he was the first to purify his brow with the sign of the cross and his limbs with baptismal water; he first abandoned the old sacrilegious rites. This is the highest glory, this the transcendent virtue, if a man outstrip in hope those whom he equals in honours, and is placed by his desert above his fathers though on earth his titles were the same as theirs.'

[6] I know well that this epitaph is unworthy of our accomplished ancestor; yet methinks the souls of the lettered do not refuse a poetic tribute. And neither of us need regard as too belated the pious duty which we have now fulfilled in our quality as heirs in the third and fourth degree. How many revolving years rolled by before Alexander celebrated funeral rites for Achilles' shade, or Julius Caesar for the shade of that Hector whom he treated as an ancestor of his own? Farewell.

LETTER 3.13

To [his son] Apollinaris c. A. D. 469 [1] THE love of purity which leads you to shun the company of the immodest has my whole approval; I rejoice at it and respect it, especially when the men you shun are those whose aptitude for scenting and retailing scandals leaves nothing privileged or sacred, wretches who think themselves enormously facetious when they violate the public sense of shame by shameless language. Hear now from my lips that the standard-bearer of the vile troop is the very Gnatho of our country. [2] Imagine an arch-stringer of tales, arch-fabricator of false charges, arch-retailer of insinuations. A fellow whose talk is at once without end and without point; a buffoon without charm in gaiety; a bully who dares not stand his ground. Inquisitive without insight, and three-times more the boor for his brazen affectation of fine manners. A creature of the present hour, with ever a carping word ready for the past and a sneer for the future. When he is after some advantage, no beggar so importunate as he; when refused, none so bitter in depreciation. Grant his request and he grumbles, using every artifice to get better terms; he moans and groans when called on to refund a debt, and if he pays, you never hear the end of it. But when any one wants a loan of him he lies about his means and pretends he has not the wherewithal; if he does lend, he makes capital out of the loan, and bruits the secret abroad; if debtors delay repayment he resorts to calumny;

when they have absolved the debt he tries to deny receipt. [3] Abstinence is his abomination, he loves the table; but a man who lives well wins no praise from him unless he treats well too. Personally, he is avarice itself; the best of bread is not for his digestion unless it is also the bread of others. He only eats at home if he can pilfer his viands, and send them off amid a storm of buffets. He cannot indeed be wholly denied the virtue of frugality; he fasts when he cannot get himself invited. Yet with the light perversity of the parasite, he will often excuse himself when asked; on the other hand, if he sees that men avoid him, he will fish for invitations. [4] If left out he grows abusive; if admitted, unbearably elate: no blow descends on him unexpected. If dinner is served late, he falls like a bandit upon the dishes; if appetite is stilled too soon, he falls to lamentation. Thirst unquenched makes him quarrelsome; drunkenness makes him sick. If he banters others, he grows scurrilous; if others banter him, ungovernable; take him for all in all, he is like the filth in sewers, the fouler the more you stir it. His life brings pleasure to few, love to none, contemptuous mockery to all. He is one to burst bladders or break canes upon, one whose thirst for drink is only excelled by his thirst for scandal;

exhaling loathsomeness, frothing wine, uttering venom, he makes one doubt for what to hate him most, his unsavouriness, his drunken habits, or his villany. [5] 'But', you may say, 'perhaps a fair complexion lends a colour to a vile nature; perhaps his charm of person redeems ineptitude of mind; the man may have elegance or exquisite taste; he may create a good impression on those who meet him.' In point of fact, his person is fouler and more unsightly than a corpse rolled half-burnt from the pyre when the brands have settled----such a thing as a very undertaker's slave 2 could not bring himself to put back. He hardly sees out of his; eyes, which, like the Stygian lake, roll waters down through darkness. [6] His ears are elephantine; an ulcered skin surrounds each aperture with indurated waste, either helix is bossed with suppurating tumours. His nose is broad at the nostril and narrow at the bridge, strait for his own olfactory ends, but for the spectator a cavernous vision of horror. He obtrudes a face with leaden lips and a bestial rictus, with purulent gums and brown teeth; a foul mephitic odour breathes from his decayed and hollow teeth, enhanced by eructations from the feasts of yesterday and the bilge of his excesses at the board. [7] A forehead too he flaunts hideous with

creases and distension of the brows. He grows a beard which age vainly whitens, since Sylla's malady 1 keeps it black.

His whole face is as pale as if it were ever dolorous with infesting shades. I spare you the hulking residue, gout-ridden, fat and flabby. I spare you his weal-furrowed skull, covered with almost as many scars as hairs. I spare you the description of a nape so short that when his head is thrown back it seems to merge into his shoulder-blades. [8] The sunken carriage, the lost grace and vigour of his arms, the gouty hands bound cestus-like with greasy poultices; all these I spare you, so too the acrid hircine armpits that entrench his sides, and pollute the air for every nostril near him with a reek three times more pestilent than that from Ampsanctus' cave. And breasts collapsed with adiposity horrible on a man's body even in mere protuberance, but now hanging like a mother's. And the pendulous folds of the abdomen about genitals thrice shameful in their debility, a foul creased covering worse than what it hides. [9] Why should I tell of his back and spine? True, the ribs do sweep round from the vertebral joints and cover the chest, but the whole branching structure of bones is drowned under a billowing main of belly. I pass over the fat reins and buttocks which make even his paunch look insignificant in comparison. I pass the bent and withered thigh, the swollen knees, the slender hams, the horny shanks, the weak ankles, the small toes and enormous feet.

As I have drawn him, he is horrible enough in his deformity, a monster from whom his infinite noisomeness drains half the blood and life, who cannot sit a litter or walk a yard, however much they prop him. But his tongue is more detestable still than his other members. [10] He keeps it busy in the service of the vilest prurience; but it is most dangerous of all to patrons with anything to hide. For those in luck he belauds, but those who are unfortunate he betrays; let a tempting moment but urge to disclosure of a friend's secret, and instantly this Spartacus will break all bars and open every seal. He will mine with the unseen tunnels of his treachery the houses which the rams of open war have failed to breach. This is the fashion in which our Daedalus crowns the edifice of his friendships, sticking as close as Theseus in prosperity; but when adversity comes, more elusive than any Proteus. [11] The more you avoid even a first introduction to such company the better you will please me; especially to those so shameless that they talk like degraded players at the booths, and know neither bar nor bridle. For when a man exults in

leaving all seemliness and decency behind, and fouls a loose tongue with the dirt of all lawless licence, be sure his heart is no less filthy than his language. You may find an evil liver with a serious tongue; the foul tongue and virtuous life are very rarely allied. Farewell.

LETTER 3.14: TO HIS FRIEND PLACIDUS

After AD 477

THOUGH your loved Grenoble holds you far from me, I learn from a sure channel----your former hosts---- that you are kind enough to prefer my trifles in prose or verse to all the other volumes on your shelves. It goes without saying that it gave me pleasure to hear how my writings occupy your leisure; but I understand well enough that it is really affection for the author and not the quality of his work which procures you this delight. My debt is all the greater; friendship wins me the honour which you could not honestly give the composition. [2] For the rest, I have not yet considered what definitive reply I shall make to the detractors of my work. The self-appointed critic absorbs a sound or unsound style with equal appetite; he cares no more that the world should exalt his favourite than that it should despise the object of his mockery. And so we see the fine construction, the comeliness and grandeur of our Latin tongue exposed to contemptuous criticism of idle quidnuncs; minds careless and so flippant as this want books only to carp at; their use for literature is a mere abuse. Farewell.

BOOK IV

LETTER 4.1

To his friend Probus A.D. 461-7 [1] You married my cousin 1, whence the first and principal tie between us; the cousinly relationship often leads to a stronger, purer, and more unmixed affection than that between two brothers. For when brothers' quarrels over property are once appeased, their children have no longer cause for disagreement, and so it often happens that cousins are the more deeply attached; the enmities arising from the partition of estates are over, the tie of blood relationship remains. The second link between us is intellectual, and formed by a similarity of studies; our literary taste is identical; we praise and blame the same things; a style approved or disapproved by one produces the same impression on the other. [2] But I am presumptuous in venturing a comparison between my judgement and yours.

It is common knowledge among young and old that you were my real master, though we were nominally both pupils of another. You were everybody's teacher in every branch of literature. All of us learned from you, except those who had not the brains, or could not do themselves proper justice: our epic poets derived from you their lofty vein, our comic poets their humour, our lyric poets their musical art; from you the orator drew his rhetoric, the historian his respect for truth, the satirist his pictorial gift, the grammarian his fidelity to rule, the panegyrist his plausibility, the sophist his gravity of style, the writer of epigram his petulance and point, the commentator his lucid method, the lawyer his obscurity. Heavens!

how proud our respective fathers used to be when they saw that Christ had given you grace to teach and me to learn, that you not only did what lay within your power but also enjoyed the doing of it, and so deserved a name for goodness no less than a learned reputation. [3] And indeed in your case Eusebius' house proved a veritable mint of the sciences and arts; you were there struck on a philosophical die, and to the delight of your own instructor were able to impart to the rest of us every phase of knowledge and of eloquent expression. Just as Plato the pupil was more expert than Socrates, so did you excel our good Eusebius. While he was maturing our tender, unformed and plastic youth with ruthless floggings, or trying to ground it on wholesome principles, there you were, a dialectician born, moving with Attic ease through all the categories of Aristotle.

[4] Yet how admirable his principles were after all, how precious in possession! If only some migratory philosopher could export them to the Sigambri on their marshes, or the Alans of the Caucasus, or the mare-milking Geloni, the horny hearts of all these stark and brutal folks, yes and all their frozen fibres, were surely thawed and softened, while we should cease to sneer and scoff, and tremble by turns at their stolidity and their ferocious natures, which now brood in bestial dullness, now burst into swift flame. [5] Since, then, our family connexion and our studies thus unite us, preserve the laws of friendship unshaken, wherever your abode may be; though my home is far from yours, let our hearts draw nearer by virtue of this affection, which I for my part will keep inviolate as long as breath remains in my body. Farewell.

LETTER 4.2: CLAUDIANUS [MAMERTUS1] TO THE LORD BISHOP SIDONIUS

AD 472

IF I could only meet you now and again, my dear lord, were it only for a short time, I should not have to look about on all sides for any kind of messenger whose goodwill or necessities might help me pay the debt of correspondence owed you. Numerous causes, all sad ones, prevent me from seeing you again; even an opportunity of writing comes rarely or not at all. Whether all this excuses me or not, you yourself must judge. [2] But in often favouring with your letters persons who either do not expect them, or deserve to get them less than I, you on your side are guilty of an offence against the laws of friendship which may not be committed with impunity. Though I have said little, I confess that it has wounded me never to have received from you any acknowledgement of the book 2 which you have deigned to allow me to publish under the auspices of your illustrious name. But perhaps you cannot spare even a few short moments for a friendship of such long standing as ours?

[3] I wonder if you will ever involve yourself in any interest which does not turn to other folks' advantage. When you propitiate God by prayer, you entreat Him not only for your friends but for men you have never seen; when you search out the mysteries of Holy Writ, the more deeply your own mind is imbued with doctrine, the fuller the stream which you impart to others. When you lavish your goods upon the poor, there is a sense in which you may be said to serve yourself, but your aim is the service of others. Not a single action of yours is so barren as to yield abundant fruit to your sole self and not to a host of other people as well. [4] No possible pretext, then, can be alleged by any stretch of fancy on which an intimate friend like myself should be deprived of his own especial fruit, while strangers in scores are allowed to eat of it in plenty. I suppose you follow the precedent of the giver in the Gospel, and accord to the unworthy but importunate what you deny to a hungering friend. But if you allow yourself to grow hardened in this habit, I shall take measures to assure your repentance. For if your taciturnity exceeds all reason, my communications shall do the same. It is quite evident that you will have to be punished by my letters, as I myself am punished by your silence. Farewell.

LETTER 4.3

To Claudianus [Mamertus] A.D. 472 [1] You declare, most honoured master, that I have offended against the laws of friendship: you allege that though it is my turn to give you epistolary greeting, I have let my tablets and stylus lie, and no traveller's hand has been burdened with papyrus of mine inscribed with my assiduous wishes for your welfare. The suggestion is unfair; you cannot really suppose that any man on earth, with the least devotion to Latin letters, would lightly submit his compositions to the ordeal of being read to you; you, with whose accomplishments, but for the overwhelming privilege of antiquity, I should never rank either Fronto's gravity, or the fulminating force of Apuleius; for compared with you the Varros, both he of the Atax and he of Reate, and the Plinies, uncle and nephew, will always seem provincial. [2] In support of this opinion I have only to mention your new volume on the nature of the Soul, with all its wealth of evidence and mastery of diction. The dedication to me I regarded as an inestimable gift: the fame which my own books would never keep alive, would now be immortalized by yours. Great God! what a wonderful book it is, and of what authority! abstruse in subject, in exposition clear as day; in statement serried, expansive in discussion, and though barbed with many a point of syllogism, yet soft with vernal flowers of eloquence! [3] You have found ancient words which by their very age regain the charm of novelty; compared with these even a classic vocabulary seems obsolete.

And what is more, the style, so succinct in its short clauses, has yet an even flow; loaded with facts, concise in comment, these pages do not merely propound----they inform. It was once, and rightly, held the highest part of eloquence to condense much matter into a small space and aim at exhausting the subject before the paper. [4] And what a charming feature it is in your books, when you allow some relaxation in the sustained display of mastery and interpose most welcome graces amid the severities of argument; by this means the reader's attention, strained by following that exhaustive analysis of doctrine and philosophy, is suddenly relieved by the most delightful of digressions, comforting as harbours after open seas. O work of endless excellences! O worthy expression of a genius subtle without tenuity, which neither freshets of hyperbole swell, nor mean terms minish and abase! [5] And then the unrivalled, the unique learning conspicuous in so many fields, and used to hold its own with the great masters in the discussion of every art. It does

not hesitate, if need be, to wield the plectrum with Orpheus himself, or the staff with Aesculapius, or the rule with Archimedes, the horoscope with Euphrates, the compasses with Perdix, the plummet with Vitruvius; it never ceases to explore the ages with Thales, or the stars with Atlas;

to study weight with Zetus, number with Chrysippus, or measure with Euclid. [6] I can only say that no man of our times produces his knowledge with more effect, in the stress of conflict with the adversary can point with more justice to his own share in maintaining the spirit and the letters of Greece and Rome. Here is a writer who has the perception of Pythagoras, the clear logic of Socrates; he can unfold a theme with Plato or involve it with Aristotle; the charm of Aeschines is his, and the indignation of Demosthenes; he is as fresh and vivid as Hortensius; he storms like a Cethegus; he is impetuous as Curio, cautious as Fabius; in finesse the equal of Crassus, in reserve of Caesar, in suasion of Cato, in dissuasion of Appius, in persuasion of Tully himself. [7] Compare him now with the holy Fathers; you find him instructive as Jerome, destructive as Lactantius, constructive as Augustine; soaring in flight like Hilary, in humility meek as John; a Basil in rebuke, in consolation a Gregory. He is fluent as Orosius, terse as Rufinus; he has Eusebius' gift of narrative and Eucherius' power to stir, Paulinus' rousing voice, the perseverance of an Ambrose. [8] And now for my opinion on your hymn. I find it at once admirable in brevity and richness of content, at once tender and exalted, in poetic charm and truth to history superior to any lyrics or dithyrambs that I know.

It is your peculiar merit that you observe each foot in the metre, each syllable in the foot, and each emphasis in the syllable; and in a restricted measure none too rich in opportunity, you contrive to include great opulence of words; the compressed, terse metre does not exclude long-drawn beauty of ornate diction. It seems mere play to you, with your tiny trochees and tinier pyrrhics, to surpass in effect not merely the Molossian and anapaestic ternary, but even the quaternary, the epitrite and Paeonian rhythms. [9] Your grand exordium overflows the customary strait limits, as a great gem is hardly confined in a poor setting; as the mettle of a strong steed flashes out, and he chafes on the bit if he is held in over rough and broken ground; so it is with you; you are conscious of a speed to which a proper field is denied. What more shall I say? I will assert that neither Athens was ever so Attic, nor the Muses so musical as Claudian, if indeed a long period of inaction has not

robbed me even of my critical capacity. For in deference to the profession which has been thrust upon me, I am endeavouring step by step to acquire a new style of writing, while I unlearn my old one by leaps and bounds; little remains now of a good speaker, except that I am more than ever the indifferent poet. I must therefore beg your indulgence if, remembering who and what I am, I seldom blend my thin and parching rivulet with your mighty river. The whole world shall honour the music of your silver trumpet, music thrice blessed in finding neither rival nor equal, though it has sounded all these years over the earth, charming the ears and lips of peoples, while I, too, strove to spread its fame. But all that your servant now dares in public speech is to raise his voice among town-councillors and teachers or even among market-quacks; these are the majority now, and (with all apologies to the best among them), even in their ambitious efforts, but illiterately lettered. But as for you, who can ring the changes on verse and prose and write in metre or without it exactly when you please, your emulators will be few, and those only whom Apollo loves. Farewell.

LETTER 4.4

To [his kinsmen] Simplicius and Apollinaris c. A.D. 472 [1] AT last I send the promised Faustinus, for whom you have been waiting; he is the father of a family, a noble by birth, and a man to be accounted one of the chief ornaments of our common country. In years he is a brother to me, in community of sentiment a friend. How often have he and I together blended grave and gay! how often, in the far-off days of our youth, played ball and dice together, and vied in leaping, running, hunting, or swimming, always honourable rivals because firmest friends! He was my elder, but only by a little; the difference did not so much bind me to defer to him, as make it a delight to follow; he too was more deeply charmed not to be given deference, but simply affection. Only with advancing years, and with his entry into the Church, has my old love for him insensibly passed into veneration. [2] This is the man through whom I greet you, in the ardent desire that I may see you very soon, if God will, and the state of the country permit. Unless, then, my wish is irksome to you, inform me, by return of this good messenger, in what places you expect to be, and when. I am firmly determined to shake myself free from all obstacles and hindrances of personal affairs, and allow myself the privilege of long and intimate hours in your society, if only some major force does not upset my plans, as I am half afraid it may. [3] You too might

find it worth while to talk them over with Brother Faustinas in the light of probable events. I made him my envoy because I love him and know that he returns my feelings. If he justifies my good opinion, I shall be very thankful. All men set him high in their esteem; and perhaps he is none the worse for not being a perfect paragon. Farewell.

LETTER 4.5: TO HIS FRIEND [MAGNUS] FELIX

AD 474

I SALUTE you a second time by the same messenger as before. Your Gozolas (may I soon call him mine too!) acts once more as the carrier of my letter. Spare us both, therefore, the indignity of an open slight; for if you persist in silence, every one will think that you look down on me and on the destined bearer of your reply. [2] As on the last occasion, I ask nothing as to the state of public affairs, fearing it may be painful to you to announce unfavourable events at a time when fortune fails us. It would not be like you to send false news; and as there is nothing pleasant to record, I would rather learn of disaster from any one but my friends. Farewell.

LETTER 4.6

To [his kinsman] Apollinaris A. D. 472 [1] I SENT you a verbal warning lately by the priest Faustinus, my old comrade and new brother in the ministry, and glad I am that you have listened to it. It is the root-principle of practical wisdom to avoid unnecessary risks; if a man takes them, and a rash course ends in trouble, it is futile to break out into lamentations and abuse Fate for the consequences of one's own bad management. [2] You ask the trend of these remarks. I confess I was much afraid that, at a time when all men felt anxiety, you might feel none; and that the house which stood solid as a rock through all these years might be shaken at last through a misplaced devotion. I feared that the solemnity to which the ladies of your family so looked forward might be spoiled for their gentle souls by these alarms, though I well know that true religion is so deeply implanted in their breasts that they would have rejoiced to suffer a sort of martyrdom in honour of the Martyr had anything untoward befallen upon the way. But I have less innocence, and therefore more distrust of events; amid such uncertainties I prefer the safer side; it takes little to make me join those who discover danger in the very heart of safety. [3] I therefore approve your action in putting off so perilous an expedition, and refusing to expose the fortunes of a family like

yours to such a hazard. The journey, once undertaken, might possibly have prospered;

but I for one will never vote for the reckless kind of measure which only luck can justify. Providence, I doubt not, will grant a happy issue to our prayers, and under new blessings of peace we shall look back upon these tenors as mere memories; but those who wish to enjoy security in future must learn caution from the present hour. [4] Meanwhile, I draw your attention to the bearer's complaint of some wrong done him by one of your people, by name Genesius. If you find that facts bear out the grievance, I beg of you to do the plaintiff justice and grant him a quick return to his distant home. But if he has fanned up a flame of calumny out of culpable spite, the defendant can enjoy the foretaste of his discomfiture, when he thinks of his wanton accuser, wayworn and impoverished, bearing all for nothing the hard consequences of a rash accusation, and that at the very height of winter, when the ice is thick and the snow lies piled in drifts. The litigious are apt to find this a season when hearings are generally short, but there is plenty of time for suffering damage. Farewell.

LETTER 4.7

To his kinsman Simplicius (Date not indicated) [1] 'You spur the willing,' 1 is the usual comment of the man who meant to do unasked the thing you ask of him. You ask how the quotation applies? The bearer of these lines insists on a letter of introduction from me, whereas, the moment I knew where he was going I should myself have begged the privilege of giving it before he opened his mouth, obliging him not so much from consideration for him as from my warm feeling towards yourself. For the rest, my messenger calculates that by doing me a service he will have deserved a good turn; he has obtained what he wanted, but without ever dreaming how close the bond is which unites you and me. [2] Miles away though I remain, I shall be able to picture his stupefaction on his arrival, when the mere fact that he comes from me secures him respectful welcome, and he finds no effectual use for a letter which it was really superfluous to solicit. I can see it all as if I were there; the novelty of everything to one whose wits are not of the sharpest; his confusion as a stranger invited to make himself at home, or as a nervous guest drawn into conversation, or as a countrified fellow called on to take his part in polite gaiety, or as a poor man set down at a sumptuous board.

It will be strange indeed to a man from these parts, where ill-cooked viands and too much onion afford the only fare, to find himself as nobly regaled as if he had eaten his fill all his days at Apician banquets, served by the rhythmic carvers of Byzantium. 3. Anyhow, whatever his merit or importance, he could not have better helped me to pay my debt of friendship. Men of his type are often almost beneath our notice; at the same time friends who, like ourselves, are thrown back on letters for their intercourse would lose many a chance of writing were they too particular about the person of their messengers. Farewell.

LETTER 4.8

To his friend Evodius * A.D. 467 (?) [1] I WAS just setting out for a remote country district when your messenger handed me your letter, and told his acquaintances in confidence that you were on the point of visiting Toulouse in obedience to a summons from the King. This gave me an excuse to shake off the embarrassing crowd which delayed my early start, and allowed me to give you such reply as a traveller booted and spurred could attempt. [2] My servants had gone ahead at dawn to pitch my tent eighteen miles away at a spot with many conveniences for camping, a cold spring issuing from a wooded hill with a meadow of rich grass at the foot; a river in the foreground stocked with waterfowl and fish; and in addition to these advantages, almost on the bank, the new home of an old friend whose boundless hospitality is the same, whether you try to refuse it or not. [3] After stopping behind to do what you required, that I might send the messenger back at once from the end of the town, I found it was already more than four hours after dawn; the sun was well up, and his gathering heat had absorbed the heavy dews of night. The torrid air and our parched throats got worse and worse, and so cloudless was the sky that the only protection from the blazing heat was the dust we made ourselves. The long way was a weariness, stretching in full view for miles in front of us across the grassy plain;

before it had time to tire us, it already terrified by its prospect; it meant that our lunch would be late. [4] All this introduction is to convince you, honoured lord and brother, that when I obeyed your behests I had small time to spare and little leisure of mind or body. I return now to the substance of your letter. After the usual salutations, you asked a poem of twelve verses suitable for engraving on a large two-handled cup, the sides of which from foot to rim were fluted with six channels. [5] The verses you design, I suppose,

for the hollows of the flutings, or, better still, if that seems more suitable, for the ridges between, and, as I gather, you intend to assure yourself an invincible protection for all your plans, actual or prospective, by offering the cup, enriched with this embellishment, to Ragnahild, the queen. I did your bidding then, not as I could have wished, but as best circumstances allowed. You must blame yourself for giving the silversmith time but the poet none; though you know perfectly well that in the literary smithy the verses forged upon the metric anvil want polishing no less severely than any metal. But all this is beside the mark; here is your poem: * 'The shell which bears Cythera behind the fish-tailed Triton, compared with this must yield its pride of place. Bend thy queenly head, exalted patroness, to our prayer; accept this humble gift; graciously look down upon Evodius who seeks thy favour;

make him great, and thine own glory shall grow greater. Thy sire and thy lord's sire were kings; royal too is thy lord, may thy son also reign a king, both by his father's side and after him. Happy water enclosed in this gleaming metal, reflecting a royal face yet brighter! For when the queen shall deign to touch it with her lips, the silver shall draw new splendour from her countenance.' If you love me well enough to make use of such idle stuff, conceal my authorship and properly rely for success on your own part of the offering. For in such a mart or such a school as this barbaric court, your silver page will get all the notice, and not my poor inscription. Farewell.

LETTER 4.9

To his friend Industrius + c. A.D. 472 [1] I RECENTLY visited the illustrious Vectius, and was able to study his way of life at close quarters as leisurely as if I had nothing else to do. I found it well worth knowing, and therefore not unworthy of description. In the first place, and this may rightly be regarded as the highest praise of all, the whole household emulates the master's flawless purity of life. His servants are efficient, those in the country obliging, those at his town house friendly, obedient and contented with their lord. His table is open to the stranger no less than to his own clients; there reigns a large hospitality, and an even larger moderation. [2] It is of less moment that the man of whom we speak is without a rival in training a horse, judging a dog, or in bearing hawk afield; that his dress is always exquisite and his girdle to match, that all his accoutrements are splendid. The majesty of his gait accords with his gravity of mind, and as the first secures him consideration abroad, so the last maintains his dignity at home. His is an indulgence which

does not spoil, a punishment without brutality, a tempered severity, stern but never dreadful. [3] With all this he is a regular reader of the Scriptures; even at meal times he enjoys this nutriment of the soul.

He studies the Psalms, and yet more frequently chants them, setting a new precedent by living after this fashion in martial dress, the complete monk in all but the monastic habit. Though he abstains from eating game, he indulges in the chase; to have the sport without the spoil accords with the secret delicacy of his religious feeling. [4] The comfort of his widower's life is his little daughter, sole pledge of his lost wife's love; he brings her up with the tenderness of a grandfather, a mother's sedulous care, a father's kindness. In addressing his servants he does not give way to violence, and he is not above taking their advice upon occasion; in investigating an offence he is never inquisitorial, he rules those under him by reason and not mere authority: you might take him for the steward in his own house. [5] All this virtue and moderation seemed to me to deserve recording for the benefit of others; the outlines of it at least should be common knowledge. It would be well for our age if every member of our sacred profession were stirred to emulation by the story irrespective of a garb which in these days often deceives the world. For be it said without offence to my own order, if only the good men among us manifest their individual qualities, I shall prefer the layman of priestly instincts to the priest. Farewell.

+ Translated by Hodgkin, ii. 340-2.

LETTER 4.10: TO HIS FRIEND [MAGNUS] FELIX

AD 477

IT is many years since I have written to you, my good lord, and this greeting breaks a long silence; I had not the heart to keep up the old frequent correspondence while I was living in banishment from my country, and my spirit was broken by the hard lot of an exile. You ought to have compassion on one who admits his delinquency as I do; for whosoever is brought low should go humbly and not attempt to preserve the same familiar footing as before with those towards whom affection may be less in place than reverence. That is why I have said nothing so long, and why, after the arrival of my son Heliodorus, I could at least acquiesce in your silence, though I could hardly be expected to regard it with satisfaction. [2] You used to say, in jest, that you stood in positive awe of my eloquence. Even were it seriously meant, the ground for that excuse is gone; for as soon as I had finished my volume of

Letters, which, though I say it, was a careful piece of work, I reverted to the every-day style in everything else. And indeed my fine style itself is much on the same level; for what is the use of giving finish to phrases which will never see the light? If, however, you are faithful to an old friendship and allow our correspondence once more to follow its former course, I too will return to the old track and be as communicative as ever. Nay more, if Christ will guide my steps and my patron 1 on his return will only sanction my departure, how eagerly will I fly to meet you wherever you may be, and revive by my presence a friendship which my negligent pen has left to languish. Farewell.

LETTER 4.11

To his friend Petreius * c. A.D. 473 [1] I MOURN the loss of your great uncle Claudianus, snatched from us only the other day; it is the loss of our age; perhaps we shall never see his. like again. He was a man of wisdom, prudence and learning; eloquent, and of an active and ingenious mind above all his compatriots and contemporaries. He was a philosopher all his days without prejudice to his faith. It was only by his faith, and by his adoption of ordinary dress, that he dissociated himself from his friends of the Platonic school; for he never let his hair and beard grow long and would make fun of the philosopher's mantle and staff, sometimes with much bitterness. [2] How delightful it used to be when a party of us would visit him just for the pleasure of hearing his opinion! With what freedom from diffidence or pretence would he at once open his whole mind for our common benefit, delighted if some insoluble and thorny point arose to prove the vast resources of his knowledge! If there were many of us, he expected us all, of course, to listen, but nominated a single spokesman, probably the one whom we ourselves should have chosen; then in his methodical way, now addressing one, now another, and giving each his turn, he would bring forth all the treasures of his learning, not without the accompaniment of trained and appropriate gesture. [3] When he had finished, we would put our adverse criticisms in syllogistic form; but nothing was admitted which was not well considered and susceptible of proof, for rash objections he would at once demolish. Most of all we respected him for his tolerance of some men's persistent dullness of apprehension. It amounted almost to an amiable weakness; we could admire his patience, but it was beyond our imitation. Who could shrink from consulting on any recondite point a man who would gladly suffer in argument the stupid questions of the ignorant and the simple?

[4] So far as to his intellectual interests. It is beyond my power adequately to extol him in other relations of life. Mindful in all things of our weak mortal nature, he was always ready with consolation, helping the clergy by his deeds, the people by his words, mourners with exhortation, the destitute with words of comfort. He gave the prisoner money; he fed the hungry, he clothed the naked. To enlarge upon these things were indeed vanity of repetition. He was poor in this world's goods, but the good deeds with which he richly endowed his soul he concealed from notice in the hope of a better reward hereafter. . . . [5] For his elder brother the bishop 1 he had the most affectionate regard; he reverenced him as a father, he loved him as a son. And the brother in his turn looked up to him with boundless admiration, knowing that he had in him a counsellor in every disputed question, a representative in his churches, an agent in business matters, a steward on his farms, a registrar of all ecclesiastical dues, an associate in his reading, an interpreter in difficulties of exposition, a travelling companion upon his visitations. They were the very exemplars of brotherly affection, with an absolute confidence in each other. [6] But why do I add fuel to the flame of a sorrow which it was my purpose to assuage? I meant to have begun by saying that I have written an elegy to this ungrateful shade----the phrase is Virgil's, as you know, and applied to the dead, who can render no man thanks. They are sad lines full of sorrow; the writing of them was no light task to one who has lost the habit of composing; but grief heavy with rising tears moved me from my natural indolence. This is the elegy:

'Beneath this sod lies Claudianus, at once the glory and grief of his brother Mamertus, the wonder and supreme pride of the bishops. In three fields of learning he was a master and a shining light, the Roman, the Greek, and the Christian; all of them as a monk in his prime he made his own by secret discipline; he was orator, logician, poet, commentator, geometer, musician; skilled also to loose the bonds of disputation, and with the sword of the word dissect the sects that harass the Catholic faith. Well was he skilled to chant psalms and lead a choir; for his grateful brother he taught the trained groups of singers to chant before the altar. His was the choice that at the yearly conclave appointed the passages to be read in season. A priest of the second order, he eased his brother's shoulder of the bishop's burden; for while the other bore the insignia of pontifical rank, it was he who undertook the labour. But thou whoe'er thou art that grievest, O kindly reader, over the thought that

of such a man nothing now survives, wet not this marble with thy tears: the mind and its renown come not down into this grave.'

[7] Such are the lines that I composed over the remains of this brother of my soul, as soon as I reached the spot. For when they buried him I was away, though absence did not wholly rob me of the longed opportunity for tears. For while I was pondering what to write, my heart swelled to overflowing; I gave it rein, and over my epitaph I wept as others had wept above the tomb. I write this to you for fear you should imagine that my devotion is only to living friends, and censure me as one who thinks less tenderly of those who are gone than of those who are yet alive. And indeed, in days when hardly a trace of loyalty remains among survivors, you might well be pardoned for counting as a small company those who are faithful to the departed. Farewell. * Most of this letter is translated by Guizot, Histoire de la civilisation en France, ed. 1846, i. 167-8. See also Fertig, Part iii, p. 10.

LETTER 4.12

To [his kinsmen] Simplicius and Apollinaris* c. A.D. 472 [1] THE excitable mind of man is like nothing so much as a wrecking sea; it is lashed to confusion by contrary tidings as if it bred its own rough weather. A few days ago, I and the son whom we both regard as ours were together enjoying the admirable Hecyra of Terence. Seated at his side as he studied, I forgot the cleric in the father; to increase his ardour and incite my docile scholar to a more perfect appreciation of the comic rhythms, I had in my own hands a play with a similar plot, the Epitrepontes 1 of Menander. [2] We were reading, and jesting, and applauding the fine passages ---- the play charmed him, and he me, we were both equally absorbed, ---- when all of a sudden a household slave appears, pulling a long face. 'I have just seen outside', he said, 'the reader Constans, back from his errand to the lords Simplicius and Apollinaris. He says that he delivered your letters, but has lost the answers given him to bring back.' [3] No sooner did I hear this, than a storm-cloud of annoyance rose upon the clear sky of my enjoyment; the mischance made me so angry that for several days I was inexorable and forbade the blockhead my presence; I meant to make him sorry for himself unless he restored me the letters all and sundry, to say nothing of yours, which as long as I am a reasonable being I shall always want most because they come least often.

[4] However, after a time my anger gradually abated; I sent for him and asked whether, besides the letters, he had been entrusted with a verbal mes-

sage. He was all a-tremble and ready to grovel at my feet; he stammered in conscious guilt, and could not look me in the face, but he managed to answer: 'Nothing.' The message from which I was to have received so much instruction and delight, had been all consigned to the pages which had been lost. So there is nothing else for it; you must resort to your tablets once more, unfold your parchment, and write it all out anew. I shall bear with such philosophy as I may this unfortunate obstacle to my desires until the hour when these lines reach you, and you learn that yours have never yet reached me. Farewell.

LETTER 4.13

To his friend Vectius c. A.D. 472 [1] NOT long ago I went to see the church of Chantelle at the request of the excellent Germanicus, who is clearly the personage of the place. Though he now has sixty years behind him, he cultivates such bravery of fashion that not content with growing younger, he gets more boyish every day. His clothes fit close, his boots are tight, his hair is cut wheel-fashion; the tweezers have searched the depths of all his wrinkles to get every single hair out of his face. [2] Heaven has given him strong and well-knit limbs, an unimpaired sight, an easy and rapid gait; his teeth are complete and his mouth wholesome. He has a perfect digestion, an even circulation, a sound heart and lungs, his loins are free from stiffness, his liver from congestion. His hand is firm, his back straight, endowed with the health of youth, all he asks for age is its proper privilege of respect. [3] God has indeed shown him peculiar mercies. But on that very account I beg, nay, I enjoin you, as a neighbour and intimate friend, to give him a piece of that advice which a character like yours invests with such authority: tell him not to put his trust too much in such unstable things, or fancy himself immune from all decay; tell him it is high time for him to embrace religion, to gather strength from innocence reborn, and by good deeds to become a new man in his old age.

[4] Tell him that few of us are free from secret faults, and it were well for him to pour forth full and open satisfaction for all the hidden offences which memory can recall. A man who is a priest's son and has a son of his own a bishop, must sanctify his own life, or he will be even as a rosebush. Of roses born, and bearing the same, he comes between the old bloom and the new; and the briery thorns about him may be likened to his wounding sins. Farewell.

LETTER 4.14: TO HIS FRIEND POLEMIUS

AD 477

CORNELIUS TACITUS your ancestor, consular in the reigns of the Ulpians, in his history introduces a German Commander as saying, 'My acquaintance with Vespasian goes back to old days, and while he was a private person we were called friends.' You ask the object of this preface. To remind you that your position as a public man ought not to involve neglect of private friendships. Almost two years ago, our old regard for you rather than our satisfaction at your new dignity, led us to rejoice over your elevation to the post of praetorian prefect in Gaul. But for the misfortunes of the Empire, nothing would satisfy us but the enrichment of everybody and every province by the various benefits of your administration. [2] And now that proper feeling prevents us from asking what it is beyond your power to grant, I should like to know what generosity you would have shown us in deed, when in word you have proved so obstinately avaricious. For if I compare you with your ancestors, I must consider you more than the equal of Tacitus in eloquence, and in poetry above Ausonius. If this new prefecture has turned a philosopher's head, remember the line:

We too have served for name and fame. [3] But if you scorn the lowliness of our profession because we priests voluntarily lay bare before Christ, the Healer of human lives and fortunes, the ugly sores of the sick heart, which in us are at least unswollen by pride, however much they may have hitherto offended for want of proper tending, I would have you know this, that it is one thing for a man to stand before the magistrate in the forum, another thing for him to stand before the Judge of all the world. The offender who avows his crime to you is condemned; but among us the same confession made to God is absolved. It is therefore abundantly clear that you judges of this world are wrong in fastening guilt on him who is amenable to another jurisdiction than yours. [4] You cannot therefore any longer ignore the force of my complaint; whether your prosperity makes you forget old friendship, or only neglect it, the result in either case is almost equally bitter to me. If, then, you have any serious thoughts of the future, write to me as to a priest; if of the present, as to a colleague. There is a virtue which never disdains an old friend for a new one; if it was born in you, develop it; if not, at once implant it in your heart. Otherwise you will appear to treat your friends as one does flowers, which are only cherished as long as they are fresh. Farewell.

LETTER 4.15

To his friend Elaphius After A.D. 472 [1] MAKE ready a great feast, and couches to receive a great company. By numerous roads parties yet more numerous converge upon you, for since the date of your coming dedication is now universally known, all our good friends are bent upon invasion. Your letter tells us that the baptistery so long in the builder's hands is now ready for consecration. We must all keep festival in honour of the faith that we own, and some of us for other causes too; you to celebrate the accomplishment of your vow; I to do my part as bishop; and many others to show their recognition of your enterprise. For indeed you set a great precedent, erecting a new fabric in an epoch when other men have hardly courage to repair an old one. [2] For the future I pray that as your present vow is paid, you may make new vows to the glory of God to be redeemed in coming prosperous years; and that, too, not as the expression of a concealed faith, but of manifest conversion. I further pray that in happier times than these Christ may grant my own desire and the hope of the people of Rouergue, and that you who now offer an altar for your own soul's weal, may then offer the holy Sacrifice for theirs. [3] Though the days draw in with the late autumn, and leaves from every tree rustle in the anxious traveller's ear; though your castle of the mountain crags is hard to reach when winter is so near, yet with Christ to guide my steps I shall traverse your rugged mountain flanks; I shall not shrink from rocks beneath or overhanging snows; no, not even if the way winds in spirals up the long slopes and returns continually upon itself. For should there be no festivities after all, yet you are one of those for whom, to use the words of Tully, a man would even tramp to Thespiae. Farewell.

LETTER 4.16: TO HIS FRIEND RURICIUS (NO INDICATION OF DATE)

PATERNINUS has given me your letter; I can hardly say whether it pleases most by wit or charm. It presents such eloquence, such fragrant flowers of diction, that your progress is clearly due to something more than an acknowledged study: you must be working in secret as well. The abstraction of a book of mine to copy, for which you so apologize, I regard as an act redounding to your credit, and requiring no excuse. What can you do really wrong, when even your faults are laudable? [2] I am not the least vexed at being played this little trick in my absence; it is no loss at all, but really a signal privilege. The volume you appropriated to your use has not therefore ceased

to be my property; your knowledge has not been increased at the cost of other people's. On the contrary, you shall have full credit for your action, and rightly; for your nature has the quality of flame, which communicates itself entirely and yet remains entire; it is proper that you should act like your own element. Be no more uneasy, then; that were to betray a little too much uncertainty of your friend, who would only deserve the wound of blame were he vulnerable by the dart of envy. Farewell.

LETTER 4.17

To his friend Arbogast c. A.D. 477 [1] YOUR friend Eminentius, honoured lord, has delivered a letter dictated by yourself, admirable in style, and bearing in every line the evidence of three shining virtues. The first is the friendliness which leads you to esteem the lowly talents of one so far away, and so anxious to avoid publicity. The second is the modesty which makes you oversensitive to blame, but deservedly wins you praise. The third is the gentle humour which makes you in the wittiest way accuse yourself of writing wretched stuff, whereas you have drunk at the well-spring of Roman eloquence, and no draughts from the Moselle can take the taste of Tiber from your mouth. You have your conversation among barbarians, yet you permit no barbarism to pass your lips; in eloquence and valour you equal those ancient generals whose hands could wield the stylus no less skilfully than the sword. [2] The Roman tongue is long banished from Belgium and the Rhine; but if its splendour has anywhere survived, it is surely with you; our jurisdiction is fallen into decay along the frontier, but while you live and preserve your eloquence, the Latin language stands unshaken. As I return your greeting, my heart is glad within me that our vanishing culture has left such traces with you; continue your assiduous studies, and you will feel more surely every day that the man of education is as much above the boor as the boor in his turn above the beast.

[3] Were I to obey your wish and send you a commentary on some part of the Scriptures, it would be sorry verbiage; you would do far better to direct your request to the clergy of your own district. They are venerable in years, approved in faith, known by works; they are ready in speech and tenacious in memory, my superiors in all sublimer gifts. Even if we leave out of the account the bishop of your city, a character of supreme perfection, blessed in the possession and repute of all the virtues, you may far more appropriately consult on any kind of problem the celebrated fathers of the Church in

Gaul; Lupus and Auspicius are both within your reach, and however inquisitive you may be, you will not get to the bottom of a learning such as theirs. In any case, you must pardon me for disobeying you in this matter, and that not only out of kindliness, but from simple justice; for if it is fair that you should escape from incompetence, it is equally right that I should avoid conceit. Farewell.

LETTER 4.18: TO HIS FRIEND LUCONTIUS

c. AD 470

I FEAR you have a memory defective in the matter of others' requests but infallible in the matter of your own. It would be tedious to repeat all the promises of swift return which you and your family made to me and mine; not the smallest of them have you kept. Far from it, your flight was cunningly planned to make us think you were coming back for Easter; you took no heavy baggage out of town, neither carriage nor cart for luggage appeared in your train. [2] It is too late to complain of the trick you made the ladies play us, causing them to travel with only the lightest of effects, while you and our brother Volusianus were hardly escorted by a single client or attendant. By this device you cheated the friends who came to see you off with the delusive hope that they were soon to see you back. Certainly our good brother Volusianus deceived us by the pretence of a short trip, when in fact he was probably bound, not merely for his own estate at Baiocassium, but the whole second province of Lyons into the bargain. [3] As for yourself, though you have broken faith by idling all this time away down there, you yet have the face to ask me for any poetical trifles I may have recently composed. I obey; but simply because you deserve the rubbish you will get; the verses I am sending are so rustic and unfinished that no one would believe they came from town and not from the depths of the country. [4] You must know that Bishop Perpetuus, a worthy successor of his great predecessor, has just rebuilt on a greater scale than before the basilica of the saintly pontiff and confessor Martin. It is said to be a great and memorable work, and all that we should expect when one such man does honour to another.

For the walls of this church he has demanded of me the inscription you are now to criticize, and sure as he is of his place in my affection, he takes no denial in matters of this kind. [5] Would I could think this offering of mine would prove no blot upon the magnificence of that pile and its wealth of gifts; but I fear it must be so, unless some happy chance should lend its very

defects a charm where all is of such perfection, just as a dark spot on a fair body is mocked at first, and then compels approval. But why should I dilate upon all this? Put down your shepherd's pipe, and give a supporting hand to this hobbling elegy of mine: [6] I send you, as you see, the most recent verses I can find. But if you persist in spinning vain delays, the concession will not stop me from shaking the stars with my complaints; nor, if the case requires it, shall I shrink from a resort to satire, and you will be very much mistaken if you imagine that I shall be as suave as in the verses you have had to-day. For it is a law of human nature that man is more telling, more fiery, and quicker on the mark in his censure than in his praise. Farewell. * Translated by Fertig, Part ii, pp. 37-8; and by Chaix, i. 329.

LETTER 4.19: TO HIS FRIEND FLORENTINUS (NO INDICATION OF DATE)

You blame me for my delay and my silence. I can purge myself of both charges, for I am not only on my way, but as you see, I write as well. Farewell.

LETTER 4.20

To his friend Domnicius * c. A. D. 470 [1] You take such pleasure in the sight of arms and those who wear them, that I can imagine your delight if you could have seen the young prince Sigismer 1 on his way to the palace of his father-in-law in the guise of a bridegroom or suitor in all the pomp and bravery of the tribal fashion. His own steed with its caparisons, other steeds laden with flashing gems, paced before and after; but the conspicuous interest in the procession centred in the prince himself, as with a charming modesty he went afoot amid his bodyguard and footmen, in flame-red mantle, with much glint of ruddy gold, and gleam of snowy silken tunic, his fair hair, red cheeks and white skin according with the three hues of his equipment. [2] But the chiefs and allies who bore him company were dread of aspect, even thus on peace intent. Their feet were laced in boots of bristly hide reaching to the heels; ankles and legs were exposed. They wore high tight tunics of varied colour hardly descending to their bare knees, the sleeves covering only the upper arm. Green mantles they had with crimson borders; baldrics supported swords hung from their shoulders, and pressed on sides covered with cloaks of skin secured by brooches. [3] No small part of their adornment consisted of their arms; in their hands they grasped barbed spears and missile axes; their left sides were guarded by shields, which flashed with tawny golden bosses and snowy silver borders, betraying at once their

wealth and their good taste. Though the business in hand was wedlock, Mars was no whit less prominent in all this pomp than Venus. Why need I say more? Only your presence was wanting to the full enjoyment of so fine a spectacle. For when I saw that you had missed the things you love to see, I longed to have you with me in all the impatience of your longing soul. Farewell.

LETTER 4.21

To his friend Aper c. A.D. 472 [1] IN every genealogy the father's line must take precedence, yet we owe not a little to our mothers. For it hardly befits us to accord a lesser honour to her who bore, than to him who begot us. I leave the biologist the care of defining what we are or how we came into the world, passing on to the subject introduced by these reflections. [2] Your father is an Aeduan, your mother comes from Auvergne. Aeduan, then, you are first and foremost, but yet not altogether. For remember the passage in Virgil to the effect that Pallas is Arcadian, but at the same time Samnite. He might have qualified, as a foreigner, to lead the Etruscans against Mezentius, save only for the fact that through his Samnite mother he traced his descent in part to her country of Etruria. Here you have evidence of great moment from the greatest of authorities (unless, indeed, you believe poets false to facts even when they deal with history), that the mother's country must count no less than that of the father. [3] Now if the Arvernians in their turn rightly claim at any rate a half-share in you, pray give a patient hearing to the complaint of men who yearn for your presence, and now unburden the bosom-secret of a whole population through the lips of a single spokesman.

Imagine them as standing before you and addressing you face to face. 'What is our offence, ungrateful fellow citizen, that all these years you shun the soil which nourished you as if it were an enemy's country? Here we tended your cradle, here we heard your infant cries and formed your tender limbs; it was our people who carried you in their arms. [4] This was the country of your grandsire Fronto, whose indulgence to you was equalled only by his own self-discipline, which our models of to-day might take as a model for themselves. This was the country of your grandmother Auspicia, who from a single heart after her daughter's death gave to the helpless orphan a devotion great enough for two. Your aunt was also of our land, and so was Frontina, the virgin holier than a nun, held by your mother in respect, by your father in veneration, and so ascetic and austere in her life, so perfect in

God's faith and fear, that she inspired an awe in all men. It was here that our schools vied one with the other to perfect you in grammar and in rhetoric, when the time came for your initiation in the liberal arts, with such results that even by virtue of your education alone you cannot but think of Clermont with affection. [5] I shall not recall to you the unique charm of our land; the broad main of tillage, where the profitable waters flow harmless through the crops, bringing rich increase;

where the more the industrious man traffics, the less he need fear shipwreck; the land which is easy to the traveller, fertile to the cultivator, to the hunter a perpetual joy; where pastures crown the hill-tops and vineyards clothe the slopes, where villas rise on the lowlands and castles on the rocks, forests here and clearings there, valleys with springs, headlands washed by rivers; the land, in short, of which a single glimpse suffices to make many a stranger forget his own country. [6] Need I remind you of the town which was always so devoted to you that you ought to find no society more agreeable than that of its nobility? You were received with open arms, and all were so delighted to have you with them that no one could ever see enough of you. Need I speak of your own property? the more you visit it the better it will make good your outlay. For the very expenses of a proprietor cultivating his own land contribute to the increase of his income. I unburden myself thus in the name of all our citizens, and certainly of the best among them. Such is the affection which they show, so high the compliment implied in their desire, that you may imagine the greater joy which will be yours if you assent to their request. Farewell.

LETTER 4.22

To his friend Leo A.D. 477 [1] THE magnificent Hesperius, pearl of friends and glory of letters, informed me on his return from Toulouse not long ago that you wished me to begin writing history as soon as my volume of Letters is completed. I need not tell you with what respect and gratitude I receive an opinion of such weight, and moreover so flattering to myself; for if you hold that I ought to abandon the work of smaller compass for the greater, it must be because you think me competent. But frankly, I find it easier to respect your judgement than to follow your advice. [2] The task indeed is one which is worthy of your recommendation, but it is no less worthy of your own practice. Tacitus long ago gave similar advice to Pliny and then anticipated his friend by following his own counsel. The precedent bears perfectly on your

suggestion; for I am a mere disciple of Pliny, whereas in the old historical style you excel Tacitus. Could he return to earth, could he witness your literary eminence and reputation, he would soon follow the hint conveyed by his own name. [3] You, therefore, are the man to shoulder the burden of your own proposal; you have an excellent gift of eloquence and to vast erudition you join unrivalled opportunities. For as adviser of a most potent sovereign, whose policy is concerned with all the world, you are admitted to the secrets of his business and his laws, his wars and treaties, you understand their local significance, their extent and their importance. Who, then, more fit to gird him for the task than he who is behind the great scene of public affairs, who knows the movements of the peoples, the embassies that pass between them, the generals' feats of arms, the treaties of the princes, who stands himself at such an altitude that he need neither suppress the truth nor broider the fabric of a lie?

[4] How different is my own condition, afflicted with the griefs of exile, deprived of the old facilities for study; a cleric, sworn to renounce ambition, and keep the middle path of his obscurity. My trust is no longer in the gifts of this present world, but in the hope of a world to come. My failing strength plays me false, and makes me delight in idleness; I care no more for the praise of my own generation, and as little for that of men who shall come after me. [5] History is the last field in which I should now pursue fame; we churchmen are ill-advised to publish our own affairs and rash to meddle with those of others; we record the past without advantage to ourselves, and the present from imperfect knowledge; we write what is untrue to our disgrace, and what is true at our peril. It is a work or subject in which the mention even of the virtuous wins a man scant credit, and of the great, unbounded enmity. Forthwith some hue and flavour of satire invades the historian's style, and this is wholly incongruous with our vows. Historical writing begins in spite, proceeds in weariness, and ends in ill repute. [6] Let a cleric once dabble in it, and all these woes will fall upon him; forthwith the viper's tooth of envy is into us; if our style be straightforward, we are called mad; if polished, we are presuming beyond our place. But you can enter upon this province with a light heart;

your fame allows you to spring from strength to strength. You will tread the neck of the detractor or lightly leap above it. None will have written in a more exalted vein than you, none so near the antique manner, even though

your theme be the story of our own times. For as you were trained long since in the art of letters, and now are no less versed in that of affairs, you have left the venomed fang no hold whatever on you. Therefore it is that in years to come your works will be consulted with advantage, heard with delight, and read with assurance of their authority. Farewell.

LETTER 4.23

To his friend Proculus c. A.D. 472 [1] YOUR son, whom I may almost call mine also, has taken refuge with me, full of sorrow for having left you, overwhelmed with shame and repentance of his desertion. When I heard what he had done, I rebuked him for this truancy with sharp words and threatening looks. The voice was mine, but I spoke in your place; I denounced him as one whose proper meed was disinheritance, the cross, the sack, and the other penalties of parricides. He flushed red in his confusion, but made no brazen excuses for his fault; and when I convicted him on every point, such floods of streaming tears accompanied his contrition that it was impossible to doubt his future amendment. [2] I entreat you, therefore, to show mercy on one who now shows none to himself; imitate Christ and do not condemn him who admits that he deserves to be condemned. You may prove inexorable; you may subject him to unheard-of punishments; but no torture you can inflict will hurt him like his own remorse. Free him from his despairing fears; justify my confidence in you; relieve yourself from the secret anguish you must feel (if I know aught of a father's feelings) at the spectacle of a son crushed by undisguised affliction. I shall only have done him harm if you lift a finger against him, which I trust you will not do unless you mean to remain as hard as rock and rigid as impenetrable adamant.

[3] If I am right in expecting something better from your known character and warm heart, be indulgent and forgive; I pledge myself that, once reconciled, he will henceforward be a loyal son. To absolve him promptly of his fault is to bind me by a new obligation. I earnestly beg you to do more, and grant him instant pardon; I want you, when he returns, not to open him your door alone, but your heart as well. Great God! what a bright day will dawn for you, what joyous news it will be to me, what gladness will fill his soul, when he casts himself at his father's feet and receives from those injured lips, those lips of terrible aspect, not reproaches but a kiss! Farewell.

LETTER 4.24: TO HIS FRIEND TURNUS

AD 461-7

THE Mantuan's lines suit perfectly your name and your affair: Turnus, what never God would dare To promise to his suppliant's prayer, Lo, here, the lapse of time has brought E'en to your hands, unasked, unsought. You remember that a long time ago your father Turpio (he was then of tribune's rank) sought and obtained a loan of Maximus, an official of the Palatine Service; he assigned nothing as security or guarantee, either in money or land; there is only a document ensuring the creditor his twelve per cent. This interest had been accumulating ten years, and had doubled the capital sum. [2] When your father was grievously ill and near his death, the public authority put serious pressure on him for the payment of the debt; the bailiffs too behaved in an intolerably brutal manner. I was then setting out for Toulouse, and the sick man, in despair, wrote entreating me to intercede with his creditor for at least a short delay. Of course I at once promised to do what I could, for Maximus and I are something more than acquaintances, and linked by old ties of hospitality. I therefore diverged from my route to pay him a visit, though his estate lies some miles distant from the highway.

[3] On my arrival, he came out himself to meet me. But how changed his walk from the old erect and rapid gait; how changed the old frank regard and hearty voice! His dress, his walk, his humility, his pallor, his mode of speech----all declared the churchman. And then his hair was short and his beard long; he had simple tripod seats; coarse Cilician hangings covered his doors 2; the beds were featherless, the tables unadorned. His entertainment was as plain as it was kindly, with more vegetable than meat; if any richer dish appeared, it was brought not to him but to his guests. [4] When we rose from table, I asked my neighbours quietly to which of the three orders he belonged; was he monk, clerk, or penitent? They told me he was so popular that his fellow citizens had thrust priestly office upon him against his inclination. When morning came, and the servants and clients were busy catching the animals, I begged a private interview, which he at once granted. I began by congratulations on his new dignity which he had not expected, but my petition followed close upon them. [5] I preferred the prayer of our common friend Turpio; I urged his straits and his extremity; I told how much harder it seemed to the sick man's afflicted friends that his soul should be released

from a body still held in the bond of debt. I implored him to remember his new calling and our ancient fellowship;

I entreated him at least to accord delay, and so to moderate the barbarous importunities of the collectors, who were barking like dogs about a death-bed; I asked that if Turpio died, the heirs should be granted the respite of the mourner's year, and that if, as I hoped, he recovered health, he should be left in peace during the time of convalescence from so exhausting a sickness. [6] I had got thus far with my petition when this charitable soul began to weep copious tears, not for the delay in recovering his debt but for the peril of the debtor, and restraining his sobs, cried: 'Far be it from me, a cleric, to demand from a sick man what as an official I should hardly have brought myself to ask from a sound one. But I am so attached to my friend's children also, that, even should he die, I shall require of them not a penny more than the law of our friendship sanctions. You shall write to them in their anxiety, enclosing a letter from me to confirm the authority of yours. Assure them that whatever be the issue of our brother's illness, (and may it prove a happy one! I give them a whole year's respite; I will also remit that half of the debt represented by the accumulated interest, and content myself with the simple return of the loan.' On this, I rendered thanks to God first, and then to my host, who so respected his good name and conscience;

I assured this good friend that he laid up as a treasure in advance for himself what I was empowered to remit to you, and purchased a heavenly kingdom by refusing to drive a hard bargain here on earth. It now remains for you to use every effort for the repayment of the principal, and to return him heartfelt thanks in the name of your young brother and sister, who by reason of their tender age can know nothing of their own good fortune. There is no excuse for you to say, 'I am only a co-heir; the estate has not yet been divided; it is common knowledge that I have come off worse than the other two; my brother and sister are still minors; a husband has yet to be found for her, a guardian for him, and a surety for the guardian when appointed.' Such things are sometimes said with fairness to creditors, but only to the bad ones. You are fortunate in having to deal with a person ready to remit half your debt when he might exact the whole. Do not keep him waiting; he would be within his right if he demanded once more in his resentment all that his lenience had excused. Farewell.

LETTER 4.25

To his friend Domnulus* c. A.D. 470 [1] I CANNOT delay an hour in letting you know of an event which must cause you the greatest pleasure, anxious as you were to learn what success attended the piety and firmness of our metropolitan and father in Christ, Patiens, upon the occasion of his visit to Châlon. He went to ordain a bishop for that town, where discipline had been imperilled after the retirement and subsequent death of the young bishop Paulus. Some of the provincial bishops formed his escort; others had preceded him. When the Episcopal Council met, it found that the opinion of the citizens was not unanimous, and that there existed private factions of the kind so ruinous to the public welfare. [2] The presence of three candidates aggravated these evils. The first had no moral qualification whatever, but only the privilege of ancient lineage, of which he made the most. The second was brought in on the applause of parasites, bribed to support him by the free run of a gourmand's table. The third had a tacit understanding with his supporters, that if he attained the object of his ambition, the plundering of the Church estates should be theirs. [3] Seeing this, the holy Patiens and the holy Euphronius determined that no thought of odium or popularity should move them from the firmness and severity of the saner judgement. They communicated their intention to their fellow bishops in secret conclave assembled, before they made it public.

Then, with a complete disregard of the unruly crowd, they suddenly joined their hands upon the holy John, a man conspicuous for an honourable, humane and gentle life, and without the faintest suspicion of what they proposed, or the slightest desire for preferment. [4] This John was first a Reader, and had been a server at the altar from his tender years. In course of time and strenuous duty he became archdeacon, in which office or rank his efficiency kept him back; they would not give him promotion because they did not wish to relieve him of functions he performed so well. Such was the man, a member only of the second order, on whom they laid their hands, to the perplexity of the factions, which had no acclamations ready for one never even put forward for the office, but dared not at the same time say anything against a man whom his own career acclaimed. So, to the stupefaction of the intriguers, the rage of bad citizens, and the delight of good, without one dissentient voice, they two consecrated their new colleague. [5] And now, unless the monasteries of the Jura 2 keep you, where you love to ascend

as if in foretaste of a celestial habitation, this letter ought to reach you, bringing the happy news, how these our fathers and protectors opined in accord, or accorded in opinion----whichever you will.

Rejoice too in his name whom Euphronius and Patiens consecrated, the one by testimony, the other by laying on of hands, the two together by their concurring judgement; in all which events Euphronius acted as beseemed his age and the long tenure of his high office, Patiens, for whom no praise could ever be too high, as befitted one who by his ecclesiastical dignity is the first person in our city, and by the priority of the city, the first citizen in all the province. Farewell.

Book V

letter 5.1: to his friend petronius

AD 478

THEY tell me you devote patient but not unpleasant hours to the perusal of my Letters; you who have achieved mastery in studies of widest scope, can yet notice the most insignificant writings of another. This is great, and well becomes the enthusiast for letters. But you are repaid for it by the most perfect kind of fame; for he who is generous enough to praise other men's talent will not fail to find his own conspicuously acknowledged. [2] I commend to you my friend Vindicius, a man of piety, and admirably suited for the dignity of deacon which he has recently attained. I had no time to copy what you wanted from my tablets, as it was incumbent on me to do, so I have entrusted him with these trifling lines just to have something to send; but such is your kindness that you accept any letter of mine as if it were an exceeding great reward. [3] Meanwhile I commend to your notice the affair of this same bearer who is taken to your neighbourhood by a troublesome business in which he finds himself involved. Two possibilities lie before him: he may either enter peacefully upon an inheritance, or he may be entangled in legal proceedings. His paternal uncle has died a bachelor and intestate, and he is taking steps to inherit as next of kin; but factious opposition may bar his way. Against each and every difficulty which may be raised, you, after Christ, are the suppliant's best hope; I am confident that if he finds favour in your sight, his cause will prove victorious. Farewell.

LETTER 5.2: TO HIS FRIEND NYMPHIDIUS

c. AD 472

CLAUDIANUS MAMERTUS, the most accomplished of our Christian philosophers and the most learned man in the world, wrote not long ago a notable work in three volumes on the Nature of the Soul; in its embellishment and final elaboration he employed the method of the disposition and logical arrangement of profane philosophy, demonstrating that the nine Muses are not maidens at all, but Liberal Arts. The attentive reader discovers in his pages the real personified titles of the Nine, who of themselves and for themselves create their proper appellations. For in this book Grammar divides, and Rhetoric declaims; Arithmetic reckons, Geometry metes; Music balances, Logic disputes; Astrology predicts, Architecture constructs; Poetry attunes her measures. [2] Pleased with the novelty of a theory like this, and kindled to enthusiasm by so much ripe wisdom, you had hardly seen the book before you asked to have it for a short time to examine and copy it and to make extracts; you promised to return it quickly, and your request was granted as soon as made. Now, it is far from fitting that I should be deceived in this little matter, and that you should be the deceiver. It is high time for you to send the book back; if you liked it, you must have had enough of it by now; if you dislike it, more than enough. Whichever it be, you have now to clear your reputation. If you mean to delay the return of a volume for which I have to ask you, I shall think that you care more for the parchment than for the work. Farewell.

LETTER 5.3: TO [HIS KINSMAN] APOLLINARIS

AD 472

IT was perhaps only fair that you should retaliate on my loquacious habits by applying the curb of taciturnity. But since in the exchange of kind offices a perfect friendship should dwell less on what it pays than on what it may still be held to owe, I shall loosen the rein of scruple and render you the impudent homage of another letter: of course the impropriety of this is proved by the fact of your continued silence. Do I not deserve to be informed of a brother's fortunes in time of war? Are you really afraid of revealing your hopes or apprehensions to a friend who is anxious on your account? [2] Your motive in keeping your doings from me can only be that you are not quite sure of me, and fear that I might not rejoice as I ought at news of your good

luck, or properly lament your adverse fortunes. May such disloyalty find no place in gentle hearts; may so miserable a suspicion be no longer a blot on the candour of a true affection! For, as your Crispus says, ' to desire and reject the same things, that is the making of firm friends.'1

[3] I shall be content if I can hear that you are in good case. My own mind has been depressed by the weight of a troubled conscience; a violent fever brought me almost to death's door. As you know, the cares of an august profession have been imposed on me, unworthy though I am of such an honour. And it has been misery to me to have to teach what I have never myself learned, and to preach goodness before practising it; like a barren tree, I bear no fruit of good works, but scatter idle words like leaves. [4] And now pray for me that my future life may prove it to have been worth while to come back almost from the underworld; for now a continuance in past errors would make this renewal of life the beginning of my soul's destruction. You see that I hide nothing from you, and I may fairly ask in return how things fare with you. I have done the part of friendship; it remains for you to act as you think right. But remember that by God's grace we recognize no end to a comradeship which we gave our hearts to begin; it must be like laws of Attica, graven eternally on brass. Farewell.

LETTER 5.4: TO [HIS KINSMAN] SIMPLICIUS (NO INDICATION OF DATE)

YOUR failure to answer my letter I impute to a friendship not beyond reproach, but in a greater degree, to an uneasy conscience. For unless I do you an injustice, your answer is withheld less from perversity than from a sense of shame. But if you continue to close and bolt your door against my communications, I shall not be sorry to oblige you with the peace which you desire. At the same time I must tell you plainly that the instigators of the wrong thus done me are to be found among those nearest to you. [2] For it is no injustice to attribute all that is hateful in your silence to the spoiled humours of your sons, who, secure in your affection, submit with impatience to my assiduity. It is incumbent on you to admonish them by your parental authority to be more amiable henceforward in their behaviour, and so sweeten to me the bitterness of their past offence. Farewell.

LETTER 5.5: TO HIS FRIEND SYAGRIUS (NO INDICATION OF DATE)

THOUGH you descend in the male line from an ancestor who was not only consul----that is immaterial----but also (and here is the real point) a poet,

from one whose literary achievement would certainly have gained him the honour of a statue, had it not been secured for him already by his official honours,----witness the finished verse that he has left us; and though on this side of his activity his descendants have proved themselves no wise degenerate, yet here we find you picking up a knowledge of the German tongue with the greatest of ease; the feat fills me with indescribable amazement. [2] I can recall the thoroughness of your education in liberal studies; I know with what a fervid eloquence you used to declaim before the rhetor. With such a training, how have you so quickly mastered the accent of a foreign speech, that after having your Virgil caned into you, and absorbing into your very system the opulent and flowing style of the varicose orator of Arpinum, you soar out like a young falcon from the ancient eyrie 2?

[3] You can hardly conceive how amused we all are to hear that, when you are by, not a barbarian but fears to perpetrate a barbarism in his own language. Old Germans bowed with age are said to stand astounded when they see you interpreting their German letters; they actually choose you for arbiter and mediator in their disputes. You are a new Solon in the elucidation of Burgundian law; like a new Amphion you attune a new lyre, an instrument of but three strings. You are popular on all sides; you are sought after; your society gives universal pleasure. You are chosen as adviser and judge; as soon as you utter a decision it is received with respect. In body and mind alike these people are as stiff as stocks and very hard to form; yet they delight to find in you, and equally delight to learn, a Burgundian eloquence and a Roman spirit.

[4] Let me end with a single caution to the cleverest of men. Do not allow these talents of yours to prevent you from devoting whatever time you can spare to reading. Let your critical taste determine you to preserve a balance between the two languages, holding fast to the one to prevent us making fun of you, and practising the other that you may have the laugh of us. Farewell.

LETTER 5.6: TO [HIS KINSMAN] APOLLINARIS

AD 474–5

As soon as summer began to yield to autumn and the fears of my Arvernians were in some degree moderated by the approach of winter, I was able to make a journey to Vienne. There I found, in great tribulation, your brother Thaumastus, who alike by virtue of his age and his descent inspires me with feelings of affection and respect. Afflicted already by the recent loss of his

wife, he was no less troubled on your account, fearing that the gang of barbarians and officers about the court might trump up some malicious charge against you. [2] According to his report, venomous tongues have been secretly at work, whispering in the ear of the ever-victorious Chilperic, our Master of the Soldiery, that your machinations are chiefly responsible for the attempt to win the town of Vaison for the new Emperor. If you are exposed to any suspicion on this score, inform me at once by return, that we may not lose any possible advantage which might accrue from my presence or the exertion of my interest. If in your opinion a real danger exists, I shall make it my special business either by conciliating the royal favour, to ensure your safety, or by discovering the extent of the king's anger to make you see the need for greater caution in future. Farewell.

LETTER 5.7: TO HIS [KINSMAN] THAUMASTUS

AD 474-5

AT last we have discovered who the villains are who have accused your brother before our tetrarch for siding with the partisans of the new Emperor----unless, indeed, the stealthy steps of the informers have deceived the proved sagacity of our friends. They are the wretches, as you yourself have heard me say upon the spot, whom Gaul endures with groans these many years, and who make the barbarians themselves seem merciful by comparison. They are the scoundrels whom even the formidable fear. These are the men whose peculiar province it seems to be to calumniate, to denounce, to intimidate, and to plunder. [2] These are they who in quiet times make parade of their affairs, in peace of their ample spoils, in war of their evasions, over their cups of their victories. These are the creatures who will spin out a case if they are called in, and block its progress if they are kept out; who grow offensive if reminded of their duty, and if they once pocket your fee, forget their obligation. These are the fellows who buy themselves a lawsuit to sell their mediation; who control the appointment of arbitrators, dictate their sentence, and tear it up whenever it suits them to do so; who incite litigants to sue, and hold the hearing in suspense; who hale off the convicted, and force back into the court those who would fain escape by settlement. These are the men who, asked a favour opposed by none, will promise with reluctance what shame forbids them to refuse, and moan if they have to keep their word.

[3] These are they at whose appearance the world's great scoundrels would confess themselves surpassed, Narcissus, Asiaticus, Massa, Marcellus, Carus, Parthenius, Licinus, Pallas, and all their peers. These are they who grudge quiet folks their peace, the soldier his pay, the courier his fare, the merchant his market, the ambassador his gifts, the farmer of tolls his dues, the provincial his farm, the municipality its flamen's dignity, the controllers of revenue their weights, the receivers their measures, the registrars their salary, the accountants their fees, the bodyguards their presents, towns their truces, taxgatherers their taxes, the clergy the respect men pay them, the nobles their lineage, superiors their seats in council, equals equality, the official his jurisdiction, the ex-official his distinctions, scholars their schools, masters their stipends, and finished pupils their accomplishments. [4] These are the upstarts drunken with new wealth 4 (I spare you no sordid detail), who by their intemperate use betray their unfamiliarity with riches. They like to march under arms to a banquet, they will attend a funeral in white, and wear mourning at a marriage festival; they go to church in furs, and hear a litany in beaver. No race of men, no rank, no epoch is ever to their liking. In the market they behave like Scyths; in the chamber they are vipers, at feasts buffoons. While they are harpies in exaction, in conversation you might as well talk to statues, or address a question to brute beasts. In negotiation slow as snails, they are sharp as money-lenders at a contract. In comprehension they are stones, in judgement stocks; swift as flame in anger, hard as iron in forgiveness, pards in friendship, bears in humour, foxes in deceit, overbearing as bulls, fierce as Minotaurs in destruction.

[5] They believe in the unsettlement of affairs; the more troubled the time the firmer their faith in its advantage. Cowardice and a bad conscience destroy their nerves; they are lions in the palace and hares in camp; they dread treaties for fear of having to disgorge, and war for fear of having to fight. Let them but scent from afar a rusty purse, and you will see them fix on it the eyes of Argus, Briareus' hands, the Sphinx's claws; they will bring into play the perjuries of Laomedon, the subtleties of Ulysses, Sinon's wiles; they will stick to it with the staunchness of Polymestor and the loyalty of a Pygmalion. [6] Such are the morals with which they hope to crush a man both powerful and good. And what can one man do, encompassed on every side by slanderers whose venomous lips distort each word he says? What should he do when nature meant him for honest company, but fortune cast him among

thieves whose evil communications would make Phalaris more bloodthirsty, Midas more covetous, Ancus vainer, Tarquin haughtier, Tiberius craftier, Gaius more dangerous, Claudius more slothful, Nero more corrupt, Galba more avaricious, Otho more reckless, Vitellius more prodigal, Domitian more ferocious?

[7] But we have one consolation in our trouble; fair Tanaquil restrains our Lucumon: she waits her chance, and rids his ears by a few coaxing words of all the poison with which the whisperers have filled them. You ought to know that we owe it to her interest if up till now the mind of our common patron has not been poisoned against our brothers by these younger Cibyrates; God willing, it never will be, while the present power holds Lyons for the German race, and our present Agrippina exerts her moderating influence on her Germanicus. Farewell.

LETTER 5.8: TO HIS FRIEND SECUNDINUS

c. AD 477

WHAT a long time it is since we used to read your masterly hexameters with outspoken admiration! Your verse was equally full of life, whether you were celebrating a wedding, or the fall of great beasts before the prowess of kings. But even you yourself would admit that you have never done anything better than your last poem in triple trochaics constructed in hendecasyllabic metre. [2] What fine malice I found in it; what style, what pungent eloquence! it was impossible for me to keep my enthusiasm to myself. As for your subjects, you were fearless; only the necessity for respecting persons seemed to check somewhat the lightning of your genius and the free course of your irony. I think the Consul Ablabius never thrust more brilliantly at the family life of Constantine with a couplet, or gave more stinging point to the famous distich secretly appended to the palace gates:

'Who wants back Saturn and his golden age? We have the diamond age----Neronian.' You remember that, when this was written, Constantine had done to death his consort Fausta 1 in a hot bath and his son Crispus with cold poison. [3] I would not have you deterred by anything from your bold and vivid use of satire. You will find the flourishing vices of our tyrant-ridden citizens 2 a rich mine to exploit. For the folk whom we set down as fortunate according to the lights of our age or our locality comport themselves with such an arrogance that the future will not readily forget their names. The infamy of vice and the praise of virtue are both alike eternal. Farewell.

LETTER 5.9: TO HIS FRIEND AQUILINUS

c. AD 477

I FIND it certainly to my advantage, friend capable of every virtue, and I trust you will feel the same, that we should have as many ties to bind us as we have reasons for being united. Such ties are hereditary in our families; I do but recall the experience of the past. Let me summon as my witnesses our grandfathers Rusticus and Apollinaris, whom like fortunes and aversions united in a noble friendship. They had a similar taste in letters, their characters were alike; they had enjoyed similar dignities and undergone the same dangers. They were equally agreed in detesting the inconstancy of Constantine, the irresolution of Jovinus, the perfidy of Gerontius; both singling out the fault proper to each person, and both finding in Dardanus the sum of all existing vices.4 [2] If we come down to the years between their time and our own, we find our fathers brought up together from their tender youth until they came to manhood. In Honorius' reign, as tribunes and secretaries, they served abroad together in such close comradeship that among all the grounds of their agreement the fact that their own fathers had been friends appeared to be the least. Under Valentinian, one of the two ruled all Gaul, the other only a region of it; even so they managed to balance their dignities with a fraternal equilibrium; the one who held the lower rank had seniority in office. [3] And now the old tradition comes down to us grandsons, whose dearest care it should be to prevent the affection of our parents and our forefathers from suffering any diminution in our persons. But there are ties of all kinds, over and above that of this hereditary friendship, which needs must bring us close together; we are linked by equality of years no less than by identity of birthplace; we played and learned together, shared the same discipline and relaxation, and were trained by the same rule. [4] So then, for what remains of life now that our years touch upon the threshold of age, let us under the providence of God be two persons with but a single mind; and let us instil into our sons the same mutual regard: let us see that the objects which they desire and refuse, pursue or shun, are the same. It would indeed crown our vows if the boys who bear the honoured names of Rusticus and Apollinaris renewed within their breasts the hearts of those illustrious ancestors. Farewell.

LETTER 5.10

To his friend Sapaudus (No indication of date) [1] AMONG all the virtues of the illustrious Pragmatius, I place this first, that his enthusiasm for letters inspires him with an ardent admiration for you. He finds in you the last traces of the antique industry and accomplishment; and it is only right that he should show you favour, since few men owe a greater debt to literature than he. [2] When he was a young man his persuasive eloquence won such applause in the schools of rhetoric, that Priscus Valerianus, himself reputed for his oratorical skill, made him his son-in-law, and adopted him into his patrician family. Besides his youth, his birth and means, Pragmatius had good looks, and an engaging modesty which enlisted people's sympathy. Even at that age he was of a serious disposition and felt the shame of making his way by a handsome face when he would have been better content to attract by his qualities of mind and character. And indeed a beautiful nature is the best key to men's hearts; bodily charm is transient; as years advance and life wanes, it falls away. When Priscus Valerianus was made Prefect of the Gauls, his opinion of his adopted son remained unaltered, indeed he clung to it with pertinacity. He associated him with himself in council-chamber and court, resolved that the accomplishments which had been admitted to share his family life should also share in the enhancement of his dignity.

[3] Your own style is so admirable and lucid, that far from surpassing it, the great orators, with all their qualities, can hardly attain its level----not the logical Palaemon, the austere Gallic, the opulent Delphidius, the methodical Agroecius, the virile Alcimus, the charming Adelphius, the rigid Magnus, the agreeable Victorius. It is far from my desire to cajole or flatter you with this hyperbolic list of rhetors, but in my opinion only Quintilian in his force and his intensity, or Palladius with his splendid manner, can fairly be compared with you; and even that comparison I should not urge----I should merely yield it acquiescence. [4] If after you there shall be any other adept of Roman eloquence, he will be deeply grateful to that friendship with Valerianus, and if he is half a man, will long to be admitted as a third to your society. Such a wish could never prove a source of annoyance to you, since there are now, alas! so few who have any respect for polite studies. And it is a defect rooted and fixed in human nature, to think little of the artist when you know nothing of the art. Farewell.

LETTER 5.11: TO HIS FRIEND POTENTINUS

c. AD 467

I AM your devoted friend, and my devotion was born neither of caprice nor error. Before I linked myself to you in close friendship, I pondered well; it is my habit to choose first, and give my heart afterwards. 'But what on earth ', you will say, 'did you see to like in me?' [2] I will answer gladly and in two words: gladly, for you are my friend; briefly, because my space is small. What I respect in your career is this; you do so many things that every reasonable man would like to imitate. You cultivate your estates as an expert; you build with the utmost method, you are an unerring hunter, your hospitality is perfection, your wit is of the first order, your judgements are absolutely fair; you are sincere in persuasion, very slow to wrath, very quickly appeased, very loyal after reconciliation. [3] I shall rejoice if when he grows up my young Apollinaris copies these several qualities; it shall not be for want of urging on my part if he fails. Let Christ but grant me success in my plans for his training and instruction, and it will not be my least satisfaction to have borrowed from your character the chief ensample of life which I set before him. Farewell.

LETTER 5.12: TO HIS FRIEND CALMINIUS

AD 474

It is no foolish pride of mine, but this alien dominance which makes my letters so few and far between; do not expect me to speak out; your own fears, similar to mine, explain the need for silence. One thing, however, I may freely lament, that sundered as we are by this whirlwind of warring forces, we have practically no chance of meeting one another. Alas! your harassed country never sees you except when the alien's formidable command bids you hide yourself in armour, while we on our side are covered by our ramparts. At such time you are led against your native land, an unwilling captive, to empty your quiver against us while your eyes fill with tears. We bear you no ill will; we know that your prayers are otherwise directed than your missiles. [2] But as from time to time, without ratification of any treaty some semblance of a truce opens for us a casement on our darkness, bright with hope of liberation, I entreat you to let us hear from you as often as you can; for be sure that our besieged citizens preserve the kindliest thoughts of you and manage to forget the hateful part you play as their besieger. Farewell.

LETTER 5.13

To his friend Pannychius * A. D. 469 [1] HAVE you heard that Seronatus 1 is coming back from Toulouse? If you have not (and I hardly think you have), learn it from these presents. Evanthius is hurrying to Clausetia, making passable the parts of the road in the contractor's hands, and clearing it wherever it is choked with fallen leaves. When he finds any part of the surface full of holes, he rushes in a panic with spadefuls of soil and fills them with his own hands; his business is to conduct his monster from the valley of the Tarn, like the pilot-fish 2 that leads the bulky whale through shoals and rocky waters. [2] But lo! the monster, swift to wrath and slow to move by reason of his bulk, no sooner appears like a dragon uncoiling from his cave, than he makes immediate descent upon the pallid folk of Javols, whose cheeks are pale with fear. They had scattered on all sides, abandoning their townships; and now he drains them dry by new and unparalleled imposts, or takes them in the mesh of calumny; even when they have paid their annual tribute more than once, he refuses to let these unhappy victims return to their homes. [3] The sure sign of his impending arrival in any district is the appearance of prisoners in troops, dragging their chains along. The anguish of these men is joy to him; their hunger is his food; and he finds his peculiar pleasure in subjecting them to ignominy before their sentence.

He compels the men to grow long hair, and off cuts the hair of the women. If here and there a prisoner receives a pardon, it is through his vanity or his corruption, and never through his mercy. Not even the prince of orators or the prince of poets could describe so dire a creature: Marcus of Arpinum and Publius of Mantua would be impotent alike. This pest (whose treasons God confound! is said to be now on his way; anticipate his onset by salutary precautions; if there is talk of suits, compound with the litigious enemy; provide yourself with guarantees against new imposts, and prevent this worst of men from compromising the affairs of worthy people by his favour or ruining them by his enmity. I will sum up in these words my opinion of Seronatus: others fear some crushing blow at the brigand's hands; to me his very benefits are suspicious. Farewell.

LETTER 5.14: TO HIS FRIEND APER

AD 472-3

ARE you taking your ease in your sunny Baiae, where the sulphurous water rushes from hollows of the porous rock, and the baths are so beneficial to those who suffer either in the lungs or liver? Or are you 'camped among the mountain castles', looking for a place of refuge, and perhaps embarrassed by the number of strongholds you find to choose from? Whatever the cause of your delay, whether you are making holiday or going about your business, I feel sure that the thought of the forthcoming Rogations 3 will bring you back to town. [2] It was Mamertus our father in God and bishop who first designed, arranged, and introduced the ceremonial of these prayers, setting a precedent we should all revere, and making an experiment which has proved of the utmost value. We had public prayers of a sort before, but (be it said without offence to the faithful) they were lukewarm, irregular, perfunctory, and their fervour was destroyed by frequent interruption for refreshment; and as they were chiefly for rain or for fine weather, to say the least of it, the potter and the market-gardener could never decently attend together! 4 [3] But in the Rogations which our holy father has instituted and conferred upon us, we fast, we pray with tears, we chant the psalms. To such a feast, where penitential sighs are heard from all the congregation, where heads are humbly bowed, and forms fall prostrate, I invite you; and if I rightly gauge your spirit, you will only respond the quicker because you are called in place of banquets to a festival of tears. Farewell.

LETTER 5.15: TO HIS FRIEND RURICIUS (NO INDICATION OF DATE)

THE usual salutations over, I at once urge upon your notice the claims of our bookseller, because I have made discriminating and unbiased trial of the man, proving him to my complete satisfaction at once loyal in sentiment and alert in service to our common master----yourself. He brings in person the manuscript of the Heptateuch all written out by his own hand with the utmost neatness and rapidity, though I read it through myself, and made corrections. He also brings a volume of the Prophets; this was edited by him in my absence, and with his own hand purged of corrupt additions. The scholar who had promised him assistance in reading out from another text, was only able to perform his task in part; I fancy illness prevented him from carrying out his undertaking. [2] It remains for you by encouragement or

promise of your influence to show appropriate recognition of a servant who has done his best to satisfy, and deserves to succeed; and if this is in proportion to his arduous task, he will soon begin to look for his reward. All that I ask for the moment is your benevolence towards him; it is for you to decide what he deserves, though indeed I think the good opinion of his master is far nearer to his heart than any recompense. Farewell.

LETTER 5.16

To [his wife] Papianilla* A. D. 474 [1] THE moment the Quaestor Licinianus, coming from Ravenna, had crossed the Alps and set foot on Gaulish soil, he sent a message in advance to make it known that he was bearer of imperial letters patent conferring the title of Patrician on Ecdicius. I know that your brother's honours delight you no less than my own; considering his years, he has attained this one very early; considering his deserts, very late. For he earned the dignity he is now to receive long ago, by service in the field and not by purchase; and though only a private citizen, poured into the treasury no mere contribution, but sums like spoils of war. [2] Julius Nepos, true Emperor in character no less than prowess, has done nobly in keeping the pledged word of his predecessor Anthemius that the labours of your brother should be recognized; his action is all the more laudable for the promptitude with which he has fulfilled a promise reiterated so often by another. In future the best men in the State will feel able, nay, rather, will feel bound, to spend their strength with the utmost ardour for the commonweal, assured that even should the prince who promised die, the Empire itself will be responsible, and pay the debt due to their devotion and self-sacrifice.

[3] Knowing your affectionate nature, I am convinced that even in the very midst of our adversities this news will bring great consolation, and that not even the imminent dread of siege will divert your mind from the path of a joy common to us all. For I am sure you were never quite so gratified by any of my own honours, in which you legally shared; good wife as you have always been, you are the best sister that man ever had. That is why I have not lost an instant in sending my letter of congratulation on this enhancement of dignity which Christ has permitted to your family. I satisfy alike your solicitude and your brother's modesty. He will be sure to say nothing of this promotion; but even if you did not know his unassuming nature, you would not blame him for lack of brotherly feeling. [4] As far as I am concerned, I derive great satisfaction from these new distinctions which you have awaited

with unconcealed impatience; but I derive a greater yet from the brotherly union which exists between Ecdicius and myself. It is my ardent wish that our children and his may live in equal harmony; and I pray in our common name that just as we of this generation were born into prefectorian families, and have been enabled by divine favour to elevate them to patrician rank, so they in their turn may exalt the patrician to the consular dignity. [5] Little Roscia, our joint care, sends you her love;

she has the rare advantage of being brought up by her grandmother and her aunts, who temper their great indulgence with strictness, forming her character, yet not asking too much of her tender years. Farewell.

LETTER 5.17

To his friend Eriphius * A. D. 461-7 [1] You are the same man still, my dear Eriphius; the pleasures of the chase, the amenities of town or country are never allowed to lure you so far that in your hour the charm of letters will not win you back. That devotion it is which bids you tolerate even me, whom you are good enough to describe as redolent of the Muses. If you were in a frivolous mood when you wrote so, you jest at my expense; if in sober earnest, your regard for me has blinded your eyes, for it needs no demonstration to prove your judgement at fault. Really, you go much too far when you use of me expressions hardly appropriate to a Homer or a Virgil. [2] I leave these kindly exaggerations, and pass to the proper subject of my letter. You bid me send you the verses which I was weak enough to compose at the request of your most distinguished father-in-law, who understands the art of so living with his fellows as to command or obey with equal ease. Blame yourself if words run away with me, and I relate an insignificant event at greater length than it deserves; you insist on a picture of the scene and all that occurred, since your illness prevented you from being with us. [3] We had assembled at the tomb of S. Justus 1; the annual procession before daylight was over, attended by a vast crowd of both sexes which even that great church could not hold with all its cincture of galleries.

After Vigils were ended, chanted alternately by the monks and clerics, the congregation separated; we could not go far off, as we had to be at hand for the next service at Tierce, when the priests were to celebrate the Mass. [4] We felt oppressed by the crowding in a confined space, and by the great number of lights which had been brought in. It was still almost summer, and the night was so sultry that it suffocated us, imprisoned as we were in that steam-

ing atmosphere; only the first freshness of the autumn dawn brought some welcome relief. Groups of the different classes dispersed in various directions, the principal citizens assembling at the monument of Syagrius, which is hardly a bowshot from the church. Some of us sat down under an old vine, the stems of which were trained trellis-wise and covered with leaves and drooping fronds; others sat on the grass odorous with the scent of flowers. [5] The talk was enlivened with amusing jests and pleasantries; above all (and what a blessed thing it was!), there was not a word about officials or taxes, not an informer among us to betray, not a syllable worth betrayal. Every one was free to tell any story worth relating and of a proper tenor; it was a most appreciative audience; the vein of gaiety was not allowed to spoil the distinct relation of each tale. After a time, we felt a certain slackness through keeping still so long, and we voted for some more active amusement.

[6] We soon split into two groups, according to our ages: one shouted for the ball, the other for the board-game, both of which were to be had. I was the leader of the ball-players; you know that book and ball are my twin companions. In the other group, the chief figure was our brother Domnicius, that most engaging and attractive of men: there he was, rattling some dice which he had got hold of, as if he sounded a trumpet-call to play. The rest of us had a great game with a party of students, doing our best at the healthful exercise with limbs which sedentary occupations made much too stiff for running. [7] And now the illustrious Filimatius sturdily flung himself into the squadrons of the players, like Virgil's hero 'daring to set his hand to the task of youth' 1; he had been a splendid player himself in his younger years. But over and over again he was forced from his position among the stationary players by the shock of some runner from the middle, and driven into the midfield where the ball flew past him, or was thrown over his head; and he failed to intercept or parry it. More than once he fell prone, and had to pick himself up from such collapses as best he could; naturally he was the first to withdraw from the stress of the game in a state of internal inflammation, out of breath from exercise and suffering sharp pains in the side from the swollen fibres of his liver.

[8] Thereupon I left off too. It was done from delicacy; if I stopped at the same time, my brother would be spared a feeling of mortification at being so soon exhausted. Well, while we were sitting down, he found himself in such a perspiration that he called for water to bathe his face. They brought it,

with a shaggy towel which had been washed after yesterday's use, and had been swinging on a line worked by a pulley near the doors of the porter's lodge. [9] As Filimatius was leisurely drying his cheeks, he said: 'I wish you would dictate a pair of couplets in honour of a cloth which has done me such a noble turn.' 'Very well,' I replied. 'But you must get my name in,' he rejoined. I said that there would be no difficulty in that. 'Dictate away, then.' I smiled; 'I would have you know', I said, 'that the Muses are upset if I frequent their company before witnesses.' At this he burst out in his explosive but delightful way (you know his ardent nature, and what an inexhaustible flow of wit he has): 'Beware, my lord Sollius! Apollo may be still more upset if you tempt his pupils to secret interviews all alone.' You can imagine the applause aroused by a retort as neat as it was instantaneous. [10] I wasted no more time, but called up his secretary, who was at hand with his tablets, and dictated the following epigram:

'At dawn, or when the seething bath invites, or when the hot chase beads the brow, may goodly Filimatius with this cloth cherish his face till all the perspiration flows into the thirsty fleece.' Our good friend Epiphanius the secretary had hardly taken down the lines, when they came to tell us that our time was up, and that the bishop was leaving his retreat; we therefore rose to go. [11] You must not be too critical of verses written thus to order. It is another matter with the longer poem which some time ago you two asked me to write in a hyperbolical and figured style on the man who bore good fortune ill. I shall send it off to-morrow for your private revision. If you both approve of it, you can then publish it under your auspices; if you condemn, you can tear it up and forgive me as best you can. Farewell.

LETTER 5.18: TO HIS FRIEND ATTALUS (NO INDICATION OF DATE)

I WAS delighted to hear that you have consented to preside over the destinies of Autun. I am glad for several reasons; first, you are my friend; second, you are a just man; third, you are not to be trifled with; fourth, you will be quite near us. You will now have not only the inclination to help our people and further their affairs, but the duty and the power of doing so. In my satisfaction at seeing an old acquaintance invested with new authority, I am already looking round for objects on which you may exercise your benevolence. For understand, I feel so sure of it, that if I fail to find anything to ask for, I shall expect you to make me a suggestion yourself. Farewell.

LETTER 5.19: TO HIS FRIEND PUDENS

c. AD 472

THE son of your nurse has eloped with the daughter of mine. It is a shameful action, and one which would have destroyed our friendly relations, had I not learned at once that you knew nothing of the man's intention. But though you are thus acquitted in advance, you yet do not scruple to ask that this crying offence should be allowed to go unpunished. I can only agree on one condition: that you promote the ravisher from his original servile state, by changing your relation to him from that of master to that of patron. [2] The woman is already free; but she will only be regarded as a lawful wife instead of a mere concubine if our criminal, whose cause you espouse, ceases to be your dependant and becomes your client, assuming the status of a freeman in place of that of a colonus. Nothing short of these terms or these amends will in the least condone the affront. I only yield to your request and your protestation of friendship on condition that, if as ravisher he is not to be bond to Justice, Liberty shall make him a free bridegroom. Farewell.

LETTER 5.20

To his friend Pastor A. D. 461-7 [1] YOUR absence from yesterday's business of the Municipal Council 2 is thought by most to have been intentional; they suspect that you wished to avoid the burden of an embassy which might be laid upon your shoulders. I congratulate you on being so eligible a person as to live in constant fear of being elected. Your efficiency commands my applause, your prudence my admiration, your happy fortune my congratulations; [2] in fine, I wish no better lot than yours to every friend I love as well. Many men are possessed by a detestable thirst for popularity; you see them take the chief citizens by the hand, lead them aside from a meeting, and embrace them in a corner, promising good offices for which no one asked; you see them, in the hope of nomination as public envoys, refusing the usual travelling-allowance, and insisting on going at their own charges; secretly canvassing every member in turn, so that when the council meets, they may be sure of a unanimous and public invitation. [3] The consequence is that though people are pleased enough to be served for nothing, they find it in the long run pleasanter to choose a more modest representative, even at the cost of paying all expenses; the self-assertion of the volunteer becomes too irksome, even though his tenure of office throws no burden on the town.

Since, then, the intentions of our best citizens are now no secret to you, acquiesce, and meet their wishes; you have given proof enough of modesty;

test the warm feelings of those who invite you. Your failure to appear was put down to your discretion; a repetition of such conduct would expose you to the charge of indifference. [4] Remember, too, that if you do go to Arles, you will be able to greet your venerable mother and your affectionate brothers on the way; you will greet the natal soil that returns love for love, and is doubly delightful when unexpectedly revisited. Then think how convenient it will be to see your agent, and to get even a passing glimpse of your own home, your vines, your olives, your cornfields, and the house itself. Though our envoy, you will yet be travelling for your own pleasure; altogether, this journey on city business should suit you admirably, and you will be able to thank the community for an excellent chance of getting a sight of your own people. Farewell.

LETTER 5.21

To his friends Sacerdos and Justinus (No indication of date) YOUR uncle Victorius, whose varied learning and eminence we so revered, always wrote with power, especially when he wrote verse. As you know, I too have been the servant of the Muses from my youth up. You are your uncle's heirs no less in merit than in law. But by right of poetry I am as much his kin as you by right of blood; we ought all of us, therefore, to share in the succession according to our several affinities. So keep the property for yourselves, but hand the poems over to me. Farewell.

Book VI

LETTER 6.1

To the Lord Bishop Lupus* A. D. 472 [1] BLESSED be the Holy Spirit and Father of Almighty God that we have you, father of fathers, bishop of bishops and the second James of your age, to look down upon every member of the Church from the eminence of your charity, as it were from another Jerusalem exalted high as the first; you, the consoler of all the feeble, the counsellor of all men, whose trust you so well deserve. And what answer can I make to one thus venerated, I who am as vile dust foul with sin? [2] Suffering deep need of your salutary converse, yet standing in great awe, I am driven by the memory of my guilty life to cry to you, as once that great colleague of

yours cried to the Lord: 'Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.' 2 But if my dread is not tempered by love, I fear that I may be abandoned like the Gerasenes, and that you may go forth from my borders. Rather, for my greater profit, will I seek to bind you with the conditional prayer of that other leper: 'If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;' 3 in which words he both declared his need and published abroad his faith. [3] For though you are beyond all doubt first of all bishops in the wide world; though even the throng of your colleagues submits to the prerogative which you enjoy, and trembles at your adverse judgement;

though the hearts of the oldest among them are as the hearts of little children compared with yours; though your hard vigils in the spiritual warfare at Lerins, and the nine lustres passed in your apostolic see have made you a veteran honoured in the camps of the Church, and the captain of our vanguard whom every soldier acclaims----yet you never hesitate to leave the first line awhile and those who fight before it; you do not despise camp-follower and servant, but to the meanest of the baggage-train, who for their ignorant simplicity still sit beside the loads of the flesh, you carry the standard of the cross which you have borne so long, and to their stricken souls extend the Word, as it were a hand of rescue. [4] They say, dear veteran leader, that you gather to you even the enemy's wounded, sounding the retreat from Sin to Christ after the manner of a consummate trumpeter, and like the Shepherd of the Gospel feel more joy over those who abandon the way of despair than over those who have never left the path of safety. O norm of all right conduct, column of all virtues, and (if a sinful man may dare to praise) fount of sweetness, truest because most holy, you did not shrink from touching with the finger of exhortation the sores of a most despicable worm;

you did not grudge the food of admonition to a soul frail and fasting, or from the store-house of your deep love refuse me the measure of the humility I am now to pursue. [5] Pray for me, that I may know at length how vast the burden is that weighs upon my shoulders. Wretched man that I am, by the continuance of my transgressions brought to such a pass, that I must now intercede for the sins of the people ---- I for whom their own supplications, more innocent than mine, should hardly obtain the divine mercy. How shall a sick man give others medicine? How shall one in a fever presume to feel a pulse that beats more strongly than his own? What deserter has the right to sing the praise of military science? What lover of high living is fit to read a

lecture to the abstemious? Yet I, the unworthiest of men, must preach what I cannot practise. Condemned out of my own mouth when I do not fulfil my own injunctions, I must daily pronounce sentence upon myself. But if like a new Moses, not less, but of a later age, you intercede before Our Lord, with whom you are daily crucified, for all the multitude of my sins, I shall not living descend further into hell, nor longer, inflamed by the incentives of carnal sin, light alien flame on the altar of the Lord. For one guilty as I, there can be no glory to weigh down the scale;

how abundantly shall I then rejoice if your prayers avail to restore my inward man, not indeed to perfect health and its reward, but to the healing of the heart's wounds, and pardon. Deign to keep me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 6.2

To the Lord Bishop Pragmatius A. D. 472 [1] THE venerable matron Eutropia, known to me as a woman of the most exemplary merit, is in the greatest trouble. Frugality and charity dispute her days; her fastings feed the poor; so watchful is she in Christ's service, that sin is all in her which she allows to slumber. But as if the sorrow of her widowhood were not enough, she now finds herself threatened with a lawsuit. Her first instinct in her two-fold affliction is to obtain the perfect remedy of your consolation; if you only see her, she will be equally grateful, whether you regard her coming as a short journey or as a lasting proof of her respect. [2] Now Eutropia is being harassed by the subtleties, to use no harsher word, of our venerable brother the presbyter Agrippinus. He is taking advantage of her woman's inexperience, and continually troubling the serene surface of her spiritual nature by windy gusts of worldliness. And all the while this poor woman is bleeding from two fresh wounds which time has added to the old deep wound of widowhood; for her son was first taken from her, and very soon afterwards her grandson also. [3] I did my best to compose this matter; a friendship of long standing gave me an old claim to be heard, and my sacred calling a new one; I let them know what I thought; I used persuasion where I could, and entreaty at every turn.

You may be surprised to learn that throughout the woman and not the man was the first to accept suggestions for agreement. And though the father boasts that in his paternal quality he is in the best position to serve his daughter's interests, the daughter herself prefers her mother-in-law's most

generous proposals. [4] The dispute, only half appeased, is now to be carried before you. Pacify the adversaries by your episcopal authority, show their suspicious souls the truth, and bring about a reconciliation. You may take my word for it that the holy Eutropia will count it almost victory if even at the cost of heavy sacrifices she can escape from litigation. Though two families are parties to the quarrel, I fancy you will soon decide which of them deserves the name of quarrelsome. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 6.3: TO THE LORD BISHOP LEONTIUS

AD 472

You have not yet seen fit to encourage my first steps in our sacred profession, or to pour the rain of heavenly doctrine on the drought of my worldly ignorance; but I do not so far forget myself as to expect an equipoise in the courtesies which we render to each other. I am of small account; you are easily above me in years, in seniority, in the precedence enjoyed by your see, in your wide learning, in the treasure of your righteousness; if I expected you to notice every letter, I should deserve no notice at all. [2] I therefore make no imputation against your silence; these lines merely introduce the bearer, and give me the excuse for sending them. If on this journey he can only have the assurance of your prompt favour, a broad harbour of safety will be open to his affairs. His business relates to a will. He does not know the importance of his own documents; the object of his expedition is to get the advice of skilled counsel. He will think it the next best thing to winning his case if it is proved to be lost on its merits; his one desire is to avoid the charge of negligence, and of not sufficiently protecting family interests. My request on his behalf is simply this, that if the lawyers will not deign to give him proper advice, you should exert the authority of your sacred office to extract it from them without delay. Deign to keep me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 6.4

To the Lord Bishop Lupus c. A. D. 472 [1] I RENDER you the observance always due to the incomparable eminence of your apostolic life, still always due, however regularly paid. But I have a further object, to commend to your notice a long-standing trouble of the bearers, in whose case I have recently become interested. They have journeyed a great distance into Auvergne at this unfavourable season, and the journey has been undertaken in vain. A fe-

male relative of theirs was carried off during a raid of the Vargi, as the local bandits are styled. They received trustworthy information, and following an old but reliable clue, discovered that some years ago she had been brought here before being removed elsewhere. [2] As a matter of fact, the unfortunate woman had been sold in open market before their arrival, and is now actually under the roof and the control of my man of affairs. A certain Prudens, rumoured to be now resident in Troyes, had attested the contract for the vendors, whose names are unknown to us; his signature is to be seen on the deed of purchase as that of a suitable witness of the transaction. By the fortunate fact of your presence, you will be able, if you think fit, to see the parties confronted, and use your personal influence to investigate the whole course of the outrage. I gather from what the bearers say, that the offence is aggravated by the death of a man upon the road as a sequel to the abduction.

[3] But as the aggrieved parties who wish to bring this scandalous affair to light are anxious for the remedy of your judgement and for your neighbourly aid, it seems to me that it would no less become your character than your position to bring about an equitable arrangement, thus affording the one side some comfort in affliction, and saving the other from an impending danger. Such a qualified decision would be most beneficial to all concerned; it would diminish the misery of one party and the guilt of the other, while it would give both of them a greater feeling of security. Otherwise, in regions and times like these of ours, the last state of the dispute may well prove no better than the beginning. Deign to keep me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 6.5

To the Lord Bishop Theoplastus (No indication of date) WHOEVER bears a letter of introduction from me to you unconsciously does my business; by conveying my dutiful regards at the proper moment, he renders me a service at least as great as that which he considers himself to receive. This is the case with the venerable Donidius, who is deservedly to be numbered among the most admirable of mankind. I now recommend to you his client and servants, who have undertaken this journey for the benefit of their patron and master. Pray take the weary travellers under your protection; do all you can to help them by your support, your hospitality, and your intercession. And if our good friend, through inexperience and unfamiliarity with public affairs, should in any matter betray his inefficiency, consider the cause of an absent

man, rather than the personality of his representative. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 6.6: TO THE LORD BISHOP EUTROPIUS

AD 472

As soon as I learned that the treaty-breaking nation I had withdrawn within its borders, and that travellers were in no further danger of insidious attack, I held it a disgrace to delay the presentation of my respects, for fear your friendship might grow rusty from my neglect, like a sword which is not properly kept bright. My sole object in sending this letter is to satisfy my anxiety as to your health and the success of your affairs; it is my hope that neither the distance which divides us nor the long intervals between our meetings may ever diminish the friendship once accorded me; it is the homes of men which the Creator confines within narrow limits, not their mutual affections. [2] And now I hope your Beatitude will feed my starving ignorance with sharp and salutary discourse; your exhortations have a way of causing mystic increase and spiritual growth in the emaciated inward man. Deign to hold me in your remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 6.7: TO THE LORD BISHOP FONTEIUS

AD 472

IF a previous friendship between the older members of two families helps the younger in their turn to know each other better, then indeed by virtue of such preexisting ties I enjoy a great advantage in now seeking your Lordship's more intimate acquaintance. I well remember how powerful a patron in Christ you always were to my family, so that I regard myself less as making a new acquaintance, than as renewing an old one. I will add that the title of bishop imposed on my extreme unworthiness compels me to seek the covert of your intercession, that the gaping wounds of a seared conscience may at least be closed by your healing prayers. [2] While, therefore, I commend to you myself and those who are dear to me, at the same time apologizing for not writing sooner, I implore you to sustain my first steps as a novice in this office by those availing supplications for which you are so widely renowned. So shall I owe all to your mediation, if the immutable mercy of God deign but to change the wickedness of this heart of mine. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 6.8: TO THE LORD BISHOP GRAECUS

c. AD 472

THE bearer of this is one who ekes out a bare living by commerce; he gains no profit or other advantage from any handicraft or employment, nor does he make anything from the cultivation of land. He has come to be favourably known as an agent and trader; but a good name is all he gets; the pecuniary advantage goes to others. Though his means are small, the general confidence in him is so great that if he wants to raise money for the purchase of a cargo, people are confiding enough to trust him on no greater security than their experience of his good faith. It is true that I only learned these facts while actually writing these lines, but that does not make me hesitate to assert them with some assurance, for the sources of the information are common acquaintances of his and mine. I recommend him to you, then, on the ground of his youth and the arduous life he has led. As his name is now entered in the roll as Reader, you will see that I have had to give him in addition to an ordinary introduction as citizen, a canonical letter as a clerk. I think I am right in looking forward to his brilliant success as a merchant if he is quick to take advantage of your patronage; but he must definitely prefer the fount of commerce to the icy springs of a municipal career.* Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 6.9: TO THE LORD BISHOP LUPUS

c. AD 472

THE bearer Gallus, made an honest man by returning at once to his wife as he was bidden, conveys my greeting in this letter, and by doing so proves the efficacy of your own. For when I opened your missive in his presence, he was seized with instant compunction, and saw in it not so much a communication for me as a condemnation of himself. The result was that he immediately promised to go back, made his preparations at once, and was off without delay. At sight of so rapid a repentance, I could not confine myself altogether to rebuke; I gave him a few words of consolation, for so spontaneous an amendment is the next best thing to unbroken innocence. [2] A man with a perfect conscience could hardly have done more, always supposing him to keep within the range of your admonishment; for even such words of gentle censure as I read out to him are in themselves a most powerful incentive to reform. What, indeed, could be more valuable than a rep-

rimand aiding the sick mind to discover within itself a remedy which the sharp reproach of others could never find? [3] It remains for me to ask a place in those frequent prayers by which you so mightily triumph over every kind of vice; that as the Wise Men of the Gospel returned to their own country by a different way, so by a new way of life you may lead me home to the land of the blessed. I had almost forgotten to mention the point which I could least have afforded to omit. Convey my thanks to the respected Innocentius for so promptly obeying your injunctions. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 6.10

To the Lord Bishop Censorius* A.D. 473 THE bearer is one privileged to hold the rank of deacon. Flying with his family from the whirlwind of the Gothic devastations, he was carried, as it were by the sheer momentum of his flight, into your territory. Immigrant and destitute as he was, he hurriedly sowed a half-tilled plot on Church lands in your holiness's diocese, and now begs permission to take the whole harvest for himself. The poor fellow is a stranger whose means are as narrow as his outlook; but if you treat him with the indulgence often granted to the humbler among the faithful, that is, if you remit him the glebe dues, he will think he has done as well as if he were yet at work upon his native soil. If only you show him the liberality usually accorded to the faithful, and abandon your strictly lawful claim on his most exiguous crop, he will be full of gratitude, and set off home royally furnished for the road. Should you take the opportunity of his return to send me one of your usual gracious letters, all the brethren, and I myself, will regard it almost as a letter fallen from heaven. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 6.11: TO THE LORD BISHOP ELEUTHERIUS

c. AD 472

I HEREWITH commend a Jew 1 to you, not because I approve a sect pernicious to those involved in its toils, but because we ought to regard none of that creed as wholly lost so long as life remains to them. For while there is any possibility of converting them, there is always a hope of their redemption. [2] The nature of his business will be best explained by himself when admitted to your presence; for it would be imprudent to allow discursive talk to exceed the brevity proper to a letter. In the transactions and the disputes of

this present world, a Jew has often as good a cause as any one; however much you may attack his heresy, you can fairly defend him as a man. Deign to hold us in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 6.12

To the Lord Bishop Patiens* A.D. 474 [1] ONE man deems happiness to consist in one thing, a second in another; my own belief is that he lives most to his own advantage who lives for others, and does heaven's work on earth by pitying the poverty and misfortune of the faithful. You may wonder at what I aim in these remarks. At yourself, most blessed father, for my sentiments refer especially to you, who are not content to succour only the distress which lies within your cognizance, but push your inquiries to the very frontiers of Gaul, and without respect of persons, consider each case of want upon its merits. [2] Does poverty or infirmity prevent a man from making his way to you in person? He loses nothing; your free hand anticipates the needs of those whose feet are unable to bring them to you. Your watchful eye ranges over other provinces than your own; the spreading tide of your benevolence bears consolation to the straitened, however far away. And so it happens that you often wipe tears from eyes which you have never seen, because the reserve of the absent touches you no less than the plaints of those near at hand. [3] I say nothing of your daily labour to relieve the need of your impoverished fellow countrymen, of your unceasing vigils, your prayers, your charity. I pass over the tact with which you combine the hospitable and the ascetic virtues, so that the king is never tired of praising your breakfasts and the queen your fasts.

I omit your embellishment of the church committed to your care until the spectator hardly knows which to admire most, the new fabric which you erect, or the old which you restore. [4] I do not mention the churches that rise in so many districts under your auspices, or the rich additions to their ornaments. I dismiss the fact that under your administration the faithful are increased and multiplied, while heretics alone diminish. I shall not tell how your apostolic chase for souls involves the wild Photinians in the spiritual mesh of homily; or how barbarians once converted by your eloquence pursue your track until, like a thrice-fortunate fisher of men, you draw them up at last out of the profound gulfs of error. [5] It may be true that some of these good deeds are not peculiar to you, and are shared by colleagues; but there is one which is yours, as lawyers say, as a first charge, and which even your

modesty cannot deny; it is this, that when the Gothic ravages were over, and the crops were all destroyed by fire, you distributed corn to the destitute throughout all the ruined land of Gaul at your own expense, though it would have been relief enough to our starving peoples if the grain had come to them, not as a free gift, but by the usual paths of commerce. We saw the roads encumbered with your grain-carts. Along the Saône and Rhone we saw more than one granary which you had entirely filled.

[6] The legends of the heathen are eclipsed; Triptolemus must yield his pride of place, whom his fatherland of Greece deified for his discovery of corn; Greece, famed for her architects, her sculptors and her artists, who consecrated temples, and fashioned statues, and painted effigies in his honour. A doubtful story fables that this son of Ceres came wandering among peoples savage and acorn-fed, and that from two ships, to which poetry later assigned the form of dragons, he distributed the unknown seed. But you brought supplies from either Mediterranean shore, and, if need were, you would have sought them among the cities of the Tyrrhenian sea; your granaries filled not two paltry ships, but the basins of two great rivers. [7] If you disapprove, as unsuited to your profession, a comparison drawn from the Achaean superstition of Eleusis, I will recall instead the historic prescience of the patriarch Joseph, who by his foresight provided a remedy for the famine which had to follow the seven lean years; I omit for the moment his mystic and typical significance. But I hold that man morally as great, who copes with a similar disaster without any warning in advance. [8] I cannot exactly tell the sum of gratitude which all the people owe you, inhabitants of Arles and Riez, Avignon, Orange, Viviers, Valence, and Trois Châteaux 3; it is beyond my power to count the total thanks of men who were fed without having to count out a penny.

But for the city of Clermont I can speak, and in its name I give you endless thanks; all the more, that your help had no obvious inducement; we did not belong to your province; no convenient waterway led to us, we had no money to offer. [9] Measureless gratitude I give you on their behalf; they owe it to the abundant largess of your grain that they have now their own sufficiency once more. If now I have properly fulfilled the duty entrusted to me, I will cease to be the mouthpiece of others, and speak out of my own knowledge. I would have you know that your glory travels over all Aquitaine; all pray for your welfare, their hearts go out to you in love and praise, in long-

ing and loyal devotion. In these evil times you have proved yourself a good priest, a good father, and as good as a good year to men who would have deemed it worth while to risk starvation if there had been no other means of discovering the measure of your generosity. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

Book VII

letter 7.1

To the Lord Bishop Mamertus A.D. 474 [1] RUMOUR has it that the Goths have occupied Roman soil; our unhappy Auvergne is always their gateway on every such incursion. It is our fate to furnish fuel to the fire of a peculiar hatred, for, by Christ's aid, we are the sole obstacle to the fulfilment of their ambition to extend their frontiers to the Rhone, and so hold all the country between that river, the Atlantic, and the Loire. Their menacing power has long pressed us hard; it has already swallowed up whole tracts of territory round us, and threatens to swallow more. [2] We mean to resist with spirit, though we know our peril and the risks which we incur. But our trust is not in our poor walls impaired by fire, or in our rotting palisades, or in our ramparts worn by the breasts of the sentries, as they lean on them in continual watch. Our only present help we find in those Rogations which you introduced; and this is the reason why the people of Clermont refuse to recede, though terrors surge about them on every side. By inauguration and institution of these prayers we are already new initiates; and if so far we have effected less than you have, our hearts are affected equally with yours. [3] For it is not unknown to us by what portents and alarms the city entrusted to you by God was laid desolate at the time when first you ordained this form of prayer. Now it was earthquake, shattering the outer palace walls with frequent shocks;

now fire, piling mounds of glowing ash upon proud houses fallen in ruin; now, amazing spectacle! wild deer grown ominously tame, making their lairs in the very forum. You saw the city being emptied of its inhabitants, rich and poor taking to flight. But you resorted in our latter day to the example shown of old in Nineveh, that you at least might not discredit the divine warning by the spectacle of your despair. [4] And, indeed, you of all men had been least justified in distrusting the providence of God, after the proof of it vouchsafed to your own virtues. Once, in a sudden conflagration, your

faith burned stronger than the flames. In full sight of the trembling crowd, you stood forth all alone to stay them, and lo! the fire leapt back before you, a sinuous beaten fugitive. It was miracle, a formidable thing, unseen before and unexampled; the element which naturally shrinks from nothing, retired in awe at your approach. [5] You therefore first enjoined a fast upon a few members of our sacred order, denouncing gross offences, announcing punishment, promising relief. You made it clear that if the penalty of sin was nigh, so also was the pardon; you proclaimed that by frequent prayer the menace of coming desolation might be removed. You taught that it was by water of tears rather than water of rivers that the obstinate and raging fire could best be extinguished, and by firm faith the threatening shock of earthquake stayed.

[6] The multitude of the lowly forthwith followed your counsel, and this influenced persons of higher rank, who had not scrupled to abandon the town, and now were not ashamed to return to it. By this devotion God was appeased, who sees into all hearts; your fervent prayers were counted to you for salvation; they became an ensample for your fellow citizens, and a defence about you all, for after those days there were neither portents to alarm, nor visitations to bring disaster. We of Clermont know that all these ills befell your people of Vienne before the Rogations, and have not befallen them since; and therefore it is that we are eager to follow the lead of so holy a guide, beseeching your Beatitude from your own pious lips to give us the advocacy of those prayers now known to us by the examples which you have transmitted. [7] Since the Confessor Ambrose discovered the remains of Gervasius and Protasius, it has been granted to you alone in the West to translate the relics of two martyrs----all the holy body of Ferreolus, and the head of our martyr Julian,, which once the executioner's gory hand brought to the raging persecutor from the place of testimony. It is only fair, then, in compensation for the loss of this hallowed relic, that some part of your patronage should come to us from Vienne, since a part of our patronal saint has migrated thither. Deign to hold us in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 7.2: TO THE LORD BISHOP GRAECUS

c. AD 472

You overwhelm me, most consummate of all bishops, by the praises showered on any unpolished lines which I happen to write. Short though my first letter was, I wish I could acquit myself of blame for having told you a

whole string of things irreconcilable with fact; the truth is that a crafty traveller imposed upon my innocence. Ostensibly a trader, he persuaded me to give him a canonical letter 2 as Reader; and this ought certainly to have contained some statement of his indebtedness to others. For it appeared, on subsequent inquiry, that by the generosity of the people of Marseilles, he set out better equipped than one so moderately favoured in birth and fortune had reason to expect. [2] It makes quite a good story, if I only wielded a pen able to do justice to its humours. But as you have asked me for a long and diverting letter, permit me to relate the manner in which this messenger of ours exploited the hospitality of your city. It shall be told in a light vein, but I shall be careful to say nothing to offend the severity of your ears. You will see that on this occasion I really do know the man whom I introduce to your notice for the second time. Usage permits a writer to find his subject-matter wherever he can; why, then, should I go far afield, when the man who is to bear my letter can himself provide the theme of it?

[3] The bearer, then, is a native of Clermont, born of humble but free parents, people who made no pretence of social standing, but were above all fear of degradation to the servile state, and satisfied with means, moderate indeed, but unencumbered and amply sufficient for their needs; it was a family which had chiefly held offices under the Church, and had not entered the public service. The father was a most estimable man, but not free-handed with his children; he preferred to serve his son's advantage, instead of ensuring him pleasant times in his youth. The result was, that the prisoner escaped to you a little too lightly equipped; and this was no small impediment at the outset of his adventure, for a light purse is the heaviest encumbrance on a journey. [4] Nevertheless he made his first entry into your city under the most favourable auspices. Your predecessor St.Eustachius received him with a twofold blessing in word and deed. He wanted a lodging; one was forthcoming without difficulty on the prelate's commendation. He rented the rooms in due form, entering on his tenancy without delay, and at once set about making the acquaintance of his neighbours by saluting them as often as possible and being civilly greeted in return. He treated all as befitted their several ages; respectful to the old, he was always obliging those of his own years. [5] He was consistently temperate and moral, showing qualities as admirable as they are rare at his time of life.

He was assiduous in paying court to your chief personages, and even to the Count of the city himself; alive to every chance, he began by receiving nods, went on to acquaintance, and ended in intimacy. By this systematic cultivation of important friendships, he rapidly got on in the world; the best people competed for his company. Every one wished him well; there were plenty to offer him good advice. Private individuals made him presents, officials helped him by their influence. In short, his prospects and his resources rose by leaps and bounds. [6] It chanced that near the house where he lodged there resided a lady whose disposition and income were all that he could have desired; she had a daughter, not quite marriageable, but no longer a child. He began to attract the girl by pleasant greetings, and by giving her (as, at her age, he quite properly could) the various trifles and trinkets which delight a maiden's fancy; by such light links he succeeded in closely attaching her heart to his own. [7] Time passed; she reached the age of marriage. You already guess what happened. This young man, without visible relations or substance, a foreigner, a minor who had left home without his father's leave or knowledge, demands the hand of a girl equal to himself in birth, and superior in fortune. He demands, and, what is more, he obtains; he is recognized as suitor. For the bishop actively supported his Reader, and the Count encouraged his client;

the future mother-in-law did not trouble to investigate his means; the bride approved his person. The marriage contract was executed, and some little suburban plot or other at Clermont was put into settlement and read out with much theatrical parade. [8] This legal trick and solemn swindle once over, the pauper lover carried off the wealthy bride. He promptly went into all his wife's father's affairs, and got together some nice little pickings for himself, aided all through the imposture by the credulity of his easy-going and free-handed mother-in-law; then, and not till then, this incomparable charlatan sounds the retreat and vanishes into Auvergne. After he had gone, the mother thought of bringing an action against him for the absurd exaggerations in the contract. But it was rather late for her to begin lamenting the exiguity of his settlement, when she was already rejoicing at the prospect of a wealth of little grandchildren. It was with the object of appeasing her that our Hippolytus went to Marseilles when he brought you my first letter of introduction.

[9] That is the story of this accomplished young man, as good in its way as any out of Attic Comedy or Milesian fable. Excuse the excessive length of my letter; I have dwelt upon every detail that you might be fully informed in regard to the person whom your generosity has made a citizen of your town; and besides, one naturally has a kindly feeling for those in whom one has taken active interest. You will prove yourself in everything the worthy successor of Eustachius if you expend upon his clients the personal interest he would like to have been able to bequeath them, as you have already paid his relations the legacies mentioned in his will. [10] And now I have obeyed your commands to the full, and talked to the limit of my obligation; remember that one who imposes on a man of small descriptive powers a subject calling for great detail, must not complain if the response betrays the gossip rather than the skilled narrator. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 7.3: TO THE LORD BISHOP MEGETHIUS

After AD 472

I HAVE considered long and carefully whether I ought to send you those short treatises of mine, for which you ask. It required thought, though my affectionate desire to please you strongly prompted me at once to comply; but at last I have decided in your favour, and forward what you want. Is not this a great proof of docility? great indeed; but of impudence a yet greater. It is almost as bad as bringing water to a river, or wood to a forest; as audacious as offering a pencil to Apelles, a chisel to Phidias, or a mallet to Polyclitus. [2] I beg you, therefore, venerable friend, you whose sanctity is only equalled by your eloquence, to pardon the presumption which submits to your critical judgement these products of an irrepressible pen. I am always writing, though I publish very little; much as a dog will keep on snarling, though he may never break into an open bark. Deign to keep me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 7.4

To the Lord Bishop Fonteius After A.D. 472 [1] I AM getting quite afraid of introducing people to you, for whereas I only give them words, you give them presents, as if it were not already the height of privilege for a man to leave my sinful company for a conversation so holy as yours. I cite in evidence my friend Vindicius, who is so laden with your generous gifts that he has re-

turned by slower stages than he went, proclaiming everywhere that high as your repute may be, supreme as your position, your true title to praise lies less in your high office than in the voluntary respect of men. [2] He dilates upon your piety, upon the sweetness and affable charm of a familiarity never too familiar; he declares that your episcopal dignity in no way suffers, and that in you the priestly character, like a tall tree, may bend but is never broken. After hearing all these eulogies I shall never be quite happy until God suffers me to clasp in my close presumptuous embrace a heart so wholly stayed upon Him. [3] For I will make you a small confession. I can admire a man of an austere nature, and because I am very conscious of my own weakness can even tolerate harsh treatment from him; but I feel that one only submits to people of such temperament, one cannot really like them. In my opinion, the ml a who is always stern to those about him had best be very sure that his conscience is good enough to justify his pride;

and for myself, I prefer to take as my model one who knows how to attract the devotion even of those who live leagues away. [4] Great as your other good deeds have been, nothing that I have heard delights me more than the news that the stream of your episcopal favour flows, with your unceasing prayers, towards the true lords of my heart, Simplicius and Apollinaris. If this be true, I pray that your kind deeds may never have an end; if false, that they may have immediate beginning. I commend the bearer to your notice. A troublesome business has arisen for him at Vaison, which the weight of your revered authority can doubtless bring to a favourable issue. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 7.5

To the Lord Bishop Agroeclus A. D. 472 [1] A PUBLIC resolution of the citizens has called me to Bourges. The reason for the summons is the tottering condition of the Church, which has just been widowed of her bishop; members of both orders have been intriguing for the vacant see, just as if some bugle had sounded for the fray. The people are excited, and divided into factions; while only a few are ready to propose others, there are many who do not so much propose as impose themselves. To a man determined, as far as in him lies, to obey God and keep fast the truth, everything here seems frivolous, unstable, and sophisticated; one might say that the only genuine thing left is impudence. [2] You may think these laments exaggerated; but I scarcely hesitate to affirm that there are many here who harbour thoughts so

rash and ruinous that they are ready to offer ready money for this holy see and all its dignity; the sale might before now have been effected in open market if the greed of the would-be purchasers had found response in vendors equal in audacity. I entreat you, therefore, to crown my hopes by giving me the honour of your presence under the same roof, and lending my diffidence, my embarrassment, and my inexperience the shelter of your high protection. [3] At a time of such perplexity, do not refuse your help in healing the dissensions of the people of Aquitaine; it is true that you are at the head of the Sénonais, but that is of small consequence;

though we live in different provinces, we are bound by a single religious bond. Besides, Clermont is the last of all the cities in Aquitanica Prima 1 which the fortune of war has left to Rome; the number of provincial bishops is therefore inadequate to the election of a new prelate at Bourges, unless we have the support of the metropolitans. [4] Rest assured that I have in no way encroached on your prerogatives. As yet I have neither nominated, summoned, nor preferred a candidate; I have left the matter absolutely intact for your decision. All that I take upon myself is to invite you hither, to await your good pleasure, to acquiesce in your opinion, and when the throne is filled, to render the proper deference to your commands. 5. I do not for a moment suspect that any bad adviser will dissuade you from acceding to this request; but should that prove to be the case, you will hardly acquit yourself of blame, though it is easy to find reasonable excuses for not undertaking so long a journey. On the other hand, your coming will prove that though there may be limits to your diocese, your brotherly love is without bounds. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 7.6

To the Lord Bishop Basilius A.D. 472-3 [1] GOD has permitted us to give this generation a new example of what old friendship means; ours indeed is an attachment of long duration, and equal strength upon both sides. But our respective positions are by no means equal: you are the patron and I the client; perhaps, indeed, I presume too far in saying even so much. For so great is my unworthiness, that even the proven efficacy of your intercession can hardly make good my backsliding. [2] Because you are doubly my lord and master, firstly as my protector, secondly as my friend; because I so well remember (was I not by? the flow of your eloquence, springing from that fervent zeal of yours, when you pierced with the point of your spiritual testimonies Moda-

harius the Goth as he brandished the darts of Arian heresy against you; because of all this, I need fear no charge of disrespect towards other pontiffs when I pour into your ears my grief at the ravages of the great wolf of our times, who ranges about the ecclesiastical fold battening upon lost souls, and biting right and left by stealth and undetected. [3] For that old enemy begins by threatening the shepherds' throats, knowing it the best way to ensure his triumph over the bleating and abandoned sheep. I am not so far oblivious of my own career as to ignore that I am one whose conscience has yet to be washed clean by many tears;

but by God's grace my foulness shall at last be cleared away with the mystic rake of your intercession. But since consideration for the public safety must come before everything, even a man's sense of his own unworthiness, I shall not hesitate to proclaim the cause of truth, disregarding all insinuations about my vanity, or doubts as to the sincerity of my faith. [4] Neither a saint like you can fitly here discuss, nor a sinner like myself indict, the action of Euric 1 the Gothic king in breaking and bearing down an ancient treaty to defend, or rather extend by armed force the frontiers of his kingdom. It is the rule here below, for Dives to be clothed in purple and fine linen, and for Lazarus to bear the lash of sores and poverty. So long as we walk in this allegoric land of Egypt, it is the rule that Pharaoh shall go with a diadem on his head, and the Israelite with the carrier's basket. It is the rule that while we are burned in the furnace of this symbolic Babylon we must sigh and groan like Jeremiah for the spiritual Jerusalem, while Assur thunders in his royal pomp and treads the Holy of Holies beneath his feet. [5] Yet when I compare the transient joys of this world with those which are to come, I find it easier to endure calamities which no mortal may escape. For, firstly, when I consider my own demerits, all possible troubles seem lighter than those which I deserve;

and then know well that the best of cures for the inward man is for the outward man to be threshed by the flails of suffering. [6] I must confess that formidable as the mighty Goth may be, I dread him less as the assailant of our walls than as the subverter of our Christian laws. They say that the mere mention of the name of Catholic so embitters his countenance and heart that one might take him for the chief priest of his Arian sect rather than for the monarch of his nation. Omnipotent in arms, keen-witted, and in the full vigour of life, he yet makes this single mistake----he attributes his suc-

cess in his designs and enterprises to the orthodoxy of his belief, whereas the real cause lies in mere earthly fortune. [7] For these reasons I would have you consider the secret malady of the Catholic Church that you may hasten to apply an open remedy. Bordeaux, Périgueux, Rodez, Limoges, Javols, Eauze, Bazas, Comminges, Auch, and many another city are all like bodies which have lost their heads through the death of their respective bishops. No successors have been appointed to fill their places, and maintain the ministry in the lower orders of the Church; the boundaries of spiritual desolation are extended far and wide. Every day the ruin spreads by the death of more fathers in God;

so pitiful is her state, that the very heresiarchs of former times, to say nothing of contemporary heretics, might well have looked with pity on peoples orphaned of their pontiffs and oppressed by desperation at this catastrophe of their faith. [8] Diocese and parish lie waste without ministers. You may see the rotten roofs of churches fallen in, the doors unhinged and blocked by growing brambles. More grievous still, you may see the cattle not only lying in the half-ruined porticoes, but grazing beside altars green with weeds. And this desolation is not found in country parishes alone; even the congregations of urban churches begin to fall away. [9] What comfort remains to the faithful, when not only the teaching of the clergy perishes, but their very memory is lost out of mind? When a priest departs this life, not merely the holder of the sacred office dies, but the office itself dies with him, unless with his failing breath he gives his blessing to a successor. What hope remains when the term of a man's life implies the end of religion in his parish? If you examine more closely the ills of the body spiritual, you will soon perceive that for every bishop snatched from our midst, the faith of a population is imperilled. I need not mention your colleagues Crocus and Simplicius, removed alike from their thrones and suffering a common exile, if different punishments. For one of them laments that he cannot see whither he is to return;

the other that he sees only too clearly where he is to return no more. [10] You for your part have about you the most holy bishops Faustus, Leontius, and Graecus, environed by the city, your order and their fraternal love. To you these miserable treaties are submitted, the pacts and agreements of two kingdoms pass through your hands. Do your best, as far as the royal condescension suffers you, to obtain for our bishops the right of ordination in those

parts of Gaul now included within the Gothic boundaries, that if we cannot keep them by treaty for the Roman State, we may at least hold them by religion for the Roman Church. Deign to bear me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 7.7

To the Lord Bishop Graecus* A.D. 474-5 [1] HERE is Amantius 1, the usual bearer of my trifles; off once more to his Marseilles, to bring home a little profit out of the city, if he is fortunate in his business at the port. I could use the opportunity of his journey to gossip gaily on, if a mind that bears a load of sorrow could at the same time think of cheerful things. For the state of our unhappy region is miserable indeed. Every one declares that things were better in war-time than they are now after peace has been concluded. [2] Our enslavement was made the price of security for a third party; the enslavement, ah! the shame of it! of those Arvernians who by old tradition claimed brotherhood with Latium and descent from the sons of Troy; who in our own time stood forth alone to stay the advance of the common enemy; who even when closely beset so little feared the Goth that they sallied out against his leaguer, and put the fear of their valour into his heart. These are the men whose common soldiers were as good as captains, but who never reaped the benefit of their victories: that was handed over for your consolation, while all the crushing burden of defeat they had to bear themselves. These are the patriots who did not fear to bring to justice the infamous Seronatus, betrayer of imperial provinces to the barbarian, while the State for which they risked so much had hardly the courage on his conviction to carry out the capital sentence.

[3] And this is to be our reward for braving destitution, fire, sword, and pestilence, for fleshing our swords in the enemy's blood and going ourselves starved into battle. This, then, is the famous peace we dreamed of, when we tore the grass from the crannies in the walls to eat; when in our ignorance we often by mistake ate poisonous weeds, indiscriminately plucking them with livid hands of starvation, hardly less green than they. For all these proofs of our devotion, it would seem that we are to be made a sacrifice. [4] If it be so, may you live to blush for a peace without either honour or advantage. For you are the channel through which negotiations are conducted. When the king is absent, you not only see the terms of peace, but new proposals are brought before you. I ask your pardon for telling you hard truths;

my distress must take all colour of abuse from what I say. You think too little of the general good; when you meet in council, you are less concerned to relieve public perils than to advance private fortunes. By the long repetition of such acts you begin to be regarded as the last instead of the first among your fellow provincials. [5] But how long are these feats of yours to last? Our ancestors will cease to glory in the name of Rome if they have no longer descendants to bear their memory. Oh, break this infamous peace at any cost; there are pretexts enough to your hand.

We are ready, if needs must, to continue the struggle and to undergo more sieges and starvations. But if we are to be betrayed, we whom force failed to conquer, we shall know beyond a doubt that a barbarous and cowardly transaction was inspired by you. [6] But it little avails to give the rein to passionate sorrow; you must make allowance for us in our affliction, nor too nicely weigh the language of despair. The other conquered regions have only servitude to expect; Auvergne must prepare for punishment. If you can hold out no help in our extremity, seek to obtain of Heaven by your unceasing prayers that though our liberty be doomed, our race at least may live. Provide land for the exile, prepare a ransom for the captive, make provision for the emigrant. If our own walls must offer an open breach to the enemy, let yours be never shut against your friends. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop. * Partly translated by Fertig, Part ii, p. 16.

LETTER 7.8

To the Lord Bishop Euphronius A. D. 472 [1] I AM now held in the bonds of my clerical duty, but I should regard my undistinguished position as a veritable blessing if only the walls of our cities were as near as the borders of their territories. If that might only be, I should consult your holiness 1 on all things small and great; my activities would flow like a placid and untroubled stream, could they but rise from your converse as from a life-giving spring. They should never know the froth of vain conceit, or the turbid course of pride, or the muddiness of a bad conscience, or the falls of headstrong youth; if defilement and corruption were found in them, they should be washed clean by the clear vein of your counsel. [2] But alas! the distance that divides us prevents the fulfilment of these desires; I therefore beg you to send a representative to advise on a perplexing question which has arisen here. The inhabitants of Bourges demand the consecration of the admirable Simplicius as their bishop; I want your decision in the matter. Your consideration for me,

and your authority over others, are such that you need never press your views; you have simply to indicate your will, which is sure to coincide with justice. [3] I must tell you that of Simplicius all good is spoken, and by the best men in the city. At first I was inclined to view this testimony with little favour; it seemed to me to suggest favouritism.

But when I observed that his rivals could find nothing better to do than to hold their tongues, especially those of the Arian persuasion; when I saw that no irregularity could be alleged to his discredit, though he is only a candidate and not yet in orders, I came to the conclusion that a man against whom the bad citizen could say nothing and on whose behalf the good could never say enough must be regarded as almost a perfect character. [4] But how foolish I am to make these comments, as if I were giving advice in place of asking it! The clergy will act in accordance with the decision contained in your letter; the people will acclaim it in the same spirit. We are not altogether irrational; we should not have decided to secure, if possible, your present aid, or if not, your advice, unless we had made up our minds to follow your counsel in all things. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 7.9: TO THE LORD BISHOP PERPETUUS

AD 472

YOUR ardour for religious books has given you a most intimate acquaintance with everything written for the Catholic faith, whether by the Canonical authors or by the controversialists. You are even curious about productions unworthy the honour of your attention; for instance, you now wish me to send a copy of my public address delivered in the church at Bourges, an oration without the orthodox rhetorical divisions, or emphasis, or figures of speech to lend it a proper style and dignity. [2] It has none of the qualities of a finished eloquence; the weight of historical allusion, the enrichment of poetical quotation, the sparkling points of dialectic had all to be abandoned. I was distracted by the rancorous intrigues of the various factions; my mission occupied all my time; the abuses before my eyes were the one and only subject for my pen. So great was the company of the competitors, that two benches would not have held the candidates for the single vacant throne. And every one of these was as pleased with himself as he was critical of all his rivals. [3] If the people had not grown reasonable, and subordinated their judgement to that of the bishops, there would have been little chance of ef-

fecting anything. As it was, one saw small groups of priests whispering together in corners, though not a word was uttered openly, most of them being just as afraid of their own order as of every other. The result was that every one was suspicious of his neighbour; all were induced to hear our proposals without too much difficulty, and afterwards to explain them in their turn to others.

[4] Here, then, I append the address. It was written in two vigils of a single summer night, under no eyes but those of Christ; my haste is, I fear, too obvious from internal evidence for you to need my assurance that it existed. ADDRESS.* [5] Secular history relates, beloved brethren, that a certain philosopher 1 used to teach new pupils the discipline of keeping silence before the art of speaking. They had to sit through five mute years listening to the disputations of their fellow students echoing all round them, and not even the quickest brains were allowed to anticipate the proper hour of recognition. When, after that long repression these pupils spoke at last, the audience could not repress applause; for until the mind is steeped with knowledge there is less credit in displaying what you know than in holding your peace on things of which you are ignorant. [6] Far other is the position of the indifferent orator who now addresses you. While he yet walked among lamentable pitfalls and wallowing-places of sin, the heavy charge of the sacred calling was laid upon him; and without ever having himself rendered a disciple's duty to a master of repute, he has himself to play the teacher of other men. That task is in itself impossible enough; it is made heavier by the diffidence which I feel at having been selected by your decretal letter to choose you a bishop, while all the time I see before me a saintly prelate 2 worthy of the highest of pontifical thrones, one who stands at the head of his province, and is my superior in everything, in experience, in training, in eloquence, in prestige, in seniority, and in years.

Speaking thus as a junior and provincial bishop, before one metropolitan on the election of another, I am doubly embarrassed by my lack of qualification, and by the odium of presumption which I may well incur. [7] The responsibility, however, rests on you, since you have been rash enough to impose upon one deficient in wisdom the task of finding you, with God's aid, a bishop wiser than himself, and combining in a single person a host of different virtues: you must be well aware that honourable though the task may be, it is yet more clearly onerous. I would have you in the first instance reflect to

what a crushing burden of criticism you subject me, requiring a perfected judgement from a beginner, and right guidance from one who hitherto has shown you nothing but his fallibility. Since, however, this has been your will, I entreat your prayers, that I may really become all that you now suppose me to be, and that if I am to be exalted to the skies, it may be not by your plaudits but by your supplications.

[8] But first you ought to know on what Scylla-rocks 3 of slander, on what barking mouths (alas! that they should be human) I have been driven by the tempestuous fury of those who seek to bring you into discredit. Evil manners have this power: they allow the offences of the few to disfigure the innocence of the multitude, whereas the good are too rare to communicate their virtues to the many, and so to palliate their crimes. [9] If I name a monk to you, were his austerities to rival those of a Paul, an Antony, a Hilarion, or a Macarius, my ears will at once be deafened by the confused outcries of ignoble pygmies who will object in these terms: 'The man you nominate is trained not for a bishop's but for an abbot's work, and better fitted to intercede for souls before the celestial Judge than for their bodies before the judges of this world.' Now who could keep his patience, hearing singleness of heart besmirched by such imputation of imaginary defects? [10] If we choose one distinguished for humility, he will be called an abject; if, on the other hand, we propose a man with self-respect, he will be set down as arrogant; if our choice be one of small learning, his ignorance will make him fair game; if he be erudite, he will be declared conceited. If he is austere, all will shrink from an inhuman creature; if indulgent, they will blame his lenience. If he is simple, he will be an oaf; if clever, a sly fellow. Is he diligent? he must be superstitious. Is he easy-going? he stands convicted of negligence. Does he love a quiet life? he is a coward. If our candidate is abstemious, he becomes a skinflint; if charitable with hospitality, a glutton; if with fasting, one vain of his austerities. [11] A free manner will argue vice; a modest one contemptible rusticity. They mislike the stern man for his severity, and depreciate the affable for making himself cheap. And so, whichever of two virtues may adorn his life, he will be caught on the two-barbed hook of the malicious tongues whose points pierce all good qualities. Besides all this, the people in their perversity, and the clergy in their love of licence, are equally averse from the idea of monastic discipline.

[12] If, instead of a monk, I take a member of the secular clergy, his juniors will be consumed with a jealousy which his seniors will openly express. For among the clergy there are not a few----I may say this without offence to the rest----in whose eyes seniority counts before merit; they would like us to consider age alone and disregard efficiency, as if mere length of life were the one qualification for the highest office in the priesthood, and the prerogative, the amenity and charm of personal accomplishments were to count for nothing. On this principle a few individuals strive to direct the Church, though they are so old that they will soon need direction themselves----persons remiss in ministration, prompt in obloquy, indolent in affairs, busy in faction, weak in charity, sturdy in intrigue, steady in feud, vacillating in judgement. [13] Enough: I will not stigmatize the many for the machinations of a few; I only add this, that I shall mention no names. Whoever looks aggrieved proclaims his own discomfiture. I may freely admit that the multitude surrounding me to-day includes many of episcopal ability. But then, all cannot be bishops. Every man of them may be satisfied with his own particular gifts, but none has gifts to satisfy us all.

[14] Suppose I were to nominate one who had followed an administrative career, I can imagine the storm of disapproval: 'Sidonius was transferred to the Church out of the great world, and because of this is reluctant to accept a cleric as metropolitan; he looks down on every one from the height of his distinguished birth and the great offices he has held; he despises Christ's poor.' [15] Now therefore, in fulfilment of the trust imposed upon me, not so much through the esteem of the well disposed as through the suspicions of the slanderous (Almighty God liveth, the Holy Spirit, who by the voice of Peter condemned Simon Magus 1 for thinking to buy for gold the glory of the blessing), I testify that in the man whom I have chosen as suited for your needs I have considered neither money nor influence; I have weighed to the last scruple every circumstance affecting his own person; the times in which we live, the respective needs of city and province, and I decide that the man most fitted for this office is he whose career I shall now briefly relate.

[16] He is Simplicius, on whom a blessing already rests. Hitherto a member of your order, but henceforth of ours, if God approve him through your voices, he answers by conduct and profession, so well satisfying the claims of both, that the State will find in him one to admire and the Church one to love. [17] If birth is still to command respect, as the Evangelist teaches (for St.

Luke, beginning his eulogy of St. John, considers it of the highest moment that he sprang from a line of priestly tradition, and exalts the importance of his family before celebrating the nobility of his life), I will recall the fact that his relatives have presided alike over the Church and the tribunal. His family has been distinguished in either career by many bishops and prefects; it had become almost their hereditary privilege to administer the divine and human laws. [18] If we scrutinize rather more narrowly his personal qualifications, we shall find him conspicuous among the most respected. You may say that the illustrious Eucherius and Pannychius stand higher; they may have been so regarded, but on the present occasion they are excluded by the canon, because each of them has married again. Turning to his age, we find that he has at once the vigour of youth and the caution of maturity; comparing his talents with his acquirements, we see nature and learning rivalling each other.

[19] If we ask whether he is given to hospitality, we find him generous to a fault, lavishing his substance on all men small and great, whether they are clerics, laymen, or strangers, and entertaining those most of all who are least likely to return his kindness. When an embassy had to be undertaken, more than once he has represented his city before barbaric kings in furs, or Roman emperors in purple. If you ask from what master he learned the rudiments of the faith, I will make the proverbial response: 'the source of knowledge flowed for him at home.'1 [20] Lastly, let us not forget, beloved brethren, that this is he whom the barbarians held in darkness and duresse, and for whom God flung wide the prison gates with all their bolts and bars. This is the man whom, if report be true, you yourselves once with a single voice called to the priesthood before his father-in-law or father; but he returned home covered with glory because he preferred to be honoured in his parents' dignity rather than in his own. [21] I had almost overlooked a point which should under no circumstances have been omitted. In the days of old time, as the Psalmist tells, all Israel heaped offerings at the feet of Bezaleel in the desert for the erection of the Tabernacle of the Covenant.

Afterwards Solomon, to build his temple in Jerusalem, exhausted the whole strength of his people, though he had not merely the riches of Palestine and the tribute of surrounding kingdoms, but in addition the treasures of the Queen of Sheba at his command. But Simplicius built a church alone out of his own slender resources, when he was still a young offi-

cial under paternal control, and already burdened with the expenses of a family. Neither consideration of his young children nor the steady opposition of his parents could divert him from the fulfilment of his vow; it was his way to do good works, and hold his peace about them. [22] For unless I misread his character, he is one to whom all popularity is abhorrent; he does not court every man's good opinion, only that of the worthiest; it is not his custom to make himself common by undiscriminating familiarity, but rather to enhance his value by according his friendship only after the most careful thought. His is a manly nature which would rather help than please a rival, comparable in this to that of the stern father, who thinks more of his children's real advantage than of their present comfort. He is a man constant in adversity, loyal in danger, unassuming in prosperity; of simple tastes in dress, affable in conversation, never putting himself forward among his friends, but in discussion easily the first. A friendship of which he knows the worth he will pursue with ardour, hold with constancy, and never abandon;

on the other hand, a declared hostility he pursues with honourable frankness, not believing in it till the last moment, and laying it down at the earliest. Extremely accessible just because he seeks nothing for himself, he desired not so much to assume the priest-hood as to prove himself worthy to hold it. [23] But some one will say: 'How did you learn so much about him in so short a time?' My answer is that I made acquaintance with men of Bourges long before I knew their city. I have travelled with some and served with others; many I have met in affairs of business or in debate; many when either they or I were away from our several countries. Moreover, a short cut to knowledge of a man is given by the general opinion about him, since nature does not confine our reputations within such narrow limits as our abodes. If, then, a city is to be judged less by the circumference of its walls than by the merit of its inhabitants, I could not fail to discover, before your town was known to me, not only what manner of men you are, but where you stand in the world as well.

[24] The wife of Simplicius belongs to the Palladian family, which alike in the schools and in the Church has occupied the chief seats with the approbation of its own order. To speak of a woman's life demands both delicacy and reticence; I will only say here that this lady has shown herself worthy of the ecclesiastical dignity enjoyed by her two families, both that in which she was born, and that into which she married. She is associated with her hus-

band in the education of their sons on sound and careful principles; so that the father, comparing them with himself, is all the happier for the discovery that he is already being surpassed. [25] You have sworn to abide by my humble advice in this election; the spoken binds no less fast than the written word. I pronounce, then, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit that Simplicius is the man whom you are to choose as the head of the Church in your city, and as Metropolitan of our province. If you agree with this my new pronouncement, give it the applause which your old promise demands.

LETTER 7.10: TO THE LORD BISHOP GRAECUS

AD 474

I ENVY the fortune of my habitual messenger who has the chance of seeing you so often. Nor do I confine my envy to Amantius; 1 I am jealous of the very letters opened by the hands, and perused by the eyes which I so much revere. Alas! penned as I am within the narrow enclosure of half-burned and ruinous walls, with the terror of war at the gates, I am never allowed to satisfy my longing to greet you again. Would that the state and prospects of Clermont were such as to make our excuses for not meeting less excusable! [2] It is the hardest stroke of all that the very punishment of our old lapses from justice should become our justification. My salutations rendered, I now earnestly beg you to release me from my duty of paying you a visit; I must discharge the debt as well as I can by letter. If peace ever makes the roads secure again, your only fear need be that I shall present myself so often as to become in future a mere nuisance. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 7.11: TO THE LORD BISHOP AUSPICIUS

AD 473

IF the state of our country and our times allowed me freedom, I should not keep up my friendships by the poor expedient of correspondence. But since the storms aroused by the shock of kingdoms confound all hopes of fraternal peace and quiet, let us retain in separation that constant exchange of letters so long ago devised for the solace of absent friends, and approved by the example of antiquity. You must forgive one who so reveres you the rarity of his visits; but the unbroken enjoyment of your sainted converse is denied him by the menace of formidable neighbours and by the delicacy of his relations

with his own protectors. On these points I need say no more: I have already said too much. [2] This letter introduces to you the bearer Peter, a man of tribunician rank; he personally pressed for the introduction, and will be better able to explain his business orally. I beg that the sight of this page from me may secure him your support, in so far as may be consistent with justice; it is not my custom to urge even my friends' claims unfairly. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 7.12

To his friend [Tonantius] Ferreolus c. A.D. 479 [1] IF, disregarding our friendship and relations, I had considered only your rank and position, your name would have taken its proper place at the beginning of this small work, and the dedication would have been yours. My pen should have recounted the curule chairs of your ancestors and the infulae of their patrician dignity; it should not have omitted the twice repeated prefecture, or refused to herald with due praise your great Syagrius for three times changing the heralds of his office. It should have proceeded to celebrate your father and your uncles, whom it were impossible, indeed, to pass in silence; [2] and however worn by transcribing the long roll of your ancestral triumphs, it should not have been so spent by the unfolding of your genealogy as to grow too blunt for the record of your own achievements. Why even if the recital of your ancestral glories had dulled it, that of your great personal qualities would lend it a new point. In place of all this, it is determined to pay you here conspicuous homage and, leaving your past career to speak for itself, to consider rather what you are to-day. [3] It has passed over your administration of the Gauls when they were still at their greatest extent. It has been silent on the efficacy of your measures against Attila the enemy on the Rhine and Thorismond the guest of the Rhone, and on your support of Aetius the Liberator of the Loire.

It has not related the dragging of your chariot by cheering provincials, whose fervent applause proclaimed their gratitude for the prudence and the foresight with which you handled the reins of power; since you ruled the Gauls with such wisdom that the exhausted proprietor was relieved from the unbearable yoke of taxes. It passed over the address with which you influenced the savage Gothic king by a language blending grace with gravity and astuteness, a language unfamiliar in his ears, causing him to withdraw from the gates of Arles by a banquet, where Aetius could not have succeeded by

force of arms. [4] All this it forbore to dwell upon because it was my hope that you might more fitly find a place among the bishops than the senators; I deemed it more appropriate that your name should be found among the perfect of the Lord than among the prefects of Valentinian. Malice need not misconstrue your insertion among the priests; only great ignorance can hold that a man could lose rank thereby. Just as at a public banquet the last guest at the first table takes precedence of the first guest at the second, so in the opinion of all reasonable men the least of the religious is beyond dispute above the holder of the highest office. I ask your prayers on my behalf.

LETTER 7.13

To his friend Sulpicius c. A. D. 470 [1] YOUR son Himerius the priest, of whom I had hitherto seen little but heard much, his reputation being wide, came to Lyons not long ago from Troyes, and there I had a hurried opportunity of forming an opinion of him. In character he reminds me of the sainted Lupus, the foremost of our Gallic bishops, master of his sacred profession, and author of his rank within it. [2] Just God! how charming is his way of enouncing his views, whether he is urging or debating any given course of action! With what point he speaks when asked his advice, with what sweetness when he has resort to that of others! He is an enthusiast for letters, above all for sacred literature, in which he ever avoids the froth of verbiage and chooses the substantial marrow. The end of his every action is Christ's service; if he accelerates or delays, it is for that. It is a thing at once wonderful and admirable, that although he is always tranquil he does nothing idle. [3] Fasts are a joy to him, yet he does not abjure the social board; the way of the cross keeps him faithful to the first, love of his kind inclines him sometimes to the last. In either case he uses the utmost moderation; when he dines, he mortifies his appetite; when he fasts, it is without vainglory. On others he showers favours, but is reluctant to accept theirs; and when his turn to receive an equivalent comes, prefers that the debt should remain unpaid.

[4] It is his way to give his inferiors precedence at table, or in council, or when travelling; this makes his superiors in rank delight to follow his example, and place themselves below him when they can. In intercourse with others he shows the utmost tact. The stranger is put at his ease; the feelings of a friend are never hurt. The over-credulous are not placed in false positions, nor are the curious rebuffed. Suspicion he meets without malice; he does not say hard things of knowledge, or treat ignorance with contempt. In the

Church he has the simplicity of the dove, in the world the wisdom of the serpent. In his dealings with the good he has a name for prudence, with the bad for caution; but with neither does he resort to guile. [5] Enough: he seemed to me your second self, reproducing in the most charming manner all your moderation, your piety, your frankness, your modesty, the supreme purity of a sensitive and delicate mind. So that in future you can enjoy your privacy, and retire from the world as much as ever you like, since my brother Himerius with his grandsire's name, his father's looks, and the sage qualities of both will always be at my disposal. Farewell.

LETTER 7.14

To his friend Philagrius c. A. D. 470 [1] A SHORT while since at a large gathering of the principal persons here, some one mentioned your name. All were unanimous in sounding your praises, though one esteemed you for one quality and a second for another. Then certain individuals took on themselves to claim a more intimate acquaintance, on the ground that they saw you frequently. That made me flare up; I could not for a moment allow it to be said that one distinguished in all kinds of letters is better known by his countrified neighbours than by men of culture living a great distance away. [2] The discussion was carried further; some present argued the point with obstinacy, for it is characteristic of stupid people that they are easily proved wrong, but very hard to silence. I stood my ground, and maintained that it might indeed be trying for such a man's cultured friends to be deprived of his society, but that all the same it was endurable; their brains and their pens gave them access to the remotest province where the need of Culture was felt, while the unlettered fellow citizen was always a stranger within the gates. It was matter of frequent experience, I said, for men of education, separated by wide distances, to conceive for each other an esteem as great as any which can be produced by the most assiduous of personal relations. That being so, they had better leave off exaggerating the effect of unavoidable separations, for they only showed that they thought more of face than character.

[3] People may argue, if they like, that matter, not mind, makes the man, but I am at a loss to find anything to wonder at in the human race, viewed corporeally, for its limits are so narrow, however wide its range of action; by the conditions of its birth, it is the most miserable and helpless of all that sees the light. The ox has his hairy coat, the boar his bristles, the bird its feathers; and in addition, these creatures have arms for offence and for de-

fence in their horns and tusks and claws. But man's limbs are such poor things that they seem to have been flung at random into the world, not brought into it by intelligible laws. For other animals broad-bosomed Nature, like a true mother, provides all manner of protection; the human body she just casts forth, to give it thenceforward the stepmother's indifferent usage. [4] To me, who hold that your mind is greater than your body, the contrary supposition is untenable; it would be ridiculous, on that hypothesis, that man should be differentiated by possession of a reasoning mind from beasts unable to distinguish the true from the false. I should like to ask those who so absurdly judge friends by appearances instead of investigation, what remains when they have even in the slightest degree impaired the dignity of the human soul, what after that they find so eminent and admirable in man? [5] Is it height? that, is often a quality more appropriate in a beam. Is it strength?

that reigns more mightily in the lion's sinewy neck. Grace of feature? the clay of the statue and the wax of the portrait 1 hold its impress better. Is it speed? for that, dogs are more justly famed than we. Vigilance? for that prize the owl competes. Is it strength of voice? the ass's bray is loudest. Industry? therein, on its tiny scale, the ant fears no comparison. [6] Do they allege keenness of sight? how absurd! as if the eagle's vision were not far above that of man. Keenness of hearing? as if the coarse-skinned swine were not his rival. Keenness of scent? as if in that the vulture were not supreme. Discernment of taste? as if there we were not far behind the monkey. I need hardly trouble to speak of touch, our fifth sense; the philosopher shares it with the worm. Why speak of the carnal appetites? the man's lust is satisfied in the same way as that of the brute. [7] And this poor thing is the humanity, paraded and tricked out by fools who give themselves airs and flout me because they know you more or less by sight! But I have always before my eyes a Philagrius other than theirs, a Philagrius who would not be himself if I saw him and he did not speak.

The whole argument recalls to me a certain well-known remark, made on a different kind of occasion, it is true, but nevertheless to our point: 'The son of Marcus Cicero was speaking, and Rome did not even know who he was.' 2 For accomplishments of mind bring with them dignity, worth, and the pre-eminence recognized by universal consent, and by their means alone man gradually attains the heights of merit. [8] First you have the animal

frame, which by virtue of its form excels formless matter. Above that comes the body, possessing intelligence. And above the intelligence of beasts rises the mind of man. For as mere flesh is below life, so mere life is below reason, of which the Creator has made our substance alone capable, and not the substance of animals. Yet how variously conditioned is the human mind! There are souls which are rational indeed, but by reason of slowness and dull wits are spurned by others which see further and more clearly. In like manner, there are souls which, having only a natural understanding, accept the superiority of those more enlightened than themselves. [*9*] When I consider these gradations I always have before my mind's eye the Philagrius whom a similarity of tastes has made, potentially at least, my friend. However popular you may be, with the worthiest among us, no man has a clearer insight into your inner nature than he who strives outwardly to imitate you.

And how closely I for my own part try to follow you in your inclinations, the rest of this letter shall reveal. [10] They say you like quiet people; I go further, and like the idle. You shun barbarians because of the bad name they bear; I avoid them even when they bear a good one. You are ardent in study; I do not suffer a natural indolence to hold me back. You act up to your religion; I only seem to do so. You do not covet your neighbour's goods; I hold it sufficient gain not to lose my own. [11] You love the society of the learned; to me the bigger the crowd of the unlettered, the vaster is the solitude. You are said to be of a cheerful countenance; I hold that every tear shed on earth except in prayer is vain. You are reported to be given to hospitality; my poor table, like the cave of Polyphemus, rejects no possible guest. You are indulgent with your servants; it is no torture to me that mine are not tortured for each trivial fault committed. [12] Is it your view that a man should fast on alternate days? I am with you. That he should dine? I am not ashamed to anticipate you there. If Providence would grant me a sight of you, I should be as delighted as only he can be to whom even your smaller traits are familiar; with your greater qualities I am of course thoroughly acquainted.

So that if I ever do manage to see you face to face, I shall hardly know you any better than I do now, though I may gain a new pleasure in existence. Farewell.

LETTER 7.15: TO HIS FRIEND SALONIUS

c. AD 470

EVERY time I go to Vienne, I would give a great deal if you and your brother stayed more frequently in the town, for we three are all united not only by the ties of friendship but by those of a common literary interest. But your brother eludes my reproaches by pretending the visits he has constantly to make to his suburban property, so that he is never present to stand on his own defence; you in your turn find a similar excuse, as one possessed by a newly-acquired possession. [2] Be all this as it may, come this time, and I will let you go on condition that you both promise to come again, either in turn, or [together?] at some later time. You may live in the country and be model cultivators; but not till you give more labour yet to the Church which you love, will you bring increase to the true land of your souls. Farewell.

LETTER 7.16: TO ABBOT CHARIOBAUDUS

AD 477

IN alleviating by a letter of condolence the trouble of an absent friend, O my one patron in Christ, you have acted like your benevolent self. May your thoughts ever turn to me thus; may this interminable chain of anxieties which your exhortations have worn down be finally broken by your prayers. [2] I think your freedmen have concluded the business on which you sent them, and are on their way home; they have done everything with such energy that they never required any assistance. I send you by them a cowl for nightwear, though I admit that the end of winter, with summer in sight, is not quite the right time to send you woollens. When you are exhausted by long fasting, it shall give you proper protection as you pass from your bed to Vigils and back again. Farewell.

LETTER 7.17: TO HIS BROTHER VOLUSIANUS

AD 477

You ask me, my lord brother, by the law of friendship which none may infringe, to set my long inactive fingers to the old forge. I am to write a sad funeral dirge for the sainted Abraham, newly departed this life. I shall not fail to obey, moved alike by your authority, and even more by the devotion of the noble Count Victorius, my patron according to the world, my son according to the Church, whom I honour as a client, and love as a father. He

gave abundant proof of his ardent solicitude for the servants of Christ, when by the sick priest's couch he humbled his dignity and bent his body low above the dying, his own face sympathetically paling with that already colourless by the approach of death; while his tears betrayed his deep feeling for the friend he was to lose. [2] He has insisted on taking the funeral almost entirely upon himself and defraying all the expenses required for the due obsequies of a priest; to complete the honour due to the memory of the departed, I can only contribute these few words, confining my pen to a plain testimony of a mutual affection.

[3] With these lines I have paid, as you desired, the last observance due to him who is now laid to rest. But if it is the duty of those who yet live, of brothers, friends and comrades, to obey the commands of brotherly affection, I shall make you a request in my turn: I would beg you to use the principles with which you are so eminently endowed for the consolation of the dead man's followers, confirm by the discipline of Lerins or of Grigny the shaken rule of a brotherhood now cast adrift without a leader. If you find any insubordinate, see to it in person that they are punished; if any obedient, give them praise from your own lips. The holy Auxanius is presumed to be their head; but he, as you well know, is too infirm of body and of too diffident a character, and more fitted to obey than to command. He himself insists that you should be called in, that in succeeding to the headship of the house, he may have the support of your overheadship; for if any of the younger monks should treat him with disrespect, as one lacking alike in courage and experience, thanks to you, a joint rule would not be slighted with impunity. I say no more. If you would have my wishes in a few words, they are these; I desire brother Auxanius to be abbot over the rest, and you yourself to be above the abbot. Farewell.

LETTER 7.18: TO HIS FRIEND CONSTANTIUS

c. AD 479

'WITH you my work began, with you it shall end.'1 I send the volume for which you asked, but the choice of letters has been rather hurried. I could only find comparatively few; I had not preserved any number, never having contemplated their appearance in this form. Few and trivial as they are, I was soon done with them; though when I had once started, I found the love of scribbling by no means dead within me, and that I was keen to balance any deficiency in their number by an addition to their length. [2] At the same

time, I thought that if it was to attract so fine a critic, the book would be handier and need less apology if you had a smaller weight of parchment to deal with, since in parts there was a certain lightness of style and subject which might give you cause of offence. I therefore submit to your judgement these manifold emotions of my heart, well aware that a book as surely reflects a man's mind as a mirror his face. A few of the letters preach, a number congratulate; some offer advice, others consolation; not a few are humorous.

[3] If here and there you find that I show unexpected heat, I would have you know that while Christ is my defender I will never suffer my judgement to be enslaved; I know as well as any one that with regard to this side of my character there are two opinions: the timid call me rash, the resolute a lover of freedom; I myself strongly feel that the man who has to hide his real opinions cuts a very abject figure. [4] To return to my original subject. If you ever allow yourself a rest from your unending studies in religious literature, these trivialities should afford you innocent distraction. There is here no interminable theme to weary you; each subject ends with its containing letter; you can see where you are at a glance, and have done before the inclination to read has died within you. Farewell.

Book VIII

letter 8.1: to his friend petronius

c. AD 480

A MAN who makes it a principle, whenever he can, to encourage his friends along the path of glory deserves the gratitude of all good men everywhere: the practice is your honourable distinction; be true to it always. To no other cause can I ascribe this new request that I should turn out my cases at Clermont in the search for further letters. I should have thought the examples already published would have satisfied you; but I must needs obey, though I shall merely append a few at the end to supplement the original series, and crown the completed volume, as it were, by a marginal addition. [2] I shall now have fresh reason to be on my guard against malignant critics, for adding in this way to a book which has already seen the light. How, indeed, could I hope to escape the edged tongues of the spiteful-born, when even a Demosthenes and a Cicero for all their masterly periods and their perfected eloquence were not permitted to go free? The first found his detractor in De-

mades, the second in Antonius, carpers both, whose malice was as clear as their diction was obscure, and who have come down to posterity simply through their hate of excellence. [3] But since the command has gone forth, I set my sail to the old winds; I have navigated oceans, and shall I not cross this quiet water? I have always been convinced that a man should give of his best in anything he writes, and then tranquilly face all criticism. There is no middle course; one must either care no jot for what the malignant say, or else hold one's peace altogether. Farewell.

LETTER 8.2: TO HIS FRIEND JOHANNES

AD 478

I SHOULD hold myself guilty of something like a crime against polite learning, most accomplished of friends, were I for a moment to defer congratulation on your own success in deferring the decease of Literature. One might almost speak of her as dead and buried; it is your glory to have revived, supported and championed her, and in this tempest of war which has wrecked the Roman power, you are the sole master in Gaul who has brought the Latin tongue safely into port. [2] Our contemporaries and our successors should all with one accord and fervent gratitude dedicate statues or portraits to you, as to a new Demosthenes or Tully; by your example they were formed and educated, and they shall preserve in the very midst of an invincible but alien race this evidence of their ancient birthright. Since old grades of rank are now abolished which once distinguished the high from the low, in future culture must afford the sole criterion of nobility. None is more deeply indebted to your learning than I; for like all authors professed, who write for posterity, I shall owe to your school and your teaching the certainty of an understanding audience. Farewell.

LETTER 8.3

To his friend Leo A. D. 478 [1] I SEND you, at your request, the Life of Apollonius the Pythagorean, not in the transcription by Nicomachus the Elder, from Philostratus, but in that from Nicomachus himself by Tascius Victorianus. I was so eager to fulfil your wish, that the result is a makeshift of a copy, obscure and over-hurried, and rough as any version could be. Yet the work took me longer than I expected, and for this you must not blame me, for all the time I was a captive within the walls of Livia, release from which I owe, next to Christ, to you. My mind was sick with care and really unable to fulfil

my task even in the most desultory manner; all kinds of hindrances prevented me----various obligations by day, my utter misery at night. [2] When the evening hour brought me at last to my quarters, ready to drop with fatigue, my heavy eyelids knew small repose; there were two old Gothic women established quite close to the window of my chamber, who at once began their chatter----quarrelsome, drunken, and disgusting creatures, whose like will not easily be seen again. As soon as my restoration to my own home gave me a little leisure, I dispatched the book with all its faults upon it, uncorrected, ill-digested, as you might say, an immature wine; in doing so, I thought more of your anxiety to have it, than of my own responsibilities. [3] Now that your wish is gratified, forsake awhile Apollo's bays and the fount of Hippocrene;

forget the measures of which you alone are absolute master, and which, in those who have only your learning without your eloquence, seem not so much to rise from a well-spring as to drip painfully from fevered brows. Stay the renowned stream of an eloquence peculiar to your race and line, which, flowing from your ancestor the great Fronto through successive generations, has now passed in due course into your breast. Lay aside awhile the universally applauded speeches composed for the royal lips, those famed deliverances with which the glorious monarch from his exalted place strikes terror into the hearts of tribes beyond the seas, or binds a treaty on the necks of barbarians trembling by the Waal, or throughout his newly extended realm curbs force itself by law as once he curbed his foes by force. [4] Shake off the burden of your endless cares and steal a little leisure from the affairs and agitations of the court. Not till you surrender yourself wholly to this book, and in imagination voyage with our Tyaneus to Caucasus and Ind, among the Gymnosophists of Ethiopia and the Brahmins of Hindostan, not till then shall you know the story you desired in its right hour and as it should be known. [5] Read, then, the life of a man who, but for his paganism, in many points resembled you, as one who did not pursue riches, but was pursued by the rich; who loved knowledge and did not covet money;

who was abstemious among the feasters and went in coarse linen among princes robed in purple; who was grave amid luxurious follies; whose hair was matted, whose face was rough and hirsute among smooth, anointed peoples; who was conspicuous in the dignity of his squalor among satraps of crowned monarchs exquisite in person and drenched with nard and myrrh; who ab-

stained from animal flesh and would not clothe himself in wool,----for such abstinence, indeed, held more in honour than contempt in the Eastern kingdoms which he traversed. When royal treasures were placed at his disposal, he asked only the gifts he liked to offer others and would not keep himself. [6] Why pursue the subject further? Unless I am much at fault, it may be doubted whether our ancestors' days produced a biographer fit to write so great a life; but of this there is no doubt at all, that in your person our own times have produced a student worthy to peruse it. Farewell.

LETTER 8.4

To his friend Consentius c. A. D. 478 [1] WILL Providence ever allow us to meet once more, honoured lord, on your estate of Octaviana----I call it yours, but it seems really to belong to your friends just as much as to you. Situated as it is near town and sea and river, it offers continual hospitality to all comers, and to yourself a regular succession of guests. How charming, too, is its first aspect, with its walls so cleverly designed in perfect architectural symmetry! how brilliant is the gleam of chapel colonnade and baths conspicuous near and far! Then there is the amenity of its fields and waters, its vines and olives, its approach, its beauty of hill and plain. Well stocked and furnished with abundance, it has also a large and copious library; when the master is there, dividing his interests between pen and plough, one might be in doubt whether his mind or his estate enjoys the finer culture. [2] No wonder this was the chosen place (unless my memory deceives me) where you have produced the swift iambics, the pointed elegiacs, the rounded hendecasyllables, and all the other verses fragrant with thyme and flowers of poesy to be sung by every one at Béziers and Narbonne! These poems, no less remarkable for speed of composition than for charm of style, make you beloved of your contemporaries and must increase your fame among those who shall come after us.

I have always been convinced of it myself every time a new poem of yours has been brought me, as it were hot from the composer's anvil, and though I may be an indifferent writer, I am no such despicable critic. [3] My earlier life might not improperly find time for such pursuits, and in fact it did so. But now I only read and write of serious things, for now it is high time to think rather of eternal life than of posthumous renown, and to remember that after death our good works, and not our literary work, will be weighed in the balance. [4] I am far from implying by this that you do not excel in both, or

that the lively style which you still affect is inconsistent with gravity of judgement; but since by Christ's grace you are already a saint in secret, I would have you openly submit to His salutary yoke a head and heart alike devoted to His service, your tongue unwearying in prayer and praise, your mind filled with pious thoughts, your hand ever open in benefaction. Especially would I insist upon the open hand, for all that you cast abroad among the churches is really gathered in for yourself. Let this reflection above all incite you to the exercise of generosity, that whatever be our opportunities in respect of the things which the foolish call this world's goods, all that we give in charity remains our own, all that we keep is really lost to us. Farewell.

LETTER 8.5: TO HIS FRIEND FORTUNALIS

c. AD 480

You too shall figure in my pages, dear Fortunalis, column of friendship, bright ornament of your Spanish country. Your own acquaintance with letters is not, after all, so slight as to deprive you of any immortality which they can confer. The glory of your name shall live; yes, it shall survive into after ages. [2] If my writings win any favour or respect, if they command any confidence among men, I will have posterity know that none were more stout of heart than you; that none were goodlier to see or more equitable in judgement, none more patient, none weightier in council, gayer in company, or more charming in conversation. Last, and not least, it shall learn that these praises have been enhanced by your misfortunes. For it is more likely to hold you great, as one proved in the hard day of adversity, than as one who lay hidden in the bosom of kind fortune. Farewell.

LETTER 8.6

To his friend Namatius* c. A. D. 480 [1] CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR, reputed the greatest master of strategy who ever lived, was a great reader and a great writer also. Though he was the first man of his age, and the arts of war and rhetoric disputed his genius with equally glorious results, yet he never considered himself to have attained the summit in either branch of knowledge until your orator of Arpinum proclaimed him without a rival among men. [2] To compare small things with great, it has been the same in my own case, however vast my inferiority. No one should know this better than yourself, concerned as you have always been for my success and for my modesty in bearing it. I learn that Flavius Nicetius, distinguished above all his country-

men by his birth, his rank, his merit, his prudence, his wise knowledge of the world, has accorded my small work unlimited praise. He has gone further and declared that while yet in the prime of life I have surpassed in the two fields of literature and war the great number of our young men and not a few of the older among us. [3] If I may say it without vanity, I derive real satisfaction from the approval of so eminent a judge. If he is right, his weight counts for much; if partial, I have a fresh proof of his friendship; though nowadays every man of us is but a sluggard in deed, and in word an infant in comparison with his forefathers.

To the men of earlier ages the ruler of all ages granted supreme excellence in these arts; but now the world waxes old, the quickening seed is exhausted, the marrow lost; and if in our time aught of admirable or memorable appears, it is manifest in exceeding few. [4] Nicetius may lead all learning and all letters, but I fear that our intimacy may have led him to exaggerate my merit through the bias natural to friendship. And were it so, I will not deny that in the past I used often to attend the delivery of his luminous speeches, and however fleeting or imperfect my memories, I may properly recall some of them in the present place, even at the risk of being thought to join a game of mutual admiration. [5] I heard him speak when I was growing to manhood and had just left boyhood behind me; at that time my father was praetorian prefect presiding over the tribunals of Gaul, and in his term of office Astyrius assumed the trabea and in a propitious hour inaugurated his consulship. On that day I hardly stirred from the curule chair; my age gave me no right to a seat, but my rank allowed me to keep in the foreground; so I stood next to the censor's men who in their official mantles stood nearest to the consul. As soon as the largess had been distributed (and that took little time though it was no little one), as soon as the diptychs had been bestowed, the representative advocates of the province who had come in from every district asked with one consent that the assumption of the consul's office might be celebrated in a panegyric. The ceremonies had anticipated the day, and there was yet some time before the late dawn, which otherwise would have been passed in silence. [6] All eyes turned at once towards Nicetius, the first men present were the first to look his way; the assembly called upon him not by a voice here or there, but by general acclamation; he reddened, and cast down his eyes, giving us such an earnest of his modest nature as gained him

hardly fewer bravos than the eloquence he subsequently displayed. He spoke with method, with gravity, with fire;

if his ardour was great, his fluency was yet greater, and his science greatest of all; his coloured and golden language seemed to enhance the splendour of the consul's palm-embroidered robe, steeped though it was in Sarranian dyes and rich with applied strips that rustled at every movement of the wearer. [7] About that time (to speak like a decemvir) was promulgated the statute of limitations which decreed in summary terms that all cases protracted to thirty years should automatically lapse. It was our orator who first introduced this law, as yet unknown in Gaul; he advocated it at the tribunal; he expounded it to the various parties; and he finally saw it added to the statute-book, before a great audience whose members mostly kept their feet in their excitement and only interrupted by applause. [8] I had many other occasions of observing his intellectual capacity, myself unobserved, and therefore in the best of all positions to see the real man; for though my father governed the province, it was to Nicetius that he went for advice. It must suffice to say that I never heard of a single action of which I did not like to hear, and which I did not admire.

[9] The union in his person of all these fine qualities naturally makes me proud to receive the suffrage of a critic so high in the public esteem. Whatever his opinion, it must have great influence; if rumour is true, he is on my side, and I shall have just as good reason to be reassured as I should have had to feel uneasy had his vote gone the other way. In any case, I am determined, as soon as I know for certain what he thinks, either to give silence a loose rein, or curb my facility according to the verdict. For if he supports me I shall be inclined to go on talking like an Athenian; if he condemns, no citizen of Amyclae shall hold his tongue like me.1 [10] But no more of myself or of my friend: how does the world go with you? I am every whit as eager to hear your news as to give you mine. Are you hunting, or building, or playing the country gentleman? Are you indulging one only of these pursuits or each in turn, or all together? As for Vitruvius and Columella, you do well to study either one or both, for you are competent to deal with either admirably, as one who is equally at home in agriculture and in building. [11] With sport the case is different, and I beg you not to plume yourself upon your prowess. It is useless to invite the boar to meet your spears, so long as you take the field alone with those exceedingly merciful hounds of yours; you just rouse the

quarry, but not enough to make him run. It is excusable enough that your dogs should dread close quarters with such formidable beasts as boars; but what apology can you make when they hunt poor helpless kids and timid does, head high and spirits prone, stinting the pace but prodigal of music? [12] You will find it more profitable to net in the rough rocks and likely coverts, and cry the dogs on from a chosen post; if you have any self-respect left, you will give up galloping over the open country and lying in wait for the leverets of Oléron. Indeed it is hardly worth while to worry them on rare occasions by unleashing the hounds in the open, unless our good Apollinaris comes to help you and your father, and gives you a better run.

[13] But, joking apart, do let me know how things go with you and your household. Just as I was on the point of ending a letter which had rambled on long enough, lo and behold! a courier from Saintonges. I whiled away some time talking with him about you; and he was very positive that you had weighed anchor, and in fulfilment of those half military, half naval duties of yours were coasting the western shores on the look-out for curved ships; the ships of the Saxons, in whose every oarsman you think to detect an arch-pirate. Captains and crews alike, to a man they teach or learn the art of brigandage; therefore let me urgently caution you to be ever on the alert. [14] For the Saxon is the most ferocious of all foes. He comes on you without warning; when you expect his attack he makes away. Resistance only moves him to contempt; a rash opponent is soon down. If he pursues he overtakes; if he flies himself, he is never caught. Shipwrecks to him are no terror, but only so much training. His is no mere acquaintance with the perils of the sea; he knows them as he knows himself. A storm puts his enemies off their guard, preventing his preparations from being seen; the chance of taking the foe by surprise makes him gladly face every hazard of rough waters and broken rocks.

[15] Moreover, when the Saxons are setting sail from the continent, and are about to drag their firm-holding anchors from an enemy's shore, it is their usage, thus homeward bound, to abandon every tenth captive to the slow agony of a watery end, casting lots with perfect equity among the doomed crowd in execution of this iniquitous sentence of death. This custom is all the more deplorable in that it is prompted by honest superstition. These men are bound by vows which have to be paid in victims, they conceive it a religious act to perpetrate this horrible slaughter, and to take anguish from

the prisoner in place of ransom; this polluting sacrilege is in their eyes an absolving sacrifice. [16] I am full of anxiety and apprehension about these dangers, though on the other hand there are factors which encourage me mightily. Firstly, the standards under which you sail are those of an ever-victorious nation. Secondly, men of prudence, among whose number you may fairly be included, are not in the habit of leaving anything to chance. Thirdly, very intimate friends who live far from each other are apt to feel alarm without due cause, because it is natural to be apprehensive of events at once incalculable and occurring very far away. [17] You will perhaps argue that the cause of my uneasiness need not be taken so seriously. That may be true; but it is also true that we are most timid in regard to those whom we love best. So take the first opportunity of relieving the fears which your situation has aroused by a good account of your fortunes. I am incorrigible on this head, and shall always fear the worst for friends abroad until they contradict it themselves, especially those harassed by the watchword or the signal for attack.

[18] In accordance with your request, I send you the Libri Logistorici of Varro and the Chronology of Eusebius. If these models reach you safely, and you find a little leisure from the watches and the duties of the camp, you will be able, your arms once furbished, to apply another kind of polish to an eloquence which must be getting rusty. Farewell. * The latter part translated by Hodgkin (ii. 366-8), who also refers to the episode of Nicetius' oration (ibid. 306-7).

LETTER 8.7

To his friend Audax A. D. 474 [1] I WISH you would tell me into what corner of the world the folk are crept who used to be so proud of wealth amassed, and heaps of tarnished family plate. Where, too, are the men who on mere grounds of seniority thought to overbear those whose one sin it was to be younger? Where are the people gone whose real affinities come out in nothing so clearly as in their capacity for hatred? [2] As soon as ever merit found recognition, as soon as ever weight of character, and not weight of coin, began to tell in the scales of imperial opinion, these worthies were left in the cold with their insolent claim to precedence by simple right of property. Brooding over their money-bags, and, I may add, their vices, they want to brand those who rise in the world as vain upstarts, while they would be shocked at the suggestion that they owe their own riches to greed. Athletes

in this arena of defamation, they rub in the poisonous juice of spite in place of oil, and so reduce their weight. [3] But all hail to you, whose way is the opposite of theirs. You have now the honour of prefectorian rank, and though the prestige of high descent was always yours, you have if anything laboured rather the more on that account to shed a new lustre upon your posterity.

To an enlightened mind, none seems nobler than he who steadily devotes all his power, his intellect, and his resources to the single end of excelling his forefathers. [4] Well, it shall be my prayer that your sons may equal you, or even (a better prayer still) leave you behind; and that if there is any envious soul who cannot bear to see you advanced above him, he may just endure the seething torment of his own spite, and never having had the chance of patronizing you, have now the fullest reason for his jealousy. It is only justice that under a just prince he should come at the bottom who is personally nothing and only important in personalty; a starveling spirit, and counting only for his money. Farewell.

LETTER 8.8: TO HIS FRIEND SYAGRIUS

AD 474 (?)

TELL me, fine flower of our Gallic youth, how much longer your ardour for country labours will bid you scorn the town? How long shall rustic implements unrightfully usurp the hands only worn before by throwing dice? How much longer is your estate of Taionnacus to weary your patrician limbs with a peasant's toil? How much longer, O cavalier turned ploughman, will you go on burying in the winter fallows the spoil of the waving meadows? how much longer ply your blunt and heavy hoe along the interminable vine-rows? [2] Why, professed rival of Serranus and Camillus, do you guide the plough, yet renounce the embroidered toga? Give up this rustic folly; cease to disgrace your birth. Who cultivates in moderation is lord of his land, who does too much is slave of it. Return to your fatherland, return to your father, return to all the loyal friends who can justly claim a place in your affections. Or, if the life of Cincinnatus the Dictator attracts you so, first wed a Racilia 1 to yoke your oxen for you. [3] I don't suggest that a man of sense should neglect his domestic affairs; but he should use moderation and think not merely of what he ought to have but what he ought to be. If you renounce all higher interests, if your one motive in life is the increase of your property, then, what can it avail you to descend from a line of consuls and see every day their ivory curule chairs with applied ornament of gold and their calendars en-

riched with purple? Your plodding and obscure career will bring you rather burdens from the revenue officials than honour from the censor. Farewell.

LETTER 8.9: TO HIS FRIEND LAMPRIDIUS

AD 478

ON my arrival at Bordeaux, your messenger brought me a letter from you full of nectar, rich with blooms and pearls. You arraign my silence, and ask me for some of my poems, in a few of those verses of yours which your cadenced voice so often sends echoing from your melodious palate, like music poured from a flute of many stops. In this you take mean advantage of your royal munificence; you have sent your gift; you feel impregnable. Perhaps you have forgotten one satirist's remark about another: 'When Horace says "Evohe", he has plenteously dined.'1 [2] Enough! You are right to send a command from your place of ease, bidding me sing because you are in the mood to dance. In any case I must obey; and far from acknowledging compulsion, I yield of my own free will; but spare me, if you can, the criticism of your proud Catonian brow. You know well enough what manner of thing a poet's gladness is; his spirit is entangled in grief as the fish in nets; if sorrow or affliction comes, his sensitive soul does not so lightly work free from the bonds of anguish: I am still unsuccessful in obtaining a decision about my mother-in-law's estate, even provisionally, though I have offered a third part of it as ransom. [3] You must see whether the theme of my verses is such as to please you; but my cares forbid me to live in one mood and write in another. It would be unfair to me were you to institute a comparison between our two poems. I am harassed; you are happy. I am in exile; 3 you enjoy your rights of citizenship. I cannot attain your level; I want of you verse like my own, but receive something infinitely better. [4] But if by any chance these trifles composed in the midst of much mental tribulation obtain indulgence at your hands, I will let you persuade me that they are like the swan's notes, whose song is more harmonious just before his death;

or that they are like lyre-strings tensely drawn, which make the sweeter music the tighter they are strained. But if verses without suggestion of gaiety or ease can never really please, you will find nothing satisfactory in the enclosed. [5] Do not forget, moreover, a second point which tells against me, namely that a piece which you only read and cannot hear recited is robbed of all the advantage which delivery by the author lends it. His manuscript once dispatched, the most musical of poets has no further resource; distance does

not allow him to do for himself what mimics do by their accompaniment----make bad verse acceptable by dint of fine delivery. Twice has the moon risen upon me prisoned here; 2 and but once have I been received into the presence. For scant leisure has the King even for himself, since all the subjugated earth awaits his nod. We see in his courts the blue-eyed Saxon, lord of the seas, but a timid landsman here. The razor's keen blade, content no more to hold its usual course round the head's extremity, with clean strokes shearing to the skin, drives the margin of the hair back from his brow, till the head looks smaller and the visage longer. We see thee, aged Sygambrian warrior, the back of thy head shaven in sign of thy defeat; but now thou guidest the new-grown locks to the old neck again. Here strolls the Herulian with his glaucous cheeks, inhabitant of Ocean's furthest shore, and of one complexion with its weedy deeps. Here the Burgundian bends his seven feet of stature on suppliant knee, imploring peace. Here the Ostrogoth finds a powerful patron, and crushing the Hun beyond his border, triumphs at home only through his homage to this mighty patron. And here, O Roman, thou also seekest thy protection; if the Great Bear menaces commotion, and the Scythian hordes advance, the strong arm of Euric is invoked, that Garonne, drawing power from the Mars who loves his banks, may bring defence to the dwindled stream of Tiber. Here the Parthian Arsacid 1 himself asks grace to hold, a tributary, his high hall of Susa. He perceives in the regions of the Bosphorus dread war arise with all its enginery, nor hopes that Persia, dismayed at the mere sound of conflict, shall avail to guard alone Euphrates' bank. He who boasts himself kin with stars and near allied to Phoebus, even he becomes a simple mortal, and descends to lowly supplication.

At such a court my days go by in vain. But do you, O Tityrus, refrain, nor invite me more to song. I envy thee no longer; I can but marvel at thy fortune. For myself, I effect nothing; I utter fruitless prayers, and so become another Meliboeus.'1 [6] There is the poem. Read it at your leisure, and like a charioteer already crowned, look down from the balcony to the arena where I struggle still in the sweat and dust of contest. Do not expect me to do the like again, whatever pleasure you derive from this present effort, until the happy day arrives when I can turn my mind once more from dark vaticinations to the service of the Muse. Farewell. * The poem partly translated by A. Thierry, Lettres sur l'histoire de France, p. 103. * Translated into verse by Fertig, Part ii, p. 23; and into prose by Chaix, ii. 229.

LETTER 8.10

To his friend Ruricius A.D. 479 [1] I AM indeed delighted that you derive from letters at once a benefit and a pleasure. But I should be freer to extol the fire and fluency of your style, were it not that while assiduously praising me yourself you forbid me to return the compliment with interest. Your letter had all the sweetness of affection, all the grace of natural eloquence, all the mastery of style; it failed only in one respect----the choice of subject, and even there you have the credit of good intention, an error of judgement forms its only fault. You cover me with immense laudation. But you should have spared my blushes, and recalled betimes the saying of Symmachus: 'True praise adorns, false praise lashes.'2 [2] But unless I misjudge your genius you have not only shown sincere affection, but also remarkable dexterity. The really eloquent love to show the stuff they are made of by choosing a subject full of difficulty; they drive the accomplished pen as if it were the plough of fertile speech through matter sterile as dry and barren soil. Life abounds with examples of skill similarly applied. The hopeless case proves the great doctor, the tempest proves the steersman; for both, the perils traversed enhance reputation; their talent wastes unseen until it finds a proper scope. [3] In the same manner the great orator proves his ample genius most effectively in strait places. Thus Marcus Tullius, who always surpassed his rivals, in his speech for Aulus Cluentius surpassed even himself.

Marcus Fronto stood head and shoulders above others in all his pleadings, but in that against Pelops he rose above his own high level. Gaius Plinius won greater fame for his defence of Attia Viriola from the centumvirs' tribune than for the panegyric which almost matched the matchless Trajan. [4] You have followed these great examples; confident in your powers, you have not feared to take so miserable a subject as myself. But let me rather have the succour of your prayers in my depression; do not lure me with a cozening eloquence, or crush my frail and ailing soul by the weight of an illusory renown. Your diction indeed is fine, but your life finer; and I think you will serve me better by your orisons than by your perorations. Farewell.

LETTER 8.11: TO HIS FRIEND LUPUS

c. AD 480

TELL me about your folk of Périgueux and Agen, whose competing claims upon you are ever a source of pious emulation? You are bound to the people of

the one place by your own property, to those of the other by your wife's family connexions; your birth tells in favour of the first, your marriage speaks for the second; and the best of it is that each place has good ground for its contention. God has verily marked you for happiness, when the privilege of securing you and keeping you longest becomes an object of ambition to two rival communities. [2] You grant the favour of your presence to each in regular alternation, restoring to one its Drepanius, to the other its Anthedius; if rhetoric be the object of their desire, neither need regret a Paulinus and an Alcimus as long as you are with them. All this makes me marvel more that you should care to ask for any old poems of mine when any day you like you have the rummaging of so representative a library as your own. I cannot refuse you, though this is a time of mourning, and the revival of the old jests is somewhat out of place.

[3] It is but recently that the news reached me of Lampridius the rhetor's murder. He was my very dear friend; and even if no violent death had snatched him from our midst, his end would have smitten me with profound affliction. In the days that are gone, we had our jokes together, as intimates will; I was Phoebus, he the Odrysian bard. So much it was necessary to premise, or the use of these fanciful epithets would have obscured the sense of the following poem. You must know that once upon a time, when about to visit Bordeaux, I wrote him a letter of inquiry as to quarters, sent with the Muse in advance. Sad though the present occasion is, I feel less constraint in sending these verses, than if I had forwarded some mournful composition on our loss; anything of that sort I should have written ill, while the subject would have been no less painful to yourself.

'Orders of Phoebus to his own beloved Thalia. Dear pupil, lay aside the lyre awhile; bind up your flowing hair with a verdant wreath, and let a zone of ivy gird the up-bound folds of your full-bosomed robe. See you put no soccus on, plunge not the foot deep, as your custom is, in the loose cothurnus; but bind on such sandals as did Harpalyce, or she who felled her wooers with victorious sword. You shall go the swifter, you shall leap and fly along, if your toes are left uncovered to guide your sandalled feet with quick firm steps, and if the chain of laces, with their converging loops, is brought up through a great loop to the leg. So equipped for speed, see that you find my Orpheus, who daily by his sweet and tuneful art softens rocks and trees, aye, and the hardest hearts; my Orpheus, whose style the sonorous tongue of the Arpinate

enriches, and the pen of Maro, or thine, Horace, which gladdens the heart of Latium. As lyric bard he excels the great Alcaeus; he is skilled to indite the high strain of tragedy, or the humours of the comic Muse; he can flame out in satire, and arraign the raging tyrant with resounding voice. To this Orpheus say: "Phoebus comes; he has left the road, his oars now smite the bosom of Garonne, white with sails. He bids you meet him, but first be swift to prepare him hospitable welcome.

And to Leontius whom Livia bare, she of the old Senatorial line, say this: "He is almost here. Then go to Rusticus, whose wit belies his name. But if they say they have no room, and that their houses are full, go next to the bishop's gate; kiss the holy Gallicinus' hand, and ask the freedom of his lowly dwelling lest, rejected on all sides, I am driven to turn sadly to some sodden tavern, where I should soon need to hold my nose and inveigh against the reeking kitchen with its ruddy sausages which hang in two rows, exhaling odours from thymy pots, while jars and hissing plates send up clouds of steam together. Even there, when the feast-day rouses the hoarse song, and the parasite in the ecstasy of his grumbling makes the air resound, yes, even there and even then, my voice incited by the muse of a thirsty host, I, worse barbarian than all, shall whisper verses more worthy of your praise.'

[4] Alas for the abject necessity of being born, alas for the miserable necessity of living, alas for the hard compulsion of death! to these things we are borne round on the voluble wheel of human life. I liked the dead man well; he had his failings, which were venial enough, blending with his virtues qualities of less worth. The slightest cause would excite him, but his wrath was also slight; I always tried to persuade his other friends that these were defects of temperament, and nowise due to malice; I suggested other points in his favour, as that his passion was a physical tyranny, dominating his nature; I tried to clear him of the blot of cruelty by lending it the colour of mere severity. Though before his mind was made up he was weak, he was most resolute when once convinced. Like all credulous men, he was reckless; like all those who mean no harm, he suspected none in others. He hated no one enough to abuse him, and liked no one enough to resist the pleasure of sometimes breaking out against him. Though a very conspicuous figure, he was not ready of access; he had to be borne with, but he was bearable.

[5] If one were to attempt an estimate of him as orator, one would say that he was at once terse and copious, concise and ample; if as poet, that he had

feeling, that he was a master of measure, and a consummate literary craftsman. He had the gift of writing verse of extreme finish, and wonderfully varied alike in metre and in metaphor. His hendecasyllables were easy and fluent, his hexameters stately and sonorous; in elegiacs he could handle the 'echoing' or the 'recurrent' line, and could link end with beginning by ingenious repetitions. [6] He could adapt his style to person, place or occasion as the subject required, and that too, not with commonplaces, but by chosen terms replete with dignity and beauty. In controversy he was a power, and wielded a strong arm; in satire alert and mordant. If his subject was tragic, he could command terror and pathos; if comic, he was polished and infinite in resource. In Fescennines his diction was of a vernal freshness and ardent in vows; his bucolics were terse, alert, and musical. In georgics he could strike the perfect rustic note, though he had no touch of rusticity about him. [7] In epigram he shunned diffuseness and aimed at point; he would always write at least two lines, but never exceeded four; there was often a sting in the words, more often still some graceful turn, and, without exception, wit. Horace was his model in lyrics; his iambics went with a swing, his choriambics with a fine gravity; his Alcaics had a supple grace, and his Sapphics were inspired. In short, his work was so fine, so accomplished, so happy in expression, that one might fairly think of him as a bird of glorious wing, following next after the Horatian and Pindaric swans.

[8] His interest in different amusements was very unequal. Hazard was a weariness, the ball game a delight. He liked to chaff his friends; and it was a nice feature in him that he liked being chaffed himself still better. He wrote a great deal, but was always longing to write more. He read the ancients with perseverance and reverent admiration, the moderns without jealousy; he would give ungrudging praise to talent, perhaps the most difficult form of generosity on earth. [9] Unfortunately he had the indefensible, I might say the fatal, fault of superstition. He was curious as to the manner of his death, and consulted those African astrologers whose nature is as fiery as their native clime. They considered the position of the stars when he was born, and told him his climacteric year, month, and day----I use the astrological terms----as men to whom the scheme of his nativity was revealed in all its sinister conditions. It seemed that in the year of his birth, all the planets which rose favourably in the zodiac sank with blood-red fires; whether it was that Mercury made them baleful, asyndetic upon the diameter, or Saturn ret-

rograde upon the tetragon, or Mars returning to his old position upon the centre. [10] Beliefs like these, whatever their precise form, are false, and cannot but delude;

if we are to discuss them openly, and at length, we must wait until we meet, for you too are deep in the science of numbers, and with your wonted diligence study Vertacus, Thrasybulus, and Saturninus from end to end: yours is a mind always intent on things lofty and arcane. It must be admitted that in the present case there was neither appearance of mere conjecture nor deliberate ambiguity: death enmeshed our reckless inquirer into the future exactly when and how it had been foretold; all his shifts to evade it were in vain. [11] He was strangled by his own slaves in his own house; choked and throttled he died the death of Scipio of Numantia, if not quite that of Lentulus, Jugurtha, and Sejanus. The one relieving feature in the cruel business was the discovery of crime and criminal as soon as the day broke. The first sight of the body was enough to show a fool or a blind man that death had come by violence. [12] The livid hue, the protruding eyes, the distorted features with their look of mingled fury and anguish, all were so many proofs of what had happened. The floor was wet about his lips, because the scoundrels had turned him with his face to the ground when the deed was done, as if to suggest that life had left him with a sudden haemorrhage. The source, inciter, and ringleader of the conspiracy was first captured;

next his accomplices were seized and separately confined till the terror of torture drew the truth from their unwilling breasts. [13] Would we could say that our friend had not deserved his end by his rash and ill-advised resort to vain advisers. But I fear that he who presumes to probe forbidden secrets sets himself beyond the pale of the Catholic faith; he deserves the lot of all who put unlawful questions and receive replies that point to doom. His death was avenged, it is true, but only the survivors gain by that, for the execution of a murderer cannot mend the mischief; it only affords a certain satisfaction of revenge. [14] My attachment to the dead man has led me to write at too great length; such a grief I could not vent in silence. I will end by begging you to give me any news you can, if only a line or two, to relieve the burden of my melancholy. For the relation of this sad story with all its horror has naturally troubled me, and filled my mind with mournful thoughts; indeed, for the time being I can neither think, speak, nor write on any other subject. Farewell. * An abridged translation is given by Hodgkin, ii. 331 ff.

LETTER 8.12: TO HIS FRIEND TRYGETIUS

AD 461-7

HAS Bazas, built on dust in place of good green earth, such charms, have lands sandy as Syrtes, and moving soil and dunes bandied by retorting winds such hold upon you, that neither earnest prayers of invitation, nor force of friendships, nor even the most succulent oysters of our pools, suffice to bring you this trifling distance in to Bordeaux, where we have been expecting you all these days? Is it that the hardships of a winter journey deter you? those wild winds of Bigorre will often obliterate the soft tracks, and perhaps you dread a kind of shipwreck upon land? [2] If so, your memory is short; how long ago was it that Gibraltar was conquered by your bold foot? or that your camp was pitched on the uttermost shores of Cadiz? or the last goal of great wanderings reached, common to Hercules and to my Trygetius? Are you grown such a traitor to your proper nature as to abandon yourself wholly to sloth, you who once ranged the lands of mystery and fable, you whose limbs might fail, but never your indefatigable purpose? [3] Yet with such a record, you come down to Langon harbour 1 crawling with no less reluctance than one bound for the Danube to resist the all-invading Massagetae, or for the dull flood of Nile with all its awful crocodiles. If a bare twelve miles can so delay you, what would you have done had you been with Marcus Cato on his marches through the deserts of Leptis? 2

[4] You shiver, it seems, at the mere name of the winter months; but I can assure you we enjoy the gentlest, mildest, and clearest skies, where the lightest breezes serve as winds; so nominal a winter season should less deter than the temperate reality attract. But if my letter of invitation leaves you still obdurate, you shall not resist the verses which in two days' time shall go forth to the attack, more insidious in persuasion, yet I trust none the less strenuous agents of my wishes. [5] My friend Leontius, first of all our Aquitanians, with Paulinus, worthy son of worthy sire, are to meet you with the falling tide on the Garonne at the appointed place; so that not only the boats, but the very river itself shall come out with them to greet you. The oarsmen at the thwarts, the steersmen on the poops, shall tune their chants to sing your praises. They shall pile high for you a couch of cushions, there shall be a board set with men of two colours; the dice shall await you, ready to be thrown and thrown again from the ivory steps of the boxes. A pine-wood grating shall be fixed across the bottom of the boat so that the bilge flowing

to and fro shall never wet your dangling foot; a wicker screen above shall protect you from the treacherous winter sun. [6] What more could the most pampered of the indolent expect than to find himself at his destination before he seemed well under weigh?

A truce to your objections and delays; I could swear that the snail with his house on his back would easily outstrip you. And to think that there is a store-room at your command crammed with piles of the most exquisite delicacies and only wanting an enterprise to do it justice! [7] Come, then, to be entertained or to entertain; or, best of all, to do both; come with all your armoury of Mediterranean fare to crush and subjugate the finely equipped gourmets of Médoc. On our battle-ground let us see the fish of Adour triumph over the mullets of Garonne, and our coarse crew of crabs fall back before the lobster-armies of Bayonne. Join battle after this wise with the rest of us; but if you value my opinion, take a veteran's advice as a wise man should, and leave my senatorial host out of the contest; if you once come beneath his hospitable roof, you will feast as if you enjoyed continual feasts or the banquets of a Cleopatra. His own and his country's honour will be involved in the competition; and it is generally agreed that he surpasses all his rivals just as far as his city leaves all other cities behind. Farewell.

LETTER 8.13: TO THE LORD BISHOP NUNECHIUS

AD 472-4

No one, most blessed father, rejoices more than I over the number and variety of virtues with which you are so richly endowed by Heaven. You are described as a man of birth who is never arrogant, a man of influence who makes a blameless use of power, a man of piety untouched by superstition. You are praised as one who is learned without airs and serious without fatuity; one whose wit is never rehearsed, who is courteous, but knows his mind, and sociable without any love of popularity. [2] And not content with allowing you these qualities, Fame crowns them with another of yet higher degree, the supreme gift of charity----Fame who, however she may sing your praises, must leave the greater part unsung. For though she can explain to distant friends the aim of your good deeds, their number is beyond the powers of her relation. The tale of them fires me now to make you a first advance, as a conscious inferior should. I therefore proceed to pay my homage; hitherto I might so justly have been accused of backwardness, that I have no apprehension now of being considered forward.

[3] I commend to your kindness the bearer Promotus, whom you already know, and whom your prayers have now made my fellow penitent. Though by birth a Jew, he has preferred to be numbered with those chosen by faith rather than blood; he has sought the franchise of the heavenly city; by grace of the Spirit which makes alive he has rejected the letter that kills. Considering, on the one hand, the rewards laid up for the just, on the other the punishment, endless as eternity, awaiting him who dares not desert the Circumcision for the camp of Christ, he has made up his mind to be accounted no longer a citizen of the Solyma on earth, but a son of the Holy Jerusalem which is above. [4] Which thing perceiving, let now the spiritual Sara take to her maternal arms the truer son of Abram; for he ceased to belong to the handmaid Hagar when he exchanged the servitude of conformity according to law for the freedom which comes of grace. The special reason for his journey you will more conveniently learn from his own lips. To me he will always be very dear for the cause above related; I have dwelled upon it because the most effective introduction of all is that which simply sets forth a man's indisputable claim to be well received. Deign to hold us in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 8.14

To the Lord Bishop Principius A. D. 472-4 [1] THOUGH I have never seen your face, venerable father, for a long time I have seen the effect of your activities. The praise of such saintliness as yours is widely spread; it overleaps mere bounds of space; and just as the influence of a great character knows no bound, so no term is set to the range of a noble reputation. [2] You will put this all down as my exaggeration unless I adduce in support of my statement some competent witness. I therefore cite a revered member of the famous brotherhood at Lerins, a contemporary there with Maximus and Lupus, one who went such lengths in renunciation that he might claim to rival the archimandrites of Memphis or the Holy Land. I mean Bishop Antiolus, who was the first to tell me about your father and brothers, and the high example which both of you set in the exercise of your exalted functions in the Church; his account of you first kindled in me the desire to know a story, familiarity with which has ever since been my delight. [3] One might almost compare your father to Aaron the High Priest of old, whom his brother, the Lawgiver, first anointed with the oil of sanctification in the midst of the people in the wilderness, calling next his sons to the same sacred office. But

Aaron's happiness in Ithamar and Eleazar was marred when Nadab and Abihu were destroyed by lightning;

they were cut off and punished in the flesh, but we may believe that in the spirit they had absolution. [4] I never heard that you offer strange fire when you come to lay your hands upon the altar; rather with the censer of the heart you burn a glowing incense, offering the sacrifices of chastity and love. As often as with the cords of exhortation you bind the yoke of the law upon the necks of the proud, so often in spirit do you sacrifice bulls to the Lord. As often as with the goad of your rebuke you drive sinners polluted by the rankness of sensual indulgence to the sweet savour of a modest life, so often do you offer rank goats in the sight of Christ. [5] As often as your rebuke leads the soul to sigh in penance and compunction over the committed fault, who shall doubt that you present in mystic sacrifice the pair of turtle-doves and the two young pigeons which by their number and their plaints symbolize the twofold nature of man? As often as your warning voice moves the glutton to parch by fire of frequent fastings his gross body and heaving swollen stomach, who shall doubt that you consecrate, as it were, the finest flour in the pan of continence?

[6] Every time that you persuade a sinner to renounce the vanities of misbelief, to profess right doctrine, to hold the faith, to keep the way, or to hope for eternal life, who doubts that in the making of a convert triply freed from heresy, hypocrisy, and schism, you dedicate the purest shewbread with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth? [7] Who, in fine, is not aware that the corporeal sacrifice slain as type under the Law is more than replaced by the spiritual sacrifice which you offer under grace? That is why I give abundant thanks to God for your letter, from which I perceive that although the aforesaid prelate told me great things of you, there were greater things which he left unsaid. I am persuaded that you who seem so admirable in other men's description, and more admirable yet in your own letter, will prove best of all seen face to face.

[8] The clerk, Megethius, who brought your message, has satisfactorily concluded his affairs, and carries back my respects. I fear I may be of little practical use to him, but if good wishes avail, he has mine. Through him I urgently entreat your brother and yourself frequently to quench my thirst with a stream of your most literary letters, and you must write the oftener of the two. If the difficulties of the road and the distance between us prove an

obstacle to my desires, at least pray sometimes for those who ask your prayers. Honoured though I should be by your regular correspondence, your occasional prayers promise me something more than honours, they promise me salvation. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 8.15: TO THE LORD BISHOP PROSPER

AD 478 (?)

You wished me to celebrate the glory of the holy Annianus, the greatest and most perfect of prelates, equal to Lupus, and no unworthy rival of Germanus; you would fain see graven on the hearts of all the faithful the memory of a character so fine, so eminent, so richly endowed with so many virtues and so many merits, to which I myself should like to add this, that he made way for such a successor as yourself. You exacted a promise from me at the same time that I would hand down for the benefit of those who come after us the history of the war with Attila, with the whole tale of the siege and assault of Orleans when the city was attacked and breached, but never laid in ruins, and the bishop's celebrated prophecy was divinely answered from above. [2] I actually set to work upon the book; but when I grasped the extent of my undertaking I repented of having ever begun; I therefore suffered no one else to hear a work which my own judgement already condemned. But to the first part of your request I can return a different answer: your wishes, and the merit of that great bishop make it my duty to enhance his fame without delay by every means within my power. I only ask you, as a fair creditor, to treat with laudable indulgence this promise of your reckless debtor, and in that other matter to refrain from asking what I must refrain from attempting to do. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 8.16: TO HIS FRIEND CONSTANTIUS

c. AD 478

I PROMISED the illustrious Petronius to conclude this little book in a few letters; but in endeavouring to spare you, I have been very hard on him. He was to have the drudgery of revision, you the honour of the issue; the responsibility of conveying the volume to you was to be his, the pleasure of paying the homage mine. I have carried out my intention; if you will cast your practised eye over the numerous superscriptions I think you will be struck by the manner in which the pages are filled. I have reached the very margins near the umbilicus; as the Satirist says, it is time to finish my Orestes

1, even if I have to write on the other side of the parchment. [2] In this work I have not been classical, or enlisted in my service a fabulous Terpsichore, nor have I led my pen by dewy banks and mossy rocks to the well-spring of Aganippe. I only hope that what I have written may not prove rambling pointless stuff, and full of trivial commonplaces. For an accomplished reader like yourself can take no pleasure in an invertebrate, soft and enervated style; what he requires is something nervous and masculine in the antique manner. Those qualities must be left to a greater talent than mine; enough for me, if you forgive me for keeping you waiting so long.

[3] It is fortunate that our illustrious friend requested no further additions; that would have involved me in long delays, for not a single cabinet or case contains anything more worth production. This will show you that although my time of silence is still to come, I have certainly begun to think of it, and that for two reasons. If I win approval, I shall give my readers pleasure at the smallest cost to themselves; if, on the other hand, I am disapproved, their weariness will soon be over. For my style has no polished graces; it is of a positively heathen bluntness. [4] What use should I have, indeed, for an austere archaic manner, or for far-fetched terms of Salii or Sibyls, or the old Sabine Cures? Such things the masters for the most part avoid; they are for some flamen to expound, or some antiquated reader of the law's conundrums. My diction is dry and jejune; mine is a vocabulary of common words in too general use to claim distinction, too ready to every one's hand to find acceptance with the critical. [5] If my writing lacks eloquence and force, I can confidently say that it contains nothing which is not genuine and absolutely true to fact. Why should I insist upon the point? If my style pleases my friends, it is good enough for me. I am content with either kind of verdict: they may either be critical and tell me the truth, or partial and deceive themselves. All I shall ask of Providence in future is that posterity may judge or be deceived in the same manner. Farewell.

Book IX

letter 9.1: to his friend firminus

After AD 480

You insist, my honoured Son, that I should exceed the existing limit of my collected letters; that I should adventure further, and refuse to content my-

self with the present total. Your reason in favour of adding a ninth volume is that Pliny, in whose steps you deem me to follow in this work, assigns the same term to his own collection. [2] I may yield to your desire; but all the same, this friendly invitation raises difficulties, and is far from promising advantage to such poor reputation as I already possess. In the first place, it is very late in the day to append this new addition to the volume already issued. Secondly, I do not know the umpire who would not hold it indecent in an author to give a single work three supplements. [3] Nor, having definitely announced the work done, should I know what excuse to make for not curbing my incorrigible loquacity, unless indeed it were this, that one cannot constrain one's friendships as one can limit one's page. For these reasons, I think you ought to stand on guard before my reputation, and make my motives clear to the inquisitive; I should like you to send me regular intelligence of the views expressed by those whose opinions I should value. [4] If after forcing me to chatter on, you yourself persevere in silence, you will have no fair ground for complaint if I pay you out in your own coin. It is incumbent on you above all others to be lenient in judging my endeavour to fulfil the task and obligation imposed upon me. Meanwhile, I will at once insert in the margin of the eighth book any fresh letter which comes into my hands.

[5] Apollinaris, all ardour in most pursuits, is utterly remiss in one; study has but a faint attraction for him, whether he reads by his own choice or by compulsion. At least, that is how it appears to me, since I count myself one of those fathers who are so eager, so ambitious, and so apprehensive about the progress of their sons that they hardly ever find anything to commend, or if they do, are hardly ever satisfied. Farewell.

LETTER 9.2: TO THE LORD BISHOP EUPHRONIUS

c. AD 472

THE missive with your saintly greeting has been delivered by the priest Albiso and the Levite Proculus, whom I may accept as my masters in conduct, since they have proved themselves your worthy pupils. The letter does me a great honour, but it imposes a yet greater burden. Although your benediction delights me, the accompanying injunction fills me with dismay. Indeed, I am so perturbed that I cannot think even of a partial obedience. You bid me attempt too intricate a task, and much too far beyond my capacity. At a time when my powers wane towards their end, I am to essay a work which I should be mad to begin and could never hope to finish. [2] If I know your

loyal heart aright, your real aim was rather to give me proof of your affection than to see my completed labours. But I shall take good care that while from Jerome, the master of exegesis, Augustine, the master of dialectic, and Origen, the master of allegory, you reap full ears of spiritual emotion and a harvest of saving doctrine, that no dry stubble shall rustle in your ears from this parched tongue of mine. As well blend the hoarse cry of the goose with the swan's music, or the sparrow's impudent chirp with the tuneful plaint of nightingales. [3] Should I not show a certain effrontery and want of proper feeling were I to approach so formidable a task----I, a novice in the Church, but a veteran, alas! in transgression----I, light in learning, but weighed down by a heavy conscience? If I were to send what I had written to be seen by other eyes, I should become the laughing-stock even of critics who never set eyes on me.

I entreat you, therefore, my Lord Bishop, not to insist on spoiling a modesty which would fain avoid publicity, or tempt me into so rash an adventure. Such is the envy of the backbiters, that a mere beginning is more sure of their censure than a successful conclusion of their applause. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 9.3: TO THE LORD BISHOP FAUSTUS

c. AD 477

YOUR old loyalty to a friend, and your old mastery of diction are both unchanged; I admire equally the heartiness of your letters, and the perfect manner of their expression. But I think, and I am sure that you will concur with me, that at the present juncture, when the roads are no longer secure owing to the movements of the peoples, the only prudent and safe course is to abandon for the present any regular exchange of messages; we must be less assiduous correspondents; we must learn the art of keeping silence. This is a bitter deprivation, and hard to bear when a friendship is as close as ours; it is imposed upon us not by casual circumstance, but by causes at once definite, inevitable, and diverse in their origin. [2] First among them 1 must set the examination of all letter-carriers upon the highways. Messengers may run small personal risk, since nothing can be alleged against them; but they have to put up with endless annoyance, while some vigilant official subjects them to an inquisitorial search. At the first sign of faltering in reply to questions, they are suspected of carrying in their heads instructions which cannot be found upon their persons. The sender of a letter is thus placed in an awkward

position, and the bearer is liable to rough usage, especially at a time like this, when fresh disputes between rival nationalities have destroyed a treaty of long duration. [3] In the second place I set the soreness of my heart over my own private troubles, for I was taken from home with a show of great consideration, but really removed by compulsion to this distant spot, where I am broken by every kind of mental anguish, enduring all the hardships of an exile and the losses of a proscript. It is therefore by no means the right moment to ask me for finished letters, and were I to attempt them, it would be impertinence, for the exchange of a lively or elaborate correspondence should be confined to happy people; to me it seems little less than a barbarism for a man to write gaily when his spirit is vexed within him.

[4] How much better it would be for you to give the benefit of your unremitting orisons to a soul conscious of its guilt and trembling as often as it recalls the debts of a sinful career! For you are versed in the prayers of the Island brotherhood, which you transferred from the wrestling-place of the hermit congregation, and from the assembly of the monks of Lerins, to the city over whose church you preside, for all your episcopal rank, an abbot still in spirit, and refusing to make your new dignity a pretext for any relaxation in the rigour of the ancient discipline. Obtain for me, then, by your most potent intercession that my portion may be in the Lord; that enrolled from henceforth among the companies of my tribesmen the Levites, I may cease to be of the earth earthly, I to whom not a yard of earth remains; and that I may begin to estrange myself from the guilt of this world, as I am already estranged from its riches.

[5] In the third place, and perhaps this after all is the chief reason why I have given up writing to you, I have a boundless admiration for your tropical figurative style, and for that consummately varied and perfected diction of which your last letter affords such ample evidence. Many years ago I sat a hoarse demonstrative listener when you preached either extempore, or, if occasion demanded, after careful preparation. I especially remember the week's festival of the dedication of the church at Lyons, when you were called upon by the general desire of your venerable colleagues to deliver an oration. On that occasion you proved yourself a master both of forensic and religious eloquence, and held the balance between them with such perfection that we hung upon your words with ears strained and roused emotions; you cared less

to indulge our simple predilections because you knew that you had wholly satisfied our reason.

[6] There you have the cause of my present and my future silence; I could not refuse a few words without disobedience, but henceforward I shall hold my peace and learn in silence. In future the word lies with you, my Lord Bishop. It is yours to devote yourself to the teaching of sound and perfect doctrine in works destined to live; for not a man hears you in argument or exposition who does not learn to deserve the praise of others in deed no less than word. Forgive my simple letter, which has at least the virtue of conforming to your desires; I have myself to admit that, by comparison with yours, my style is inarticulate as a child's. [7] But there is little point in all this heavy repetition; the most foolish thing in the world is to be always deprecating one's own follies. Judgement rests with you, and if you put things to a thorough test, you will find much to laugh at, and even more to censure. I shall welcome it if your notorious kindness of heart allows you for once to abandon your dislike of being critical, and condemn such points as need correction. Only if you strike out passages here and there, shall I have the satisfaction of feeling that you approve what you leave intact. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 9.4: TO THE LORD BISHOP GRAECUS

AD 473 (?)

OUR traveller and bearer of mutual salutations treads a path of which he knows every yard from having to traverse over and over again the roads and tracts between our several cities. We ourselves must keep to the ideal set before us; we ought, indeed, to be more intent on it than ever, and redouble our zeal now that so many messengers are constantly upon the way, and above all, Amantius. If we fail in this, it will look as if we corresponded just because he regularly calls for letters, and not because we really wish to write them. You must think more often of the friends among whose number I venture to count myself; all of us feel no less elated by your good, than depressed by your adverse fortune. [2] Were we not moved to sympathetic tears by the mournful story of your anguish at the fate of certain brethren? Flower of the priesthood, jewel among pontiffs, mighty in learning, in righteousness mightier yet, spurn from you the threatening waves of earthly storms, for we have often heard from your own lips that the way to the promised feasts of patriarchs and the celestial nectar lies through the bitter cups of

earthly sorrows. Whether he will or no, each follower of the Mediator who endured the world's contempt must follow his Lord's example. Whatever draughts of trouble the affliction of this present life sets to our lips, we shall perceive how small our burden is if we will but remember what He who calls us to His heaven once drank upon the tree. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 9.5: TO THE LORD BISHOP JULIANUS

c. AD 477

THOUGH we dwell further apart than either of us could wish, the distance dividing us has had less to do with the interruption of our intercourse than the fact that we live under different laws; national disagreements born of opposing interests have hindered our frequent correspondence. But now that a peace has been concluded, and the two peoples are to become trusty allies, our letters will be able to pass in greater numbers since they will arouse no more suspicion. [2] Unite your prayers, then, with those of your reverend brothers, that Christ may deign to prosper our handiwork, restraining the quarrels of our princes, making their wars to cease, granting to them the gift of good intention, to us peace, and to all security. Deign to hold us in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 9.6

To the Lord Bishop Ambrose After A. D. 472 [1] YOUR holiness has interceded before Christ with effect on behalf of our well-beloved friend (I will not mention his name----you will know whom I mean), the laxity of whose youth you used sometimes to lament before a few chosen witnesses of your sorrow, sometimes to bemoan in silence and alone. For he has suddenly broken off his relations with the shameless slave-girl to whose low fascination he had utterly abandoned his life; by this prompt reformation he has taken a great step in the interests of his estate, of his descendants, and of himself. [2] He dissipated his inheritance until his coffers were empty; but when he once began to consider his position, and understood how much of his patrimony the extravagance of his domestic Charybdis had swallowed up, not a moment too soon he took the bit in his teeth, shook his head, and stopping his ears, as one might say, with Ulysses' wax, he was deaf to the voice of evil, and escaped the shipwreck that follows meretricious lures. He has led to the altar a maid of high birth and ample fortune, and for that we must

give him credit. [3] It would of course have been a greater glory to have abandoned the voluptuous life without taking to himself a wife; but few of, those who forsake error at the call of virtue can begin upon the highest level, and after indulging themselves in everything, cut off all indulgence at one stroke.

[4] It is now your part by assiduous prayer to obtain for the newly married couple good hope of issue; and then, when they have one or two children (perhaps even in that we concede too much), to see to it that this stealer of unlawful joys shall abstain thereafter even from lawful pleasures. At present the conduct of this bride and bridegroom is so seemly that to see them once together is enough to reveal the gulf between the honourable love of a wife and the feigned endearments of the concubine. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 9.7

To the Lord Bishop Remigius A.D. 472-4(?) [1] ONE of our citizens of Clermont (I know the man, but forget his business, which is immaterial) went recently on a journey to Belgic Gaul, and while at Rheims so won your copyist or your bookseller by the charms of his manner or of his purse that he wormed out of him, without your consent, a complete set of your Declamations. After his triumphant return with such a splendid spoil of volumes, he insisted on presenting the whole series to us as his fellow townsmen, though we were quite ready to purchase them----a rather graceful act. All of us here who are devoted to literature were properly desirous of reading the books, and we at once began to transcribe the whole, committing to memory as much as we were able. [2] It was the universal opinion that there were few men living who could write as you do. There are few or none who before even beginning to write could arrange their subjects so well, so calculate the position of syllables, or the juxtaposition of consonant and vowel; and besides, there is none whose illustrations are so apposite, whose statements are so trustworthy, whose epithets are so appropriate, whose allusions so full of charm, whose arguments are so sound, whose sentiments carry such weight, whose diction has such a flow, whose periods come to so fulminant a conclusion. [3] The framework is always stout and firm, bound with many a delightful transition, and close caesura, but withal quite easy and smooth, and rounded to perfection;

it helps the reader's tongue to pass without obstacle, so as never to be troubled by rough divisions, or roll in stammering accents on the palate. All is fluent and ductile; it is as when the finger glides lightly over a surface of polished crystal or onyx, where there is not the slightest crack or fissure to stay its passage. [4] I have said enough. There is no orator alive whom your masterful skill would not enable you easily to surpass and leave far behind. I almost dare to suspect (forgive my audacity) that a flow of eloquence so copious and so far beyond my powers of description must sometimes make you vain. But do not think that because you shine with the twofold brilliance of your holy life and your consummate style you can therefore disregard our opinion; remember that though our authorship may be worth little, our criticism may count for much. [5] In future, then, cease to evade our judgement, from which you have nothing either mordant or aggressive to fear. For I must warn you that if you leave our barrenness unenriched by the stream of your eloquence, we shall take our revenge by engaging the services of burglars, whose clever hands will soon despoil your roll-cases with our connivance and support. If you are imperturbable before a friendly request to-day, you will soon learn what perturbation means to-morrow, when the thieves have cleared your shelves. Deign to keep me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 9.8: TO THE LORD BISHOP PRINCIPIUS

AD 472-474

I WAS longing for a line from you when quite unexpectedly our old messenger brought me your answer; his efficiency in the present case proves him a fit and proper person to be entrusted with our further correspondence. Your second letter is a gift, or rather blessing, which I repay with my further greetings: the account is now numerically but far from qualitatively equal. [2] And since we live in spiritual communion, while our homes are remote, so that we are debarred by our situation from the pleasure of meeting, pray for me, that I may be released from the burden and travail of this present life by a holy death such as my heart desires, and that when the day of Judgement dawns and the dead are raised, I may join your throng a servitor, were it even on the terms of the Gibeonites 1. For in accordance with the divine promise, the sons of God shall come together from every nation, and if pardon be given to my grievous sin, however diverse my deserts, I shall not be

separated far from the place where glory awaits you among the saints. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 9.9: TO THE LORD BISHOP FAUSTUS

After AD 475

You have lamented our long silence, venerable father, but while I recognize and applaud your desire that it should at last be broken, I cannot admit that any blame attaches to me. When you bade me some time back give you my news, I wrote before receiving your last communication, and my letter actually reached Riez; but though you were at Apt, you aptly escaped its perusal. I was most anxious, both to receive my due credit for having written, and to escape too severe a criticism when you read the missive. [2] But on this point I need say no more at present, especially as you again ask me for a letter, and one as voluminous as I can make it. I long to satisfy you; the goodwill is there, but unfortunately I have no subject for my pen. Greetings should take up little space, unless they introduce some matter of real interest; to spin them out with mere verbiage, is to deflect from the path defined by Sallust when he said that Catiline had words enough but little wisdom. So my vale will have to follow my ave at an exceedingly short interval. I beseech your prayers for me.

[3] What a stroke of luck! Just as I was on the point of folding up my letter, something has occurred for me to write about, and if either the pleasure or the annoyance of the event delays my protest a single moment, I will own myself deserving of the indignity to which I have been exposed. You have fallen into my hands, Great Master, I do more than triumph; I have you at my mercy, and in my captive I find one of no less stature than the anticipations of years had led me to expect. I cannot say whether you are caught against your will, but it looks like it. For if you did not mean your books to pass me without my knowledge, you certainly did nothing to prevent the passage. It aggravates the offence that in traversing Auvergne they not merely went close under my walls but almost grazed my person. [4] Were you afraid that I should be jealous? Thank God, I am less open to the charge of envy than any other; and were it otherwise, were I as guilty of this as of other defects, the hopelessness of a successful rivalry would be enough to purge me of emulation. Did you fear the frown of so severe and difficult a critic as your servant? What critic so swollen or so opinionated as not to kindle at your

least ardent passages! [5] Was it your low estimate of a junior that led you to ignore and to disdain me? I hardly think it.

Was it that you thought me ignorant? I could put up with that if you mean ignorant of the art of writing, not ignorant in appreciation. I must remind you that only those who have taken part in the games presume to pass judgement on the racing chariots. Was there any casual disagreement between us, leading you to suppose that I might decry your work? Thanks be to God, my worst enemies cannot make me out a lukewarm friend. Why waste these words? you ask. [6] Well, I will now let you have the whole story of this secretiveness which so incensed me, and of the discovery which has put me in such high spirits again. I had read those works of yours which Riochatus the priest and monk, and thus twice a stranger and pilgrim in this world, was taking back for you to your Bretons; for you, who may well be called Faustus to-day, since you cannot grow old, since you will always live in the mouths of men, and after your bodily death, attain immortality by your works. The venerable man made some stay in our city, waiting till the agitated main of peoples should calm down, for at that time the vast whirlwind of wars rose dreadful against us on this side and on that. All your other good gifts he freely produced; but managed to keep back, always with the most exquisite courtesy, the chief treasure he conveyed, unwilling perhaps to let me feel the contrast between your roses and my brambles.

[7] After rather more than two months, he hurriedly left us, a rumour having got abroad that he and his company had with them mysterious things of great price, carefully wrapped up from view. I went after him with horses swift enough easily to cancel the day's start he had gained; I came up with my felon, I leapt at his throat with a kiss, laughing like a man but pouncing like a wild beast; I resembled a robbed tigress that with winged feet springs like a flash upon the neck of the Parthian hunter to dash her stolen cub from his grasp. [8] To cut the story short, I embraced the knees of my captive friend; I stopped the horses, tied the bridles, opened his baggage, discovered the volume I sought, dragged it forth in triumph, and began reading away and dismembering it by making lengthy excerpts from the important chapters. I dictated as fast as I could, and the skill of my secretaries yet further abbreviated my task, for they were able to skip letters wholesale, using a system of substituted signs. The story of our parting would be an overlong tale, and after all of no great interest; our cheeks were wet with tears; we em-

braced and embraced again, hardly able to tear ourselves away. My exultation was justified by my safe return, laden with the spoils of loving-kindness and master of great riches for the soul.

[9] And now for my opinion of this booty. I should rather like to hold it back, in order to keep you in suspense; judgement withheld were vengeance more complete. But I despair of taking down your pride; for you are conscious of so masterly an eloquence that sheer delight in what they read wrings eulogy from your readers, whether they wish to withstand the charm or not. Listen, then, to the sentence which an injured friend now passes on your book. [10] It is a work of the most fruitful labour, varied, ardent, sublime, excellent in classification, rich in apt examples, well balanced by its form as dialogue, and by the fourfold division of its subject. There is much that is inspiring, much that is grand; here I find simplicity without clumsiness, there point not too far-fetched; grave matters are handled with ripe judgement, deep matters with proper caution; on debatable ground you take firm stand; in controversy your argument is always ready. Now persuasive, now severe, always intent to edify, you write with eloquence, with force, and with exquisite discrimination.

[11] Following you over the whole wide field traversed in so many manners, I find you easily superior to all other writers alike in conception and in execution. You must appreciate my sincerity in this the more, when you remember that I pronounce my opinion under the smart of your affront. I think your work could only be improved by one thing----your presence in person to read it, when something might yet be added by the author's own voice, his gesture, his restrained art of physical expression. [12] Endowed thus with all these intellectual and literary gifts, you have united yourself with a fair woman according to the precept of Deuteronomy. You saw her among the hostile squadrons; and then and there you loved her as she stood in the forefront of the adversary's battle; through all the resistance of the foe, you bore her off in the strong arm of passion. Her name is Philosophy, she it is whom you snatched by force from among the impious arts; and having shorn the locks betokening a false faith, with the eyebrows arched with pride of earthly learning, and cut away the folds of her ancient vesture, which are the folds of sad dialectic, veiling perverse and unlawful conversation, you purified her and joined her to you in a close and mystical embrace. [13] She has been your faithful follower from your early years; she was ever at your

side, whether you practised your skill in the arena of the crowded city, or subdued the flesh in remote solitudes;

in the Athenaeum she was with you, and in the monastery; with you she abjured the wisdom of the world, with you proclaims that which is from above. Whoever provokes you as her lawful spouse shall soon perceive the noble range of your philosophy, and find himself confronted by the Platonic Academy of the Church of Christ. [14] He shall hear you first declare the ineffable omniscience of God and the eternity of the Holy Spirit. He shall not see you grow long hair or flaunt the pallium or staff as insignia of the philosophic state. He shall not see you pride yourself in nice apparel, indulging the exquisite's pretension, or making squalor your boast. He shall not see you betray your envy when in the gymnasia, or the Schools of the Areopagus; Speusippus is pictured for admiring eyes with bowed head, Aratus with open countenance; Zeno with contracted brows, Epicurus with unwrinkled skin, Diogenes with hirsute beard, Socrates with failing hair, Aristotle with arm freed from the mantle, Xenocrates with his contracted leg, Heraclitus with his eyes closed by tears, Democritus with lips parted in a laugh, Chrysippus counting with clenched fingers, Euclid measuring with open hands, Cleanthes biting his nails over problems both of space and number. [15] Far from all this, whoever challenges you shall see the Stoic, the Cynic, the Peripatetic, the Heresiarch all beaten with their own weapons and crushed by their own devices.

Their followers who dare resist Christian faith and dogma to venture a bout with you shall soon be bound hand and foot and fall headlong into the toils of their own nets. The barbed syllogisms of your logic shall hook these voluble tongues even while they seek escape; you shall noose their slippery problems in categoric coils after the fashion of the clever doctor, who, if need be, will prepare his antidote for poison from the very venom of the serpent. [16] I have said enough for the moment on your spiritual insight and on the soundness of your learning. For no one can follow in your footsteps with an equal stride, since to no other is it given to speak better than the masters who taught him, and to make his actions better than his words. Not without reason shall you be called by those qualified to judge, most blessed above all in our generation, as one who in deed and word enjoys a great and twofold glory; who after numbering years to be counted on the right hand, after being the model of this century and the desire of every other, shall die

honoured for his excellence in every field, leaving his possessions to his own folk, and himself to the nations of the world. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 9.10: TO THE LORD BISHOP APRUNCULUS

After AD 475 (?)

MY letter was delivered to you by a messenger who ought to have brought me back a reply; for our brother Celestius, on his return recently from Béziers, extracted from me a document of surrender relating to my [clerk] Injuriosus. I wrote it urged by the compelling force of your modesty rather than by any inclination of my own; the least that I could do, confronted with such an attitude was to meet you halfway upon the swift feet of my respect. [2] Regard him, then, as yours by my deliberate act, but use him with generosity; indeed, I am sure you proposed nothing but the solace of your kindness. I have no further resentment against him, and write this rather as an introduction to you than as a formal dimissal for him. But I should like it to be a condition that he is to render you obedient service and assistance, and that if he stays with you he shall be regarded as neither yours nor mine; but that if he leaves you, it shall be open to both of us to treat him as a fugitive. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 9.11

To the Lord Bishop Lupus A.D. 478 (?) [1] THAT unfortunate book which you regard as sent not so much to you as through you, has inspired a letter which I in my turn regard as written not so much to me as against me. I cannot reply to your reproaches with an eloquence equal to yours; I rely only on the justice of my cause; how indeed am I to plead 'not guilty' when you imply the opposite? At the very outset, therefore, I frankly ask your pardon for my offence, such as it is; but I confess only to an error born of diffidence and by no means of improper pride. [2] The strictness of your judgement is no less formidable to me in literary than in moral questions, but I must admit that when I opened the volume it was the thought of the friendship you profess for me which oppressed me most. And that I think is natural; for it is human nature for a friend who suspects an injury to be severer than any one else. [3] It is true enough, as you point out, that my book is a medley packed and piled with multifarious subjects, episodes and personal facts; it would have

been outrageous had I been so infatuated with my work as to imagine that no part of it would displease you.

Whatever your judgement might prove to be, it was evident that I should derogate from my loyalty, if I failed to give you at least the first sight of the volume, even though I might not formally present it. If I were lucky enough to meet with your approval, you could not accuse me of having arrogantly neglected you; if on the other hand I were less fortunate, you could not say that I had forced my work upon your notice. [4] Nor did I expect to find it very difficult to excuse the motive which saved me from possibly having to blush for myself. I imagined you to be as well aware as I myself that modesty becomes the writer of a new book better than assurance, and that timidity is far more likely to win the vote of the severe critic than a provocative spirit. On the other hand, if a man boldly announces a volume on a fresh subject, however much he may really have done to satisfy the legitimate expectation of the public, he will soon find that he will be expected to do more. Whatever strictures you may pass on the tenor of this reply, I prefer to make a clean breast of it rather than resort to disingenuous evasions. [5] Any one but myself would probably have argued somewhat after this wise: 'I never gave any one the advantage over you; no one else had received a special letter from me.

The man whom you believed to be preferred before you had to be content with one letter to his credit, and that, too, having no relation to the present matter. You on the other hand, for all your complaints at being overlooked, must have been simply exhausted by the three garrulous sheets you received; you must have been sickened by so long an immersion in empty and dull verbiage. Moreover you may not have observed that, even so, your position and your high deserts have received ample consideration; your name appears in the first superscription of the book, as befits that of the primate among our bishops. His name, on the contrary, only occurs once in a letter addressed to himself; yours is so mentioned more than once, and you are cited besides in letters addressed to other persons. [6] Remember, too, that where there is a subject likely to please you, I have encouraged you to read it, whereas the person in question can only do so by your kindness; he is probably so embarrassed by your attitude to my little gift that I should be surprised if even now he has had a real chance of perusal, while you long ago reached the stage of transcribing. I expect he will hardly regard as my holograph a copy over

which you have glanced; for to an example revised by you he can never impute either excess of barbarisms or defects in punctuation.

In fine, it might appear that all rights in the book had been handed over to you, seeing that you have the use of it while you please, and can dispose of it for so long that you may be said to keep it rather in your memory than in your bookcase.' [7] Such arguments, with more of the same kind, might readily be adduced. I, however, shall waive them all, and prefer frankly to seek your pardon instead of making excuses for a problematical offence. I make even less excuse for the carelessness of the present letter, first, because I have no longer the art of fine writing, even if I attempt it; second, because, when one has got a book off one's mind, one is longing for a holiday and cannot bring oneself to elaborate what one does not care to make public. [8] But as I rightly make a point of giving way to you in everything-----for where, indeed, is your equal to be found?----and as for ten whole lustres, as often as a comparison has been instituted, you have been preferred to all priests that have ever been, whether in our own time or before it, I would have you understand, that though your lamentations may shake the stars, though you call the glowing ashes of your fathers to witness my outrage to the laws of friendship, yet if there is to be any contest in mutual affection, my foot shall stand firm against yours, were it for no other reason than that to be beaten in anything is bad, but to be vanquished in loyalty an abomination. Whether you approve or no, I have right on my side in replying by this open declaration to reproaches, which for all their bitterness, are yet more to me than all the honeyed flatteries of others.

[9] I have given you as communicative a letter as you could desire. But all my correspondence with you is that; no letters of any writer-could be more so. For you have the gift of encouraging men to write with confidence. I say no more of myself; but there is not a literate, however retiring, whom you do not know how to draw out, just as the sun's rays by their absorbent power extract the moisture hidden in the bowels of the earth. So sharp are those rays, that they can penetrate not the fine sand or surface soil alone, but if there be a concealed spring deep under some massive mountain, there too the ardent nature of the mysterious powers of heaven reveals the secret of the liquid element. In like manner, venerated father, your lucid eloquence knows admirably how to influence and draw into the light, by its subtle address, all the studious who from love of quiet, or from modesty, lie in the obscurity of

dark corners, their fame yet unawakened. [10] Enough: I come back to the point; I have talked endlessly and at large, but since I have surrendered and confessed my fault, I entreat you to be placable and give me the benefit of your clemency and forgiveness. Such are your holy cheerfulness and love of others that you will derive a greater pleasure from this my written apology than you would from any positive act of reparation. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

LETTER 9.12

To his friend Oresius c. A. D. 484 [1] I HAVE just received your letter, which I may compare to the salt mined in the hills of Tarragona. The reader finds it sharp and lucid, yet none the less of a bland savour. The phraseology is charming, but the matter is also full of point. Taking small account of my present state of life, it asks me for a new poem, and this demand brings me no less trouble of mind than the admirable diction delight. At the very outset of my religious career, the art of versifying was the first thing that I renounced; gravity of deed was now my business, and if I occupied myself with such frivolous things as verses, I might well be accused of levity. [2] Besides, it is a matter of universal experience that a pursuit which has been intermitted for any time is only resumed with difficulty. Every one knows that both art and artist achieve their highest by constant practice; if the usual exercise be forgone, arm and intellect alike will grow inert. The later or the more seldom the bow is used, the more refractory it is under the hand; it is the same with the ox under his yoke and the horse with his bridle. Moreover, disinclination is not my only motive; it is accompanied by a certain timidity. After three whole Olympiads of silence, to begin rhyming again would be no less embarrassing than irksome. [3] But it seems almost a crime to refuse you even the most difficult things;

your warm heart is quite unused to be denied, and it would be a shame to deceive you of your confident hope. I shall therefore choose a middle path: I will compose nothing new; but if I can find any of my former letters containing poems, written before the pressure of my present duties, you shall have them. I shall merely ask you not to be unfair, and set me down as an incurable poetaster. I shall pride myself just as much on your good opinion if you deign to think of me rather as a modest than as an accomplished man. Farewell.

LETTER 9.13: TO HIS FRIEND TONANTIUS

c. AD 481

I MUST admit that your judgement on my verses has long been too flattering and appreciative: I must admit that you rank me among the elect of poets and even above many of their number. I might be inclined to listen, were not your critical acumen influenced by your friendship. Praises born of partiality, though uttered in perfect good faith, are really based on error. [2] You ask me now to send you some Asclepiads forged on the Horatian anvil, that you may keep yourself in practice by declaiming them at table. I do so, though never in my life have I been so busily engaged in writing prose. 'Long time, with hand well worn by the pen, have I written smooth hendecasyllables which you might sing more easily than choriambics, dancing on lighter foot to freer measure. But you will that our way should henceforth run by the Calabrian road, where, with reins of mighty music, Flaccus guided his lyric steeds to the melody of Pindar, while the strings were struck to the Glyconian rhythm, to the Alcaic also and the Pherecratian, the Lesbian and the anapaestic; in the freshness of his varied song he went, with words like violets of diverse hue about him. Hard was it for bards of old, hard for me to-day to see that the tongue, essaying the various music of verse, trips not by reason of too many written letters, and their male style which forbids luxuriant graces. Hardly may Leo himself attempt it, king of the Castalian choir; hardly he who most nearly follows him, Lampridius, though he professes prose and verse alike before his students of Bordeaux. Yet this it is which I must try for you: spare me, then, your jests. Suffer your poet to keep to the close his pledge of modesty; for nothing is less excellent than this, to end with laxity where the beginning was with rigour.'

[3] I should personally much prefer that when you divert yourself at the banquet you should confine yourself to pious histories; recite them often among your friends, and let an eager audience encourage their repetition. And if (for you are yet young) these salutary distractions but faintly appeal to you, then borrow from the Platonist of Madaura his formulae of festal questions; and to master them more fully, practise answering them when others propound, or yourself propound them for solution; make this your study even in leisure. [4] But as festive occasions have been mentioned, and you insist upon a poem, even one composed on another theme and for another person, I cannot hesitate to produce one longer. Take, therefore, with what

grace you may, one written in Majorian's reign, when a number of us were invited to a banquet by a common acquaintance, and I had to produce something extempore on a book by Petrus, the emperor's secretary, which was just out, the master of the feast delaying the first course awhile for the occasion. My friends Domnulus, Severianus, and Lampridius, summoned from their several homes to a single city, had also been invited, and had to write as I did. That sounds presumptuous; they wrote, of course, far better. [5] We were only granted just time for the allotting of the metres; for we had agreed, as honourable members of the poetical fraternity, that though the subject should be the same for all, the verses of each should be in a different measure, so that the unsuccessful competitors might be spared immediate mortification and subsequent jealousy of the victor. For if all is composed in the same metre, inequality of talent is much more easily detected. I recommend the enclosed to your approval, preferably at some hour of perfect relaxation. It would hardly be fair to subject it to a severe criticism when your friend was never able to give his whole mind to the composition.

Let the round table be spread with linen purer than snow, and covered with laurel, with ivy and the green growths of the vine. Pile great baskets high with cytisus and crocus, starwort and cassia, privet and marigold; let sideboard and couch be gay with garlands of sweet scent. Let some hand perfumed with balsam smooth your disordered hair; let frankincense of Araby smoke to the lofty roof. Come the dark, let many a light be hung from the glittering ceiling, high in the chamber's upper space; innocent of oil and clammy grease, let each lamp's bowl yield flame from Eastern balms alone. Let servitors bear in on laden shoulders viands fit for kings, their necks bowed under silver richly chased. In patera and bowl and cauldron let nard mingle with Falernian wine; let wreaths of roses crown tripod and cup. For we shall tread where garlands sway from many an unguent-vase; in mazy rounds our languid limbs shall know disport; by step, by garb, by voice, each shall play the quivering Maenad. From her seat between two seas let Corinth send her players of the cithara trained in the best of schools 1 to mimetic dance and song; let their tuneful lingers accompany their melodious voices, the plectrum cast aside, and deftly ply the wires that leap to life beneath their touch.

Give us, too, the bronze pipe loved of the nude Satyr; give us deep-sounding flute-players for our chorus, who from cavernous mouth and full-blown

cheek shall chant the loud wind into the tubes. Give us songs for the tragic buskin, for the comic soccus songs; give us eloquence of rhetors and melody of poets, of each in his several part, the best. Give us all these, yet Petrus shall surpass them all. In our hands is his book woven of prose and verse, faring swift over roughest paths and labyrinthine ways. In every kind he makes essay, in every kind approved; from this side and from that he bears the palm; even learned lips must celebrate his praise. Away with the well of Hippocrene, away with Aganippe's fount; avaunt! Apollo, maker of sweet song, with all thy train of Muses; avaunt! Minerva, arbitress of melody. Away with all the names of legend; one God alone has dowered him with these gifts.

When this man raised his voice, all sat dumb----emperor and senator, warrior, knight, and all the folk of Romulus. And still their acclamations roll through forum, temple, camp, and country, while Po and Liguria's loyal cities add their loud plaudits to the chorus. Like greetings echo through the towns of Rhone, even the wild Iberian shall imitate the Gaul. Nor shall the sound die in this region of earth; it shall press onward to the lands where Eurus reigns; Zephyr, Aquilo, and Auster shall bear it on their wings.' [6] Seeking a song for your lips, I have found one of my own. These trifles I drag into the light from the bottom of my desk, where for well-nigh twenty years they have lain for the rats and mice to gnaw: such verses as Ulysses might have found when he came home from Troy. I pray you give me gracious pardon for this distraction of an idle hour; it is surely neither false modesty nor impudence which begs you to bow before the force of precedent, and judge my small performance in the spirit with which I judged the whole book of my friend. Farewell.

LETTER 9.14

To his friend Burgundio (No indication of date) [1] IT doubles my own pain to learn that you too are driven to keep your bed. No fate is so hard to bear as the separation of friends through sickness, when they are quite close to each other. Unless they share one room, they cannot exchange a word of mutual comfort or offer a prayer together. Each has burden of anxiety enough on his own account, but a greater for his friend. However ill a man may be, his fears for himself vanish before the knowledge of his friend's danger. [2] But God, most affectionate son, has relieved me of my worst disquietude, since you begin to regain strength. They say you even want to get up, and what I long even more to hear, that you are strong enough to do so. I really think you

must be, or you would not have begun to ask my advice again, and set me literary problems with the ardour of one perfectly recovered. Though you are only a convalescent, you seem far more inclined for some ethical discourse of Socrates, than any physical treatise of Hippocrates. Verily you deserve, if ever man did, the encouragement of Rome's applauding hands, the thunder of the Athenaeum hailing you master, till the seats shake with the clamour through every tier. [3] And were but peace ours, and the roads free, these triumphs you would attain, given the opportunity of forming yourself in the society of our senatorial youth. Of such fame and such distinction I judge you capable from the becoming speech you recently made; you delivered extempore the matter of a written discourse, with the result that the kindly acclaimed you, the supercilious marvelled, the most accomplished had no fault to find. But I ought not to embarrass your modesty by impertinent excess of praise; my eulogies are better made to third persons than to yourself. I will proceed to the real subject of my letter.

[4] The inquiry which your messenger brings is: what do I mean by recurrent verses? you want an immediate answer, with a concrete illustration. A recurrent verse is one which reads the same backwards and forwards without changing the position of a single letter, or making any alteration in the metre. Here is the classic example: Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor. [Here is another: Sole medere pede, ede perede melos.] [5] There is another kind in which, though the metre is unchanged, only the words are read backwards, not the several letters. A distich of my own shall illustrate the point, though I am sure I have met with many others in the course of my reading. I amused myself by composing it about a brook which had been filled by sudden rain storms, crossing the highway with a noisy rush of waters, and overflowing all the tilled lands below.

[6] It was merely a passing flood, swollen with transient rains, and not sustained by any perennial flow from spring above. I happened to arrive by the road, and while I waited for the banks to reappear, for the moment giving up the ford, I amused myself by writing the following two verses, on the feet of which, if not on my own, I crossed the foaming torrent. 'Praecipiti modo quod decurrit tramite flumen, Tempore consumptum iam cito deficiet.' You see that, inverting the order, you get the following: 'Deficiet cito iam consumptum tempore flumen, Tramite decurrit quod modo praecipiti.' Of course the merit all lies in the arrangement of the words; elegance you must

not expect, for there is none. The example sufficiently explains, I think, what you wanted to know. [7] It now falls to you to oblige me in a similar way by following my lead, and sending me something which I in my turn request. An ideal chance is yours in the near future of speaking in public on the most notable of subjects, the glory of that Julius Caesar in praise of whom you have already written. The theme is so great that even the most exuberant of orators might doubt his power of rising to the occasion. Even if we leave out of the account all that the historian of Padua has written on the fame of the invincible dictator, who could hope to challenge with the living word the work of Suetonius, or Juventius Martialis, or the Ephemerides of Balbus? Be the enterprise reserved for your hand. [8] My friendly care it shall rather be to see that the benches are well filled with auditors, and to prepare men's ears for the coming bursts of applause. While you exalt the virtues of another, it shall be my part to celebrate yours. Have no fear that I shall bring an audience of ignorant or spiteful Catos, ready to cloak either defect under a pretence of critical severity. One can make allowance for honest lack of culture, but people sly enough to detect good work, and at the same time grudge it credit, are detected and discredited themselves by every man of honour.

[9] Do not, then, be apprehensive on this account; every one will lend a favouring ear and a fostering support; we shall all enjoy together the refreshing pleasure which your recitation will give us. Some will extol your fluency, more your talent, all of us your freedom from conceit. For it is laudable indeed, when a young man, I might almost say a boy, can stand forth in the open arena and be adjudged the prize on the double ground of character and talent. Farewell.

LETTER 9.15: TO HIS FRIEND GELASIUS

c. AD 481

You prove my offence against you, and I do not defend myself on the charge. In so far as no letter in this collection bears your name, I have indeed offended. But you write that you will regard the fault as venial, provided I send you something for recital at table, like the letter in prose and verse which I sent not long ago to my friend Tonantius for a similar purpose. You conclude by deploring that when I drop into poetry I never write anything but hendecasyllables, preferring that in the present case I should substitute for this trochaic facility something composed in verses of six feet. I acquiesce, only hoping that the enclosed will please you, whether you style it ode or eclogue. The

composition was hard work, for when one is out of practice in a given metre, to write in it is far from easy. 'You wish, dear friend, the fierce iambic to echo through my pages with impetuous rhythm, as hitherto the trochee; the spondee with its two slow feet and its time of four, to hold the flighty dactyl in check awhile; you wish that other swiftest of all feet to resound with these, named fitly from the Pyrrhic dance, and always to be placed at the conclusion; you wish next the anapaest to bound the beginning or the end of the verse, which only in strictness deserves its name when a third long syllable follows upon two short.

An ordinary poet----for such, you know, your Sollius is----has not the skill to manage all these measures. My note is uncertain, my wandering tongue has no art to unroll from echoing mouth the long-drawn epic. That skill is rather Leo's, or his who in Latin song follows in Leo's steps, and in the Greek stands first, who descends from the Sire of the Consentii; who with lyre and tone and measure has sung, men say, by the ford of Pegasus in every form we know, and in the Greek tongue has held the high stars by Pindar's side, and ranged victorious the twin-peaked hill, second to none among the caves of Delphi. But if either bard forsake the Doric speech, and sing to the poet's lyre a Latian strain, then, Flaccus, all too feebly shalt thou wield the plectrum of Venusia, and thou, O vanquished swan of Aufidus, shalt bow thy white and tuneful neck, moaning to hear the music of the swans of Atax.

Nor these alone are skilled, albeit than the common skilled more skilful. For the rhetor Severianus had sung with a more transcending voice, and Domnulus, the subtle bard of Africa, with more elegance, and the learned Petrus with more harmonious strength, whose love of writing letters would never have stayed him from composing marvellous verse. And ever more masterly had been the melodious music of Proculus, him of Ligurian home and race, so finishing his graceful poems as to make his country rival in men's love Mantua of the Venetian land, and himself arise the peer of Homer in his glory, or drive abreast with Maro's car. But I, whose thought and style merit contempt, how should I raise my babbling voice among these, even for your pleasure, without proof of babbling unashamed and achievement falling ever short of my ambition? Yet if even this shame suffice not to deter me, how shall I deny you? Love knows not fear: 'tis therefore I obey.'

[2] Do not, now, be critical with one who picks up a lost thread; all I ask is some indulgence for an art I rarely practise. If in future you make more such demands, you will have to smooth the path of my obedience, by giving me either a subject for my Muse, or a dance to put me in the comic vein. Farewell.

LETTER 9.16: TO HIS FRIEND FIRMINUS

c. AD 484

You may remember, honoured Son, asking me to add a ninth book, specially composed for you, to the eight already issued: those addressed to Constantius, whose great qualities are known to you, his eminent capacity, his sanity in counsel, his pre-eminent gift of eloquence, by which, in the discussion of public affairs, he eclipses all other speakers on his own or on the opposite side. Herewith I fulfil my promise with punctuality, if not strictly as proposed. [2] For on my return after my diocesan visitation, I began going through all my mouldering old papers for any chance drafts of letters that might be among them; I worked as fast and as hard as I could, and then had them out and transcribed them with all speed. I did not allow the wintry season to interfere with my resolve of fulfilling your desire, though the copyist was hindered by the cold which prevented the ink drying on the page; the drops froze harder than the pen, and as the hand pressed the point on the page, they seemed to break from it rather than to flow. I have done my best to acquit my obligation before the mild Favonian breeze brings his natal showers to fertilize our twelfth month, which you call the month of Numa. [3] I must now ask you not to require of me the two incompatible virtues of perfection and rapidity; for when a book is written, as it were, to order, the author may perhaps expect credit for punctual delivery but hardly for the quality of his work.

As you profess delight with the iambics I recently sent to our very genial friend Gelasius, you too shall have your present in the shape of these little slaves of Mytilene. * 'Now has my bark steered its bold course on the twin seas of prose and verse, nor have I feared to ply the tiller on their sundered tides. I have lowered the yards, furled the great sails, and laid down the oar; my thwarts have run alongside, I have leapt ashore to kiss the dear-loved sands. The jealous chorus of my foes makes muttering; they snarl like furious dogs; but openly they dare say nothing; they fear the public approval which is mine. Hissings of evil tongues beat upon the poop, and shake the keel, and

toss the curved sides of my boat; they fly about the mast. For I, having recked nought of the heaving storms, with the steersman's guardian art have held my prow straight and come safe to port, winner of a twofold crown. One the Roman people granted, and the purple-robed senate assigned, and with a single voice the company of the lettered, what time Nerva Trajan's forum saw arise a lasting statue to my honour, set up between the founders of the two Libraries. The other was mine wellnigh two lustres after, when I received the honour of that high office which now alone maintains the rights of people and of senate.2

Heroic verse I have written, and much have I woven in lighter vein; elegiacs in six feet I have turned with twin caesura. Now, trained to ride my course in lines of eleven syllables I have gloried in a swift way; singing many a time in Sapphic metre, rarely in the impetuous iambic. Nor can I now call to mind all that once I wrote in the ardour of past youth; would that the mass of it might be buried away and withdrawn into silence! For as we come to our last years, and the goal of old age draws nearer, the deeper grows our shame, remembering the levities of our callow youth. In the dread of that remembrance, I transferred all my care to the epistolary style, that though guilty of foolishness in song I might be innocent in deed; nor be esteemed one all dissolved in pretty phrases, filling my page with tropes and idle trappings, by which the poet's empty fame might stain the austerity of the priest.

Henceforth I plunge no more into any kind of verse; be the measure light or grave, I shall not readily be drawn to produce a song again; Unless it be to sing the trials of men persecuted for the faith, and martyrs worthy of heaven, who have bought by death the reward of eternal life. First my chant should celebrate the prelate who held the throne of Toulouse, whom they flung headlong down from the highest steps of the Capitol. Who denied Jove and Minerva, and confessed the blessing of Christ's cross, and therefore was bound by a raging mob to the wild bull's back. That when the beast was driven to full speed over the height, his rent body was flung to earth, and the rock reddened with the pulp of his reeking brain. And after Saturninus my lyre should sing all those other guardian saints who through many tribulations have proved my helpers at need.

Their several names my pious song may not rehearse; but though they sound not from the strings, they shall ever find echo in my heart.' [4] Let me at the end drop verse for prose, and so conform to the scheme originally pro-

posed for my book. If I closed an unmetrical work with rhyme, I should break the rule of Horace, and turn out as common pot what began as amphora. Farewell. * Translated into German verse by Fertig, Part iii, pp. 23-4.

PART THREE

Eugippius

The life of the holy man Severinus, who kept the Roman townspeople of the Danube together after the death of Attila.

The Life of Saint Severinus

EUGIPPIUS

c. AD 460–535

Eugippius wrote this life in AD 511 for the Roman deacon Paschasius. Severinus was a holy man who lived among the Roman townspeople of Noricum, the country along the upper Danube, after the death of Attila in AD 453. He fed the hungry, ransomed prisoners, warned kings, and kept the people together while the Roman government withdrew. The book includes the exchange of letters between Paschasius and Eugippius, and a chronological table.

LETTER OF PASCHASIUS TO EUGIPPIUS

Paschasius the deacon to the holy and ever most beloved priest Eugippius. Dearest brother in Christ, thou measurest me by the measure of thy skill, eloquence, and happy leisure, and disdainest to consider my vexatious employments and manifold imperfections. Yet through the contemplation of thy love I sustain the injury to my modesty. Thou hast sent me a memoir to which the eloquence of the trained writer can add nothing, and in a short compendium hast produced a work which the whole church can read. The life and character of Saint Severinus, who dwelt in the provinces bordering on the Pannonias, thou hast portrayed with much faithfulness; and thou hast handed down to the memory of future generations, to remain through long ages, the miracles which divine virtue hath wrought through him. The deeds of the good cannot perish with time. All persons to whom thy narrative shall bring Saint Severinus shall have him before them, and shall perceive that in a certain sense he dwells with them. And so as thou hast told very simply, and explained very clearly, these particulars which thou didst ask me to narrate, I have thought it best not to try to make any addition to thy work. Indeed, it is one thing to relate what we have been told, quite another thing, to draw from the stores of our own experience. The virtues of teachers are particularly visible in their daily life, and consequently are more easily

depicted by their pupils. By God's gift inspired, thou understandest the value of the deeds of the saints for the improvement of the minds of the good: their profitableness, the fervor they impart, their cleansing power. On this point we have the authority of the well-known words of the apostle, "being ensamples to the flock; and Saint Paul commanded Timothy, "be thou an example of the believers.

For this reason Saint Paul compiles a concise catalogue of the just, and, beginning from Abel, recounts the virtues of distinguished men. So also that most faithful Mattathias, as the days drew near that he should die a glorious death, distributed to his sons as an inheritance the examples of the saints; that fired with sacred zeal by the wonderful battles of the saints, they might hold their lives as naught in the defense of the eternal laws. Nor did the sons find the father's teaching false. For so greatly did the deeds of the elders profit them, that with most manifest faith they terrified armed princes, overcame the camps of the wicked, overthrew far and wide the worship and altars of demons, and decorated with perennial garlands they provided a civic crown for their glorious country. For this reason also I rejoice that through a brother's service something is provided for the ornaments of the bride of Christ; not that at any time, as I believe, have there been lacking illustrious examples of the elders, but because it is fitting that the palace of the Great King should have the standards of many victories. For true virtue is not obscured by the multitude of virtues, but yearns for their increase, and is enlarged thereby.

LETTER OF EUGIPPIUS TO PASCHASIUS

To the holy and venerable Deacon Paschasius, Eugippius sends his salutation in Christ. About two years ago, in the consulship of Importunus, a letter of a noble layman, directed to a priest, was offered me to read. It contained the life of Bassus a monk, who formerly dwelt in the monastery of the mountain called Titas, above Ariminum, and later died in the district of Lucania: a man very well known to me and to many others. When I learned that some were making copies of this letter, I began to reflect, and also to declare to the clergy, that the great miracles which the divine power had wrought through Saint Severinus ought not to be hidden. When the author of the letter knew of this, he eagerly requested me to send him some memoranda in regard to Saint Severinus, that he might write a short account of the saint's life for the benefit of later generations. In response to this offer, I prepared a memoir,

filled full with testimonies from the daily narrations of the elder brethren, with which I was perfectly familiar. Yet I did this with great regret; for I deemed it unreasonable, that, while thou wert alive, I should ask a layman to write a life of Severinus. It seemed rash to impose upon a lay writer the arrangement and composition of the work. Cultivated in profane literature alone, he would be likely to compose the biography in a style difficult for many to understand; so that the remarkable events, which had too long remained hidden in silence and night, might fail through the obscurity of his eloquence to shine brightly forth for us, untrained as we are in polite letters.

But I shall search no more for the feeble light of that lamp now that thy sun-like radiance is here. Only veil not the rays of thy knowledge by a cloud of excuse, accusing thine own ignorance. Lash me not, I beseech thee, with harsh terms; say not, Why expect water from the flint? Indeed I do not expect water from the flint of this world's highway, but from thee, who, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, shalt refresh us from the living rock by that honey of speech with which thou overflowest; and already from that honey thou sendest a nectar-taste of sweetest promise, while thou biddest me transmit a memoir or notes upon the life of Saint Severinus. Until these memoranda win admission to a book of thy construction, let them not offend the mind of the critic. For he who seeks an architect to build a house, carefully prepares the necessary materials; but if the architect delays, and he puts together in the likeness of walls unfashioned heaps from the rough stones, ought one to speak of his work as a building, when no master has constructed, and no proper foundation has been laid? So I, who have with difficulty prepared and most miserably put together the precious material for thy genius, ought I to be thought to have composed what I desire, when a liberal education has not fashioned the work, nor literary training lent it elevation and elegance? My work has, indeed, the sure foundation of faith alone; that foundation upon which, as thou knowest, rose the saint's admirable, resplendent virtues; and now I commit the materials to the architect, whose hands shall be thy eloquence; and when the capstone is placed upon thy work, I shall return due thanks to Christ.

I beg that thou have the goodness to mention also those miraculous cures, which, either on the journey or here, were wrought by divine virtue unto the memory of the blessed father Severinus. Since the trusty bearer, thy son Deogratias, best knows these, I have entrusted to him to communicate them to

thee by word of mouth. And I hope that I may speedily be able yet again to call him bearer on the completion of thy work; that so this most faithful servant of God, rich in such great virtues, while he is carried to the glory of the saints by his merits vouchsafed through Christ's grace may by thy pen be immortalized to human memory. It may perhaps be asked, and with justice, from what country Severinus sprang; since with this particular it is the custom to begin the story of any life. I confess I have no clear evidence. For many priests and clerics, and lords temporal and spiritual, natives of the country or drawn together to him from afar, often debated the nationality of this man of such great and resplendent virtue. And they were at a loss, but no one ventured to question him directly. There was, however, a certain Primenius, a noble priest of Italy, and a man of the highest standing, who had fled to him for refuge at the time when the patrician Orestes was unjustly slain. This man, it was said, had been like a father to Orestes, and therefore feared his murderers. He, then, having won the saint's friendship, and enjoyed it for many days, served as spokesman for the rest, and burst out with the question. "Reverend master," he said, "from what province hath the great light come, which God hath seen fit to bestow upon these lands? " The man of God first answered him with a cheerful jest, "If thou thinkest me a fugitive slave, prepare a ransom which thou canst offer for me when I am claimed. Presently he added, more seriously, "What profiteth it the servant of God to name his country or race, when by keeping them silent he can more easily avoid vainglory?

For vainglory is like the left hand, without whose knowledge he desireth through the gift of Christ to accomplish every good work; that so he may deserve to be among those on Christ's right hand, and to be enrolled as a citizen of the celestial country. And if thou knowest that I, though unworthy, truly desire that celestial country, what need that thou learn the earthly country of which thou askest? But know that the same God who called thee to the priesthood, commanded me also to minister unto these perilled folk. The answer silenced Primenius, nor did any one before or after presume to question the saint upon this matter. Yet his speech revealed a man of purest Latin stock; and it is understood that he first departed into some desert place of the East because of his fervid desire for a more perfect life, and that thence, constrained by divine revelation, he later came to the towns of Riverside Noricum, near Upper Pannonia, which were harassed by frequent

incursions of the barbarians. So he himself was wont to hint, in obscure language as if speaking of another, naming some cities of the East, and indicating that he had passed by miracle through the dangers of an immense journey. Even in the lifetime of Saint Severinus, I never heard other particulars in regard to his native place than those I have related. The testimonies concerning his marvellous life accompany this letter, arranged as a memoir, with a table of chapters prefixed. Grant my request, and let them gain greater fame through thy editorial care. It remains to ask that thou cease not to associate thy prayers with his for the pardon of my sins.

Table of Chapters

I. How in the beginning Saint Severinus won fame in the town which is called Asturis, by wholesome exhortation to good works and by most veracious prophecy. II. Of the town Comagenis, which he miraculously freed from the enemy. III. How through his prayer God came to the aid of the inhabitants of the little city Favianis, who had long suffered from famine. IV. Of the barbarian robbers, who lost their booty which they had taken without the walls of Favianis, and all their weapons too; or, Of his mode of life and surpassing humility. V. In how great reverence he was held by the king of the Rugii, Flaccitheus; or, How Flaccitheus was delivered from the ambushes of the foe by the oracle. VI. Of the Rugian widow's only son, who suffered tortures of pain for twelve years, and was healed through the prayer of the man of God.

VII. How the youth Odoacer, clad in wretched hides, was told by him of his kingship that was to come. VIII. That Feletheus, sometimes called Feva, king of the Rugii, son of Flaccitheus, mentioned above, for fear of Saint Severinus forbade his wicked wife to rebaptize Catholics; or, What danger she ran of losing her little son Fredericus one day when she had spurned the saint's intercession for certain persons. IX. Of the bearer of the remains of Saint Gervasius and Saint Protasius the martyrs, made known by the marvellous revelation of the man of God; or, With what reply he refused the honorable office of bishop when he was asked to accept it. X. Of a janitor who was one day forbidden to go out anywhere, then was taken by the barbarians, and humbly restored by them. XI. Of the miracle which was wrought in the castle of Cucullis, where the tapers were lighted by divine power, and the sacrilegious, who had at first concealed themselves, were manifested and amended.

XII. How the locusts were expelled from the territory of the castle of Cucullis, after God had been propitiated by fasting and prayer and almsgivings; while the patch of corn of a certain poor man, an unbelieving scorner, was swept bare. XIII. How the taper was lighted in the hand of the man of God as he prayed, when the fire required by custom for the evening service of praise was not found. XIV. Of the wondrous healing of the woman whose life was despaired of; who, after a terrible and long continued sickness, was so fully restored to health by the prayer of the man of God that on the third day she sturdily betook herself to labor in the fields. XV. How upon the posts sustaining the river side of the church, which the water at flood often more than covered, the servant of God, praying, cut with an axe the sign of the cross; and how thereafter the water never rose above the cross.

XVI. Of Silvinus the priest who died; and how, after they had watched through the night at his bier, the corpse, being addressed, immediately opened his eyes, and asked the servant of God, at whose voice he had come to life, that he be not further deprived of the rest which he had tasted. XVII. How he ministered unto the poor with anxious care; or, That the Norici also were wont to send tithes to him for distribution; and that when these were brought to him according to custom, he foretold that danger threatened those who had delayed to send. XVIII. How the rust, which had appeared and was about to ruin the harvests, was driven away by the man of God through fasting and prayer. XIX. That Gibuldus, king of the Alamanni, was smitten with great trembling in the presence of the servant of God, and restored a multitude of captives.

XX. How the murder of the soldiers was revealed to him, and how he sent his people, who did not know of it, to the river to bury the bodies. XXI. As the priest Paulinus, who had come to him some time before, was returning to his own country, he foretold that he was to be ordained bishop of Noricum. XXII. That when relics were being sought for a new church, he foretold of his own accord that he should bring to the church the blessing of Saint John the Baptist, and that in that town while he was away there was to be a massacre; in which massacre the gabbling priest was killed in the baptistery. XXIII. How he received the relics of Saint John the Baptist. XXIV. Of the inhabitants of another town, who scorned his prophetic commands and directly were slain by the Heruli, because though forewarned they would not leave the place.

XXV. How he sent letters to Noricum and fortified the castles with fastings and almsgivings; and how the incursion of the enemy which he foretold was not able to harm the castles. XXVI. Of the cleansed leper, who begged not to be sent back home, lest he might fall into the leprosy of sin. XXVII. Of the victory which the Romans won at Batavis over the Alamanni through the prayer of Saint Severinus; and how after the triumph those who scorned to follow his warning prophecy were slain. XXVIII. How as the servant of God was ministering unto the poor, the oil appeared to increase. XXIX. Of the men of Noricum who carried on their shoulders loads of clothing to be given to the poor; how in midwinter the bear guided them through the snows of the desert to human habitations; and how the man of God, with his wonted gift of revelation, knew what had led them.

XXX. How he divined that the foe would come the next night against the city of Lauriacum, and with difficulty persuaded the citizens, who dwelt in false security, to keep watch; and how in the morning they declared that he had done well, and thanked him, and asked pardon for their unbelief. XXXI. How he met Feva, king of the Rugii, who was coming up against Lauriacum with his army, and received the peoples in his guardian care, to conduct them to the lower towns, i. e, those nearer the Rugii. XXXII. How King Odoacer requested that he should ask him some favor, and at the word of the servant of God recalled one Ambrosius from exile; and how the servant of God foretold to the king's flatterers how many years he was to reign. XXXIII. Of the son of one of the nobles of the king of the Rugii, who in the town Comagenis was made whole by the prayer of the man of God.

XXXIV. How a leper, Tejo by name, was cleansed. XXXV. Of Bonosus the monk, who, when he complained of weak eyes, was told by the saint, "Pray rather that thou may see more with the heart": and thereupon he earned a wonderful power of endurance in prayer. XXXVI. Of the three proud monks, whom he delivered to Satan, that their spirits might be saved. As to this matter he rendered a most faithful account in its own place, quoting the examples of two of the Fathers. XXXVII. How he signified the hour of tribulation of Marcianus and Renatus, his monks, which they underwent while in another province; and enjoined prayer upon the other brothers, who were with him. XXXVIII. Of the dangers of the deadly pustule, which by revelation he foretold forty days in advance was to come to Ursus the monk, and

which he healed by prayer. XXXIX. Of the saint's habitation, his bed also and diet, a few things are briefly mentioned.

XL. How, when through the revelation of God he perceived that his departure was near, he spoke to King Feva and the wicked queen, and ceased not to forewarn his own followers of his death: foretelling that a general removal of the people was at hand, and commanding that his body should be carried away at the same time. XLI. How he expressly announced even the day of his death to Saint Lucillus the priest. XLII. How he adjured Ferderuchus, brother of King Feva; and advised his own followers. XLIII. Of his death; or, What advice he gave his followers in his long final exhortation. XLIV. What Ferderuchus wrought against the monastery after his decease; how Ferderuchus was punished; how the saint's oracle was fulfilled by the prosperous migration of the people; how his body was disinterred and removed in a wagon. XLV. Of the healing at that time of many infirm persons. A recital of individual cases is omitted; only the story of one dumb man is told, who was made whole by praying under the wagon, while the body yet remained on it.

XLVI. Of the faith of Barbaria, a lady of rank, who built a mausoleum for the body; and of the reception by the people of Naples. Although many were then healed of divers diseases, the particulars are related in three instances only. [Blank page]

CHAPTER I

At the time of the death of Attila, king of the Huns,confusion reigned in the two Pannonias and the other borderlands of the Danube. Then Severinus, most holy servant of God, came from the parts of the East to the marches of Riverside Noricum and the Pannonias, and tarried in a little town which is called Asturis. There he lived in accordance with the evangelical and apostolic doctrine, in all piety and chastity, in the confession of the Catholic faith, and fulfilled his reverend purpose by holy works. By such exercises strengthened, he innocently sought the crown of the celestial calling; and one day, as was his wont, went forth to the church. Then the priests, the clergy, and the citizens were fetched, and he began in all humility of mind to prophesy, how they ought to ward off the threatening snares of the enemy by prayers, and by fastings, and by the fruits of compassion. But their stubborn hearts, defiled by fleshly lusts, proved the oracles of the prophet by the decision of their unbelief. Yet the servant of God returned to the lodging

where the sacristan of the church had received him, and made known the day and hour of imminent destruction. "I go in haste," he said, "from a stubborn town that shall swiftly perish."

Then he went away to the next town, which is called Comagenis. This was very strictly guarded by the barbarians established within, who had entered into a league with the Romans, and it was not easy for any one to secure permission to go in or to leave. Yet, though they knew him not, they neither questioned the servant of God, nor turned him back. So anon he went into the church; and when he found all in despair of their safety, he exhorted them to be armed with fasting and prayers and almsgivings, and set forth examples of salvation from of old, in which the protection of God had freed his people in unforeseen and wondrous ways. And when they hesitated to believe one who at the very crisis of peril promised the safety of all, the old man came who at Asturis had long been the host of Severinus (how great a guest!). When the guards at the gates anxiously questioned the old man, his deportment and words revealed the destruction of his town. He added that it was destroyed on the same day that a certain man of God had foretold. When they heard this, they eagerly replied, "Thinkest thou he is the same, who in our despair promises us the assistance of God?" Then straightway the old man recognized the servant of God within the church, and cast himself at his feet, saying that through his kindness he had been spared the destruction which had overtaken his townsmen.

CHAPTER II

When they had heard these things, the inhabitants of Comagenis begged forgiveness for their unbelief, and obeyed with holy works the admonitions of the man of God. They made a fast, and assembled in the church for the space of three days, reproaching their past sins with groans and lamentations. But on the third day, during the celebration of the evening sacrifice, there was a sudden earthquake; and the barbarians who dwelt within the city were so terrorsmitten that they compelled the Romans to open the gates for them in haste. Then they rushed out tumultuously, and scattered, supposing themselves besieged and surrounded by near foes; and their terror was augmented by divine influence, so that, in the wanderings and confusion of the night, they slew one another with the sword. Thus utter destruction consumed the enemy; and the people, saved by the divine aid, learned through the saint to fight with heavenly arms.

CHAPTER III

At the same time a cruel famine had prostrated a city named Favianis, and the inhabitants believed that their only remedy would be by devout prayers to invite the man of God from the town of Comagenis. He foreknew that they would come to him, and was moved by the Lord to go with them. When he had come thither, he began to exhort the people of the city, saying, "By the fruits of repentance ye shall be able to be freed from so great a calamity of hunger." While they were profiting by such instructions, most blessed Severinus learned by divine revelation that a certain widow, Procula by name, had concealed much produce of the fields. He called her before the people, and vehemently rebuked her. "Daughter of most noble parents," he said, "why dost thou make thyself the handmaid of avarice and stand forth the slave of covetousness, which is, as the apostle teaches, idolatry? Lo, the Lord in his compassion hath regard for his servants; and thou shalt not have any use for thine ill-gotten wealth, except to cast into the stream of the Danube the corn too long withheld, and so to exhibit to fishes the humanity which thou hast denied to men! Wherefore aid thyself rather than the poor from those things which thou yet thinkest to keep, while Christ hungers." When she heard these sayings, the woman was filled with great fear and trembling; and began willingly to expend her hoards for the poor.

Not long after, there unexpectedly appeared at the bank of the Danube a vast number of boats from the Raetias, laden with great quantities of merchandise, which had been hindered for many days by the thick ice of the river Aenus. When at last God's command had loosed the ice, they brought down an abundance of food to the famine-stricken. Then all began to praise God with uninterrupted devotion, as the bestower of unhoped relief; for they had expected to perish, wasted by the long famine, and they acknowledged that manifestly the boats had come out of due season, loosed from the ice and frost by the prayers of the servant of God.

CHAPTER IV

At the same time barbarian robbers made an unexpected plundering incursion, and led away captive all the men and cattle they found without the walls. Then many of the citizens flocked weeping to the man of God, recounted to him the destructive calamity that had come upon them, and showed him evidences of the recent rapine. But he straitly questioned

Mamertinus, then a tribune, who afterwards was ordained bishop, whether he had with him any armed men with whom to institute an energetic pursuit of the robbers. Mamertinus replied, "I have soldiers, a very few. But I dare not contend with such a host of enemies. However, if thou commandest it, venerable father, though we lack the aid of weapons yet we believe that through thy prayers we shall be victorious." And the servant of God said, " Even if thy soldiers are unarmed, they shall now be armed from the enemy. For neither numbers nor fleshly courage is required, when everything proves that God is our champion. Only in the name of the Lord advance swiftly, advance confidently. For when God in his compassion goes before, the weakest shall seem the bravest. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall be silent. Then make haste; and this one thing observe above everything, to conduct unharmed into my presence those of the barbarians whom thou shalt take."

Then they went forth. At the second milestone, by a brook which is called Tiguntia, they came upon the foe. Some of the robbers escaped by hasty flight, abandoning their weapons. The soldiers bound the rest and brought them captive to the servant of God, as he had commanded. He freed them from chains, refreshed them with food and drink, and briefly addressed them. "Go," he said, "and command your confederates not to dare to approach this place again in their lust for booty. For the judgment and retribution of heaven shall straightway punish them, since God rights for his servants, whom his supernal power is wont so to protect that hostile missiles do not inflict wounds upon them, but rather furnish them with arms." Then the barbarians were sent away; and he rejoiced over the miracles of Christ, and promised that through Christ's compassion Favianis should have no further experience of hostile pillage; only let neither prosperity nor adversity withdraw the citizens from the work of God.

Then Saint Severinus withdrew into a more remote spot, which was called Ad Vineas, where a small cell contented him. But he was compelled by a divine revelation to return to Favianis; so that, though the quiet of his cell was dear to him, he yet obeyed the commands of God and built a monastery not far from the city. There he began to instruct great numbers in the sacred way of life, training the souls of his hearers rather by deeds than by words. He often withdrew, indeed, to a solitary habitation, called by the neighbors Burgum, a mile from Favianis, that he might avoid the throngs of men that kept coming to him, and cleave to God in uninterrupted prayer. But the

more he desired to inhabit solitude, the more was he warned by frequent revelations not to deny his presence to the afflicted peoples. And so day by day his merit grew, and the fame of his virtues increased, and this spread far and wide, and was extended by the marks of celestial favor conferred upon him. For good things cannot be concealed, since, according to the words of the Saviour, neither can a candle be concealed under a bushel, nor a city that is set on a hill be hid.

Among the other great gifts which the Saviour had bestowed upon him stood out the gift of abstinence. He subdued his flesh by innumerable fasts, teaching that the body, if nourished with too abundant food, will straightway bring destruction upon the soul. He wore no shoes whatever. So at midwinter, which in those regions is a time of cruel, numbing cold, he gave a remarkable proof of endurance by being always willing to walk barefoot. A well-known proof of the terrible cold is afforded by the Danube, which is often so solidly frozen by the fierce frost that it affords a secure crossing even for carts. Yet he whom the grace of God had elevated by such virtues was wont to make acknowledgment with utmost humility, and to say, "Think not that what ye see is of my merit. It is rather an example for your salvation. Let the foolhardiness of man cease. Let the pride of exaltation be restrained. That we can do anything good, we are chosen; as the apostle saith, 'He hath chosen us before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him.' Pray rather in my behalf that the gifts of the Saviour to me may serve not for greater condemnation, but for increase of justification." This and the like he was wont to declare, weeping. Thus he taught men humility by his wondrous example. Standing on the secure foundation of this virtue, he shone with so great a splendor of the divine gift that even the very enemies of the church, the heretics, honored him with most reverent courtesy.

CHAPTER V

The king of the Rugii, Flaccitheus, began to feel himself unsteady on the throne at the very commencement of his reign. The Goths in Lower Pannonia were violently hostile to him, and he was alarmed by their innumerable multitude. Therefore in his perils he asked counsel of most blessed Severinus as of a heavenly oracle. Once he came to him in exceeding confusion, and declared with tears that he had asked of the princes of the Goths a passage to Italy, and that, as they had denied this request, he did not doubt that they

would put him to death. Then Flaccitheus received this reply from the man of God: "If the one Catholic faith united us, thou oughtest rather to consult me concerning eternal life; but since thou art anxious only over present safety, which is of common concern to us both, hear my instruction. Be not troubled by the multitude of the Goths or by their enmity. They shall soon depart and leave thee secure, and thou shalt reign in the prosperity which thou hast desired. Only do not neglect the warnings of my humility. Let it not irk thee to seek peace even with the least; never lean upon thine own strength. 'Cursed be the man,' saith the Scripture, 'that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord.' Learn therefore to beware of snares, not to lay them: and thou shalt die in thy bed with a peaceful end."

As Flaccitheus, encouraged by this oracle, was joyfully departing, a message was brought to him that a band of plundering barbarians had taken captive some of the Rugii. Straightway he sent to the man of God to ask his counsel. Severinus, by revelation of the Lord, forewarned Flaccitheus with holy exhortations not to follow the robbers. "If thou follow them," he said, "thou wilt be slain. Take heed; cross not the stream; be not taken unawares and overcome by the triple ambush which has been prepared for thee! For speedily a trusty messenger will come, who shall inform thee concerning all these matters." Then two of the captives, fleeing from the camp of the enemy, related in order those things which the most blessed man had foretold by revelation of Christ. So the hostile ambush came to naught, and Flaccitheus was prospered more and more, and ended his days in peace and tranquillity.

CHAPTER VI

Now after this one of the Rugii suffered incredible pain from gout for twelve years, and lost all use of his limbs. His intolerable torments were so long continued that they became well known to the neighbors on every side. So at last, when divers remedies availed nothing, his mother, a widow, put her son in a cart, and having brought him to the saint, laid him down in his desperate sickness at the door of the monastery, and prayed with many tears that her only son might be restored to her whole. But the man of God, perceiving that great things were demanded of him, and moved by her weeping, said: "Why am I oppressed by a deceitful fancy? Why am I thought to be able to do what I cannot? I have no power to accomplish such great things. Yet I give

my judgment as one that hath obtained mercy of God." Then he charged the woman that she should bestow something upon the poor, according to her power. Without delay she quickly took off the clothing which she wore, and was hastening to divide it among the needy. When the man of God heard this, he marvelled at her ardor, and again charged her that she should clothe herself with her garments. "When thy son," he said, "has been healed by the Lord and goes with thee, then shalt thou fulfill thy vows."

So he set a fast of a few days, as was his wont, and poured forth prayers to God; and straightway healed the sick man, and sent him home whole, walking without aid. Afterwards, when the man was present at the crowded weekly market, he exhibited the miracle, and astounded all who saw him. For some said, "Look, it is he, whose whole body was dissolved in corruption"; while as others absolutely denied that it was he, a friendly contention arose. Now from that time when health was restored to the man who had been thought incurable, the whole nation of the Rugii resorted to the servant of God, and began to render grateful obedience, and to ask help for their diseases. Likewise many of other races, to which the fame of so great a miracle had come, desired to see the soldier of Christ. With the same reverence, even before this event, some barbarians, on their way to Italy, turned aside with a view to gaining his benediction.

CHAPTER VII

Among such visitants was Odoacer, later king of Italy, then a tall youth, meanly clad. While he stood, stooping that his head might not touch the roof of the lowly cell, he learned from the man of God that he was to win renown. For as the young man bade him farewell, "Go forth!" said Severinus, "Go forth to Italy! Now clad in wretched hides, thou shalt soon distribute rich gifts to many."

CHAPTER VIII

King Feletheus, sometimes called Feva, son of Flaccitheus, mentioned above, imitated his father's diligence, and before the commencement of his reign began to make frequent visits to the saint. His wife, Giso by name, a dangerous and wicked woman, always drew him back from the healing works of mercy. Among the other pollutions of her iniquity, she even attempted to rebaptize certain Catholics. But when her husband, out of his reverence for Saint Severinus, did not consent, she incontinently abandoned her sacrile-

gious purpose. Yet she oppressed the Romans with a heavy hand, and even ordered some to be removed beyond the Danube. For one day she came to a village near Favianis, and commanded that certain ones should be brought to her across the Danube to be condemned to the most degrading offices of slavery. The man of God sent to her and asked that she let them go. But she, her woman's anger kindled to a white heat, replied with a message of the greatest rudeness. "Pray for thyself," she said, "servant of God, lurking in thy cell! Leave me to issue concerning my servants such orders as I please."

When the man of God received this answer, he said, "I put my trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. She shall be compelled by necessity to do that which her perverse inclination has despised." Even so the swift stroke followed which cast down her haughty spirit. For there were certain goldsmiths, barbarians, shut up and straitly guarded that they might fashion ornaments for the king and queen. On the same day on which the queen had spurned the servant of God, the little son of King Feletheus, Fredericus by name, moved by childish curiosity, went in among them. Then the goldsmiths put a sword at the child's breast, saying that if any one should attempt to approach them without the safeguard of an oath, they would first run through the little prince, and afterwards slay themselves; since, worn out by toil and confinement, they were utterly desperate. When this came to the ears of the cruel and ungodly queen, she rent her garments for grief, and cried aloud, "O Severinus, servant of the Lord, thus are the insults I have offered avenged by thy God! With profuse prayers thou hast called down vengeance upon my scorn, that thou might be avenged in my offspring!" So, running to and fro, with manifold contrition and pitiable lamentation, she acknowledged that she was smitten by this blow in recompense for the crime of scorn which she had committed against the servant of God. And she instantly dispatched horsemen to seek his pardon; and sent back the Romans whom that very day she had removed, and interceding for whom Severinus had been visited with her scorn. The goldsmiths received the surety of an oath, released the child, and were at the same time themselves released.

When he heard these things, the most reverent servant of Christ returned unbounded thanks to the Creator: who doth sometimes postpone answering prayer, in order that with the increase of faith, hope, and love he may grant greater blessings than are asked. For the omnipotence of the Saviour brought it to pass that when the cruel woman subjected the free to slavery, she was

compelled to restore the slaves to liberty. When these wonders had been accomplished, the queen forthwith hastened with her husband to the servant of God, and showed him her son, who, she acknowledged, had been rescued by his prayers from the brink of death. And she promised that she would never again resist his commands.

CHAPTER IX

Not only was the servant of God endowed with the gift of prophecy, but also his diligence in redeeming captives was great. For he applied himself with eagerness to the task of restoring to their native liberty those oppressed by the sway of the barbarians. Meanwhile he instructed a certain man, whom with wife and children he had redeemed, to cross the Danube, and seek out an unknown man at the weekly market of the barbarians. Divine revelation had shown him the man so clearly that he told even his stature and the color of his hair, his features, and the fashion of his clothing, and showed in what part of the market the messenger was to find him. He added that whatever the person, when found, should say to the messenger, the latter, returning in all haste, should report to him. So the messenger departed, and to his astonishment found everything even as the man of God had foretold. He was amazed to find the man Severinus had described; who then questioned him, saying, "Thinkest thou that I can find someone to conduct me to the man of God, whose fame is everywhere spread abroad? I will pay what price he wishes. For long have I importuned the holy martyrs, whose relics I bear, that sometime my unworthiness may be freed from this service, which hitherto I have maintained not out of rash presumption but by pious necessity." Then the messenger of the man of God made himself known to him. Severinus received with due honor the relics of Saint Gervasius and Saint Protasius the martyrs, placed them in the church which he had built within the monastery, and committed them to the care of the priests. In that place he assembled the relics of vast numbers of martyrs; but he always acquired them on the strength of a previous revelation, for he knew that the adversary often creeps in under the guise of sanctity.

He was asked to accept the honorable office of bishop. But he closed the matter with a determined refusal. It was enough for him, he said, that, withdrawn from his beloved solitude, he had come by divine direction to that province to live among the pressing, crowding throngs. Nevertheless he wished to give a pattern to the monks, and urged them to follow earnestly in

the steps of the sainted fathers, and thence to gain instruction in holy conduct. They must strive, he admonished them, that he who hath forsaken parents and the world look not back and desire the allurements of worldly display which he had sought to escape. On this point he referred to the terrible example of Lot's wife. He admonished likewise that the incentives to lusts must be mortified in the fear of the Lord; and declared that the fires of sensual delights cannot be conquered, except through the grace of God they be quenched in the fountain of tears.

CHAPTER X

There was a janitor at the monastery church, Maurus by name, whom Saint Severinus had redeemed from the hands of the barbarians. One day the man of God warned him, saying, "Take heed to-day not to go away anywhere: otherwise thou shalt be in imminent peril." But the janitor, contrary to the warning of the great father, and persuaded by a layman, went out at midday to gather fruit at the second milestone from Favianis. Presently he and the layman were made captives by barbarians and carried across the Danube. In that hour the man of God, reading in his cell, suddenly closed the book, and said, "Seek Maurus speedily!" When the janitor was nowhere found, Severinus crossed the streams of the Danube in all haste, and hurried after the robbers, whom the people called Scamarae. Stricken with awe by his reverend presence, they humbly restored the captives whom they had taken.

CHAPTER XI

While the upper towns of Riverside Noricum yet stood, and hardly a castle escaped the attacks of the barbarians, the fame and reputation of Saint Severinus shone so brightly that the castles vied with each other in inviting his company and protection; believing that no misfortune would happen to them in his presence. This came to pass not without the aid of divine grace, that all might stand in awe of his commands, as of heavenly oracles, and be armed for good works through his example. Moreover the holy man, summoned by the prayers of the vicinage, came to a castle named Cucullis,and there a mighty miracle was wrought, which I cannot pass by in silence. We heard the amazing story from Marcianus, a citizen of the same town, later our priest. A part of the populace of Cucullis continued to practise abominable sacrifices at a certain spot. When he learned of this sacrilege, the man of God addressed the people in many discourses. He persuaded the

priests of the place to enjoin a three' days' fast; and he instructed that waxen tapers should be brought from each house, and that everyone should fasten his taper with his own hand to the wall of the church. Then, when the customary psalm-singing was completed, and the hour of the sacrifice arrived, the man of God exhorted the priests and deacons that with all alacrity of heart they should join him in prayer to their common Lord; that the Lord might show the light of his knowledge to distinguish those guilty of sacrilege. So while he was praying with them at great length, weeping much, and on his knees, the greater part of the tapers, those namely which the faithful had brought, were suddenly kindled by divine agency. The rest remained unlighled, being the tapers of those who had been polluted by the aforesaid sacrilege, but, wishing to remain hidden, had denied it. Thus those who had placed them were revealed by the divine test; and straightway they cried out, and by their behavior sufficiently betrayed the secrets of their hearts. Convicted by the witness of their tapers, and by open confession, they bore witness to their own sacrilegious acts.

O merciful power of the Creator, enkindling tapers and souls! The fire was lighted in the tapers, and shone with reflected light in the emotions! The visible light melted into flames the substance of the wax, but the invisible light dissolved the hearts of the penitents into tears! Who would believe, that afterward those whom the error of sacrilege had ensnared were more distinguished for good works than those whose tapers had been divinely lighted?

CHAPTER XII

At another time, in the territory of the same castle, swarms of locusts had settled, consuming the crops, and destroying everything with their noxious bite.Therefore, being smitten by this pest, the priests and the other inhabitants promptly betook themselves with urgent prayers to Saint Severinus, saying: "That this great and horrible plague may be removed, we ask the tried suffrage of thy prayers, which by the recent great miracle of the tapers lighted from heaven we have seen to avail much before the Lord." He answered them with great piety. "Have ye not read," he said, "what the divine authority commanded a sinful people through the prophet: 'Turn ye to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping,' and a little after, 'sanctify a fast,' he saith, 'call a solemn assembly, gather the congregation,' and the rest which follows? Therefore fulfill by meet works what ye teach,

that ye may readily escape the evil of the present time. Let no one go out to his field, as if concerned to oppose the locusts by human effort; lest the divine wrath be yet more provoked." Without delay all gathered together in the church, and each in order sang psalms as was their custom. Every age and sex, even such as could not form the words, offered prayer to God in tears, alms were continually given, whatever good works the present necessity demanded were fulfilled, as the servant of God had instructed.

While all were occupied with exertions of this sort, a certain very poor man forsook the work of God that was begun, to look after his own field of standing corn, a little plot which stood among the sowings of the others. And having gone out, and all day anxiously and diligently driven away, so far as he could, the threatening cloud of locusts, he then went to the church to partake of the holy communion. But his little patch of corn, surrounded by his neighbors' many crops, was devoured by the dense swarm of locusts. The locusts were that night by divine command removed from those territories: a proof of the great power of faithful prayer. So when at dawn the violator and scorner of the holy work again went forth anxiously to his field, he found it swept perfectly bare by the baleful work of the locusts, while all the sowings round about were untouched. Utterly amazed, he returned with doleful outcries to the castle. When he had published what had happened, all went out to see the miracle; where the ravages of the locusts had marked out as if by a ruled line the corn plot of this contumacious fellow. Then he cast himself at their feet and with lamentations begged for the pardon of his sin by the aid of their intercession. Wherefore the man of God took occasion to give a warning, and taught all that they should learn to obey the Lord omnipotent, whose commands even the locusts observe.

But the poor man, weeping, declared that, for the rest, he could obey the commands, if but a hope of wherewithal he might live had been left him. Then the man of God addressed the others. "It is just," he said, " that he who through his own punishment hath given you an example of humility and obedience should of your liberality receive sustenance for the present year." So the poor man, both rebuked and enriched by a collection from the faithful, learned what loss unbelief inflicts, and what benefit God's bounty bestows upon his worshippers.

CHAPTER XIII

Near a town called Juvao, they went into the church one summer day to celebrate the evening service, but found no fire for lighting the lamps. Unable to elicit a blaze in the usual way, by striking stones together, they were so long delayed in striking iron and stone that the time of the evening service was passing. But the man of God kneeled on the ground and prayed earnestly; and soon, in full view of three clerics who were present at the time, the taper which Saint Severinus held in his hand was lighted. By its light the sacrifice of eventide was completed in the customary manner, and they returned thanks to God in all things. Although he wished those who were present at this miracle to keep the fact secret, as in the case of many mighty works which were performed through him by God's doing, yet the splendor of so great virtue could not be hid, but surpassingly kindled others to a great faith.

CHAPTER XIV

It happened that a certain woman of Juvao was vexed by long continued sickness and lay half-dead, and the burial was already prepared. Her relatives, in mournful silence, repressed funereal lamentations at the voice of faith, and laid the sick woman's now almost lifeless body at the door of the saint's cell. When the man of God saw the entrance closed by the bed set against it, he said to them, "Why have ye done this? " They answered, "That by thy prayer the dead may be restored to life." Then he said, bursting into tears, "Why do ye demand the great from the little? I know myself utterly unworthy. O that I may deserve to find pardon for my sins! " They said, "We believe that if thou pray, she will live again." Then Saint Severinus straightway wept, and cast himself down in prayer; and when the woman forthwith arose, he addressed them: "Do not attribute to my works any of these things; for the vehemence of your faith hath merited this grace, and this cometh to pass in many places and nations, that it may be known that there is one God, who doeth wonders in heaven and on earth, calling forth the lost unto salvation, and bringing back the dead to life." The woman, her health restored, on the third day began to labor with her own hands in the fields, after the custom of the province.

CHAPTER XV

Quintanis was a municipality of Raetia Secunda,situated on the bank of the Danube. Near by on the other side ran a small river named Businca. Often

the Businca, when swollen in time of flood by the overflow of the Danube, covered some spaces of the castle, because the latter stood on the plain. Moreover the inhabitants of this place had built outside the walls a wooden church which overhung the water, and was supported by posts driven into the riverbed and by forked props. In place of a flooring it had a slippery platform of boards, which were covered by the overflowing water whenever it rose above the banks. Now through the faith of the people of Quintanis Saint Severinus had been invited thither. Coming at a time of drought, he asked why the boards were seen bare and uncovered. The neighbors answered that the frequent inundations of the river always washed away anything that was spread on the boards. But he said, "In Christ's name, let a pavement be now laid upon the boards; from henceforth ye shall see the river restrained by the command of heaven." So when the pavement was finished, he went down into a boat, took an axe, and, after offering prayer, struck the posts; and, having cut the sign of the venerable cross, said to the water of the river, "My Lord Jesus Christ doth not permit thee to overpass this sign of the cross." From that time, therefore, when the river after its wont rose mountain high in floods and encompassed the neighboring country as of yore, it was lower than the site of the church, in such wise that it never actually overpassed the sign of the holy cross which the man of God had marked.

CHAPTER XVI

Moreover it happened that there died a highly venerable priest of Quintanis, Silvinus by name. The bier was placed in the church, and, according to the custom, they passed the night watching and singing psalms. When the dawn was already breaking, the man of God asked all the weary priests and deacons to go away for a little while, that after the toil of watching they might refresh themselves somewhat by sleep. When they had gone out, the man of God asked the doorkeeper, Maternus by name, whether all had departed as he had bidden. When Maternus answered that all had gone out, "Not so," he said, "but there is a woman hiding here. Then the janitor of the church explored the walls a second time, and assured him that no one remained within them. But the soldier of Christ, the Lord revealing it to him, said, "Some one is lurking here. So the doorkeeper searched more diligently for the third time, and found that a certain consecrated virgin had concealed herself in a very obscure place. Therefore the doorkeeper reproved her: "Why didst thou think that thy presence could be hid when the servant of God was here? She

answered, "Love of piety persuaded me to do it: for when I saw all driven out, I thought within myself that the servant of Christ would invoke the divine majesty, and raise up this dead man.

Then the virgin departed, and the man of God, bowing in prayer together with a priest, a deacon, and two janitors, prayed with many tears that the supernal power might reveal a work of its wonted majesty. Then, as the priest ended the prayer, the saint thus addressed the corpse: "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, holy priest Silvinus, speak with thy brothers! But when the dead man opened his eyes, the man of God with difficulty persuaded those present to restrain their joy and keep silent. And again he speaketh unto him, "Shall we ask the Lord that he deign to grant thee still in this life to us, his servants? But he saith, "By the Lord I adjure thee, let me not be held here longer, and cheated of the everlasting rest in the possession of which I have seen myself. And immediately, when he had spoken, the dead man was at rest.

Now this event was so concealed at the earnest request of Saint Severinus, that no one knew of it until after his death. Yet I learned what I have reported from the account of Marcus the subdeacon and Maternus the janitor. For the priest and the deacon, witnesses of this great miracle, are known to have died before the saint, to whom they had sworn to reveal to no one that which they had seen.

CHAPTER XVII

Not only did the grace of Christ make Saint Severinus rich in such gifts, but also from his innate goodness he took so great care of captives and the needy that almost all the poor through all the towns and castles were fed by his activity. To these he ministered with such cheerful concern, that he believed himself to be filled or to abound in all good things only when he saw that the needy had their bodily wants supplied. Though he himself was not in the least enfeebled by repeated week-long fasts, yet he felt himself afflicted by the hunger of the unfortunate. When they saw his pious largess to the poor, great numbers, although they were straitened with hunger under the harsh sway of the barbarians, faithfully gave the poor the tithes of their crops. Though this commandment is familiar to all from the law, yet these observed it with grateful devotion, as though they were hearing it given by the lips of an angel present among them. The cold, too, was felt by the man of God only in the nakedness of the poor. Indeed, he had received from God

the special gift of remaining vigorous and active, hardened by his wonderful abstinence, in a land of bitter cold.

We spoke of tithes for the support of the poor. He was wont to send letters, urging the communities of Noricum also to give them. This became their custom, and once, when they had sent to him a quantity of clothing to be distributed, he asked the attendants whether the town of Tiburnia was sending a like contribution. They answered that men from that place also would soon arrive. But the man of God signified that they should not come, and foretold that the offering which they had delayed must be made to the barbarians. Accordingly, not long after the citizens of Tiburnia were beleaguered by the Goths, and fought them with varying fortune; and under the terms of peace, which they obtained with difficulty, they presented to the enemy, among other things, the largess, already collected, which they had delayed to send to the servant of God.

CHAPTER XVIII

Likewise the citizens of the town of Lauriacum,in spite of many warning exhortations from Saint Severinus, had delayed offering to the poor the tithes of their crops. They were pinched with hunger, and the yellow of the ripening harvest showed that relief was at hand. But when a destructive rust unexpectedly appeared, and was on the point of damaging the crops, they immediately came and cast themselves down before Saint Severinus, and acknowledged the punishment of their stubbornness. But the soldier of Christ comforted the feeble ones with spiritual words, saying, "Had ye offered tithes for the poor, not only would ye enjoy an everlasting reward, but ye would also be able to abound in present comforts. But since ye rebuke your sin by your own confession, I promise you, by the goodness of the Lord, that this mighty rust shall cause no damage whatever; only let not your faith waver any more." This promise rendered the citizens from that time on more ready to pay the tithes. Then, as was his wont, he urged that a fast be proclaimed. When this had ended, a gentle rain relieved from danger the harvest of which they had despaired.

CHAPTER XIX

Batavis is a town lying between two rivers, the Aenus and the Danube. There Saint Severinus had established after his wonted fashion a cell for a few monks, because he himself not infrequently came thither at the request of

the citizens; particularly on account of the constant incursions of the Alamanni, whose king, Gibuldus, greatly honored and loved him. Now on a certain occasion Gibuldus came eagerly to see him. That the king might not encumber Ba-tavis by his visit, the saint went out to meet him, and addressed the king with so great firmness, that Gibuldus began to tremble violently before him, and declared to his armies, as he withdrew, that never, in war or in any peril, had he been smitten with such trembling. And when he gave to the servant of God his choice, to give what command he would, the most pious teacher asked that the king should pay attention rather to his own best interests, restrain his nation from laying waste the Roman territory, and set free without ransom the captives his followers had made.

Then the king appointed that Severinus should direct some one from his own followers to bring this work more speedily to completion. Forthwith Deacon Amantius was dispatched, and followed in the king's path; but, though he watched before his gates many days, he could not secure an audience. As he was turning back, very sorrowful because his appointed task had not been accomplished, a man appeared in the form of Saint Severinus, who accosted him menacingly, and, as he stood in utter terror, bade him follow. As he followed in fear and excitement, he came to the king's door; and immediately the guide that had gone before him vanished from his wondering eyes. But the king's messenger asked the deacon whence he came and what he wished. He told his errand briefly, gave letters to the king, and received others from him, and returned home. He conveyed back about seventy captives, and moreover brought the pleasing promise of the king, that when he had diligently searched through the province, he would send back all the captives that were to be found there. Later Saint Lucillus the priest was selected to attend to this matter, and recovered from captivity a great number of unfortunates.

CHAPTER XX

So long as the Roman dominion lasted, soldiers were maintained in many towns at the public expense to guard the boundary wall. When this custom ceased, the squadrons of soldiers and the boundary wall were blotted out together. The troop at Batavis, however, held out. Some soldiers of this troop had gone to Italy to fetch the final pay to their comrades, and no one knew that the barbarians had slain them on the way. One day, as Saint Severinus was reading in his cell, he suddenly closed the book and began to sigh greatly

and to weep. He ordered the bystanders to run out with haste to the river, which he declared was in that hour besprinkled with human blood; and straightway word was brought that the bodies of the soldiers mentioned above had been brought to land by the current of the river.

CHAPTER XXI

One Paulinus, a priest, had come to Saint Severinus, whose fame was extending. He tarried some days in the company of the saint. When he wished to return home, Severinus said to him, "Hasten, venerable priest; for, beloved, the episcopal dignity shall speedily adorn thee, even if, as we believe, thou opposest the desire of the peoples." And presently, when he returned to his own country, the word of the prophet was fulfilled unto him. For the citizens of Tiburnia, which is the metropolis of Noricum, compelled him to assume the preeminence of the highest priesthood.

CHAPTER XXII

For a church beyond the walls of Batavis, in a place named Bojotro, across the Aenus, where Severinus had built a cell for a few monks, relics of martyrs were sought. When the priests were accordingly pushing themselves forward that they might be sent to fetch relics, Saint Severinus uttered this warning: "Though all wrought by mortals' toil passeth away, yet most swiftly must these buildings above others be abandoned." And he said that they ought to make no effort for relics of the saints, because the blessing of Saint John would be brought to them without their asking. Meantime the citizens of Batavis approached the saint, and besought him to go to Feba, prince of the Rugii, to ask permission for them to trade. He said to them, "The time of this town is at hand, that it remain deserted like the rest of the upper castles and uninhabited. Why, then, is it necessary to provide merchandise for places where in future no merchant can appear? They replied that he ought not to mock them, but to aid them with his wonted direction. A certain priest, filled with the spirit of Satan, added, "Go, saint, I beg, go quickly, that for a little space thy departure may give us rest from fastings and vigils. At this saying the man of God was oppressed with great weeping, because a priest, in public, had burst forth in ridiculous gabbling. For open scurrility is a witness of hidden sins. When the saint was asked by the brethren why he was weeping thus, "I see," he said, "a heavy blow that in my absence shall straightway befall this place; and, with groaning I must say it, the shrine of

Christ shall so overflow with human blood, that even this place must be desecrated. For he was speaking in the baptistery. Therefore he went down the Danube by ship a hundred miles and more to his old monastery, larger than the others, near the walls of Favianis.

As he was going down the river, Hunimund, accompanied by a few barbarians, attacked the town of Batavis, as the saint had foretold, and, while almost all the inhabitants were occupied in the harvest, put to death forty men of the town who had remained for a guard. The priest who had spoken sacrilegious words in the baptistery against the servant of Christ fled for refuge to the same place, and was slain by the pursuing barbarians. For in vain did the offender against God and enemy of truth seek protection in the place where he had so impudently transgressed.

CHAPTER XXIII

Once while Saint Severinus was reading the Gospel in the monastery at Favianis, after offering prayer he arose, ordered a skiff to be instantly prepared for him, and said to the astonished bystanders, "Blessed be the name of the Lord; we must go to meet the relics of the sainted martyrs." They crossed the Danube without delay, and found a man sitting on the farther bank of the river, who besought them with many prayers to conduct him to the servant of God, whose fame was widespread, and to whom he had long wished to come. The servant of Christ was pointed out to him; and immediately and as a suppliant he offered him the relics of Saint John the Baptist, which he had kept by him for a long time. The servant of God received the relics with the veneration they deserved; and so the blessing of Saint John was bestowed unasked upon the church, as he had foretold, and Severinus consecrated the relics by the hands of the priests.

CHAPTER XXIV

There was a town called Joviaco, twenty miles and more distant from Batavis. Thither the man of God, impressed as usual by a revelation, sent a singer of the church, Moderatus by name; admonishing that all the inhabitants should quit that place without delay. For imminent destruction threatened them if they despised his commands. Some were in doubt over so great a presage, while others did not believe it at all. Therefore yet again he sent one unto them, a certain man of Quintanis, to whom he said, weeping, "Make haste! Declare unto them that if they stay there this night, they shall without

delay be made captives!" He bade that Saint Maximianus too, a priest of spiritual life, should be urgently warned; that he at least, leaving the scorners behind, through the compassion of heaven might escape. The servant of God said that he was in great sorrow over him, lest haply he might postpone obedience to the saving command, and so be exposed to the threatening destruction. Accordingly the messenger of the man of God went and fulfilled his orders; and when the others in their unbelief hesitated, he did not tarry a moment, though the priest strove to keep him and wished to extend to him the courtesy of his hospitality. That night the Heruli made a sudden, unexpected onslaught, sacked the town, and led most of the people into captivity. They hanged the priest Maximianus on a cross. When the news came, the servant of God grieved sorely that his warnings had been disregarded.

CHAPTER XXV

Later a man from Noricum, Maximus by name, came to visit the servant of God, as was his frequent custom. Pursuant to their established friendship, he tarried some days in the monastery of the saint. Then Severinus informed him by his oracles that his country was about to experience a sudden and heavy disaster. Maximus took a letter addressed to Saint Paulinus the bishop, and in all haste returned home. Accordingly Paulinus, prepared by the contents of the letter, wrote to all the castles of his diocese, and strongly admonished them to meet the coming mischief and disaster by a three days' fast, as the letter of the man of God had indicated. They obeyed these commands, and the fast was ended, when lo, a vast multitude of the Alamanni, minions of Death, laid everything waste. But the castles felt no danger. The trusty cuirass of fasting, and praiseworthy humility of heart, with the aid of the prophet, had armed them boldly against the fierceness of the enemy.

CHAPTER XXVI

Later, a leper from the territory of Milan came to Saint Severinus, attracted by his fame. When he prayed and begged to be made whole, Severinus decreed a fast, and commended the leper to his monks; and through the work of God's grace he was forthwith cleansed. When he had been made whole and was advised to return to his country, he threw himself at the feet of the saint, imploring that he be not compelled to go home again; desiring that he might escape from the leprosy of sin as he had from that of the flesh, and might close his life in the same place with a praiseworthy end. The man of

God greatly admired his pious purpose, and with fatherly command instructed a few monks to practise frequent fasts with him and to continue in uninterrupted prayer, in order that the Lord might grant to him those things which were meet. Fortified by so great remedies, within the space of two months the man was freed from the fetters of mortal life.

CHAPTER XXVII

At the same time the inhabitants of the town of Quintanis, exhausted by the incessant incursions of the Alamanni, left their own abodes and removed to the town of Batavis. But their place of refuge did not remain hidden from the Alamanni: wherefore the barbarians were the more inflamed, believing that they might pillage the peoples of two towns in one attack. But Saint Severinus applied himself vigorously to prayer, and encouraged the Romans in manifold ways by examples of salvation. He foretold that the present foes should indeed by God's aid be overcome; but that after the victory those who despised his admonitions should perish. Therefore the Romans in a body, strengthened by the prediction of the saint, and in the hope of the promised victory, drew up against the Alamanni in order of battle, fortified less with material arms than by the prayers of the saint. The Alamanni were overthrown in the conflict and fled. The man of God addressed the victors as follows. "Children, do not attribute the glory of the present conflict to your own strength. Know that ye are now set free through the protection of God to the end that ye may depart hence within a little space of time, granted you as a kind of armistice. So gather together and go down with me to the town of Lauriacum." The man of God impressed these things upon them from the fullness of his piety. But when the people of Batavis hesitated to leave their native soil, he added, "Although that town also, whither we go, must be abandoned as speedily as possible before the inrushing barbarism, yet let us now in like manner depart from this place."

As he impressed such things upon their minds, most of the people followed him. A few indeed proved stubborn, nor did the scorners escape the hostile sword. For that same week the Thuringi stormed the town; and of those who notwithstanding the prohibition of the man of God remained there, a part were butchered, the rest led off into captivity and made to pay the penalty for their scorn.

CHAPTER XXVIII

After the destruction of the towns on the upper course of the Danube, all the people who had obeyed the warnings of Saint Severinus removed into the town of Lauriacum. He warned them with incessant exhortations not to put trust in their own strength, but to apply themselves to prayers and fastings and almsgivings, and to be defended rather by the weapons of the spirit. Moreover one day the man of God appointed that all the poor be gathered together in one church, that he might, as custom demanded, dispense oil to them: a commodity which in those places was brought to market only after a most difficult transport by traders. Accordingly a great throng of the needy assembled, as if for the sake of receiving the benediction. No doubt the presence of this fluid, a costly food, swelled the throng and the number of applicants. When the saint had finished the prayer, and made the sign of the cross, he uttered as usual, while all listened, the word of Holy Writ, "Blessed be the name of the Lord. Then he began with his own hand to fill the measures of oil for the attendants who conveyed it, copying as a faithful servant his Lord, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And, following in the way of the Saviour, he rejoiced that the substance was increased, which he poured out with his right hand, his left hand knowing not. When the oil-vessels of the poor were filled, the oil in the hands of the attendants was not diminished. Now while the bystanders silently wondered at so great a blessing of God, one of them, whose name was Pientissimus, in amazement and great fear cried out, "My Lord! This pot of oil increases, and overflows like a fountain! So, its miraculous powers having been betrayed, the welcome fluid was withdrawn.

Straightway the servant of Christ cried out and said, "Brother, what hast thou done? Thou hast hindered the advantage of many: may the Lord Jesus Christ pardon thee! So once the widow woman burdened with debts was bidden by Elisha the prophet from the small quantity of oil which she had to fill vessels not a few. After she had done this, and asked for yet more vessels from her sons, when she heard that there was not a vessel more, straightway the oil stayed.

CHAPTER XXIX

At the same time Maximus of Noricum, of whom we have made mention above, kindled by the warmth of his faith, at midwinter, when the roads of

that region are closed by the numbing cold, hastened to come to Saint Severinus. It was an enterprise of rash temerity, or rather, as was afterwards manifest, of fearless devotion. He had hired many companions, to carry on their backs, for the benefit of the captives and the poor, a collection of clothing which the people of Noricum had piously given. So they set out, and attained the highest peaks of the Alps, where all night long the snow fell so thickly that it shut them in beneath the protecting shelter of a great tree, as a huge pit would inclose those who had fallen into it. And when they despaired utterly of their lives, since no aid (as they thought) was at hand, the leader of the companions saw in his sleep a vision of the man of God standing and saying unto him, "Fear not; complete your journey. They were instantly heartened by this revelation, and resumed their course, trusting in God rather than in the strength of their limbs; when suddenly by divine command a bear of monstrous size appeared at their side to show the way: though in the winter time he usually hid in caves. He immediately disclosed the desired road, and for about two hundred miles, turning aside neither to the left nor to the right, showed a passable way.

For he went just far enough ahead of them so that his fresh track broke out a path. So, leading through the desert wilderness, the beast did not forsake the men who were bringing relief to the needy, but with the utmost possible friendliness conducted them as far as human habitations. Then, having fulfilled his duty, he turned aside and departed: showing by the great service of his guidance what men ought to do for men, and how much love they ought to display, since here a savage beast showed the road to the despairing. When the arrivals were announced to the servant of God, he said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord! Let them enter, to whom a bear hath opened a way for their coming." When they heard this they marvelled with exceeding great amazement that the man of God should tell that which had happened in his absence.

CHAPTER XXX

The citizens of the town of Lauriacum and the fugitives from the upper castles appointed scouts to explore the suspected places, and guarded against the enemy, so far as by human care they could. The servant of God, instructed by divine inspiration, arranged beforehand with prophetic mind that they should bring inside the city wall all their meagre property, in order that the foemen in their deadly foray, meeting with no human life, might be

promptly forced by hunger to abandon their frightful and cruel designs. This he earnestly entreated for four days. When the fourth day already verged toward evening, he sent a monk, Valens by name, to Saint Constantius, bishop of the town, and said to the others who remained, "Set the customary guards at the walls tonight, and keep a stricter watch; and beware of a sudden and treacherous assault by the foe." They declared to him that the scouts saw absolutely nothing of the enemy. But the servant of Christ did not cease to forewarn the hesitant, and cried out with a loud voice, affirming that they would be taken captive that same night unless they faithfully obeyed his commands. He often repeated the words, "If I shall be proved a liar, stone me." So at last they were compelled to guard the walls.

At the beginning of the night they sang psalms, as they were wont, and afterwards the men gathered in great numbers and commenced their watch. Then a nearby haystack, accidentally fired by a porter's torch, illuminated, but did not burn the city. When this happened, every one howled and shouted, and the enemy concealed in the woods and forests were terrified by the sudden brightness and the shouting, and, thinking themselves detected, remained quiet. Next morning they surrounded the city, and ran to and fro everywhere; but when they found no food, they seized the herd of cattle of a certain man who in the face of the prophecies of the servant of God had stubbornly scorned to secure his possessions, and withdrew. Now when they were gone the citizens sallied forth from the gates, and found ladders lying not far from the walls. These the barbarians had made ready for the destruction of the city, and had thrown away when they were disturbed in the night by the shouting. Therefore the citizens of Lauriacum humbly besought pardon from the servant of Christ, confessing that their hearts were harder than stones. They recognized from these events that the loveliness of prophecy bloomed in the saint. Assuredly the disobedient populace would all have gone into captivity, had not the accustomed prayer of the man of God kept them free; for as James the apostle bears witness, "The continual prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

CHAPTER XXXI

Feletheus, sometimes called Feva, king of the Rugii, hearing that from all the towns by the advice of the servant of God the remnants that had escaped the barbarian sword had gathered at Lauriacum, took an army and came, purposing to bring them quickly into his own power and to lead them away

and settle them in the towns, of which Favianis was one, that were tributary to him and near him, and were separated from the Rugii only by the Danube. Wherefore all were deeply disturbed, and with prayers went to Saint Severinus, that he might go forth to meet the king and moderate his purpose. All night Severinus hastened, and in the morning met him at the twentieth milestone from the city. The king, much alarmed by his arrival, averred that he was vastly distressed by the saint's fatiguing journey, and inquired the causes of his sudden visit. To whom thus answered the servant of God: "Peace be unto thee, most excellent king. I come to thee as ambassador of Christ, to beg compassion for the conquered. Reflect upon the grace, recall to mind the divine favors, of whose repeated aid thy father was sensible. Throughout the whole time of his reign he never ventured to take any step without my advice. He did not withstand my salutary admonitions; and from frequent successes he learned to recognize the great value of an obedient mind, and how greatly it profiteth victors not to be puffed up by their triumphs.

And the king saith, "I will not suffer this people, for whom thou comest as a friendly intercessor, to be ruined by the cruel plundering of the Alamanni and Thuringi, or slaughtered by the sword, or reduced to slavery, when I have neighboring and tributary towns in which they ought to be established. The servant of Christ firmly answered him as follows: "Was it thy bow or sword that delivered these men from the continual ravages of robbers? Were they not rather reserved by the favor of God, that they might be able for a short while to obey thee? Therefore, most excellent king, do not now reject my counsel. Commit these subjects to my guardian care, lest by the constraint of so great an army they be ruined rather than removed. For I trust in my Lord, that he, who hath made me a witness of their calamities, shall make me a suitable leader to conduct them to safety."

The king was appeased by these moderate representations, and forthwith went back with his army. Therefore the Romans whom Saint Severinus had received in his guardian care left Lauriacum, were amicably established in the towns, and lived in friendly alliance with the Rugii. But Severinus dwelt at Favianis in his old monastery, and ceased not to admonish the peoples and to foretell the future, declaring that all were to remove into a Roman province without any loss of liberty.

CHAPTER XXXII

At about the same time King Odoacer addressed a friendly letter to Saint Severinus, and, mindful of that prophecy, by which of yore he had foretold that he should become king, entreated him to choose whatsoever gift he might desire. In response to this august invitation, the saint asked that one Ambrose, who was living in exile, be pardoned. Odoacer joyfully obeyed his command. Also, once when in the saint's presence many nobles were praising Odoacer with the adulation usual among men, Severinus asked on what king they were conferring such great commendations. They replied, "Odoacer." "Odoacer," he said, "safe between thirteen and fourteen"; meaning of course the years of his unchallenged sovereignty: and he added that they should live to see the speedy fulfillment of his prophecy.

CHAPTER XXXIII

At the entreaty of the townspeople, among whom he had first won fame, Saint Severinus came to Comagenis. One of the nobles of King Feletheus had a son, a youth, who was wasted away by inveterate sickness and for whose burial preparations were already in progress. When the nobleman learned that Severinus was at Comagenis, he crossed the Danube and cast himself at his feet. Weeping, he said, "I believe, man of God, that thy entreaty can procure from heaven a swift recovery for my son." Then Severinus offered prayer. The boy, who had been brought to him half-dead, straightway arose whole, to the amazement of his father, and forthwith returned home in perfect health.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Likewise a certain leper, Tejo by name, attracted by the virtues of Saint Severinus, came from a far country, asking to be cleansed through his prayer. So he was given the customary command, and bidden ceaselessly and with tears to implore God, the giver of all grace. Why say more? Through the prayers of the saint the leper was cleansed by the divine aid; as he altered his character for the better, he gained a change of color also; and he, and many others who knew of him, proclaimed far and wide the mighty works of the Eternal King.

CHAPTER XXXV

Bonosus, by birth a barbarian, was a monk of Saint Severinus, and hung upon his words. He was much afflicted by weakness of the eyes, and desired

that cure be afforded him through the prayers of the saint. He bore it ill that strangers and foreigners experienced the aid of healing grace, while no cure or help was tendered to him. The servant of God said unto him, "Son, it is not expedient for thee to have clear sight in the bodily eyes, and to prefer distinct vision by the eye of the flesh. Pray rather that thy inner sight may be quickened." Bonosus was instructed by these admonitions, and was eager to see with the heart rather than with the flesh. He gained a wonderful power of unwavering continuance in prayer. After he had remained steadfastly for about forty years in the service of the monastery, he passed away in the same ardent faith in which he was converted.

CHAPTER XXXVI

In Bojotro, a place mentioned above, the humble teacher perceived that three monks of his monastery were stained with horrid pride. When he had ascertained that each of them upon being visited with reproach was hardened in his sin, he prayed that the Lord should receive them into the adoption of sons, and deign to reprove them with the paternal lash. Before he had ended his tearful prayer, the three monks were in one and the same instant seized violently by the devil and tormented, and with cries confessed the stubbornness of their hearts. Let it not seem to any one cruel or wrong, that men of this sort are delivered "unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh," as the blessed apostle teacheth, "that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." For Saint Ambrose, bishop of Milan, said that the slave of Stilicho, who was found to be the author of forged letters, ought to be delivered unto Satan, that he might not dare to commit such crimes in the future; and at the same moment, while the word was yet in the bishop's mouth, the unclean spirit seized the slave and began to rend him. Sulpicius Severus, too, relates, on the authority of Postumianus, that a certain man, admirable for his great virtues and miracles, aiming to drive out from his heart the vanity of ostentation into which he had fallen, procured by entreaty "that power over him might be given the devil for five months, and he be made like those whom he himself had healed." And Sulpicius says, a little further on, that accordingly "he was seized by the devil, held in chains, and endured everything which those possessed by devils are wont to suffer; until, finally, in the fifth month he was cured, not merely from the devil, but (what he needed and desired more) from the fault."

So the man of God turned over the three monks to the brethren, and subjected them for forty days to the bitter remedy of fasting. When the days were fulfilled, he spake a prayer over them, and plucked them forth from the power of the devil, and bestowed upon them soundness not only of body but of mind. As a result of this event, the saint was held in enhanced awe and terror, and a greater fear of discipline possessed the rest.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Marcianus the monk, who was afterward priest, and who preceded me in the headship of the monastery, was sent by Severinus to Noricum in company with Brother Renatus. As the third day was passing, the saint said to the brethren, "Pray, dearly beloved, for at this hour grievous tribulation is upon Marcianus and Renatus, from which nevertheless they shall be freed by Christ's aid." Then the monks straightway wrote down what he had said; and when many months later Marcianus and Renatus returned, and made known the day and hour of their peril, at which they had escaped the barbarians, these were found to be just as had been written down.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Also most blessed Severinus suddenly commanded one of the brethren, by name Ursus, to meet in advance a coming calamity by a strict fast of forty days, with abstinence from food, and lamentations, saying, "A bodily peril threatens thee, which through God's protection thou shalt avert by the remedy of a scanty diet of bread and water." So on the fortieth day a deadly pustule appeared on the arm of the fasting man, which he immediately showed to Severinus, approaching him as a suppliant. The holy servant of God said unto him, "Do not fear the crisis which was foretold thee forty days ago"; and straightway with his own hand made the sign of the cross over it; whereupon the fatal pustule vanished, to the amazement of the bystanders. Let it suffice to have told of this one of his cures in his own household, that Ï may avoid the tediousness of a lengthy task. For often through the revelation of Christ he foretold the illnesses of his monks, and healed them through the same gifts by which he foresaw them.

CHAPTER XXXIX

The spiritual teacher, continuing instant in prayer and fasting, dwelt not far from the cell of his disciples. With them he regularly completed the morning prayers, and the proper psalm-singing in the evening. The remaining

times of prayer he fulfilled in the little oratory in which he lived. In his seasons of prayer he was often strengthened by celestial oracles, and through the grace of God foretold many things that were to come. He knew the secrets of many things, and, when there was need, made them known, and provided remedies for each patient, according as the kind of sickness demanded. His bed was a single mohair rug on the floor of the oratory. Always, even while he slept, he wore the same garment. He never broke his fast before sunset except on an appointed festival. In Lent he was satisfied with one meal a week, yet his countenance shone with the same cheerfulness. He wept over the sins of others as if they were his own, and helped to overcome them by such aid as he could give.

CHAPTER XL

At last, after many struggles and long contests, Saint Severinus, through the revelation of God, perceived that he was about to pass from this world. He bade Feva, king of the Rugii, mentioned above, to come to him with his cruel wife Giso. He exhorted Feva, with salutary words, that in dealing with his subjects he should constantly bear in mind that he must render account to the Lord for the condition of his kingdom; and fearlessly added other admonitions. Then he stretched forth his hand, pointing to the king's breast, and reproachfully asked the queen, "Giso, which lovest thou the more, this soul, or gold and silver?" And when she answered that she prized her husband above all riches, the man of God in his wisdom continued, "Therefore cease to oppress the innocent, lest their affliction result in the destruction of your power. For thou often bringest to naught the clemency of the king." But she answered, "Why dost thou receive us so, servant of God?" He replied, "I adjure you, I the lowly, who shall shortly stand in the presence of God, that ye restrain yourselves from unjust deeds, and apply yourselves to works of piety. Hitherto by God's help your kingdom hath been prospered. Henceforth look to it." The king and queen, much instructed by these admonitions, bade him farewell, and went away.

Then the saint ceased not to address his people in the sweetness of love concerning the nearness of his departure. Indeed, he had done so ceaselessly before. "Know ye, brethren," he said, "that as the children of Israel were delivered out of the land of Egypt, so all the peoples of this land are destined to be freed from the unrighteous sway of the barbarians. For all shall depart from these towns with their possessions, and shall reach the Roman province

without any loss by capture. But remember the command of the holy patriarch Joseph, in the words of whose testimony I, though unworthy and most lowly, make my request to you: 'God will surely visit you; and ye shall carry up my bones from hence.' This shall profit, not me, but you. For these places, now thronged with inhabitants, shall be rendered a solitude so utterly waste that the enemy, thinking to find gold, shall dig up even the graves of the dead." The present issue in fact has proved the truth of his prophecy. But the most holy father, with pious forethought, ordered his body to be removed as a token; in order that when the general transmigration of the people should take place, the company of brethren which he had gathered might depart undivided, and, held together by the common bond of his memory, might endure as one holy society.

CHAPTER XLI

Moreover most blessed Severinus revealed two years or more in advance the day on which he was to pass from the body. This he did in the following manner. On the day of Epiphany, when Saint Lucillus the priest had announced in agitation that on the morrow he was to perform the annual rites of commemoration for the burial day of his abbot, Saint Valentine,formerly bishop of the Raetias, the servant of God replied, "If Saint Valentine hath committed these rites to thee to be performed, I too, being about to depart from the body, bequeath to thee the care of my funeral festival, which shall be observed upon the same day." Lucillus, an old and broken man, was greatly shaken at this saying, and rather commended himself earnestly to the protection of Severinus, on the ground that he was likely to pass away first. But Severinus answered, "Holy priest, this thing which thou hast heard shall come to pass, nor shall the Lord's ordinance be brought to naught by the will of man."

CHAPTER XLII

Feva, king of the Rugii, had given Favianis, one of the few towns which remained on the bank of the Danube, to his brother Ferderuchus. Near this town, as I have related, Saint Severinus dwelt. When Ferderuchus came, as was his wont, to pay his respects to Severinus, the soldier of Christ began to tell him eagerly of his approaching journey, and adjured him, saying: "Know that I am to depart quickly to the Lord. Therefore be warned, and beware of attempting, when I am gone, to lay hands on any of these things which have

been committed to me. Seize not the substance of the poor and the captives. If thou art guilty of such foolhardiness, which may Heaven forfend, thou shalt feel the wrath of God! "Ferderuchus, perturbed by the unexpected admonition, said, "Why dost thou adjure me and confound me? I do not wish to be deprived of thy mighty protection. Indeed, it is seemly that I should add something to thy sacred bounty, which all men know, not take away from it; that I may deserve to be protected by thy wonted prayer, as was our father Flaccitheus. He learned by experience that he was ever aided by the merits of thy holiness." And Severinus said, "On the very first opportunity thou wilt wish to violate my cell. Then straightway thou shalt learn the truth of my words, and be punished in a manner which I do not desire." Then Ferderuchus promised that he would observe the admonitions of the servant of Christ, and returned to his home.

But the kindly teacher did not cease to speak continually to his disciples, saying, "I trust in the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ that if ye persevere in his work, and in memory of me remain united in friendly association, he will give you the riches of eternal life, nor in this world will he deny you his consolation."

CHAPTER XLIII

On the fifth of January he began to be slightly disquieted by a pain in the side. When this persisted for three days, at midnight he commanded the brethren to be with him. He gave them instructions as to the disposal of his body, strengthened them with fatherly counsel, and bestowed upon them the following earnest and admirable discourse. "Most beloved sons in Christ," he said, "ye know that blessed Jacob, when he was about to leave the world, and the time drew nigh that he must die, called unto his sons, and said, 'Gather yourselves together'; that he might tell them that which should befall them in the last days, and bless them every one according to his blessing. But I am lowly and of lukewarm faith. I am inferior to such piety. I dare not assume the burden of this privilege. Yet there is one thing which is accordant with my humility, and which I will say. I will refer you to the examples of the elders, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation. For Abraham, when called of the Lord, obeyed in faith. He went forth into a place which he was to receive into his possession; and he went forth not knowing whither he was to go. Therefore imitate the faith of this blessed patriarch, copy after his holiness, despise the things of earth, seek

ever the heavenly home. Moreover I trust in the Lord, that eternal gain shall come to me from you. For I perceive that ye have enlarged my joy by the fervor of your spirit, that ye love justice, that ye cherish the bonds of brotherly love, that ye neglect not chastity, that ye guard the rule of humility. These things, so far as the eye of man hath power to see, I confidently praise and approve.

But pray that those things which to human view are worthy, may be confirmed by the test of the eternal judgment; for God seeth not as man seeth. Indeed, as the divine word declareth, he searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. Therefore constantly hope and pray for this, that God may enlighten the eyes of your understanding, and open them, as blessed Elisha prayed, that ye may see what hosts of saints surround and support you, what mighty aids are prepared for the faithful. For our God draws nigh to them that are without guile. Let the soldiers of God fail not to pray without ceasing. Let him not be reluctant to repent, who was not ashamed to sin. Sinners, hesitate not to lament, if but by the overflowing of your tears the wrath of God may be appeased; for he hath seen fit to call a contrite spirit his sacrifice.Therefore let us be humble in heart, tranquil in mind; guarding against all sins and ever mindful of the divine commands; knowing that meanness of garb, the name monk, the word religion, the outward form of piety, profiteth us not, if touching the observance of God's commands we be found degenerate and false. Therefore let your characters, my most beloved sons, accord with the vow which ye have assumed.

It is a great crime to lead a sinful life, even for a man of this world;how much more then for monks, who have fled from the enticements of the world as from a hideous wild beast, and have preferred Christ to all desires; whose gait and garb are held to be evidence of virtue? But why, dearest sons, delay you further with a long address? It remains to bestow upon you the last prayer of the blessed apostle, who saith, 'And now I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, who is able to preserve you, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.' To him be the glory for ever and ever." After this edifying address, he bade all in succession approach for his kiss. He received the sacrament of the communion; and altogether forbade that they should weep for him. Having stretched out his hand, and made the sign of the cross over his whole body, he commanded that they should sing a psalm. When the grief that overspread them kept them silent,

he himself started the psalm, "Praise ye the Lord in his sanctuary; let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." And so, on the eighth of January, repeating this verse, while we could hardly make the responses, he fell asleep in the Lord. When he was buried, our elders, implicitly believing that, like his many other prophecies, what he had foretold in regard to our removal could not fail to come to pass, prepared a wooden casket; that when the predicted migration of the people should take place, the commands of the prophet might be fulfilled.

CHAPTER XLIV

Ferderuchus was poor and ungodly, a greedy barbarian, and more greedy than the barbarians. When he learned of the death of Saint Severinus, he determined to carry off the clothing allotted to the poor, and some other things. Joining sacrilege to this crime, he ordered that the silver goblet and the rest of the altar service be carried off. Since the service was on the holy altars, the bailiff who was sent dared not stretch out his hands to such a villainy, but compelled a certain soldier, Avitianus by name, to commit the robbery. Although Avitianus executed the order unwillingly, he was from that moment plagued by an incessant trembling in all his limbs, and furthermore was possessed by a devil. Therefore he quickly set right his sins by adopting a better purpose. For he assumed the vow of the sacred profession, exchanged the weapons of earth for those of heaven, and withdrew to a lonely isle.

Ferderuchus, unmindful of the adjuration and prophecy of the holy man, seized all the possessions of the monastery, and left only the walls, which he could not carry across the Danube. But presently the threatened vengeance came upon him. For within the space of a month he was slain by Fredericus, his brother's son, and lost booty and life together. Therefore King Odoacer waged war upon the Rugii. They were defeated, Fredericus was compelled to flee. His father Feva was taken prisoner, and removed to Italy with his wicked wife. Later, Odoacer heard that Fredericus had returned to his home. At once he dispatched a great army, under his brother Onoulfus; before whom Fredericus fled again, and went to King Theodoric, who was then at Novae, a city of the province of Moesia. Onoulfus, however, at his brother's command ordered all the Romans to migrate to Italy. Then all the inhabitants, led forth from the daily depredations of the barbarians as from the house of Egyptian bondage, recognized the oracles of Saint Severinus.

When Count Pierius compelled all to depart, the venerable Lucillus, then our priest, was not unmindful of the command of Severinus. After he had ended singing with the monks the vesper psalms, he bade the place of burial to be opened. When it was uncovered, a fragrance of such sweetness surrounded us who stood by, that we fell on the earth for joy and wonder. Then whereas we reckoned in all human expectation to find the bones of his corpse disjoined, for the sixth year of his burial had already passed, we found the bodily structure intact. For this miracle we returned unmeasured thanks to the Author of all, because the corpse of the saint, on which were no spices, which no embalmer's hand had touched, had staid unharmed, with beard and hair, even to that time. Accordingly the linen cloths were changed; the corpse was inclosed in the casket that had been prepared for it long before, placed in a wagon drawn by horses, and presently carried forth. All the provincials made the journey in our company. They abandoned the towns on the banks of the Danube and were allotted the various abodes of their exile through the different districts of Italy. So the body of the saint passed through many lands and was borne to a castle named Mount Feleter.

CHAPTER XLV

During this time many that were attacked by divers diseases, and some who were oppressed by unclean spirits, experienced the instant healing of divine grace. A certain dumb man also was brought to this castle through the compassion of his kinsmen. He eagerly entered the oratory, where the body of the holy man still lay upon the wagon, and when he offered supplication behind the closed door of his mouth, in the chamber of his heart, immediately his tongue was loosed in prayer, and he spoke praise unto the Most High. And when he returned to the inn where he was wont to lodge, and was questioned as usual by nod and sign, he answered in a clear voice, that he had prayed and had offered praise to God. When he spoke, they who knew him were terrified and ran shouting to the oratory and told Saint Lucillus the priest, and us, who were with him and knew nothing of the event. Then we all rejoiced exceedingly, and returned thanks to the divine mercy.

CHAPTER XLVI

Barbaria, a lady of rank, venerated Saint Severinus with pious devotion. She and her late husband had known him well by reputation and through correspondence. When, after the death of the saint, she heard that his body had

with great labor been brought into Italy, and up to that time had not been committed to earth, she invited by frequent letters our venerable priest Marcianus, and also the whole brotherhood. Then with the authorization of Saint Gelasius, pontiff of the Roman see, and received by the people of Naples with reverent obsequies, the body was laid to rest by the hands of Saint Victor the bishop in the Lucullan castle, in a mausoleum which Barbaria had built. At this solemnity many afflicted by divers diseases, whom it would be tedious to enumerate, were instantly healed. Among them was a venerable handmaid of God, Processa by name, a citizen of Naples, who suffered from a severe and troublesome sickness. Invited by the virtues of the holy corpse, she hastened to meet it on the way; and when she approached the vehicle in which the venerable body was borne, immediately she was free from sickness in all her members.

Also at that time a blind man, Laudicius, was startled when he heard the unexpected clamor of the people singing psalms, and anxiously asked his household what it was. When they replied that the body of a certain Saint Severinus was passing, he was moved by the spirit, and asked that he be led to the window; from which one possessed of sight could behold afar off the multitude singing psalms and the carriage bearing the sacred body. And when he leaned forth from the window and prayed, straightway he saw, and pointed out his acquaintances and neighbors one by one. Thereupon all who heard him wept for joy and returned thanks to God. Marinus too, precentor of the holy church at Naples, could not recover his health after a terrible sickness, and suffered from a constant headache. In faith he leaned his head against the carriage, and immediately lifted it up free from pain. In memory of this benefit, he always came on the anniversary of the saint's burial and rendered to God thanks and the sacrifice of a vow.

I have related three of the numberless miracles which were wrought on the arrival of the saint through his mediation and virtues. Let it suffice; though many know of more. A monastery, built at the same place to the memory of the blessed man, still endures. By his merits many possessed with devils have received and do receive healing through the effective grace of God; to whom is honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen. Illustrious minister of Christ, thou hast the memoir. From it make by thy editorial care a profitable work.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

(Numerals in parentheses refer to chapters of the Life.) 453. Death of Attila. At about this time Severinus comes "from the parts of the East to the marches of Riverside Noricum and the Pannonias" (i). 455,9 Sept. Sabaria is destroyed by an earthquake (2?). 476, 23 Aug. Odoacer is proclaimed ruler of Italy. 28 Aug. The patrician Orestes is "unjustly slain." (Letter to Paschasius). Autumn or winter? Primenius takes refuge with Severinus (ibid.). c. 482, 8 Jan. Death of Severinus at his monastery near Favianis (43). 487. Odoacer wages war on the Rugii. Fredericus flees. Feletheus and Giso are removed to Italy (44). 488? Fredericus returns. He is again put to flight, this time by an army which Odoacer sends under his brother Onoülfus. Onoülfus and Count Pierius order the Roman provincials of Riverside Noricum to withdraw to Italy. The body of Severinus is disinterred, and is accompanied by the monks to Mount Feleter, in Italy. The provincials are assigned abodes "through the different districts of Italy" (44).

Fredericus goes to Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, at Novae in Moesia (44). 489. Theodoric, with the authorization of the Emperor Zeno, invades Italy, and defeats Odoacer at the Isonzo (28 Aug.) and at Verona (30 Sept.). Fulfillment of the prophecy of Severinus (32). 492-96. Gelasius is pope. Sometime during his pontificate, the body of Severinus is removed to the Lucullan castle, near Naples, and there placed by Saint Victor, bishop of Naples, in a mausoleum built for it by Barbaria (46). 493, 27 Feb. Peace between Theodoric and Odoacer. 15 Mar. Odoacer is assassinated by Theodoric, who becomes sole ruler of Italy. 511. Eugippius, second abbot of the monastery of Saint Severinus at the Lucullan castle, sends the Life of Severinus to Deacon Paschasius. 526, 30 Aug. Death of Theodoric.

PART FOUR

Dionysius Exiguus

The letter in which the years were first counted from the birth of Christ.

Letter to Petronius on Easter

Dionysius Exiguus

c. AD 470–544

Dionysius wrote this letter to the bishop Petronius to explain the reckoning of Easter by the cycle of nineteen years, and to carry forward the Easter table of Cyril of Alexandria. In doing so he began to number the years from the Incarnation of Christ. The English is by Michael Deckers (2006), who has placed it in the public domain.

Letter to Petronius on the Reckoning of Easter

Dionysius Exiguus to the most blessed and very dear father, Petronius, bishop. The reasoning of the feast of Easter, which many have frequently and urgently asked us, with the help of your prayers, we have now proceeded to set forth. Following in all things the venerable 318 pontiffs, who came together at Nicaea, a city of Bithynia, against the madness of Arius, and besides [gave] a perfect and true opinion on this matter; who having observed 14 months of Easter through 19 years always returning in a cycle to the same position, fixed it stable and immoveable, which in all ages is repeated in the same way, as a beginning, without going off into an excursion of various things. However they sanctioned this rule of the aforementioned cycle, not so much from secular knowledge as by the illumination of the Holy Spirit, and as if determined to have assigned a firm and stable anchor to this reasoning of the lunar calculation. As after a while some, whether despising from arrogance or crossing over from ignorance, were influenced by Jewish fables, they handed down a different and contrary form of the only festival. And because without solidity of foundation no structure can stand, for a long time they were inclined to work out differently the Lord's Easter and the computation of the moon, ordaining unordained cycles; which not only has no stability, indeed also they prefer a notable direction in error.

But at the city of Alexandria the archbishop, blessed Athanasius, who also was involved in the Nicene Council, at that time as deacon of the holy

pontiff Alexander and [his] helper in all things, and then the venerable Theophilus and Cyril, departed very little from the worshipful decision of the synod. Indeed rather sollicitously retaining the same 19-year cycle, which in a Greek word is called enneacaidecaeteris, they are shown to have not interpolated the paschal cycle with any changes. Then Pope Theophilus, dedicating the 100th course of the years to the emperor Theodosius the Elder, and St. Cyril, compiling a cycle of time of 95 years, preserved through everything this tradition of the holy council of the importance of observing 14 paschal months. And because -- the students also having been seeking to know what is true -- we must hold fast to the rule of his cycle more firmly, we believe that we must give it after our preface.

Therefore we hurried to set out this cycle of 95 years, in which study we have succeeded, preferring in our work this [cycle], the last one of the same blessed Cyril, that is the 5th cycle, because 6 years of it remain; and thereafter we profess that we laid out 5 others according to the pattern of the same pontiff, or rather of the often mentioned Nicene Council. But because St. Cyril began his first cycle from the 153rd year of Diocletian, and besides ended in the 247th, we, starting from the 248th [year] of the same tyrant -- a better [word] than prince -- do not wish to bind to our circles the memory of this impious man and persecutor, but choose rather to count the time of the years from the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, so that the beginning of our hope will appear better known to us, and the cause of the restoration of mankind, i.e. the passion of our Redeemer, may shine forth more clearly.

In addition we think that this reader should be reminded that that cycle of 95 years, which we make, when, its time being up, begins to repeat, not through everything may he support firmness. For it is allowed ... the years of our Lord Jesus Christ ... his/its order ... for the continued series .... that they may preserve ... , and they might run through the accustomed indictions through 15 years, also the epacts, as the Greeks call them, i.e the additions ... 11 annual months ... which 30 of days up to in itself they return, ...however they are unable to protect a similar movement of constancy concurrent days of the week, and the day(s) of the Lord's Pasch and the month of the dominical day itself. However the reason of the concurrency of the week, which comes from the course of the sun, it is concluded in a continual circuit of seven years. In which you will take care to enumerate through the years each

one; only in that year in which it will have been a leap year, you will add two. Which cause also makes that not through the whole 95 years does that circle seem to harmonize with its recursion. For when in other years it does not deviate, in this alone, in which the leap year is inserted, the Pasch of the churches with its month occurs in various ways of reason (rationis). ....

PART FIVE

Benedict of Nursia

The Rule for monasteries.

The Rule of Saint Benedict

Benedict of Nursia

c. AD 480–547

The Rule of St. Benedict, written about AD 530 for his monks at Monte Cassino: a Prologue and seventy-three short chapters on obedience, silence, humility, the Divine Office, work, the care of the sick and the guests, and the abbot's office. It became the standard rule of Western monasticism. The reading days that head the text in this edition (such as "Jan. 1—May 2—Sept. 1") are left out.

PROLOGUE

Listen, my son, to your master's precepts, and incline the ear of your heart. Receive willingly and carry out effectively your loving father's advice, that by the labor of obedience you may return to Him from whom you had departed by the sloth of disobedience. To you, therefore, my words are now addressed, whoever you may be, who are renouncing your own will to do battle under the Lord Christ, the true King, and are taking up the strong, bright weapons of obedience. And first of all, whatever good work you begin to do, beg of Him with most earnest prayer to perfect it, that He who has now deigned to count us among His sons may not at any time be grieved by our evil deeds. For we must always so serve Him with the good things He has given us, that He will never as an angry Father disinherit His children, nor ever as a dread Lord, provoked by our evil actions, deliver us to everlasting punishment as wicked servants who would not follow Him to glory.

Let us arise, then, at last, for the Scripture stirs us up, saying, "Now is the hour for us to rise from sleep." Let us open our eyes to the deifying light, let us hear with attentive ears the warning which the divine voice cries daily to us, "Today if you hear His voice, harden not your hearts." And again, "He who has ears to hear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches." And what does He say? "Come, My children, listen to Me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord. Run while you have the light of life, lest the darkness of death

overtake you." And the Lord, seeking His laborer in the multitude to whom He thus cries out, says again, "Who is the man who will have life, and desires to see good days?" And if, hearing Him, you answer, "I am he," God says to you, "If you will have true and everlasting life, keep your tongue from evil and your lips that they speak no guile. Turn away from evil and do good; seek after peace and pursue it. And when you have done these things, My eyes shall be upon you and My ears open to your prayers; and before you call upon Me, I will say to you, 'Behold, here I am.'"

What can be sweeter to us, dear brethren, than this voice of the Lord inviting us? Behold, in His loving kindness the Lord shows us the way of life. Having our loins girded, therefore, with faith and the performance of good works, let us walk in His paths by the guidance of the Gospel, that we may deserve to see Him who has called us to His kingdom. For if we wish to dwell in the tent of that kingdom, we must run to it by good deeds or we shall never reach it. But let us ask the Lord, with the Prophet, "Lord, who shall dwell in Your tent, or who shall rest upon Your holy mountain?" After this question, brethren, let us listen to the Lord as He answers and shows us the way to that tent, saying, "He who walks without stain and practices justice; he who speaks truth from his heart; he who has not used his tongue for deceit; he who has done no evil to his neighbor; he who has given no place to slander against his neighbor."

It is he who, under any temptation from the malicious devil, has brought him to naught by casting him and his temptation from the sight of his heart; and who has laid hold of his thoughts while they were still young and dashed them against Christ. It is they who, fearing the Lord, do not pride themselves on their good observance; but, convinced that the good which is in them cannot come from themselves and must be from the Lord, glorify the Lord's work in them, using the words of the Prophet, "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Your name give the glory." Thus also the Apostle Paul attributed nothing of the success of his preaching to himself, but said, "By the grace of God I am what I am." And again he says, "He who glories, let him glory in the Lord." Hence the Lord says in the Gospel, "Whoever listens to these words of Mine and acts upon them, I will liken him to a wise man who built his house on rock. The floods came, the winds blew and beat against that house, and it did not fall, because it was founded on rock."

Having given us these assurances, the Lord is waiting every day for us to respond by our deeds to His holy admonitions. And the days of this life are lengthened and a truce granted us for this very reason, that we may amend our evil ways. As the Apostle says, "Do you not know that God's patience is inviting you to repent?" For the merciful Lord tells us, "I desire not the death of the sinner, but that he should be converted and live." So, brethren, we have asked the Lord who is to dwell in His tent, and we have heard His commands to anyone who would dwell there; it remains for us to fulfil those duties. Therefore we must prepare our hearts and our bodies to do battle under the holy obedience of His commands; and let us ask God that He be pleased to give us the help of His grace for anything which our nature finds hardly possible. And if we want to escape the pains of hell and attain life everlasting, then, while there is still time, while we are still in the body and are able to fulfil all these things by the light of this life, we must hasten to do now what will profit us for eternity.

And so we are going to establish a school for the service of the Lord. In founding it we hope to introduce nothing harsh or burdensome. But if a certain strictness results from the dictates of equity for the amendment of vices or the preservation of charity, do not be at once dismayed and fly from the way of salvation, whose entrance cannot but be narrow. For as we advance in the religious life and in faith, our hearts expand and we run the way of God's commandments with unspeakable sweetness of love. Thus, never departing from His school, but persevering in the monastery according to His teaching until death, we may by patience share in the sufferings of Christ and deserve to have a share also in His kingdom.

CHAPTER 1. ON THE KINDS OF MONKS

It is well known that there are four kinds of monks. The first kind are the Cenobites: those who live in monasteries and serve under a rule and an Abbot. The second kind are the Anchorites or Hermits: those who, no longer in the first fervor of their reformation, but after long probation in a monastery, having learned by the help of many brethren how to fight against the devil, go out well armed from the ranks of the community to the solitary combat of the desert. They are able now, with no help save from God, to fight single-handed against the vices of the flesh and their own evil thoughts. The third kind of monks, a detestable kind, are the Sarabaites. These, not having been tested, as gold in the furnace, by any rule or by the

lessons of experience, are as soft as lead. In their works they still keep faith with the world, so that their tonsure marks them as liars before God. They live in twos or threes, or even singly, without a shepherd, in their own sheepfolds and not in the Lord's. Their law is the desire for self-gratification: whatever enters their mind or appeals to them, that they call holy; what they dislike, they regard as unlawful.

The fourth kind of monks are those called Gyrovagues. These spend their whole lives tramping from province to province, staying as guests in different monasteries for three or four days at a time. Always on the move, with no stability, they indulge their own wills and succumb to the allurements of gluttony, and are in every way worse than the Sarabaites. Of the miserable conduct of all such men it is better to be silent than to speak. Passing these over, therefore, let us proceed, with God's help, to lay down a rule for the strongest kind of monks, the Cenobites.

CHAPTER 2. WHAT KIND OF MAN THE ABBOT OUGHT TO BE

An Abbot who is worthy to be over a monastery should always remember what he is called, and live up to the name of Superior. For he is believed to hold the place of Christ in the monastery, being called by a name of His, which is taken from the words of the Apostle: "You have received a Spirit of adoption as sons, by virtue of which we cry, 'Abba—Father!'" Therefore the Abbot ought not to teach or ordain or command anything which is against the Lord's precepts; on the contrary, his commands and his teaching should be a leaven of divine justice kneaded into the minds of his disciples. Let the Abbot always bear in mind that at the dread Judgment of God there will be an examination of these two matters: his teaching and the obedience of his disciples. And let the Abbot be sure that any lack of profit the master of the house may find in the sheep will be laid to the blame of the shepherd. On the other hand, if the shepherd has bestowed all his pastoral diligence on a restless, unruly flock and tried every remedy for their unhealthy behavior, then he will be acquitted at the Lord's Judgment and may say to the Lord with the Prophet: "I have not concealed Your justice within my heart; Your truth and Your salvation I have declared. But they have despised and rejected me." And then finally let death itself, irresistible, punish those disobedient sheep under his charge.

Therefore, when anyone receives the name of Abbot, he ought to govern his disciples with a twofold teaching. That is to say, he should show them all

that is good and holy by his deeds even more than by his words, expounding the Lord's commandments in words to the intelligent among his disciples, but demonstrating the divine precepts by his actions for those of harder hearts and ruder minds. And whatever he has taught his disciples to be contrary to God's law, let him indicate by his example that it is not to be done, lest, while preaching to others, he himself be found reprobate, and lest God one day say to him in his sin, "Why do you declare My statutes and profess My covenant with your lips, whereas you hate discipline and have cast My words behind you?" And again, "You were looking at the speck in your brother's eye, and did not see the beam in your own."

Let him make no distinction of persons in the monastery. Let him not love one more than another, unless it be one whom he finds better in good works or in obedience. Let him not advance one of noble birth ahead of one who was formerly a slave, unless there be some other reasonable ground for it. But if the Abbot for just reason think fit to do so, let him advance one of any rank whatever. Otherwise let them keep their due places; because, whether slaves or freemen, we are all one in Christ and bear an equal burden of service in the army of the same Lord. For with God there is no respect of persons. Only for one reason are we preferred in His sight: if we be found better than others in good works and humility. Therefore let the Abbot show equal love to all and impose the same discipline on all according to their deserts.

In his teaching the Abbot should always follow the Apostle's formula: "Reprove, entreat, rebuke"; threatening at one time and coaxing at another as the occasion may require, showing now the stern countenance of a master, now the loving affection of a father. That is to say, it is the undisciplined and restless whom he must reprove rather sharply; it is the obedient, meek and patient whom he must entreat to advance in virtue; while as for the negligent and disdainful, these we charge him to rebuke and correct. And let him not shut his eyes to the faults of offenders; but, since he has the authority, let him cut out those faults by the roots as soon as they begin to appear, remembering the fate of Heli, the priest of Silo. The well-disposed and those of good understanding let him correct with verbal admonition the first and second time. But bold, hard, proud and disobedient characters he should curb at the very beginning of their ill-doing by stripes and other bodily punishments, knowing that it is written, "The fool is not corrected with words,"

and again, "Beat your son with the rod and you will deliver his soul from death."

The Abbot should always remember what he is and what he is called, and should know that to whom more is committed, from him more is required. Let him understand also what a difficult and arduous task he has undertaken: ruling souls and adapting himself to a variety of characters. One he must coax, another scold, another persuade, according to each one's character and understanding. Thus he must adjust and adapt himself to all in such a way that he may not only suffer no loss in the flock committed to his care, but may even rejoice in the increase of a good flock. Above all let him not neglect or undervalue the welfare of the souls committed to him, in a greater concern for fleeting, earthly, perishable things; but let him always bear in mind that he has undertaken the government of souls and that he will have to give an account of them.

And if he be tempted to allege a lack of earthly means, let him remember what is written: "First seek the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be given you besides." And again: "Nothing is wanting to those who fear Him." Let him know, then, that he who has undertaken the government of souls must prepare himself to render an account of them. Whatever number of brethren he knows he has under his care, he may be sure beyond doubt that on Judgment Day he will have to give the Lord an account of all these souls, as well as of his own soul. Thus the constant apprehension about his coming examination as shepherd concerning the sheep entrusted to him, and his anxiety over the account that must be given for others, make him careful of his own record. And while by his admonitions he is helping others to amend, he himself is cleansed of his faults.

CHAPTER 3. ON CALLING THE BRETHREN FOR COUNSEL

Whenever any important business has to be done in the monastery, let the Abbot call together the whole community and state the matter to be acted upon. Then, having heard the brethren's advice, let him turn the matter over in his own mind and do what he shall judge to be most expedient. The reason we have said that all should be called for counsel is that the Lord often reveals to the younger what is best. Let the brethren give their advice with all the deference required by humility, and not presume stubbornly to defend their opinions; but let the decision rather depend on the Abbot's judgment, and all submit to whatever he shall decide for their welfare. How-

ever, just as it is proper for the disciples to obey their master, so also it is his function to dispose all things with prudence and justice. In all things, therefore, let all follow the Rule as guide, and let no one be so rash as to deviate from it. Let no one in the monastery follow his own heart's fancy; and let no one presume to contend with his Abbot in an insolent way or even outside of the monastery. But if anyone should presume to do so, let him undergo the discipline of the Rule. At the same time, the Abbot himself should do all things in the fear of God and in observance of the Rule, knowing that beyond a doubt he will have to render an account of all his decisions to God, the most just Judge.

But if the business to be done in the interests of the monastery be of lesser importance, let him take counsel with the seniors only. It is written, "Do everything with counsel, and you will not repent when you have done it."

CHAPTER 4. WHAT ARE THE INSTRUMENTS OF GOOD WORKS

1. In the first place, to love the Lord God with the whole heart, the whole soul, the whole strength. 2. Then, one's neighbor as oneself. 3. Then not to murder. 4. Not to commit adultery. 5. Not to steal. 6. Not to covet. 7. Not to bear false witness. 8. To respect all men. 9. And not to do to another what one would not have done to oneself. 10. To deny oneself in order to follow Christ. 11. To chastise the body. 12. Not to become attached to pleasures. 13. To love fasting. 14. To relieve the poor. 15. To clothe the naked. 16. To visit the sick. 17. To bury the dead. 18. To help in trouble. 19. To console the sorrowing. 20. To become a stranger to the world's ways. 21. To prefer nothing to the love of Christ. 22. Not to give way to anger.

23. Not to nurse a grudge. 24. Not to entertain deceit in one's heart. 25. Not to give a false peace. 26. Not to forsake charity. 27. Not to swear, for fear of perjuring oneself. 28. To utter truth from heart and mouth. 29. Not to return evil for evil. 30. To do no wrong to anyone, and to bear patiently wrongs done to oneself. 31. To love one's enemies. 32. Not to curse those who curse us, but rather to bless them. 33. To bear persecution for justice' sake. 34. Not to be proud. 35. Not addicted to wine. 36. Not a great eater. 37. Not drowsy. 38. Not lazy. 39. Not a grumbler. 40. Not a detractor. 41. To put one's hope in God. 42. To attribute to God, and not to self, whatever good one sees in oneself. 43. But to recognize always that the evil is one's own doing, and to impute it to oneself.

44. To fear the Day of Judgment. 45. To be in dread of hell. 46. To desire eternal life with all the passion of the spirit. 47. To keep death daily before one's eyes. 48. To keep constant guard over the actions of one's life. 49. To know for certain that God sees one everywhere. 50. When evil thoughts come into one's heart, to dash them against Christ immediately. 51. And to manifest them to one's spiritual father. 52. To guard one's tongue against evil and depraved speech. 53. Not to love much talking. 54. Not to speak useless words or words that move to laughter. 55. Not to love much or boisterous laughter. 56. To listen willingly to holy reading. 57. To devote oneself frequently to prayer. 58. Daily in one's prayers, with tears and sighs, to confess one's past sins to God, and to amend them for the future.

59. Not to fulfil the desires of the flesh; to hate one's own will. 60. To obey in all things the commands of the Abbot, even though he himself (which God forbid) should act otherwise, mindful of the Lord's precept, "Do what they say, but not what they do." 61. Not to wish to be called holy before one is holy; but first to be holy, that one may be truly so called. 62. To fulfil God's commandments daily in one's deeds. 63. To love chastity. 64. To hate no one. 65. Not to be jealous, not to harbor envy. 66. Not to love contention. 67. To beware of haughtiness. 68. And to respect the seniors. 69. To love the juniors. 70. To pray for one's enemies in the love of Christ. 71. To make peace with one's adversary before the sun sets. 72. And never to despair of God's mercy.

These, then, are the tools of the spiritual craft. If we employ them unceasingly day and night, and return them on the Day of Judgment, our compensation from the Lord will be that wage He has promised: "Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, what God has prepared for those who love Him." Now the workshop in which we shall diligently execute all these tasks is the enclosure of the monastery and stability in the community.

CHAPTER 5. ON OBEDIENCE

The first degree of humility is obedience without delay. This is the virtue of those who hold nothing dearer to them than Christ; who, because of the holy service they have professed, and the fear of hell, and the glory of life everlasting, as soon as anything has been ordered by the Superior, receive it as a divine command and cannot suffer any delay in executing it. Of these the Lord says, "As soon as he heard, he obeyed Me." And again to teachers He says, "He who hears you, hears Me." Such as these, therefore, immediately

leaving their own affairs and forsaking their own will, dropping the work they were engaged in and leaving it unfinished, with the ready step of obedience follow up with their deeds the voice of him who commands. And so as it were at the same moment the master's command is given and the disciple's work is completed, the two things being speedily accomplished together in the swiftness of the fear of God by those who are moved with the desire of attaining life everlasting. That desire is their motive for choosing the narrow way, of which the Lord says, "Narrow is the way that leads to life," so that, not living according to their own choice nor obeying their own desires and pleasures but walking by another's judgment and command, they dwell in monasteries and desire to have an Abbot over them. Assuredly such as these are living up to that maxim of the Lord in which He says, "I have come not to do My own will, but the will of Him who sent Me."

But this very obedience will be acceptable to God and pleasing to men only if what is commanded is done without hesitation, delay, lukewarmness, grumbling, or objection. For the obedience given to Superiors is given to God, since He Himself has said, "He who hears you, hears Me." And the disciples should offer their obedience with a good will, for "God loves a cheerful giver." For if the disciple obeys with an ill will and murmurs, not necessarily with his lips but simply in his heart, then even though he fulfil the command yet his work will not be acceptable to God, who sees that his heart is murmuring. And, far from gaining a reward for such work as this, he will incur the punishment due to murmurers, unless he amend and make satisfaction.

CHAPTER 6. ON THE SPIRIT OF SILENCE

Let us do what the Prophet says: "I said, 'I will guard my ways, that I may not sin with my tongue. I have set a guard to my mouth.' I was mute and was humbled, and kept silence even from good things." Here the Prophet shows that if the spirit of silence ought to lead us at times to refrain even from good speech, so much the more ought the punishment for sin make us avoid evil words. Therefore, since the spirit of silence is so important, permission to speak should rarely be granted even to perfect disciples, even though it be for good, holy, edifying conversation; for it is written, "In much speaking you will not escape sin," and in another place, "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." For speaking and teaching belong to the master; the disciple's part is to be silent and to listen. And for that reason if anything has

to be asked of the Superior, it should be asked with all the humility and submission inspired by reverence.

But as for coarse jests and idle words or words that move to laughter, these we condemn everywhere with a perpetual ban, and for such conversation we do not permit a disciple to open his mouth.

CHAPTER 7. ON HUMILITY

Holy Scripture, brethren, cries out to us, saying, "Everyone who exalts himself shall be humbled, and he who humbles himself shall be exalted." In saying this it shows us that all exaltation is a kind of pride, against which the Prophet proves himself to be on guard when he says, "Lord, my heart is not exalted, nor are mine eyes lifted up; neither have I walked in great matters, nor in wonders above me." But how has he acted? "Rather have I been of humble mind than exalting myself; as a weaned child on its mother's breast, so You solace my soul." Hence, brethren, if we wish to reach the very highest point of humility and to arrive speedily at that heavenly exaltation to which ascent is made through the humility of this present life, we must by our ascending actions erect the ladder Jacob saw in his dream, on which Angels appeared to him descending and ascending. By that descent and ascent we must surely understand nothing else than this, that we descend by self-exaltation and ascend by humility. And the ladder thus set up is our life in the world, which the Lord raises up to heaven if our heart is humbled. For we call our body and soul the sides of the ladder, and into these sides our divine vocation has inserted the different steps of humility and discipline we must climb.

The first degree of humility, then, is that a person keep the fear of God before his eyes and beware of ever forgetting it. Let him be ever mindful of all that God has commanded; let his thoughts constantly recur to the hellfire which will burn for their sins those who despise God, and to the life everlasting which is prepared for those who fear Him. Let him keep himself at every moment from sins and vices, whether of the mind, the tongue, the hands, the feet, or the self-will, and check also the desires of the flesh. Let a man consider that God is always looking at him from heaven, that his actions are everywhere visible to the divine eyes and are constantly being reported to God by the Angels. This is what the Prophet shows us when he represents God as ever present within our thoughts, in the words "Searcher of minds and hearts is God" and again in the words "The Lord knows the

thoughts of men." Again he says, "You have read my thoughts from afar" and "The thoughts of men will confess to You."

In order that he may be careful about his wrongful thoughts, therefore, let the faithful brother say constantly in his heart, "Then shall I be spotless before Him, if I have kept myself from my iniquity." As for self-will, we are forbidden to do our own will by the Scripture, which says to us, "Turn away from your own will," and likewise by the prayer in which we ask God that His will be done in us. And rightly are we taught not to do our own will when we take heed to the warning of Scripture: "There are ways which to men seem right, but the ends of them plunge into the depths of hell"; and also when we tremble at what is said of the careless: "They are corrupt and have become abominable in their wills." And as for the desires of the flesh, let us believe with the Prophet that God is ever present to us, when he says to the Lord, "Every desire of mine is before You."

We must be on our guard, therefore, against evil desires, for death lies close by the gate of pleasure. Hence the Scripture gives this command: "Go not after your concupiscences." So therefore, since the eyes of the Lord observe the good and the evil and the Lord is always looking down from heaven on the children of men "to see if there be anyone who understands and seeks God," and since our deeds are daily, day and night, reported to the Lord by the Angels assigned to us, we must constantly beware, brethren, as the Prophet says in the Psalm, lest at any time God see us falling into evil ways and becoming unprofitable; and lest, having spared us for the present because in His kindness He awaits our reformation, He say to us in the future, "These things you did, and I held My peace." The second degree of humility is that a person love not his own will nor take pleasure in satisfying his desires, but model his actions on the saying of the Lord, "I have come not to do My own will, but the will of Him who sent Me." It is written also, "Self-will has its punishment, but constraint wins a crown."

The third degree of humility is that a person for love of God submit himself to his Superior in all obedience, imitating the Lord, of whom the Apostle says, "He became obedient even unto death." The fourth degree of humility is that he hold fast to patience with a silent mind when in this obedience he meets with difficulties and contradictions and even any kind of injustice, enduring all without growing weary or running away. For the Scripture says, "He who perseveres to the end, he it is who shall be saved";

and again, "Let your heart take courage, and wait for the Lord!" And to show how those who are faithful ought to endure all things, however contrary, for the Lord, the Scripture says in the person of the suffering, "For Your sake we are put to death all the day long; we are considered as sheep marked for slaughter." Then, secure in their hope of a divine recompense, they go on with joy to declare, "But in all these trials we conquer, through Him who has granted us His love." Again, in another place the Scripture says, "You have tested us, O God; You have tried us as silver is tried, by fire; You have brought us into a snare; You have laid afflictions on our back." And to show that we ought to be under a Superior, it goes on to say, "You have set men over our heads."

Moreover, by their patience those faithful ones fulfil the Lord's command in adversities and injuries: when struck on one cheek, they offer the other; when deprived of their tunic, they surrender also their cloak; when forced to go a mile, they go two; with the Apostle Paul they bear with false brethren and bless those who curse them. The fifth degree of humility is that he hide from his Abbot none of the evil thoughts that enter his heart or the sins committed in secret, but that he humbly confess them. The Scripture urges us to this when it says, "Reveal your way to the Lord and hope in Him," and again, "Confess to the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endures forever." And the Prophet likewise says, "My offense I have made known to You, and my iniquities I have not covered up. I said: 'I will declare against myself my iniquities to the Lord;' and 'You forgave the wickedness of my heart.'"

The sixth degree of humility is that a monk be content with the poorest and worst of everything, and that in every occupation assigned him he consider himself a bad and worthless workman, saying with the Prophet, "I am brought to nothing and I am without understanding; I have become as a beast of burden before You, and I am always with You." The seventh degree of humility is that he consider himself lower and of less account than anyone else, and this not only in verbal protestation but also with the most heartfelt inner conviction, humbling himself and saying with the Prophet, "But I am a worm and no man, the scorn of men and the outcast of the people. After being exalted, I have been humbled and covered with confusion." And again, "It is good for me that You have humbled me, that I may learn Your commandments."

The eighth degree of humility is that a monk do nothing except what is commended by the common Rule of the monastery and the example of the elders. The ninth degree of humility is that a monk restrain his tongue and keep silence, not speaking until he is questioned. For the Scripture shows that "in much speaking there is no escape from sin" and that "the talkative man is not stable on the earth." The tenth degree of humility is that he be not ready and quick to laugh, for it is written, "The fool lifts up his voice in laughter." The eleventh degree of humility is that when a monk speaks he do so gently and without laughter, humbly and seriously, in few and sensible words, and that he be not noisy in his speech. It is written, "A wise man is known by the fewness of his words."

The twelfth degree of humility is that a monk not only have humility in his heart but also by his very appearance make it always manifest to those who see him. That is to say that whether he is at the Work of God, in the oratory, in the monastery, in the garden, on the road, in the fields or anywhere else, and whether sitting, walking or standing, he should always have his head bowed and his eyes toward the ground. Feeling the guilt of his sins at every moment, he should consider himself already present at the dread Judgment and constantly say in his heart what the publican in the Gospel said with his eyes fixed on the earth: "Lord, I am a sinner and not worthy to lift up my eyes to heaven"; and again with the Prophet: "I am bowed down and humbled everywhere." Having climbed all these steps of humility, therefore, the monk will presently come to that perfect love of God which casts out fear. And all those precepts which formerly he had not observed without fear, he will now begin to keep by reason of that love, without any effort, as though naturally and by habit. No longer will his motive be the fear of hell, but rather the love of Christ, good habit and delight in the virtues which the Lord will deign to show forth by the Holy Spirit in His servant now cleansed from vice and sin.

CHAPTER 8. ON THE DIVINE OFFICE DURING THE NIGHT

In winter time, that is from the Calends of November until Easter, the brethren shall rise at what is calculated to be the eighth hour of the night, so that they may sleep somewhat longer than half the night and rise with their rest completed. And the time that remains after the Night Office should be spent in study by those brethren who need a better knowledge of the Psalter or the lessons. From Easter to the aforesaid Calends of November, the hour

of rising should be so arranged that the Morning Office, which is to be said at daybreak, will follow the Night Office after a very short interval, during which the brethren may go out for the necessities of nature.

CHAPTER 9. HOW MANY PSALMS ARE TO BE SAID AT THE NIGHT OFFICE

In winter time as defined above, there is first this verse to be said three times: "O Lord, open my lips, and my mouth shall declare Your praise." To it is added Psalm 3 and the "Glory be to the Father," and after that Psalm 94 to be chanted with an antiphon or even chanted simply. Let the Ambrosian hymn follow next, and then six Psalms with antiphons. When these are finished and the verse said, let the Abbot give a blessing; then, all being seated on the benches, let three lessons be read from the book on the lectern by the brethren in their turns, and after each lesson let a responsory be chanted. Two of the responsories are to be said without a "Glory be to the Father"; but after the third lesson let the chanter say the "Glory be to the Father," and as soon as he begins it let all rise from their seats out of honor and reverence to the Holy Trinity.

The books to be read at the Night Office shall be those of divine authorship, of both the Old and the New Testament, and also the explanations of them which have been made by well known and orthodox Catholic Fathers. After these three lessons with their responsories let the remaining six Psalms follow, to be chanted with "Alleluia." After these shall follow the lesson from the Apostle, to be recited by heart, the verse and the petition of the litany, that is "Lord, have mercy on us." And so let the Night Office come to an end.

CHAPTER 10. HOW THE NIGHT OFFICE IS TO BE SAID IN SUMMER TIME

From Easter until the Calends of November let the same number of Psalms be kept as prescribed above; but no lessons are to be read from the book, on account of the shortness of the nights. Instead of those three lessons let one lesson from the Old Testament be said by heart and followed by a short responsory. But all the rest should be done as has been said, that is to say that never fewer than twelve Psalms should be said at the Night Office, not counting Psalm 3 and Psalm 94.

CHAPTER 11. HOW THE NIGHT OFFICE IS TO BE SAID ON SUNDAYS

On Sunday the hour of rising for the Night Office should be earlier. In that Office let the measure already prescribed be kept, namely the singing of six

Psalms and a verse. Then let all be seated on the benches in their proper order while the lessons and their responsories are read from the book, as we said above. These shall be four in number, with the chanter saying the "Glory be to the Father" in the fourth responsory only, and all rising reverently as soon as he begins it. After these lessons let six more Psalms with antiphons follow in order, as before, and a verse; and then let four more lessons be read with their responsories in the same way as the former. After these let there be three canticles from the book of the Prophets, as the Abbot shall appoint, and let these canticles be chanted with "Alleluia." Then when the verse has been said and the Abbot has given the blessing, let four more lessons be read, from the New Testament, in the manner prescribed above.

After the fourth responsory let the Abbot begin the hymn "We praise You, O God." When this is finished the Abbot shall read the lesson from the book of the Gospels, while all stand in reverence and awe. At the end let all answer "Amen," and let the Abbot proceed at once to the hymn "To You be praise." After the blessing has been given, let them begin the Morning Office. This order for the Night Office on Sunday shall be observed the year around, both summer and winter; unless it should happen (which God forbid) that the brethren be late in rising, in which case the lessons or the responsories will have to be shortened somewhat. Let every precaution be taken, however, against such an occurrence; but if it does happen, then the one through whose neglect it has come about should make due satisfaction to God in the oratory.

CHAPTER 12. HOW THE MORNING OFFICE IS TO BE SAID

The Morning Office on Sunday shall begin with Psalm 66 recited straight through without an antiphon. After that let Psalm 50 be said with "Alleluia," then Psalms 117 and 62, the Canticle of Blessing and the Psalms of praise; then a lesson from the Apocalypse to be recited by heart, the responsory, the Ambrosian hymn, the verse, the canticle from the Gospel book, the litany and so the end.

CHAPTER 13. HOW THE MORNING OFFICE IS TO BE SAID ON WEEKDAYS

On weekdays the Morning Office shall be celebrated as follows. Let Psalm 66 be said without an antiphon and somewhat slowly, as on Sunday, in order that all may be in time for Psalm 50, which is to be said with an antiphon. After that let two other Psalms be said according to custom, namely: on

Monday Psalms 5 and 35, on Tuesday Psalms 42 and 56, on Wednesday Psalms 63 and 64, on Thursday Psalms 87 and 89, on Friday Psalms 75 and 91, and on Saturday Psalm 142 and the canticle from Deuteronomy, which is to be divided into two sections each terminated by a "Glory be to the Father." But on the other days let there be a canticle from the Prophets, each on its own day as chanted by the Roman Church. Next follow the Psalms of praise, then a lesson of the Apostle to be recited from memory, the responsory, the Ambrosian hymn, the verse, the canticle from the Gospel book, the litany, and so the end.

The Morning and Evening Offices should never be allowed to pass without the Superior saying the Lord's Prayer in its place at the end so that all may hear it, on account of the thorns of scandal which are apt to spring up. Thus those who hear it, being warned by the covenant which they make in that prayer when they say, "Forgive us as we forgive," may cleanse themselves of faults against that covenant. But at the other Offices let the last part only of that prayer be said aloud, so that all may answer, "But deliver us from evil."

CHAPTER 14. HOW THE NIGHT OFFICE IS TO BE SAID ON THE FEASTS OF THE SAINTS

On the feasts of Saints and on all festivals let the Office be performed as we have prescribed for Sundays, except that the Psalms, the antiphons and the lessons belonging to that particular day are to be said. Their number, however, shall remain as we have specified above.

CHAPTER 15. AT WHAT TIMES "ALLELUIA" IS TO BE SAID

From holy Easter until Pentecost without interruption let "Alleluia" be said both in the Psalms and in the responsories. From Pentecost to the beginning of Lent let it be said every night with the last six Psalms of the Night Office only. On every Sunday, however, outside of Lent, the canticles, the Morning Office, Prime, Terce, Sext and None shall be said with "Alleluia," but Vespers with antiphons. The responsories are never to be said with "Alleluia" except from Easter to Pentecost.

CHAPTER 16. HOW THE WORK OF GOD IS TO BE PERFORMED DURING THE DAY

"Seven times in the day," says the Prophet, "I have rendered praise to You." Now that sacred number of seven will be fulfilled by us if we perform the Of-

fices of our service at the time of the Morning Office, of Prime, of Terce, of Sext, of None, of Vespers and of Compline, since it was of these day Hours that he said, "Seven times in the day I have rendered praise to You." For as to the Night Office the same Prophet says, "In the middle of the night I arose to glorify You." Let us therefore bring our tribute of praise to our Creator "for the judgments of His justice" at these times: the Morning Office, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers and Compline; and in the night let us arise to glorify Him.

CHAPTER 17. HOW MANY PSALMS ARE TO BE SAID AT THESE HOURS

We have already arranged the order of the psalmody for the Night and Morning Offices; let us now provide for the remaining Hours. At Prime let three Psalms be said, separately and not under one "Glory be to the Father." The hymn of that Hour is to follow the verse "Incline unto my aid, O God," before the Psalms begin. Upon completion of the three Psalms let one lesson be recited, then a verse, the "Lord, have mercy on us" and the concluding prayers. The Offices of Terce, Sext and None are to be celebrated in the same order, that is: the "Incline unto my aid, O God," the hymn proper to each Hour, three Psalms, lesson and verse, "Lord, have mercy on us" and concluding prayers. If the community is a large one, let the Psalms be sung with antiphons; but if small, let them be sung straight through.

Let the Psalms of the Vesper Office be limited to four, with antiphons. After these Psalms the lesson is to be recited, then the responsory, the Ambrosian hymn, the verse, the canticle from the Gospel book, the litany, the Lord's Prayer and the concluding prayers. Let Compline be limited to the saying of three Psalms, which are to be said straight through without antiphon, and after them the hymn of that Hour, one lesson, a verse, the "Lord, have mercy on us," the blessing and the concluding prayers.

CHAPTER 18. IN WHAT ORDER THE PSALMS ARE TO BE SAID

Let this verse be said: "Incline unto my aid, O God; O Lord, make haste to help me," and the "Glory be to the Father"; then the hymn proper to each Hour. Then at Prime on Sunday four sections of Psalm 118 are to be said; and at each of the remaining Hours, that is Terce, Sext and None, three sections of the same Psalm 118. At Prime on Monday let three Psalms be said, namely Psalms 1, 2 and 6. And so each day at Prime until Sunday let three Psalms be said in numerical order, to Psalm 19, but with Psalms 9 and 17 each divided

into two parts. Thus it comes about that the Night Office on Sunday always begins with Psalm 20. At Terce, Sext and None on Monday let the nine remaining sections of Psalm 118 be said, three at each of these Hours. Psalm 118 having been completed, therefore, on two days, Sunday and Monday, let the nine Psalms from Psalm 119 to Psalm 127 be said at Terce, Sext and None, three at each Hour, beginning with Tuesday. And let these same Psalms be repeated every day until Sunday at the same Hours, while the arrangement of hymns, lessons and verses is kept the same on all days; and thus Prime on Sunday will always begin with Psalm 118.

Vespers are to be sung with four Psalms every day. These shall begin with Psalm 109 and go on to Psalm 147, omitting those which are set apart for other Hours; that is to say that with the exception of Psalms 117 to 127 and Psalms 133 and 142, all the rest of these are to be said at Vespers. And since there are three Psalms too few, let the longer ones of the above number be divided, namely Psalms 138, 143 and 144. But let Psalm 116 because of its brevity be joined to Psalm 115. The order of the Vesper Psalms being thus settled, let the rest of the Hour—lesson, responsory, hymn, verse and canticle—be carried out as we prescribed above. At Compline the same Psalms are to be repeated every day, namely Psalms 4, 90 and 133. The order of psalmody for the day Hours being thus arranged, let all the remaining Psalms be equally distributed among the seven Night Offices by dividing the longer Psalms among them and assigning twelve Psalms to each night.

We strongly recommend, however, that if this distribution of the Psalms is displeasing to anyone, he should arrange them otherwise, in whatever way he considers better, but taking care in any case that the Psalter with its full number of 150 Psalms be chanted every week and begun again every Sunday at the Night Office. For those monks show themselves too lazy in the service to which they are vowed, who chant less than the Psalter with the customary canticles in the course of a week, whereas we read that our holy Fathers strenuously fulfilled that task in a single day. May we, lukewarm that we are, perform it at least in a whole week!

CHAPTER 19. ON THE MANNER OF SAYING THE DIVINE OFFICE

We believe that the divine presence is everywhere and that "the eyes of the Lord are looking on the good and the evil in every place." But we should believe this especially without any doubt when we are assisting at the Work of God. To that end let us be mindful always of the Prophet's words, "Serve the

Lord in fear" and again "Sing praises wisely" and "In the sight of the Angels I will sing praise to You." Let us therefore consider how we ought to conduct ourselves in the sight of the Godhead and of His Angels, and let us take part in the psalmody in such a way that our mind may be in harmony with our voice.

CHAPTER 20. ON REVERENCE IN PRAYER

When we wish to suggest our wants to men of high station, we do not presume to do so except with humility and reverence. How much the more, then, are complete humility and pure devotion necessary in supplication of the Lord who is God of the universe! And let us be assured that it is not in saying a great deal that we shall be heard, but in purity of heart and in tears of compunction. Our prayer, therefore, ought to be short and pure, unless it happens to be prolonged by an inspiration of divine grace. In community, however, let prayer be very short, and when the Superior gives the signal let all rise together.

CHAPTER 21. ON THE DEANS OF THE MONASTERY

If the community is a large one, let there be chosen out of it brethren of good repute and holy life, and let them be appointed deans. These shall take charge of their deaneries in all things, observing the commandments of God and the instructions of their Abbot. Let men of such character be chosen deans that the Abbot may with confidence share his burdens among them. Let them be chosen not by rank but according to their worthiness of life and the wisdom of their doctrine. If any of these deans should become inflated with pride and found deserving of censure, let him be corrected once, and again, and a third time. If he will not amend, then let him be deposed and another be put in his place who is worthy of it. And we order the same to be done in the case of the Prior.

CHAPTER 22. HOW THE MONKS ARE TO SLEEP

Let each one sleep in a separate bed. Let them receive bedding suitable to their manner of life, according to the Abbot's directions. If possible let all sleep in one place; but if the number does not allow this, let them take their rest by tens or twenties with the seniors who have charge of them. A candle shall be kept burning in the room until morning. Let the monks sleep clothed and girded with belts or cords—but not with their knives at their sides, lest they cut themselves in their sleep—and thus be always ready to rise

without delay when the signal is given and hasten to be before one another at the Work of God, yet with all gravity and decorum. The younger brethren shall not have beds next to one another, but among those of the older ones. When they rise for the Work of God let them gently encourage one another, that the drowsy may have no excuse.

CHAPTER 23. ON EXCOMMUNICATION FOR FAULTS

If a brother is found to be obstinate, or disobedient, or proud, or murmuring, or habitually transgressing the Holy Rule in any point and contemptuous of the orders of his seniors, the latter shall admonish him secretly a first and a second time, as Our Lord commands. If he fails to amend, let him be given a public rebuke in front of the whole community. But if even then he does not reform, let him be placed under excommunication, provided that he understands the seriousness of that penalty; if he is perverse, however, let him undergo corporal punishment.

CHAPTER 24. WHAT THE MEASURE OF EXCOMMUNICATION SHOULD BE

The measure of excommunication or of chastisement should correspond to the degree of fault, which degree is estimated by the Abbot's judgment. If a brother is found guilty of lighter faults, let him be excluded from the common table. Now the program for one deprived of the fellowship of the table shall be as follows: In the oratory he shall intone neither Psalm nor antiphon nor shall he recite a lesson until he has made satisfaction; in the refectory he shall take his food alone after the community meal, so that if the brethren eat at the sixth hour, for instance, that brother shall eat at the ninth, while if they eat at the ninth hour he shall eat in the evening, until by a suitable satisfaction he obtains pardon.

CHAPTER 25. ON WEIGHTIER FAULTS

Let the brother who is guilty of a weightier fault be excluded both from the table and from the oratory. Let none of the brethren join him either for company or for conversation. Let him be alone at the work assigned him, abiding in penitential sorrow and pondering that terrible sentence of the Apostle where he says that a man of that kind is handed over for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord. Let him take his meals alone in the measure and at the hour which the Abbot shall consider suitable for him. He shall not be blessed by those who pass by, nor shall the food that is given him be blessed.

CHAPTER 26. ON THOSE WHO WITHOUT AN ORDER ASSOCIATE WITH THE EXCOMMUNICATED

If any brother presumes without an order from the Abbot to associate in any way with an excommunicated brother, or to speak with him, or to send him a message, let him incur a similar punishment of excommunication.

CHAPTER 27. HOW SOLICITOUS THE ABBOT SHOULD BE FOR THE EXCOMMUNICATED

Let the Abbot be most solicitous in his concern for delinquent brethren, for "it is not the healthy but the sick who need a physician." And therefore he ought to use every means that a wise physician would use. Let him send "senpectae," that is, brethren of mature years and wisdom, who may as it were secretly console the wavering brother and induce him to make humble satisfaction; comforting him that he may not "be overwhelmed by excessive grief," but that, as the Apostle says, charity may be strengthened in him. And let everyone pray for him. For the Abbot must have the utmost solicitude and exercise all prudence and diligence lest he lose any of the sheep entrusted to him. Let him know that what he has undertaken is the care of weak souls and not a tyranny over strong ones; and let him fear the Prophet's warning through which God says, "What you saw to be fat you took to yourselves, and what was feeble you cast away." Let him rather imitate the loving example of the Good Shepherd who left the ninety-nine sheep in the mountains and went to look for the one sheep that had gone astray, on whose weakness He had such compassion that He deigned to place it on His own sacred shoulders and thus carry it back to the flock.

CHAPTER 28. ON THOSE WHO WILL NOT AMEND AFTER REPEATED CORRECTIONS

If a brother who has been frequently corrected for some fault, and even excommunicated, does not amend, let a harsher correction be applied, that is, let the punishment of the rod be administered to him. But if he still does not reform or perhaps (which God forbid) even rises up in pride and wants to defend his conduct, then let the Abbot do what a wise physician would do. Having used applications, the ointments of exhortation, the medicines of the Holy Scriptures, finally the cautery of excommunication and of the strokes of the rod, if he sees that his efforts are of no avail, let him apply a still greater remedy, his own prayers and those of all the brethren, that the Lord, who can do all things, may restore health to the sick brother. But if he

is not healed even in this way, then let the Abbot use the knife of amputation, according to the Apostle's words, "Expel the evil one from your midst," and again, "If the faithless one departs, let him depart," lest one diseased sheep contaminate the whole flock.

CHAPTER 29. WHETHER BRETHREN WHO LEAVE THE MONASTERY SHOULD BE RECEIVED AGAIN

If a brother who through his own fault leaves the monastery should wish to return, let him first promise full reparation for his having gone away; and then let him be received in the lowest place, as a test of his humility. And if he should leave again, let him be taken back again, and so a third time; but he should understand that after this all way of return is denied him.

CHAPTER 30. HOW BOYS ARE TO BE CORRECTED

Every age and degree of understanding should have its proper measure of discipline. With regard to boys and adolescents, therefore, or those who cannot understand the seriousness of the penalty of excommunication, whenever such as these are delinquent let them be subjected to severe fasts or brought to terms by harsh beatings, that they may be cured.

CHAPTER 31. WHAT KIND OF MAN THE CELLARER OF THE MONASTERY SHOULD BE

As cellarer of the monastery let there be chosen from the community one who is wise, of mature character, sober, not a great eater, not haughty, not excitable, not offensive, not slow, not wasteful, but a God-fearing man who may be like a father to the whole community. Let him have charge of everything. He shall do nothing without the Abbot's orders, but keep to his instructions. Let him not vex the brethren. If any brother happens to make some unreasonable demand of him, instead of vexing the brother with a contemptuous refusal he should humbly give the reason for denying the improper request. Let him keep guard over his own soul, mindful always of the Apostle's saying that "he who has ministered well acquires for himself a good standing." Let him take the greatest care of the sick, of children, of guests and of the poor, knowing without doubt that he will have to render an account for all these on the Day of Judgment.

Let him regard all the utensils of the monastery and its whole property as if they were the sacred vessels of the altar. Let him not think that he may neglect anything. He should be neither a miser nor a prodigal and squander-

er of the monastery's substance, but should do all things with measure and in accordance with the Abbot's instructions. Above all things let him have humility; and if he has nothing else to give let him give a good word in answer, for it is written, "A good word is above the best gift." Let him have under his care all that the Abbot has assigned to him, but not presume to deal with what he has forbidden him. Let him give the brethren their appointed allowance of food without any arrogance or delay, that they may not be scandalized, mindful of the Word of God as to what he deserves "who shall scandalize one of the little ones."

If the community is a large one, let helpers be given him, that by their assistance he may fulfil with a quiet mind the office committed to him. The proper times should be observed in giving the things that have to be given and asking for the things that have to be asked for, that no one may be troubled or vexed in the house of God.

CHAPTER 32. ON THE TOOLS AND PROPERTY OF THE MONASTERY

For the care of the monastery's property in tools, clothing and other articles let the Abbot appoint brethren on whose manner of life and character he can rely; and let him, as he shall judge to be expedient, consign the various articles to them, to be looked after and to be collected again. The Abbot shall keep a list of these articles, so that as the brethren succeed one another in their assignments he may know what he gives and what he receives back. If anyone treats the monastery's property in a slovenly or careless way, let him be corrected. If he fails to amend, let him undergo the discipline of the Rule.

CHAPTER 33. WHETHER MONKS OUGHT TO HAVE ANYTHING OF THEIR OWN

This vice especially is to be cut out of the monastery by the roots. Let no one presume to give or receive anything without the Abbot's leave, or to have anything as his own—anything whatever, whether book or tablets or pen or whatever it may be—since they are not permitted to have even their bodies or wills at their own disposal; but for all their necessities let them look to the Father of the monastery. And let it be unlawful to have anything which the Abbot has not given or allowed. Let all things be common to all, as it is written, and let no one say or assume that anything is his own. But if anyone is caught indulging in this most wicked vice, let him be admonished once and a second time. If he fails to amend, let him undergo punishment.

CHAPTER 34. WHETHER ALL SHOULD RECEIVE IN EQUAL MEASURE WHAT IS NECESSARY

Let us follow the Scripture, "Distribution was made to each according as anyone had need." By this we do not mean that there should be respecting of persons (which God forbid), but consideration for infirmities. He who needs less should thank God and not be discontented; but he who needs more should be humbled by the thought of his infirmity rather than feeling important on account of the kindness shown him. Thus all the members will be at peace. Above all, let not the evil of murmuring appear for any reason whatsoever in the least word or sign. If anyone is caught at it, let him be placed under very severe discipline.

CHAPTER 35. ON THE WEEKLY SERVERS IN THE KITCHEN

Let the brethren serve one another, and let no one be excused from the kitchen service except by reason of sickness or occupation in some important work. For this service brings increase of reward and of charity. But let helpers be provided for the weak ones, that they may not be distressed by this work; and indeed let everyone have help, as required by the size of the community or the circumstances of the locality. If the community is a large one, the cellarer shall be excused from the kitchen service; and so also those whose occupations are of greater utility, as we said above. Let the rest serve one another in charity. The one who is ending his week of service shall do the cleaning on Saturday. He shall wash the towels with which the brethren wipe their hands and feet; and this server who is ending his week, aided by the one who is about to begin, shall wash the feet of all the brethren. He shall return the utensils of his office to the cellarer clean and in good condition, and the cellarer in turn shall consign them to the incoming server, in order that he may know what he gives out and what he receives back.

An hour before the meal let the weekly servers each receive a drink and some bread, over and above the appointed allowance, in order that at the meal time they may serve their brethren without murmuring and without excessive fatigue. On solemn days, however, let them wait until after Mass. Immediately after the Morning Office on Sunday, the incoming and outgoing servers shall prostrate themselves before all the brethren in the oratory and ask their prayers. Let the server who is ending his week say this verse: "Blessed are You, O Lord God, who have helped me and consoled me." When this has been said three times and the outgoing server has received his bless-

ing, then let the incoming server follow and say, "Incline unto my aid, O God; O Lord, make haste to help me." Let this also be repeated three times by all, and having received his blessing let him enter his service.

CHAPTER 36. ON THE SICK BRETHREN

Before all things and above all things, care must be taken of the sick, so that they will be served as if they were Christ in person; for He Himself said, "I was sick, and you visited Me," and, "What you did for one of these least ones, you did for Me." But let the sick on their part consider that they are being served for the honor of God, and let them not annoy their brethren who are serving them by their unnecessary demands. Yet they should be patiently borne with, because from such as these is gained a more abundant reward. Therefore the Abbot shall take the greatest care that they suffer no neglect. For these sick brethren let there be assigned a special room and an attendant who is God-fearing, diligent and solicitous. Let the use of baths be afforded the sick as often as may be expedient; but to the healthy, and especially to the young, let them be granted more rarely. Moreover, let the use of meat be granted to the sick who are very weak, for the restoration of their strength; but when they are convalescent, let all abstain from meat as usual.

The Abbot shall take the greatest care that the sick be not neglected by the cellarers or the attendants; for he also is responsible for what is done wrongly by his disciples.

CHAPTER 37. ON OLD MEN AND CHILDREN

Although human nature itself is drawn to special kindness towards these times of life, that is towards old men and children, still the authority of the Rule should also provide for them. Let their weakness be always taken into account, and let them by no means be held to the rigor of the Rule with regard to food. On the contrary, let a kind consideration be shown to them, and let them eat before the regular hours.

CHAPTER 38. ON THE WEEKLY READER

The meals of the brethren should not be without reading. Nor should the reader be anyone who happens to take up the book; but there should be a reader for the whole week, entering that office on Sunday. Let this incoming reader, after Mass and Communion, ask all to pray for him that God may keep him from the spirit of pride. And let him intone the following verse, which shall be said three times by all in the oratory: "O Lord, open my lips,

and my mouth shall declare Your praise." Then, having received a blessing, let him enter on the reading. And let absolute silence be kept at table, so that no whispering may be heard nor any voice except the reader's. As to the things they need while they eat and drink, let the brethren pass them to one another so that no one need ask for anything. If anything is needed, however, let it be asked for by means of some audible sign rather than by speech. Nor shall anyone at table presume to ask questions about the reading or anything else, lest that give occasion for talking; except that the Superior may perhaps wish to say something briefly for the purpose of edification.

The brother who is reader for the week shall take a little refreshment before he begins to read, on account of the Holy Communion and lest perhaps the fast be hard for him to bear. He shall take his meal afterwards with the kitchen and table servers of the week. The brethren are not to read or chant in order, but only those who edify their hearers.

CHAPTER 39. ON THE MEASURE OF FOOD

We think it sufficient for the daily dinner, whether at the sixth or the ninth hour, that every table have two cooked dishes, on account of individual infirmities, so that he who for some reason cannot eat of the one may make his meal of the other. Therefore let two cooked dishes suffice for all the brethren; and if any fruit or fresh vegetables are available, let a third dish be added. Let a good pound weight of bread suffice for the day, whether there be only one meal or both dinner and supper. If they are to have supper, the cellarer shall reserve a third of that pound, to be given them at supper. But if it happens that the work was heavier, it shall lie within the Abbot's discretion and power, should it be expedient, to add something to the fare. Above all things, however, over-indulgence must be avoided and a monk must never be overtaken by indigestion; for there is nothing so opposed to the Christian character as over-indulgence, according to Our Lord's words, "See to it that your hearts be not burdened with over-indulgence."

Young boys shall not receive the same amount of food as their elders, but less; and frugality shall be observed in all circumstances. Except the sick who are very weak, let all abstain entirely from eating the flesh of four-footed animals.

CHAPTER 40. ON THE MEASURE OF DRINK

"Everyone has his own gift from God, one in this way and another in that." It is therefore with some misgiving that we regulate the measure of other men's sustenance. Nevertheless, keeping in view the needs of weaker brethren, we believe that a hemina of wine a day is sufficient for each. But those to whom God gives the strength to abstain should know that they will receive a special reward. If the circumstances of the place, or the work, or the heat of summer require a greater measure, the Superior shall use his judgment in the matter, taking care always that there be no occasion for surfeit or drunkenness. We read, it is true, that wine is by no means a drink for monks; but since the monks of our day cannot be persuaded of this, let us at least agree to drink sparingly and not to satiety, because "wine makes even the wise fall away."

But where the circumstances of the place are such that not even the measure prescribed above can be supplied, but much less or none at all, let those who live there bless God and not murmur. Above all things do we give this admonition, that they abstain from murmuring.

CHAPTER 41. AT WHAT HOURS THE MEALS SHOULD BE TAKEN

From holy Easter until Pentecost let the brethren take dinner at the sixth hour and supper in the evening. From Pentecost throughout the summer, unless the monks have work in the fields or the excessive heat of summer oppresses them, let them fast on Wednesdays and Fridays until the ninth hour; on the other days let them dine at the sixth hour. This dinner at the sixth hour shall be the daily schedule if they have work in the fields or the heat of summer is extreme; the Abbot's foresight shall decide on this. Thus it is that he should adapt and arrange everything in such a way that souls may be saved and that the brethren may do their work without just cause for murmuring. From the Ides of September until the beginning of Lent let them always take their dinner at the ninth hour. In Lent until Easter let them dine in the evening. But this evening hour shall be so determined that they will not need the light of a lamp while eating, but everything will be accomplished while it is still daylight. Indeed at all seasons let the hour, whether for supper or for dinner, be so arranged that everything will be done by daylight.

CHAPTER 42. THAT NO ONE SPEAK AFTER COMPLINE

Monks ought to be zealous for silence at all times, but especially during the hours of the night. For every season, therefore, whether there be fasting or two meals, let the program be as follows: If it be a season when there are two meals, then as soon as they have risen from supper they shall all sit together, and one of them shall read the Conferences or the Lives of the Fathers or something else that may edify the hearers; not the Heptateuch or the Books of Kings, however, because it will not be expedient for weak minds to hear those parts of Scripture at that hour; but they shall be read at other times. If it be a day of fast, then having allowed a short interval after Vespers they shall proceed at once to the reading of the Conferences, as prescribed above; four or five pages being read, or as much as time permits, so that during the delay provided by this reading all may come together, including those who may have been occupied in some work assigned them.

When all, therefore, are gathered together, let them say Compline; and when they come out from Compline, no one shall be allowed to say anything from that time on. And if anyone should be found evading this rule of silence, let him undergo severe punishment. An exception shall be made if the need of speaking to guests should arise or if the Abbot should give someone an order. But even this should be done with the utmost gravity and the most becoming restraint.

CHAPTER 43. ON THOSE WHO COME LATE TO THE WORK OF GOD OR TO TABLE

At the hour for the Divine Office, as soon as the signal is heard, let them abandon whatever they may have in hand and hasten with the greatest speed, yet with seriousness, so that there is no excuse for levity. Let nothing, therefore, be put before the Work of God. If at the Night Office anyone arrives after the "Glory be to the Father" of Psalm 94—which Psalm for this reason we wish to be said very slowly and protractedly—let him not stand in his usual place in the choir; but let him stand last of all, or in a place set aside by the Abbot for such negligent ones in order that they may be seen by him and by all. He shall remain there until the Work of God has been completed, and then do penance by a public satisfaction. The reason why we have judged it fitting for them to stand in the last place or in a place apart is that, being seen by all, they may amend for very shame. For if they remain outside of the oratory, there will perhaps be someone who will go back to bed and sleep or

at least seat himself outside and indulge in idle talk, and thus an occasion will be provided for the evil one. But let them go inside, that they may not lose the whole Office, and may amend for the future.

At the day Hours anyone who does not arrive at the Work of God until after the verse and the "Glory be to the Father" of the first Psalm following it shall stand in the last place, according to our ruling above. Nor shall he presume to join the choir in their chanting until he has made satisfaction, unless the Abbot should pardon him and give him permission; but even then the offender must make satisfaction for his fault. Anyone who does not come to table before the verse, so that all together may say the verse and the oration and all sit down to table at the same time—anyone who through his own carelessness or bad habit does not come on time shall be corrected for this up to the second time. If then he does not amend, he shall not be allowed to share in the common table, but shall be separated from the company of all and made to eat alone, and his portion of wine shall be taken away from him, until he has made satisfaction and has amended. And let him suffer a like penalty who is not present at the verse said after the meal.

And let no one presume to take any food or drink before or after the appointed time. But if anyone is offered something by the Superior and refuses to take it, then when the time comes that he desires what he formerly refused or something else, let him receive nothing whatever until he has made proper satisfaction.

CHAPTER 44. HOW THE EXCOMMUNICATED ARE TO MAKE SATISFACTION

One who for serious faults is excommunicated from oratory and table shall make satisfaction as follows. At the hour when the celebration of the Work of God is concluded in the oratory, let him lie prostrate before the door of the oratory, saying nothing, but only lying prone with his face to the ground at the feet of all as they come out of the oratory. And let him continue to do this until the Abbot judges that satisfaction has been made. Then, when he has come at the Abbot's bidding, let him cast himself first at the Abbot's feet and then at the feet of all, that they may pray for him. And next, if the Abbot so orders, let him be received into the choir, to the place which the Abbot appoints, but with the provision that he shall not presume to intone Psalm or lesson or anything else in the oratory without a further order from the Abbot. Moreover, at every Hour, when the Work of God is ended, let

him cast himself on the ground in the place where he stands. And let him continue to satisfy in this way until the Abbot again orders him finally to cease from this satisfaction.

But those who for slight faults are excommunicated only from table shall make satisfaction in the oratory, and continue in it till an order from the Abbot, until he blesses them and says, "It is enough."

CHAPTER 45. ON THOSE WHO MAKE MISTAKES IN THE ORATORY

When anyone has made a mistake while reciting a Psalm, a responsory, an antiphon or a lesson, if he does not humble himself there before all by making a satisfaction, let him undergo a greater punishment because he would not correct by humility what he did wrong through carelessness. But boys for such faults shall be whipped.

CHAPTER 46. ON THOSE WHO FAIL IN ANY OTHER MATTERS

When anyone is engaged in any sort of work, whether in the kitchen, in the cellar, in a shop, in the bakery, in the garden, while working at some craft, or in any other place, and he commits some fault, or breaks something, or loses something, or transgresses in any other way whatsoever, if he does not come immediately before the Abbot and the community of his own accord to make satisfaction and confess his fault, then when it becomes known through another, let him be subjected to a more severe correction. But if the sin-sickness of the soul is a hidden one, let him reveal it only to the Abbot or to a spiritual father, who knows how to cure his own and others' wounds without exposing them and making them public.

CHAPTER 47. ON GIVING THE SIGNAL FOR THE TIME OF THE WORK OF GOD

The indicating of the hour of the Work of God by day and by night shall devolve upon the Abbot, either to give the signal himself or to assign this duty to such a careful brother that everything will take place at the proper hours. Let the Psalms and the antiphons be intoned by those who are appointed for it, in their order after the Abbot. And no one shall presume to sing or read unless he can fulfil that office in such a way as to edify the hearers. Let this function be performed with humility, gravity and reverence, and by him whom the Abbot has appointed.

CHAPTER 48. ON THE DAILY MANUAL LABOR

Idleness is the enemy of the soul. Therefore the brethren should be occupied at certain times in manual labor, and again at fixed hours in sacred reading. To that end we think that the times for each may be prescribed as follows. From Easter until the Calends of October, when they come out from Prime in the morning let them labor at whatever is necessary until about the fourth hour, and from the fourth hour until about the sixth let them apply themselves to reading. After the sixth hour, having left the table, let them rest on their beds in perfect silence; or if anyone may perhaps want to read, let him read to himself in such a way as not to disturb anyone else. Let None be said rather early, at the middle of the eighth hour, and let them again do what work has to be done until Vespers.

And if the circumstances of the place or their poverty should require that they themselves do the work of gathering the harvest, let them not be discontented; for then are they truly monks when they live by the labor of their hands, as did our Fathers and the Apostles. Let all things be done with moderation, however, for the sake of the faint-hearted. From the Calends of October until the beginning of Lent, let them apply themselves to reading up to the end of the second hour. At the second hour let Terce be said, and then let all labor at the work assigned them until None. At the first signal for the Hour of None let everyone break off from his work, and hold himself ready for the sounding of the second signal. After the meal let them apply themselves to their reading or to the Psalms. On the days of Lent, from morning until the end of the third hour let them apply themselves to their reading, and from then until the end of the tenth hour let them do the work assigned them. And in these days of Lent they shall each receive a book from the library, which they shall read straight through from the beginning. These books are to be given out at the beginning of Lent.

But certainly one or two of the seniors should be deputed to go about the monastery at the hours when the brethren are occupied in reading and see that there be no lazy brother who spends his time in idleness or gossip and does not apply himself to the reading, so that he is not only unprofitable to himself but also distracts others. If such a one be found (which God forbid), let him be corrected once and a second time; if he does not amend, let him undergo the punishment of the Rule in such a way that the rest may take warning. Moreover, one brother shall not associate with another at un-

seasonable hours. On Sundays, let all occupy themselves in reading, except those who have been appointed to various duties. But if anyone should be so negligent and shiftless that he will not or cannot study or read, let him be given some work to do so that he will not be idle.

Weak or sickly brethren should be assigned a task or craft of such a nature as to keep them from idleness and at the same time not to overburden them or drive them away with excessive toil. Their weakness must be taken into consideration by the Abbot.

CHAPTER 49. ON THE OBSERVANCE OF LENT

Although the life of a monk ought to have about it at all times the character of a Lenten observance, yet since few have the virtue for that, we therefore urge that during the actual days of Lent the brethren keep their lives most pure and at the same time wash away during these holy days all the negligences of other times. And this will be worthily done if we restrain ourselves from all vices and give ourselves up to prayer with tears, to reading, to compunction of heart and to abstinence. During these days, therefore, let us increase somewhat the usual burden of our service, as by private prayers and by abstinence in food and drink. Thus everyone of his own will may offer God "with joy of the Holy Spirit" something above the measure required of him. From his body, that is, he may withhold some food, drink, sleep, talking and jesting; and with the joy of spiritual desire he may look forward to holy Easter.

Let each one, however, suggest to his Abbot what it is that he wants to offer, and let it be done with his blessing and approval. For anything done without the permission of the spiritual father will be imputed to presumption and vainglory and will merit no reward. Therefore let everything be done with the Abbot's approval.

CHAPTER 50. ON BRETHREN WHO ARE WORKING FAR FROM THE ORATORY OR ARE ON A JOURNEY

Those brethren who are working at a great distance and cannot get to the oratory at the proper time—the Abbot judging that such is the case—shall perform the Work of God in the place where they are working, bending their knees in reverence before God. Likewise those who have been sent on a journey shall not let the appointed Hours pass by, but shall say the Office by themselves as well as they can, and not neglect to render the task of their service.

CHAPTER 51. ON BRETHREN WHO GO NOT VERY FAR AWAY

A brother who is sent out on some business and is expected to return to the monastery that same day shall not presume to eat while he is out, even if he is urgently requested to do so by any person whomsoever, unless he has permission from his Abbot. And if he acts otherwise, let him be excommunicated.

CHAPTER 52. ON THE ORATORY OF THE MONASTERY

Let the oratory be what it is called, a place of prayer; and let nothing else be done there or kept there. When the Work of God is ended, let all go out in perfect silence, and let reverence for God be observed, so that any brother who may wish to pray privately will not be hindered by another's misconduct. And at other times also, if anyone should want to pray by himself, let him go in simply and pray, not in a loud voice but with tears and fervor of heart. He who does not say his prayers in this way, therefore, shall not be permitted to remain in the oratory when the Work of God is ended, lest another be hindered, as we have said.

CHAPTER 53. ON THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS

Let all guests who arrive be received like Christ, for He is going to say, "I came as a guest, and you received Me." And to all let due honor be shown, especially to the domestics of the faith and to pilgrims. As soon as a guest is announced, therefore, let the Superior or the brethren meet him with all charitable service. And first of all let them pray together, and then exchange the kiss of peace. For the kiss of peace should not be offered until after the prayers have been said, on account of the devil's deceptions. In the salutation of all guests, whether arriving or departing, let all humility be shown. Let the head be bowed or the whole body prostrated on the ground in adoration of Christ, who indeed is received in their persons. After the guests have been received and taken to prayer, let the Superior or someone appointed by him sit with them. Let the divine law be read before the guest for his edification, and then let all kindness be shown him. The Superior shall break his fast for the sake of a guest, unless it happens to be a principal fast day which may not be violated. The brethren, however, shall observe the customary fasts. Let the Abbot give the guests water for their hands; and let both Abbot and community wash the feet of all guests. After the washing of the feet let them say

this verse: "We have received Your mercy, O God, in the midst of Your temple."

In the reception of the poor and of pilgrims the greatest care and solicitude should be shown, because it is especially in them that Christ is received; for as far as the rich are concerned, the very fear which they inspire wins respect for them. Let there be a separate kitchen for the Abbot and guests, that the brethren may not be disturbed when guests, who are never lacking in a monastery, arrive at irregular hours. Let two brethren capable of filling the office well be appointed for a year to have charge of this kitchen. Let them be given such help as they need, that they may serve without murmuring. And on the other hand, when they have less to occupy them, let them go out to whatever work is assigned them. And not only in their case but in all the offices of the monastery let this arrangement be observed, that when help is needed it be supplied, and again when the workers are unoccupied they do whatever they are bidden.

The guest house also shall be assigned to a brother whose soul is possessed by the fear of God. Let there be a sufficient number of beds made up in it; and let the house of God be managed by prudent men and in a prudent manner. On no account shall anyone who is not so ordered associate or converse with guests. But if he should meet them or see them, let him greet them humbly, as we have said, ask their blessing and pass on, saying that he is not allowed to converse with a guest.

CHAPTER 54. WHETHER A MONK SHOULD RECEIVE LETTERS OR ANYTHING ELSE

On no account shall a monk be allowed to receive letters, tokens or any little gift whatsoever from his parents or anyone else, or from his brethren, or to give the same, without the Abbot's permission. But if anything is sent him even by his parents, let him not presume to take it before it has been shown to the Abbot. And it shall be in the Abbot's power to decide to whom it shall be given, if he allows it to be received; and the brother to whom it was sent should not be grieved, lest occasion be given to the devil. Should anyone presume to act otherwise, let him undergo the discipline of the Rule.

CHAPTER 55. ON THE CLOTHES AND SHOES OF THE BRETHREN

Let clothing be given to the brethren according to the nature of the place in which they dwell and its climate; for in cold regions more will be needed, and in warm regions less. This is to be taken into consideration, therefore,

by the Abbot. We believe, however, that in ordinary places the following dress is sufficient for each monk: a tunic, a cowl (thick and woolly for winter, thin or worn for summer), a scapular for work, stockings and shoes to cover the feet. The monks should not complain about the color or the coarseness of any of these things, but be content with what can be found in the district where they live and can be purchased cheaply. The Abbot shall see to the size of the garments, that they be not too short for those who wear them, but of the proper fit. Let those who receive new clothes always give back the old ones at once, to be put away in the wardrobe for the poor. For it is sufficient if a monk has two tunics and two cowls, to allow for night wear and for the washing of these garments; more than that is superfluity and should be taken away. Let them return their stockings also and anything else that is old when they receive new ones.

Those who are sent on a journey shall receive drawers from the wardrobe, which they shall wash and restore on their return. And let their cowls and tunics be somewhat better than what they usually wear. These they shall receive from the wardrobe when they set out on a journey, and restore when they return. For bedding let this suffice: a mattress, a blanket, a coverlet and a pillow. The beds, moreover, are to be examined frequently by the Abbot, to see if any private property be found in them. If anyone should be found to have something that he did not receive from the Abbot, let him undergo the most severe discipline. And in order that this vice of private ownership may be cut out by the roots, the Abbot should provide all the necessary articles: cowl, tunic, stockings, shoes, girdle, knife, pen, needle, handkerchief, tablets; that all pretext of need may be taken away. Yet the Abbot should always keep in mind the sentence from the Acts of the Apostles that "distribution was made to each according as anyone had need." In this manner, therefore, let the Abbot consider the weaknesses of the needy and not the ill-will of the envious. But in all his decisions let him think about the retribution of God.

CHAPTER 56. ON THE ABBOT'S TABLE

Let the Abbot's table always be with the guests and the pilgrims. But when there are no guests, let it be in his power to invite whom he will of the brethren. Yet one or two seniors must always be left with the brethren for the sake of discipline.

CHAPTER 57. ON THE CRAFTSMEN OF THE MONASTERY

If there are craftsmen in the monastery, let them practice their crafts with all humility, provided the Abbot has given permission. But if any one of them becomes conceited over his skill in his craft, because he seems to be conferring a benefit on the monastery, let him be taken from his craft and no longer exercise it unless, after he has humbled himself, the Abbot again gives him permission. If any of the work of the craftsmen is to be sold, let those through whose hands the transactions pass see to it that they do not presume to practice any fraud. Let them always remember Ananias and Saphira, lest perhaps the death which these incurred in the body, they themselves and any others who would deal dishonestly with the monastery's property should suffer in the soul. And in the prices let not the sin of avarice creep in, but let the goods always be sold a little cheaper than they can be sold by people in the world, "that in all things God may be glorified."

CHAPTER 58. ON THE MANNER OF RECEIVING BRETHREN

When anyone is newly come for the reformation of his life, let him not be granted an easy entrance; but, as the Apostle says, "Test the spirits to see whether they are from God." If the newcomer, therefore, perseveres in his knocking, and if it is seen after four or five days that he bears patiently the harsh treatment offered him and the difficulty of admission, and that he persists in his petition, then let entrance be granted him, and let him stay in the guest house for a few days. After that let him live in the novitiate, where the novices study, eat and sleep. A senior shall be assigned to them who is skilled in winning souls, to watch over them with the utmost care. Let him examine whether the novice is truly seeking God, and whether he is zealous for the Work of God, for obedience and for humiliations. Let the novice be told all the hard and rugged ways by which the journey to God is made.

If he promises stability and perseverance, then at the end of two months let this Rule be read through to him, and let him be addressed thus: "Here is the law under which you wish to fight. If you can observe it, enter; if you cannot, you are free to depart." If he still stands firm, let him be taken to the above-mentioned novitiate and again tested in all patience. And after the lapse of six months let the Rule be read to him, that he may know on what he is entering. And if he still remains firm, after four months let the same Rule be read to him again. Then, having deliberated with himself, if he

promises to keep it in its entirety and to observe everything that is commanded him, let him be received into the community. But let him understand that, according to the law of the Rule, from that day forward he may not leave the monastery nor withdraw his neck from under the yoke of the Rule which he was free to refuse or to accept during that prolonged deliberation.

He who is to be received shall make a promise before all in the oratory of his stability and of the reformation of his life and of obedience. This promise he shall make before God and His Saints, so that if he should ever act otherwise, he may know that he will be condemned by Him whom he mocks. Of this promise of his let him draw up a petition in the name of the Saints whose relics are there and of the Abbot who is present. Let him write this petition with his own hand; or if he is illiterate, let another write it at his request, and let the novice put his mark to it. Then let him place it with his own hand upon the altar; and when he has placed it there, let the novice at once intone this verse: "Receive me, O Lord, according to Your word, and I shall live: and let me not be confounded in my hope." Let the whole community answer this verse three times and add the "Glory be to the Father." Then let the novice brother prostrate himself at each one's feet, that they may pray for him. And from that day forward let him be counted as one of the community.

If he has any property, let him either give it beforehand to the poor or by solemn donation bestow it on the monastery, reserving nothing at all for himself, as indeed he knows that from that day forward he will no longer have power even over his own body. At once, therefore, in the oratory, let him be divested of his own clothes which he is wearing and dressed in the clothes of the monastery. But let the clothes of which he was divested be put aside in the wardrobe and kept there. Then if he should ever listen to the persuasions of the devil and decide to leave the monastery (which God forbid), he may be divested of the monastic clothes and cast out. His petition, however, which the Abbot has taken from the altar, shall not be returned to him, but shall be kept in the monastery.

CHAPTER 59. ON THE SONS OF NOBLES AND OF THE POOR WHO ARE OFFERED

If anyone of the nobility offers his son to God in the monastery and the boy is very young, let his parents draw up the petition which we mentioned

above; and at the oblation let them wrap the petition and the boy's hand in the altar cloth and so offer him. As regards their property, they shall promise in the same petition under oath that they will never of themselves, or through an intermediary, or in any way whatever, give him anything or provide him with the opportunity of owning anything. Or else, if they are unwilling to do this, and if they want to offer something as an alms to the monastery for their advantage, let them make a donation of the property they wish to give to the monastery, reserving the income to themselves if they wish. And in this way let everything be barred, so that the boy may have no expectations whereby (which God forbid) he might be deceived and ruined, as we have learned by experience.

Let those who are less well-to-do make a similar offering. But those who have nothing at all shall simply draw up the petition and offer their son before witnesses at the oblation.

CHAPTER 60. ON PRIESTS WHO MAY WISH TO LIVE IN THE MONASTERY

If anyone of the priestly order should ask to be received into the monastery, permission shall not be granted him too readily. But if he is quite persistent in his request, let him know that he will have to observe the whole discipline of the Rule and that nothing will be relaxed in his favor, that it may be as it is written: "Friend, for what have you come?" It shall be granted him, however, to stand next after the Abbot and to give blessings and to celebrate Mass, but only by order of the Abbot. Without such order let him not presume to do anything, knowing that he is subject to the discipline of the Rule; but rather let him give an example of humility to all. If there happens to be question of an appointment or of some business in the monastery, let him expect the rank due him according to the date of his entrance into the monastery, and not the place granted him out of reverence for the priesthood.

If any clerics, moved by the same desire, should wish to join the monastery, let them be placed in a middle rank. But they too are to be admitted only if they promise observance of the Rule and their own stability.

CHAPTER 61. HOW PILGRIM MONKS ARE TO BE RECEIVED

If a pilgrim monk coming from a distant region wants to live as a guest of the monastery, let him be received for as long a time as he desires, provided he is content with the customs of the place as he finds them and does not dis-

turb the monastery by superfluous demands, but is simply content with what he finds. If, however, he censures or points out anything reasonably and with the humility of charity, let the Abbot consider prudently whether perhaps it was for that very purpose that the Lord sent him. If afterwards he should want to bind himself to stability, his wish should not be denied him, especially since there has been opportunity during his stay as a guest to discover his character. But if as a guest he was found exacting or prone to vice, not only should he be denied membership in the community, but he should even be politely requested to leave, lest others be corrupted by his evil life.

If, however, he has not proved to be the kind who deserves to be put out, he should not only on his own application be received as a member of the community, but he should even be persuaded to stay, that the others may be instructed by his example, and because in every place it is the same Lord who is served, the same King for whom the battle is fought. Moreover, if the Abbot perceives that he is a worthy man, he may put him in a somewhat higher rank. And not only with regard to a monk but also with regard to those in priestly or clerical orders previously mentioned, the Abbot may establish them in a higher rank than would be theirs by date of entrance if he perceives that their life is deserving. Let the Abbot take care, however, never to receive a monk from another known monastery as a member of his community without the consent of his Abbot or a letter of recommendation; for it is written, "Do not to another what you would not want done to yourself."

CHAPTER 62. ON THE PRIESTS OF THE MONASTERY

If an Abbot desire to have a priest or a deacon ordained for his monastery, let him choose one of his monks who is worthy to exercise the priestly office. But let the one who is ordained beware of self-exaltation or pride; and let him not presume to do anything except what is commanded him by the Abbot, knowing that he is so much the more subject to the discipline of the Rule. Nor should he by reason of his priesthood forget the obedience and the discipline required by the Rule, but make ever more and more progress towards God. Let him always keep the place which he received on entering the monastery, except in his duties at the altar or in case the choice of the community and the will of the Abbot should promote him for the worthiness of his life. Yet he must understand that he is to observe the rules laid down by deans and Priors.

Should he presume to act otherwise, let him be judged not as a priest but as a rebel. And if he does not reform after repeated admonitions, let even the Bishop be brought in as a witness. If then he still fails to amend, and his offenses are notorious, let him be put out of the monastery, but only if his contumacy is such that he refuses to submit or to obey the Rule.

CHAPTER 63. ON THE ORDER OF THE COMMUNITY

Let all keep their places in the monastery established by the time of their entrance, the merit of their lives and the decision of the Abbot. Yet the Abbot must not disturb the flock committed to him, nor by an arbitrary use of his power ordain anything unjustly; but let him always think of the account he will have to render to God for all his decisions and his deeds. Therefore in that order which he has established or which they already had, let the brethren approach to receive the kiss of peace and Communion, intone the Psalms and stand in choir. And in no place whatever should age decide the order or be prejudicial to it; for Samuel and Daniel as mere boys judged priests. Except for those already mentioned, therefore, whom the Abbot has promoted by a special decision or demoted for definite reasons, all the rest shall take their order according to the time of their entrance. Thus, for example, he who came to the monastery at the second hour of the day, whatever be his age or his dignity, must know that he is junior to one who came at the first hour of the day. Boys, however, are to be kept under discipline in all matters and by everyone.

The juniors, therefore, should honor their seniors, and the seniors love their juniors. In the very manner of address, let no one call another by the mere name; but let the seniors call their juniors Brothers, and the juniors call their seniors Fathers, by which is conveyed the reverence due to a father. But the Abbot, since he is believed to represent Christ, shall be called Lord and Abbot, not for any pretensions of his own but out of honor and love for Christ. Let the Abbot himself reflect on this, and show himself worthy of such an honor. And wherever the brethren meet one another the junior shall ask the senior for his blessing. When a senior passes by, a junior shall rise and give him a place to sit, nor shall the junior presume to sit with him unless his senior bid him, that it may be as was written, "In honor anticipating one another."

Boys, both small and adolescent, shall keep strictly to their rank in oratory and at table. But outside of that, wherever they may be, let them be under supervision and discipline, until they come to the age of discretion.

CHAPTER 64. ON CONSTITUTING AN ABBOT

In the constituting of an Abbot let this plan always be followed, that the office be conferred on the one who is chosen either by the whole community unanimously in the fear of God or else by a part of the community, however small, if its counsel is more wholesome. Merit of life and wisdom of doctrine should determine the choice of the one to be constituted, even if he be the last in the order of the community. But if (which God forbid) the whole community should agree to choose a person who will acquiesce in their vices, and if those vices somehow become known to the Bishop to whose diocese the place belongs, or to the Abbots or the faithful of the vicinity, let them prevent the success of this conspiracy of the wicked, and set a worthy steward over the house of God. They may be sure that they will receive a good reward for this action if they do it with a pure intention and out of zeal for God; as, on the contrary, they will sin if they fail to do it.

Once he has been constituted, let the Abbot always bear in mind what a burden he has undertaken and to whom he will have to give an account of his stewardship, and let him know that his duty is rather to profit his brethren than to preside over them. He must therefore be learned in the divine law, that he may have a treasure of knowledge from which to bring forth new things and old. He must be chaste, sober and merciful. Let him exalt mercy above judgment, that he himself may obtain mercy. He should hate vices; he should love the brethren. In administering correction he should act prudently and not go to excess, lest in seeking too eagerly to scrape off the rust he break the vessel. Let him keep his own frailty ever before his eyes and remember that the bruised reed must not be broken. By this we do not mean that he should allow vices to grow; on the contrary, as we have already said, he should eradicate them prudently and with charity, in the way which may seem best in each case. Let him study rather to be loved than to be feared.

Let him not be excitable and worried, nor exacting and headstrong, nor jealous and over-suspicious; for then he is never at rest. In his commands let him be prudent and considerate; and whether the work which he enjoins concerns God or the world, let him be discreet and moderate, bearing in

mind the discretion of holy Jacob, who said, "If I cause my flocks to be overdriven, they will all die in one day." Taking this, then, and other examples of discretion, the mother of virtues, let him so temper all things that the strong may have something to strive after, and the weak may not fall back in dismay. And especially let him keep this Rule in all its details, so that after a good ministry he may hear from the Lord what the good servant heard who gave his fellow-servants wheat in due season: "Indeed, I tell you, he will set him over all his goods."

CHAPTER 65. ON THE PRIOR OF THE MONASTERY

It happens all too often that the constituting of a Prior gives rise to grave scandals in monasteries. For there are some who become inflated with the evil spirit of pride and consider themselves second Abbots. By usurping power they foster scandals and cause dissensions in the community. Especially does this happen in those places where the Prior is constituted by the same Bishop or the same Abbots who constitute the Abbot himself. What an absurd procedure this is can easily be seen; for it gives the Prior an occasion for becoming proud from the very time of his constitution, by putting the thought into his mind that he is freed from the authority of his Abbot: "For," he will say to himself, "you were constituted by the same persons who constituted the Abbot." From this source are stirred up envy, quarrels, detraction, rivalry, dissensions and disorders. For while the Abbot and the Prior are at variance, their souls cannot but be endangered by this dissension; and those who are under them, currying favor with one side or the other, go to ruin. The guilt for this dangerous state of affairs rests on the heads of those whose action brought about such disorder.

To us, therefore, it seems expedient for the preservation of peace and charity that the Abbot have in his hands the full administration of his monastery. And if possible let all the affairs of the monastery, as we have already arranged, be administered by deans according to the Abbot's directions. Thus, with the duties being shared by several, no one person will become proud. But if the circumstances of the place require it, or if the community asks for it with reason and with humility, and the Abbot judges it to be expedient, let the Abbot himself constitute as his Prior whomsoever he shall choose with the counsel of God-fearing brethren. That Prior, however, shall perform respectfully the duties enjoined on him by his Abbot and do noth-

ing against the Abbot's will or direction; for the more he is raised above the rest, the more carefully should he observe the precepts of the Rule.

If it should be found that the Prior has serious faults, or that he is deceived by his exaltation and yields to pride, or if he should be proved to be a despiser of the Holy Rule, let him be admonished verbally up to four times. If he fails to amend, let the correction of regular discipline be applied to him. But if even then he does not reform, let him be deposed from the office of Prior and another be appointed in his place who is worthy of it. And if afterwards he is not quiet and obedient in the community, let him even be expelled from the monastery. But the Abbot, for his part, should bear in mind that he will have to render an account to God for all his judgments, lest the flame of envy or jealousy be kindled in his soul.

CHAPTER 66. ON THE PORTERS OF THE MONASTERY

At the gate of the monastery let there be placed a wise old man, who knows how to receive and to give a message, and whose maturity will prevent him from straying about. This porter should have a room near the gate, so that those who come may always find someone at hand to attend to their business. And as soon as anyone knocks or a poor man hails him, let him answer "Thanks be to God" or "A blessing!" Then let him attend to them promptly, with all the meekness inspired by the fear of God and with the warmth of charity. Should the porter need help, let him have one of the younger brethren. If it can be done, the monastery should be so established that all the necessary things, such as water, mill, garden and various workshops, may be within the enclosure, so that there is no necessity for the monks to go about outside of it, since that is not at all profitable for their souls.

We desire that this Rule be read often in the community, so that none of the brethren may excuse himself on the ground of ignorance.

CHAPTER 67. ON BRETHREN WHO ARE SENT ON A JOURNEY

Let the brethren who are sent on a journey commend themselves to the prayers of all the brethren and of the Abbot; and always at the last prayer of the Work of God let a commemoration be made of all absent brethren. When brethren return from a journey, at the end of each canonical Hour of the Work of God on the day they return, let them lie prostrate on the floor of the oratory and beg the prayers of all on account of any faults that may have surprised them on the road, through the seeing or hearing of some-

thing evil, or through idle talk. And let no one presume to tell another whatever he may have seen or heard outside of the monastery, because this causes very great harm. But if anyone presumes to do so, let him undergo the punishment of the Rule. And let him be punished likewise who would presume to leave the enclosure of the monastery and go anywhere or do anything, however small, without an order from the Abbot.

CHAPTER 68. IF A BROTHER IS COMMANDED TO DO IMPOSSIBLE THINGS

If it happens that difficult or impossible tasks are laid on a brother, let him nevertheless receive the order of the one in authority with all meekness and obedience. But if he sees that the weight of the burden altogether exceeds the limit of his strength, let him submit the reasons for his inability to the one who is over him in a quiet way and at an opportune time, without pride, resistance, or contradiction. And if after these representations the Superior still persists in his decision and command, let the subject know that this is for his good, and let him obey out of love, trusting in the help of God.

CHAPTER 69. THAT THE MONKS PRESUME NOT TO DEFEND ONE ANOTHER

Care must be taken that no monk presume on any ground to defend another monk in the monastery, or as it were to take him under his protection, even though they be united by some tie of blood-relationship. Let not the monks dare to do this in any way whatsoever, because it may give rise to most serious scandals. But if anyone breaks this rule, let him be severely punished.

CHAPTER 70. THAT NO ONE VENTURE TO PUNISH AT RANDOM

Every occasion of presumption shall be avoided in the monastery, and we decree that no one be allowed to excommunicate or to strike any of his brethren unless the Abbot has given him the authority. Those who offend in this matter shall be rebuked in the presence of all, that the rest may have fear. But boys up to 15 years of age shall be carefully controlled and watched by all, yet this too with all moderation and discretion. Anyone, therefore, who presumes without the Abbot's instructions to punish those above that age or who loses his temper with the boys, shall undergo the discipline of the Rule; for it is written, "Do not to another what you would not want done to yourself."

CHAPTER 71. THAT THE BRETHREN BE OBEDIENT TO ONE ANOTHER

Not only is the boon of obedience to be shown by all to the Abbot, but the brethren are also to obey one another, knowing that by this road of obedience they are going to God. Giving priority, therefore, to the commands of the Abbot and of the Superiors appointed by him (to which we allow no private orders to be preferred), for the rest let all the juniors obey their seniors with all charity and solicitude. But if anyone is found contentious, let him be corrected. And if any brother, for however small a cause, is corrected in any way by the Abbot or by any of his Superiors, or if he faintly perceives that the mind of any Superior is angered or moved against him, however little, let him at once, without delay, prostrate himself on the ground at his feet and lie there making satisfaction until that emotion is quieted with a blessing. But if anyone should disdain to do this, let him undergo corporal punishment or, if he is stubborn, let him be expelled from the monastery.

CHAPTER 72. ON THE GOOD ZEAL WHICH MONKS OUGHT TO HAVE

Just as there is an evil zeal of bitterness which separates from God and leads to hell, so there is a good zeal which separates from vices and leads to God and to life everlasting. This zeal, therefore, the monks should practice with the most fervent love. Thus they should anticipate one another in honor; most patiently endure one another's infirmities, whether of body or of character; vie in paying obedience one to another—no one following what he considers useful for himself, but rather what benefits another—; tender the charity of brotherhood chastely; fear God in love; love their Abbot with a sincere and humble charity; prefer nothing whatever to Christ. And may He bring us all together to life everlasting!

CHAPTER 73. ON THE FACT THAT THE FULL OBSERVANCE OF JUSTICE IS NOT ESTABLISHED IN THIS RULE

Now we have written this Rule in order that by its observance in monasteries we may show that we have attained some degree of virtue and the rudiments of the religious life. But for him who would hasten to the perfection of that life there are the teachings of the holy Fathers, the observance of which leads a man to the height of perfection. For what page or what utterance of the divinely inspired books of the Old and New Testaments is not a most unerring rule for human life? Or what book of the holy Catholic Fathers does not loudly proclaim how we may come by a straight course to our Creator? Then

the Conferences and the Institutes and the Lives of the Fathers, as also the Rule of our holy Father Basil—what else are they but tools of virtue for right-living and obedient monks? But for us who are lazy and ill-living and negligent they are a source of shame and confusion.

Whoever you are, therefore, who are hastening to the heavenly homeland, fulfil with the help of Christ this minimum Rule which we have written for beginners; and then at length under God's protection you will attain to the loftier heights of doctrine and virtue which we have mentioned above.

PART SIX

Jordanes

The history of the Goths, from Scandza to the fall of their kingdom in Italy.

The Origin and Deeds of the Goths

JORDANES

fl. AD 551

Jordanes's history of the Goths, written at Constantinople in AD 551 in sixty chapters, from their home in Scandza through their wars with Rome, the Huns and Attila (the battle of the Catalaunian Plains, AD 451), to the fall of the Ostrogothic kingdom to Justinian's general Belisarius. The Goths were Christians (of the Arian kind), and the book is a main source for the barbarian kingdoms in which the Western church had to live. The translator's note and preface, his marginal headings and the margin numbers are left out; the chapter titles are Mierow's section headings.

PREFACE

Though it had been my wish to glide in my little boat by the shore of a peaceful coast and, as a certain writer says, to gather little fishes from the pools of the ancients, you, brother Castalius, bid me set my sails toward the deep. You urge me to leave the little work I have in hand, that is, the abbreviation of the Chronicles, and to condense in my own style in this small book the twelve volumes of the Senator on the origin and deeds of the Getae from olden time to the present day, descending through the generations of the kings. Truly a hard command, and imposed by one who seems unwilling to realize the burden of the task. Nor do you note this, that my utterance is too slight to fill so magnificent a trumpet of speech as his. But above every burden is the fact that I have no access to his books that I may follow his thought. Still—and let me lie not—I have in times past read the books a second time by his steward's loan for a three days' reading. The words I recall not, but the sense and the deeds related I think I retain entire. To this I have added fitting matters from some Greek and Latin histories. I have also put in an introduction and a conclusion, and have inserted many things of my own authorship. Wherefore reproach me not, but receive and read with gladness what you have asked me to write. If aught be insufficiently spoken and you

remember it, do you as a neighbor to our race add to it, praying for me, dearest brother. The Lord be with you. Amen.

CHAPTER I. GEOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

Our ancestors, as Orosius relates, were of the opinion that the circle of the whole world was surrounded by the girdle of Ocean on three sides. Its three parts they called Asia, Europe and Africa. Concerning this threefold division of the earth's extent there are almost innumerable writers, who not only explain the situations of cities and places, but also measure out the number of miles and paces to give more clearness. Moreover they locate the islands interspersed amid the waves, both the greater and also the lesser islands, called Cyclades or Sporades, as situated in the vast flood of the Great Sea. But the impassable farther bounds of Ocean not only has no one attempted to describe, but no man has been allowed to reach; for by reason of obstructing seaweed and the failing of the winds it is plainly inaccessible and is unknown to any save to Him who made it. But the nearer border of this sea, which we call the circle of the world, surrounds its coasts like a wreath. This has become clearly known to men of inquiring mind, even to such as desired to write about it. For not only is the coast itself inhabited, but certain islands off in the sea are habitable. Thus there are to the East in the Indian Ocean, Hippodes, Iamnesia, Solis Perusta (which though not habitable, is yet of great length and breadth), besides Taprobane, a fair island wherein there are towns or estates and ten strongly fortified cities.

But there is yet another, the lovely Silefantina, and Theros also. These, though not clearly described by any writer, are nevertheless well filled with inhabitants. This same Ocean has in its western region certain islands known to almost everyone by reason of the great number of those that journey to and fro. And there are two not far from the neighborhood of the Strait of Gades, one the Blessed Isle and another called the Fortunate. Although some reckon as islands of Ocean the twin promontories of Galicia and Lusitania, where are still to be seen the Temple of Hercules on one and Scipio's Monument on the other, yet since they are joined to the extremity of the Galician country, they belong rather to the great land of Europe than to the islands of Ocean. However, it has other islands deeper within its own tides, which are called the Baleares; and yet another, Mevania, besides the Orcades, thirty-three in number, though not all inhabited. And at the

farthest bound of its western expanse it has another island named Thule, of which the Mantuan bard makes mention:

"And Farthest Thule shall serve thee." The same mighty sea has also in its arctic region, that is in the north, a great island named Scandza, from which my tale (by God's grace) shall take its beginning. For the race whose origin you ask to know burst forth like a swarm of bees from the midst of this island and came into the land of Europe. But how or in what wise we shall explain hereafter, if it be the Lord's will.

CHAPTER II. BRITAIN

But now let me speak briefly as I can concerning the island of Britain, which is situated in the bosom of Ocean between Spain, Gaul and Germany. Although Livy tells us that no one in former days sailed around it, because of its great size, yet many writers have held various opinions of it. It was long unapproached by Roman arms, until Julius Caesar disclosed it by battles fought for mere glory. In the busy age which followed it became accessible to many through trade and by other means. Thus it revealed more clearly its position, which I shall here explain as I have found it in Greek and Latin authors. Most of them say it is like a triangle pointing between the north and west. Its widest angle faces the mouths of the Rhine. Then the island shrinks in breadth and recedes until it ends in two other angles. Its long doubled side faces Gaul and Germany. Its greatest breadth is said to be over two thousand three hundred and ten stadia, and its length not more than seven thousand one hundred and thirty-two stadia. In some parts it is moorland, in others there are wooded plains, and sometimes it rises into mountain peaks. The island is surrounded by a sluggish sea, which neither gives readily to the stroke of the oar nor runs high under the blasts of the wind. I suppose this is because other lands are so far removed from it as to cause no disturbance of the sea, which indeed is of greater width here than anywhere else. Moreover Strabo, a famous writer of the Greeks, relates that the island exhales such mists from its soil, soaked by the frequent inroads of Ocean, that the sun is covered throughout the whole of their disagreeable sort of day that passes as fair, and so is hidden from sight.

Cornelius also, the author of the Annals, says that in the farthest part of Britain the night gets brighter and is very short. He also says that the island abounds in metals, is well supplied with grass and is more productive in all those things which feed beasts rather than men. Moreover many large rivers

flow through it, and the tides are borne back into them, rolling along precious stones and pearls. The Silures have swarthy features and are usually born with curly black hair, but the inhabitants of Caledonia have reddish hair and large loose-jointed bodies. They are like the Gauls or the Spaniards, according as they are opposite either nation. Hence some have supposed that from these lands the island received its inhabitants, alluring them by its nearness. All the people and their kings are alike wild. Yet Dio, a most celebrated writer of annals, assures us of the fact that they have all been combined under the name of Caledonians and Maeatae. They live in wattled huts, a shelter used in common with their flocks, and often the woods are their home. They paint their bodies with iron-red, whether by way of adornment or perhaps for some other reason. They often wage war with one another, either because they desire power or to increase their possessions. They fight not only on horseback or on foot, but even with scythed two-horse chariots, which they commonly call essedae. Let it suffice to have said thus much on the shape of the island of Britain.

CHAPTER III. SCANDZA

Let us now return to the site of the island of Scandza, which we left above. Claudius Ptolemaeus, an excellent describer of the world, has made mention of it in the second book of his work, saying: "There is a great island situated in the surge of the northern Ocean, Scandza by name, in the shape of a juniper leaf with bulging sides that taper down to a point at a long end." Pomponius Mela also makes mention of it as situated in the Codan Gulf of the sea, with Ocean lapping its shores. This island lies in front of the river Vistula, which rises in the Sarmatian mountains and flows through its triple mouth into the northern Ocean in sight of Scandza, separating Germany and Scythia. The island has in its eastern part a vast lake in the bosom of the earth, whence the Vagus river springs from the bowels of the earth and flows surging into the Ocean. And on the west it is surrounded by an immense sea. On the north it is bounded by the same vast unnavigable Ocean, from which by means of a sort of projecting arm of land a bay is cut off and forms the German Sea. Here also there are said to be many small islands scattered round about. If wolves cross over to these islands when the sea is frozen by reason of the great cold, they are said to lose their sight. Thus the land is not only inhospitable to men but cruel even to wild beasts.

Now in the island of Scandza, whereof I speak, there dwell many and divers nations, though Ptolemaeus mentions the names of but seven of them. There the honey-making swarms of bees are nowhere to be found on account of the exceeding great cold. In the northern part of the island the race of the Adogit live, who are said to have continual light in midsummer for forty days and nights, and who likewise have no clear light in the winter season for the same number of days and nights. By reason of this alternation of sorrow and joy they are like no other race in their sufferings and blessings. And why? Because during the longer days they see the sun returning to the east along the rim of the horizon, but on the shorter days it is not thus seen. The sun shows itself differently because it is passing through the southern signs, and whereas to us the sun seem to rise from below, it seems to go around them along the edge of the earth. There also are other peoples. There are the Screrefennae, who do not seek grain for food but live on the flesh of wild beasts and birds' eggs; for there are such multitudes of young game in the swamps as to provide for the natural increase of their kind and to afford satisfaction to the needs of the people. But still another race dwells there, the Suehans, who, like the Thuringians, have splendid horses.

Here also are those who send through innumerable other tribes the sapphirine skins to trade for Roman use. They are a people famed for the dark beauty of their furs and, though living in poverty, are most richly clothed. Then comes a throng of various nations, Theustes, Vagoth, Bergio, Hallin, Liothida. All their habitations are in one level and fertile region. Wherefore they are disturbed there by the attacks of other tribes. Behind these are the Ahelmil, Finnaithae, Fervir and Gauthigoth, a race of men bold and quick to fight. Then come the Mixi, Evagre, and Otingis. All these live like wild animals in rocks hewn out like castles. And there are beyond these the Ostrogoths, Raumarici, Aeragnaricii, and the most gentle Finns, milder than all the inhabitants of Scandza. Like them are the Vinovilith also. The Suetidi are of this stock and excel the rest in stature. However, the Dani, who trace their origin to the same stock, drove from their homes the Heruli, who lay claim to preëminence among all the nations of Scandza for their tallness. Furthermore there are in the same neighborhood the Grannii, Augandzi, Eunixi, Taetel, Rugi, Arochi and Ranii, over whom Roduulf was king not many years ago. But he despised his own kingdom and fled to the embrace of Theodoric, king of the Goths, finding there what he desired. All these na-

tions surpassed the Germans in size and spirit, and fought with the cruelty of wild beasts.

CHAPTER IV. THE UNITED GOTHS

Now from this island of Scandza, as from a hive of races or a womb of nations, the Goths are said to have come forth long ago under their king, Berig by name. As soon as they disembarked from their ships and set foot on the land, they straightway gave their name to the place. And even to-day it is said to be called Gothiscandza. Soon they moved from here to the abodes of the Ulmerugi, who then dwelt on the shores of Ocean, where they pitched camp, joined battle with them and drove them from their homes. Then they subdued their neighbors, the Vandals, and thus added to their victories. But when the number of the people increased greatly and Filimer, son of Gadaric, reigned as king—about the fifth since Berig—he decided that the army of the Goths with their families should move from that region. In search of suitable homes and pleasant places they came to the land of Scythia, called Oium in that tongue. Here they were delighted with the great richness of the country, and it is said that when half the army had been brought over, the bridge whereby they had crossed the river fell in utter ruin, nor could anyone thereafter pass to or fro. For the place is said to be surrounded by quaking bogs and an encircling abyss, so that by this double obstacle nature has made it inaccessible. And even to-day one may hear in that neighborhood the lowing of cattle and may find traces of men, if we are to believe the stories of travellers, although we must grant that they hear these things from afar.

This part of the Goths, which is said to have crossed the river and entered with Filimer into the country of Oium, came into possession of the desired land, and there they soon came upon the race of the Spali, joined battle with them and won the victory. Thence the victors hastened to the farthest part of Scythia, which is near the sea of Pontus; for so the story is generally told in their early songs, in almost historic fashion. Ablabius also, a famous chronicler of the Gothic race, confirms this in his most trustworthy account. Some of the ancient writers also agree with the tale. Among these we may mention Josephus, a most reliable relator of annals, who everywhere follows the rule of truth and unravels from the beginning the origin of causes;—but why he has omitted the beginnings of the race of the Goths, of which I have spoken, I do not know. He barely mentions Magog of that stock, and says they were Scythians by race and were called so by name.

Before we enter on our history, we must describe the boundaries of this land, as it lies.

CHAPTER V

Now Scythia borders on the land of Germany as far as the source of the river Ister and the expanse of the Morsian Swamp. It reaches even to the rivers Tyra, Danaster and Vagosola, and the great Danaper, extending to the Taurus range—not the mountains in Asia but our own, that is, the Scythian Taurus—all the way to Lake Maeotis. Beyond Lake Maeotis it spreads on the other side of the straits of Bosphorus to the Caucasus Mountains and the river Araxes. Then it bends back to the left behind the Caspian Sea, which comes from the north-eastern ocean in the most distant parts of Asia, and so is formed like a mushroom, at first narrow and then broad and round in shape. It extends as far as the Huns, Albani and Seres. This land, I say,—namely, Scythia, stretching far and spreading wide,—has on the east the Seres, a race that dwelt at the very beginning of their history on the shore of the Caspian Sea. On the west are the Germans and the river Vistula; on the arctic side, namely the north, it is surrounded by Ocean; on the south by Persis, Albania, Hiberia, Pontus and the farthest channel of the Ister, which is called the Danube all the way from mouth to source. But in that region where Scythia touches the Pontic coast it is dotted with towns of no mean fame:—Borysthenis, Olbia, Callipolis, Cherson, Theodosia, Careon, Myrmicion and Trapezus. These towns the wild Scythian tribes allowed the Greeks to build to afford them means of trade. In the midst of Scythia is the place that separates Asia and Europe, I mean the Rhipaeian mountains, from which the mighty Tanais flows. This river enters Maeotis, a marsh having a circuit of one hundred and forty-four miles and never subsiding to a depth of less than eight fathoms.

In the land of Scythia to the westward dwells, first of all, the race of the Gepidae, surrounded by great and famous rivers. For the Tisia flows through it on the north and northwest, and on the southwest is the great Danube. On the east it is cut by the Flutausis, a swiftly eddying stream that sweeps whirling into the Ister's waters. Within these rivers lies Dacia, encircled by the lofty Alps as by a crown. Near their left ridge, which inclines toward the north, and beginning at the source of the Vistula, the populous race of the Venethi dwell, occupying a great expanse of land. Though their names are now dispersed amid various clans and places, yet they are chiefly called

Sclaveni and Antes. The abode of the Sclaveni extends from the city of Noviodunum and the lake called Mursianus to the Danaster, and northward as far as the Vistula. They have swamps and forests for their cities. The Antes, who are the bravest of these peoples dwelling in the curve of the sea of Pontus, spread from the Danaster to the Danaper, rivers that are many days' journey apart. But on the shore of Ocean, where the floods of the river Vistula empty from three mouths, the Vidivarii dwell, a people gathered out of various tribes. Beyond them the Aesti, a subject race, likewise hold the shore of Ocean. To the south dwell the Acatziri, a very brave tribe ignorant of agriculture, who subsist on their flocks and by hunting.

Farther away and above the Sea of Pontus are the abodes of the Bulgares, well known from the wrongs done to them by reason of our oppression. From this region the Huns, like a fruitful root of bravest races, sprouted into two hordes of people. Some of these are called Altziagiri, others Sabiri; and they have different dwelling places. The Altziagiri are near Cherson, where the avaricious traders bring in the goods of Asia. In summer they range the plains, their broad domains, wherever the pasturage for their cattle invites them, and betake themselves in winter beyond the Sea of Pontus. Now the Hunuguri are known to us from the fact that they trade in marten skins. But they have been cowed by their bolder neighbors. We read that on their first migration the Goths dwelt in the land of Scythia near Lake Maeotis. On the second migration they went to Moesia, Thrace and Dacia, and after their third they dwelt again in Scythia, above the Sea of Pontus. Nor do we find anywhere in their written records legends which tell of their subjection to slavery in Britain or in some other island, or of their redemption by a certain man at the cost of a single horse. Of course if anyone in our city says that the Goths had an origin different from that I have related, let him object. For myself, I prefer to believe what I have read, rather than put trust in old wives' tales. To return, then, to my subject. The aforesaid race of which I speak is known to have had Filimer as king while they remained in their first home in Scythia near Maeotis. In their second home, that is in the countries of Dacia, Thrace and Moesia, Zalmoxes reigned, whom many writers of annals mention as a man of remarkable learning in philosophy. Yet even before this they had a learned man Zeuta, and after him Dicineus; and the third was Zalmoxes of whom I have made mention above. Nor did they lack teachers of wisdom. Wherefore the Goths have ever been wiser than other barbarians

and were nearly like the Greeks, as Dio relates, who wrote their history and annals with a Greek pen. He says that those of noble birth among them, from whom their kings and priests were appointed, were called first Tarabostesei and then Pilleati. Moreover so highly were the Getae praised that Mars, whom the fables of poets call the god of war, was reputed to have been born among them. Hence Virgil says:

"Father Gradivus rules the Getic fields." Now Mars has always been worshipped by the Goths with cruel rites, and captives were slain as his victims. They thought that he who is the lord of war ought to be appeased by the shedding of human blood. To him they devoted the first share of the spoil, and in his honor arms stripped from the foe were suspended from trees. And they had more than all other races a deep spirit of religion, since the worship of this god seemed to be really bestowed upon their ancestor. In their third dwelling place, which was above the Sea of Pontus, they had now become more civilized and, as I have said before, were more learned. Then the people were divided under ruling families. The Visigoths served the family of the Balthi and the Ostrogoths served the renowned Amali. They were the first race of men to string the bow with cords, as Lucan, who is more of a historian than a poet, affirms:

"They string Armenian bows with Getic cords." In earliest times they sang of the deeds of their ancestors in strains of song accompanied by the cithara; chanting of Eterpamara, Hanala, Fritigern, Vidigoia and others whose fame among them is great; such heroes as admiring antiquity scarce proclaims its own to be. Then, as the story goes, Vesosis waged a war disastrous to himself against the Scythians, whom ancient tradition asserts to have been the husbands of the Amazons. Concerning these female warriors Orosius speaks in convincing language. Thus we can clearly prove that Vesosis then fought with the Goths, since we know surely that he waged war with the husbands of the Amazons. They dwelt at that time along a bend of Lake Maeotis, from the river Borysthenes, which the natives call the Danaper, to the stream of the Tanais. By the Tanais I mean the river which flows down from the Rhipaeian mountains and rushes with so swift a current that when the neighboring streams or Lake Maeotis and the Bosphorus are frozen fast, it is the only river that is kept warm by the rugged mountains and is never solidified by the Scythian cold. It is also famous as the boundary of Asia and Europe. For the other Tanais is the one which rises in the mountains of the

Chrinni and flows into the Caspian Sea. The Danaper begins in a great marsh and issues from it as from its mother. It is sweet and fit to drink as far as half-way down its course.

It also produces fish of a fine flavor and without bones, having only cartilage as the frame-work of their bodies. But as it approaches the Pontus it receives a little spring called Exampaeus, so very bitter that although the river is navigable for the length of a forty days' voyage, it is so altered by the water of this scanty stream as to become tainted and unlike itself, and flows thus tainted into the sea between the Greek towns of Callipidae and Hypanis. At its mouth there is an island named Achilles. Between these two rivers is a vast land filled with forests and treacherous swamps.

CHAPTER VI

This was the region where the Goths dwelt when Vesosis, king of the Egyptians, made war upon them. Their king at that time was Tanausis. In a battle at the river Phasis (whence come the birds called pheasants, which are found in abundance at the banquets of the great all over the world) Tanausis, king of the Goths, met Vesosis, king of the Egyptians, and there inflicted a severe defeat upon him, pursuing him even to Egypt. Had he not been restrained by the waters of the impassable Nile and the fortifications which Vesosis had long ago ordered to be made against the raids of the Ethiopians, he would have slain him in his own land. But finding he had no power to injure him there, he returned and conquered almost all Asia and made it subject and tributary to Sornus, king of the Medes, who was then his dear friend. At that time some of his victorious army, seeing that the subdued provinces were rich and fruitful, deserted their companies and of their own accord remained in various parts of Asia.

From their name or race Pompeius Trogus says the stock of the Parthians had its origin. Hence even to-day in the Scythian tongue they are called Parthi, that is, Deserters. And in consequence of their descent they are archers—almost alone among all the nations of Asia—and are very valiant warriors. Now in regard to the name, though I have said they were called Parthi because they were deserters, some have traced the derivation of the word otherwise, saying that they were called Parthi because they fled from their kinsmen. Now when this Tanausis, king of the Goths, was dead, his people worshipped him as one of their gods.

CHAPTER VII

After his death, while the army under his successors was engaged in an expedition in other parts, a neighboring tribe attempted to carry off women of the Goths as booty. But they made a brave resistance, as they had been taught to do by their husbands, and routed in disgrace the enemy who had come upon them. When they had won this victory, they were inspired with greater daring. Mutually encouraging each other, they took up arms and chose two of the bolder, Lampeto and Marpesia, to act as their leaders. While they were in command, they cast lots both for the defense of their own country and the devastation of other lands. So Lampeto remained to guard their native land and Marpesia took a company of women and led this novel army into Asia. After conquering various tribes in war and making others their allies by treaties, she came to the Caucasus. There she remained for some time and gave the place the name Rock of Marpesia, of which also Virgil makes mention:

"Like to hard flint or the Marpesian Cliff." It was here Alexander the Great afterwards built gates and named them the Caspian Gates, which now the tribe of the Lazi guard as a Roman fortification. Here, then, the Amazons remained for some time and were much strengthened. Then they departed and crossed the river Halys, which flows near the city of Gangra, and with equal success subdued Armenia, Syria, Cilicia, Galatia, Pisidia and all the places of Asia. Then they turned to Ionia and Aeolia, and made provinces of them after their surrender. Here they ruled for some time and even founded cities and camps bearing their name. At Ephesus also they built a very costly and beautiful temple for Diana, because of her delight in archery and the chase—arts to which they were themselves devoted. Then these Scythian-born women, who had by such a chance gained control over the kingdoms of Asia, held them for almost a hundred years, and at last came back to their own kinsfolk in the Marpesian rocks I have mentioned above, namely the Caucasus mountains.

Inasmuch as I have twice mentioned this mountain-range, I think it not out of place to describe its extent and situation, for, as is well known, it encompasses a great part of the earth with its continuous chain. Beginning at the Indian Ocean, where it faces the south it is warm, giving off vapor in the sun; where it lies open to the north it is exposed to chill winds and frost. Then bending back into Syria with a curving turn, it not only sends forth

many other streams, but pours from its plenteous breasts into the Vasianensian region the Euphrates and the Tigris, navigable rivers famed for their unfailing springs. These rivers surround the land of the Syrians and cause it to be called Mesopotamia, as it truly is. Their waters empty into the bosom of the Red Sea. Then turning back to the north, the range I have spoken of passes with great bends through the Scythian lands. There it sends forth very famous rivers into the Caspian Sea—the Araxes, the Cyrus and the Cambyses. It goes on in continuous range even to the Rhipaeian mountains. Thence it descends from the north toward the Pontic Sea, furnishing a boundary to the Scythian tribes by its ridge, and even touches the waters of the Ister with its clustered hills. Being cut by this river, it divides, and in Scythia is named Taurus also. Such then is the great range, almost the mightiest of mountain chains, rearing aloft its summits and by its natural conformation supplying men with impregnable strongholds.

Here and there it divides where the ridge breaks apart and leaves a deep gap, thus forming now the Caspian Gates, and again the Armenian or the Cilician, or of whatever name the place may be. Yet they are barely passable for a wagon, for both sides are sharp and steep as well as very high. The range has different names among various peoples. The Indian calls it Imaus and in another part Paropamisus. The Parthian calls it first Choatras and afterward Niphates; the Syrian and Armenian call it Taurus; the Scythian names it Caucasus and Rhipaeus, and at its end calls it Taurus. Many other tribes have given names to the range. Now that we have devoted a few words to describing its extent, let us return to the subject of the Amazons.

CHAPTER VIII

Fearing their race would fail, they sought marriage with neighboring tribes. They appointed a day for meeting once in every year, so that when they should return to the same place on that day in the following year each mother might give over to the father whatever male child she had borne, but should herself keep and train for warfare whatever children of the female sex were born. Or else, as some maintain, they exposed the males, destroying the life of the ill-fated child with a hate like that of a stepmother. Among them childbearing was detested, though everywhere else it is desired. The terror of their cruelty was increased by common rumor; for what hope, pray, would there be for a captive, when it was considered wrong to spare even a son? Hercules, they say, fought against them and overcame Menalippe, yet

more by guile than by valor. Theseus, moreover, took Hippolyte captive, and of her he begat Hippolytus. And in later times the Amazons had a queen named Penthesilea, famed in the tales of the Trojan war. These women are said to have kept their power even to the time of Aleander the Great.

CHAPTER IX

But say not "Why does a story which deals with the men of the Goths have so much to say of their women? Hear, then, the tale of the famous and glorious valor of the men. Now Dio, the historian and diligent investigator of ancient times, who gave to his work the title "Getica" (and the Getae we have proved in a previous passage to be Goths, on the testimony of Orosius Paulus) —this Dio, I say, makes mention of a later king of theirs named Telefus. Let no one say that this name is quite foreign to the Gothic tongue, and let no one who is ignorant cavil at the fact that the tribes of men make use of many names, even as the Romans borrow from the Macedonians, the Greeks from the Romans, the Sarmatians from the Germans, and the Goths frequently from the Huns. This Telefus, then, a son of Hercules by Auge, and the husband of a sister of Priam, was of towering stature and terrible strength. He matched his father's valor by virtues of his own and also recalled the traits of Hercules by his likeness in appearance. Our ancestors called his kingdom Moesia. This province has on the east the mouths of the Danube, on the south Macedonia, on the west Histria and on the north the Danube. Now this king we have mentioned carried on wars with the Greeks, and in their course he slew in battle Thesander, the leader of Greece.

But while he was making a hostile attack upon Ajax and was pursuing Ulysses, his horse became entangled in some vines and fell. He himself was thrown and wounded in the thigh by a javelin of Achilles, so that for a long time he could not be healed. Yet, despite his wound, he drove the Greeks from his land. Now when Telefus died, his son Eurypylus succeeded to the throne, being a son of the sister of Priam, king of the Phrygians. For love of Cassandra he sought to take part in the Trojan war, that he might come to the help of her parents and his own father-in-law; but soon after his arrival he was killed.

CHAPTER X

Then Cyrus, king of the Persians, after a long interval of almost exactly six hundred and thirty years (as Pompeius Trogus relates), waged an unsuccessful

war against Tomyris, Queen of the Getae. Elated by his victories in Asia, he strove to conquer the Getae, whose queen, as I have said, was Tomyris. Though she could have stopped the approach of Cyrus at the river Araxes, yet she permitted him to cross, preferring to overcome him in battle rather than to thwart him by advantage of position. And so she did. As Cyrus approached, fortune at first so favored the Parthians that they slew the son of Tomyris and most of the army. But when the battle was renewed, the Getae and their queen defeated, conquered and overwhelmed the Parthians and took rich plunder from them. There for the first time the race of the Goths saw silken tents. After achieving this victory and winning so much booty from her enemies, Queen Tomyris crossed over into that part of Moesia which is now called Lesser Scythia—a name borrowed from great Scythia,—and built on the Moesian shore of Pontus the city of Tomi, named after herself.

Afterwards Darius, king of the Persians, the son of Hystaspes, demanded in marriage the daughter of Antyrus, king of the Goths, asking for her hand and at the same time making threats in case they did not fulfil his wish. The Goths spurned this alliance and brought his embassy to naught. Inflamed with anger because his offer had been rejected, he led an army of seven hundred thousand armed men against them and sought to avenge his wounded feelings by inflicting a public injury. Crossing on boats covered with boards and joined like a bridge almost the whole way from Chalcedon to Byzantium, he started for Thrace and Moesia. Later he built a bridge over the Danube in like manner, but he was wearied by two brief months of effort and lost eight thousand armed men among the Tapae. Then, fearing the bridge over the Danube would be seized by his foes, he marched back to Thrace in swift retreat, believing the land of Moesia would not be safe for even a short sojourn there.

After his death, his son Xerxes planned to avenge his father's wrongs and so proceeded to undertake a war against the Goths with seven hundred thousand of his own men and three hundred thousand armed auxiliaries, twelve hundred ships of war and three thousand transports. But he did not venture to try them in battle, being overawed by their unyielding animosity. So he returned with his force just as he had come, and without righting a single battle. Then Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, made alliance with the Goths and took to wife Medopa, the daughter of King Gudila, so that he

might render the kingdom of Macedon more secure by the help of this marriage. It was at this time, as the historian Dio relates, that Philip, suffering from need of money, determined to lead out his forces and sack Odessus, a city of Moesia, which was then subject to the Goths by reason of the neighboring city of Tomi. Thereupon those priests of the Goths that are called the Holy Men suddenly opened the gates of Odessus and came forth to meet them. They bore harps and were clad in snowy robes, and chanted in suppliant strains to the gods of their fathers that they might be propitious and repel the Macedonians. When the Macedonians saw them coming with such confidence to meet them, they were astonished and, so to speak, the armed were terrified by the unarmed. Straight-way they broke the line they had formed for battle and not only refrained from destroying the city, but even gave back those whom they had captured outside by right of war. Then they made a truce and returned to their own country.

After a long time Sitalces, a famous leader of the Goths, remembering this treacherous attempt, gathered a hundred and fifty thousand men and made war upon the Athenians, fighting against Perdiccas, King of Macedon. This Perdiccas had been left by Alexander as his successor to rule Athens by hereditary right, when he drank his destruction at Babylon through the treachery of an attendant. The Goths engaged in a great battle with him and proved themselves to be the stronger. Thus in return for the wrong which the Macedonians had long before committed in Moesia, the Goths overran Greece and laid waste the whole of Macedonia.

CHAPTER XI

Then when Buruista was king of the Goths, Dicineus came to Gothia at the time when Sulla ruled the Romans. Buruista received Dicineus and gave him almost royal power. It was by his advice the Goths ravaged the lands of the Germans, which the Franks now possess. Then came Caesar, the first of all the Romans to assume imperial power and to subdue almost the whole world, who conquered all kingdoms and even seized islands lying beyond our world, reposing in the bosom of Ocean. He made tributary to the Romans those that knew not the Roman name even by hearsay, and yet was unable to prevail against the Goths, despite his frequent attempts. Soon Gaius Tiberius reigned as third emperor of the Romans, and yet the Goths continued in their kingdom unharmed. Their safety, their advantage, their one hope lay in this, that whatever their counsellor Dicineus advised should by

all means be done; and they judged it expedient that they should labor for its accomplishment. And when he saw that their minds were obedient to him in all things and that they had natural ability, he taught them almost the whole of philosophy, for he was a skilled master of this subject. Thus by teaching them ethics he restrained their barbarous customs; by imparting a knowledge of physics he made them live naturally under laws of their own, which they possess in written form to this day and call belagines. He taught them logic and made them skilled in reasoning beyond all other races;

he showed them practical knowledge and so persuaded them to abound in good works. By demonstrating theoretical knowledge he urged them to contemplate the twelve signs and the courses of the planets passing through them, and the whole of astronomy. He told them how the disc of the moon gains increase or suffers loss, and showed them how much the fiery globe of the sun exceeds in size our earthly planet. He explained the names of the three hundred and forty-six stars and told through what signs in the arching vault of the heavens they glide swiftly from their rising to their setting. Think, I pray you, what pleasure it was for these brave men, when for a little space they had leisure from warfare, to be instructed in the teachings of philosophy! You might have seen one scanning the position of the heavens and another investigating the nature of plants and bushes. Here stood one who studied the waxing and waning of the moon, while still another regarded the labors of the sun and observed how those bodies which were hastening to go toward the east are whirled around and borne back to the west by the rotation of the heavens. When they had learned the reason, they were at rest. These and various other matters Dicineus taught the Goths in his wisdom and gained marvellous repute among them, so that he ruled not only the common men but their kings.

He chose from among them those that were at that time of noblest birth and superior wisdom and taught them theology, bidding them worship certain divinities and holy places. He gave the name of Pilleati to the priests he ordained, I suppose because they offered sacrifice having their heads covered with tiaras, which we otherwise call pillei. But he bade them call the rest of their race Capillati. This name the Goths accepted and prized highly and they retain it to this day in their songs. After the death of Dicineus, they held Comosicus in almost equal honor, because he was not inferior in know-

ledge. By reason of his wisdom he was accounted their priest and king, and he judged the people with the greatest uprightness.

CHAPTER XII

When he too had departed from human affairs, Coryllus ascended the throne as king of the Goths and for forty years ruled his people in Dacia. I mean ancient Dacia, which the race of the Gepidae now possess. This country lies across the Danube within sight of Moesia, and is surrounded by a crown of mountains. It has only two ways of access, one by way of the Boutae and the other by the Tapae. This Gothia, which our ancestors called Dacia and now, as I have said, is called Gepidia, was then bounded on the east by the Roxolani, on the west by the Iazyges, on the north by the Sarmatians and Basternae and on the south by the river Danube. The Iazyges are separated from the Roxolani by the Aluta river only. And since mention has been made of the Danube, I think it not out of place to make brief notice of so excellent a stream. Rising in the fields of the Alamanni, it receives sixty streams which flow into it here and there in the twelve hundred miles from its source to its mouths in the Pontus, resembling a spine inwoven with ribs like a basket. It is indeed a most vast river. In the language of the Bessi it is called the Hister, and it has profound waters in its channel to a depth of quite two hundred feet. This stream surpasses in size all other rivers, except the Nile. Let this much suffice for the Danube. But let us now with the Lord's help return to the subject from which we have digressed.

CHAPTER XIII

Now after a long time, in the reign of the Emperor Domitian, the Goths, through fear of his avarrice, broke the truce they had long observed under other emperors. They laid waste the bank of the Danube, so long held by the Roman Empire, and slew the soldiers and their generals. Oppius Sabinus was then in command of that province, succeeding Agrippa, while Dorpaneus held command over the Goths. Thereupon the Goths made war and conquered the Romans, cut off the head of Oppius Sabinus, and invaded and boldly plundered many castles and cities belonging to the Emperor. In this plight of his countrymen Domitian hastened with all his might to Illyricum, bringing with him the troops of almost the entire empire. He sent Fuscus before him as his general with picked soldiers. Then joining boats together like a bridge, he made his soldiers cross the river Danube above the

army of Dorpaneus. But the Goths were on the alert. They took up arms and presently overwhelmed the Romans in the first encounter. They slew Fuscus, the commander, and plundered the soldiers' camp of its treasure. And because of the great victory they had won in this region, they thereafter called their leaders, by whose good fortune they seemed to have conquered, not mere men, but demigods, that is Ansis. Their genealogy I shall run through briefly, telling the lineage of each and the beginning and the end of this line. And do thou, O reader, hear me without repining; for I speak truly.

CHAPTER XIV

Now the first of these heroes, as they themselves relate in their legends, was Gapt, who begat Hulmul. And Hulmul begat Augis; and Augis begat him who was called Amal, from whom the name of the Amali comes. This Amal begat Hisarnis. Hisarnis moreover begat Ostrogotha, and Ostrogotha begat Hunuil, and Hunuil likewise begat Athal. Athal begat Achiulf and Oduulf. Now Achiulf begat Ansila and Ediulf, Vultuulf and Hermanaric. And Vultuulf begat Valaravans and Valaravans begat Vinitharius. Vinitharius moreover begat Vandalarius; Vandalarius begat Thiudimer and Valamir and Vidimer; and Thiudimer begat Theodoric. Theodoric begat Amalasuentha; Amalasuentha bore Athalaric and Mathesuentha to her husband Eutharic, whose race was thus joined to hers in kinship. For the aforesaid Hermanaric, the son of Achiulf, begat Hunimund, and Hunimund begat Thorismud. Now Thorismud begat Beremud, Beremud begat Veteric, and Veteric likewise begat Eutharic, who married Amalasuentha and begat Athalaric and Mathesuentha. Athalaric died in the years of his childhood, and Mathesuentha married Vitiges, to whom she bore no child. Both of them were taken together by Belisarius to Constantinople. When Vitiges passed from human affairs, Germanus the patrician, a cousin of the Emperor Justinian, took Mathesuentha in marriage and made her a Patrician Ordinary. And of her he begat a son, also called Germanus. But upon the death of Germanus, she determined to remain a widow. Now how and in what wise the kingdom of the Amali was overthrown we shall keep to tell in its proper place, if the Lord help us.

But let us now return to the point whence we made our digression and tell how the stock of this people of whom I speak reached the end of its course. Now Ablabius the historian relates that in Scythia, where we have said that they were dwelling above an arm of the Pontic Sea, part of them who held

the eastern region and whose king was Ostrogotha, were called Ostrogoths, that is, eastern Goths, either from his name or from the place. But the rest were called Visigoths, that is, the Goths of the western country.

CHAPTER XV

As already said, they crossed the Danube and dwelt a little while in Moesia and Thrace. From the remnant of these came Maximinus, the Emperor succeeding Alexander the son of Mama. For Symmachus relates it thus in the fifth book of his history, saying that upon the death of Caesar Alexander, Maximinus was made Emperor by the army; a man born in Thrace of most humble parentage, his father being a Goth named Micca, and his mother a woman of the Alani called Ababa. He reigned three years and lost alike his empire and his life while making war on the Christians. Now after his first years spent in rustic life, he had come from his flocks to military service in the reign of the Emperor Severus and at the time when he was celebrating his son's birthday. It happened that the Emperor was giving military games. When Maximinus saw this, although he was a semi-barbarian youth, he besought the Emperor in his native tongue to give him permission to wrestle with the trained soldiers for the prizes offered. Severus marvelling much at his great size—for his stature, it is said, was more than eight feet,—bade him contend in wrestling with the camp followers, in order that no injury might befall his soldiers at the hands of this wild fellow. Thereupon Maximinus threw sixteen attendants with so great ease that he conquered them one by one without taking any rest by pausing between the bouts.

So then, when he had won the prizes, it was ordered that he should be sent into the army and should take his first campaign with the cavalry. On the third day after this, when the Emperor went out to the field, he saw him coursing about in barbarian fashion and bade a tribune restrain him and teach him Roman discipline. But when he understood it was the Emperor who was speaking about him, he came forward and began to run ahead of him as he rode. Then the Emperor spurred on his horse to a slow trot and wheeled in many a circle hither and thither with various turns, until he was weary. And then he said to him "Are you willing to wrestle now after your running, my little Thracian? "As much as you like, O Emperor," he answered. So Severus leaped from his horse and ordered the freshest soldiers to wrestle with him. But he threw to the ground seven very powerful youths, even as before, taking no breathing space between the bouts. So he alone was given

prizes of silver and a golden necklace by Caesar. Then he was bidden to serve in the body guard of the Emperor. After this he was an officer under Antoninus Caracalla, often increasing his fame by his deeds, and rose to many military grades and finally to the centurionship as the reward of his active service.

Yet afterwards, when Macrinus became Emperor, he refused military service for almost three years, and though he held the office of tribune, he never came into the presence of Macrinus, thinking his rule shameful because he had won it by committing a crime. Then he returned to Eliogabalus, believing him to be the son of Antoninus, and entered upon his tribuneship. After his reign, he fought with marvellous success against the Parthians, under Alexander the son of Mama. When he was slain in an uprising of the soldiers at Mogontiacum, Maximinus himself was made Emperor by a vote of the army, without a decree of the senate. But he marred all his good deeds by persecuting the Christians in accordance with an evil vow and, being slain by Pupienus at Aquileia, left the kingdom to Philip. These matters we have borrowed from the history of Symmachus for this our little book, in order to show that the race of which we speak attained to the very highest station in the Roman Empire. But our subject requires us to return in due order to the point whence we digressed.

CHAPTER XVI

Now the Gothic race gained great fame in the region where they were then dwelling, that is in the Scythian land on the shore of Pontus, holding undisputed sway over great stretches of country, many arms of the sea and many river courses. By their strong right arm the Vandals were often laid low, the Marcomanni held their footing by paying tribute and the princes of the Quadi were reduced to slavery. Now when the aforesaid Philip—who, with his son Philip, was the only Christian emperor before Constantine—ruled over the Romans, in the second year of his reign Rome completed its one thousandth year. He withheld from the Goths the tribute due them; whereupon they were naturally enraged and instead of friends became his foes. For though they dwelt apart under their own kings, yet they had been allied to the Roman state and received annual gifts. And what more? Ostrogotha and his men soon crossed the Danube and ravaged Moesia and Thrace. Philip sent the senator Decius against him. And since he could do nothing against the Getae, he released his own soldiers from military service

and sent them back to private life, as though it had been by their neglect that the Goths had crossed the Danube. When, as he supposed, he had thus taken vengeance on his soldiers, he returned to Philip. But when the soldiers found themselves expelled from the army after so many hardships, in their anger they had recourse to the protection of Ostrogotha, king of the Goths.

He received them, was aroused by their words and presently led out three hundred thousand armed men, having as allies for this war some of the Taifali and Astringi and also three thousand of the Carpi, a race of men very ready to make war and frequently hostile to the Romans. But in later times when Diocletian and Maximian were Emperors, the Caesar Galerius Maximianus conquered them and made them tributary to the Roman Empire. Besides these tribes, Ostrogotha had Goths and Peucini from the island of Peucë, which lies in the mouths of the Danube where they empty into the Sea of Pontus. He placed in command Argaithus and Guntheric, the noblest leaders of his race. They speedily crossed the Danube, devastated Moesia a second time and approached Marcianople, the famed metropolis of that land. Yet after a long siege they departed, upon receiving money from the inhabitants. Now since we have mentioned Marcianople, we may briefly relate a few matters in connection with its founding. They say that the Emperor Trajan built this city for the following reason. While his sister's daughter Marcia was bathing in the stream called Potamus—a river of great clearness and purity that rises in the midst of the city—she wished to draw some water from it and by chance dropped into its depths the golden pitcher she was carrying. Yet though very heavy from its weight of metal, it emerged from the waves a long time afterwards. It surely is not a usual thing for an empty vessel to sink; much less that, when once swallowed up, it should be cast up by the waves and float again. Trajan marvelled at hearing this and believed there was some divinity in the stream. So he built a city and called it Marcianople after the name of his sister.

CHAPTER XVII

From this city, then, as we were saying, the Getae returned after a long siege to their own land, enriched by the ransom they had received. Now the race of the Gepidae was moved with envy when they saw them laden with booty and so suddenly victorious everywhere, and made war on their kinsmen. Should you ask how the Getae and Gepidae are kinsmen, I can tell you in a few words. You surely remember that in the beginning I said the Goths went

forth from the bosom of the island of Scandza with Berig, their king, sailing in only three ships toward the hither shore of Ocean, namely to Gothiscandza. One of these three ships proved to be slower than the others, as is usually the case, and thus is said to have given the tribe their name, for in their language gepanta means slow. Hence it came to pass that gradually and by corruption the name Gepidae was coined for them by way of reproach. For undoubtedly they too trace their origin from the stock of the Goths, but because, as I have said, gepanta means something slow and stolid, the word Gepidae arose as a gratuitous name of reproach. I do not believe this is very far wrong, for they are slow of thought and too sluggish for quick movement of their bodies.

These Gepidae were then smitten by envy while they dwelt in the province of Spesis on an island surrounded by the shallow waters of the Vistula. This island they called, in the speech of their fathers, Gepedoios; but it is now inhabited by the race of the Vividarii, since the Gepidae themselves have moved to better lands. The Vividarii are gathered from various races into this one asylum, if I may call it so, and thus they form a nation. So then, as we were saying, Fastida, king of the Gepidae, stirred up his quiet people to enlarge their boundaries by war. He overwhelmed the Burgundians, almost annihilating them, and conquered a number of other races also. He unjustly provoked the Goths, being the first to break the bonds of kinship by unseemly strife. He was greatly puffed up with vain glory, but in seeking to acquire new lands for his growing nation, he only reduced the numbers of his own countrymen. For he sent ambassadors to Ostrogotha, to whose rule Ostrogoths and Visigoths alike, that is, the two peoples of the same tribe, were still subject. Complaining that he was hemmed in by rugged mountains and dense forests, he demanded one of two things,—that Ostrogotha should either prepare for war or give up part of his lands to them.

Then Ostrogotha, king of the Goths, who was a man of firm mind, answered the ambassadors that he did indeed dread such a war and that it would be a grievous and infamous thing to join battle with their kin,—but he would not give up his lands. And why say more? The Gepidae hastened to take arms and Ostrogotha likewise moved his forces against them, lest he should seem a coward. They met at the town of Galtis, near which the river Auha flows and there both sides fought with great valor; indeed the similarity of their arms and of their manner of fighting turned them against their

own men. But the better cause and their natural alertness aided the Goths. Finally night put an end to the battle as a part of the Gepidae were giving way. Then Fastida, king of the Gepidae, left the field of slaughter and hastened to his own land, as much humiliated with shame and disgrace as formerly he had been elated with pride. The Goths returned victorious, content with the retreat of the Gepidae, and dwelt in peace and happiness in their own land so long as Ostrogotha was their leader.

CHAPTER XVIII

After his death, Cniva divided the army into two parts and sent some to waste Moesia, knowing that it was undefended through the neglect of the emperors. He himself with seventy thousand men hastened to Euscia, that is, Novae. When driven from this place by the general Gallus, he approached Nicopolis, a very famous town situated near the Iatrus river. This city Trajan built when he conquered the Sarmatians and named it the City of Victory. When the Emperor Decius drew near, Cniva at last withdrew to the regions of Haemus, which were not far distant. Thence he hastened to Philippopolis, with his forces in good array. When the Emperor Decius learned of his departure, he was eager to bring relief to his own city and, crossing Mount Haemus, came to Beroa. While he was resting his horses and his weary army in that place, all at once Cniva and his Goths fell upon him like a thunderbolt. He cut the Roman army to pieces and drove the Emperor, with a few who had succeeded in escaping, across the Alps again to Euscia in Moesia, where Gallus was then stationed with a large force of soldiers as guardian of the frontier. Collecting an army from this region as well as from Oescus, he prepared for the conflict of the coming war. But Cniva took Philippopolis after a long siege and then, laden with spoil, allied himself to Priscus, the commander in the city, to fight against Decius.

In the battle that followed they quickly pierced the son of Decius with an arrow and cruelly slew him. The father saw this, and although he is said to have exclaimed, to cheer the hearts of his soldiers: "Let no one mourn; the death of one soldier is not a great loss to the republic", he was yet unable to endure it, because of his love for his son. So he rode against the foe, demanding either death or vengeance, and when he came to Abrittus, a city of Moesia, he was himself cut off by the Goths and slain, thus making an end of his dominion and of his life. This place is to-day called the Altar of Decius, because he there offered strange sacrifices to idols before the battle.

CHAPTER XIX. THE GOTHS IN THE TIME OF GALLUS, VOLUSIANUS AND AEMILIANUS

Then upon the death of Decius, Gallus and Volusianus succeeded to the Roman Empire. At this time a destructive plague, almost like death itself, such as we suffered nine years ago, blighted the face of the whole earth and especially devastated Alexandria and all the land of Egypt. The historian Dionysius gives a mournful account of it and Cyprian, our own bishop and venerable martyr in Christ, also describes it in his book entitled "On Mortality". At this time the Goths frequently ravaged Moesia, through the neglect of the Emperors. When a certain Aemilianus saw that they were free to do this, and that they could not be dislodged by anyone without great cost to the republic, he thought that he too might be able to achieve fame and fortune. So he seized the rule in Moesia and, taking all the soldiers he could gather, began to plunder cities and people. In the next few months, while an armed host was being gathered against him, he wrought no small harm to the state. Yet he died almost at the beginning of his evil attempt, thus losing at once his life and the power he coveted. Now though Gallus and Volusianus, the Emperors we have mentioned, departed this life after remaining in power for barely two years, yet during this space of two years which they spent on earth they reigned amid universal peace and favor. Only one thing was laid to their charge, namely the great plague. But this was an accusation made by ignorant slanderers, whose custom it is to wound the lives of others with their malicious bite. Soon after they came to power they made a treaty with the race of the Goths. When both rulers were dead, it was no long time before Gallienus usurped the throne.

CHAPTER XX

While he was given over to luxurious living of every sort, Respa, Veduc and Thuruar, leaders of the Goths, took ship and sailed across the strait of the Hellespont to Asia. There they laid waste many populous cities and set fire to the renowned temple of Diana at Ephesus, which, as we said before, the Amazons built. Being driven from the neighborhood of Bithynia, they destroyed Chalcedon, which Cornelius Avitus afterwards restored to some extent. Yet even to-day, though it is happily situated near the royal city, it still shows some traces of its ruin as a witness to posterity. After their success, the Goths recrossed the strait of the Hellespont, laden with booty and spoil, and returned along the same route by which they had entered the lands of Asia,

sacking Troy and Ilium on the way. These cities, which had scarce recovered a little from the famous war with Agamemnon, were thus destroyed anew by the hostile sword. After the Goths had thus devastated Asia, Thrace next felt their ferocity. For they went thither and presently attacked Anchiali, a city at the foot of Haemus and not far from the sea. Sardanapalus, king of the Parthians, had built this city long ago between an inlet of the sea and the base of Haemus. There they are said to have stayed for many days, enjoying the baths of the hot springs which are situated about twelve miles from the city of Anchiali. There they gush from the depths of their fiery source, and among the innumerable hot springs of the world they are esteemed as specially famous and efficacious for their healing virtues.

CHAPTER XXI. THE TIMES OF DIOCLETIAN

After these events, the Goths had already returned home when they were summoned at the request of the Emperor Maximian to aid the Romans against the Parthians. They fought for him faithfully, serving as auxiliaries. But after Caesar Maximian by their aid had routed Narseus, king of the Persians, the grandson of Sapor the Great, taking as spoil all his possessions, together with his wives and his sons, and when Diocletian had conquered Achilles in Alexandria and Maximianus Herculius had broken the Quinquegentiani in Africa, thus winning peace for the empire, they began rather to neglect the Goths. Now it had long been a hard matter for the Roman army to fight against any nations whatsoever without them. This is evident from the way in which the Goths were so frequently called upon. Thus they were summoned by Constantine to bear arms against his kinsman Licinius. Later, when he was vanquished and shut up Thessalonica and deprived of his power, they slew him with the sword of Constantine the victor. In like manner it was the aid of the Goths that enabled him to build the famous city that is named after him, the rival of Rome, inasmuch as they entered into a truce with the Emperor and furnished him forty thousand men to aid him against various peoples. This body of men, namely, the Allies, and the service they rendered in war are still spoken of in the land to this day. Now at that time they prospered under the rule of their kings Ariaric and Aoric. Upon their death Geberich appeared as successor to the throne, a man renowned for his valor and noble birth.

CHAPTER XXII

For he was the son of Hilderith, who was the son of Ovida, who was the son of Nidada; and by his illustrious deeds he equalled the glory of his race. Soon he sought to enlarge his country's narrow bounds at the expense of the race of the Vandals and Visimar, their king. This Visimar was of the stock of the Asdingi, which is eminent among them and indicates a most warlike descent, as Dexippus the historian relates. He states furthermore that by reason of the great extent of their country they could scarcely come from Ocean to our frontier in a year's time. At that time they dwelt in the land where the Gepidae now live, near the rivers Marisia, Miliare, Gilpil and the Grisia, which exceeds in size all previously mentioned. They then had on the east the Goths, on the west the Marcomanni, on the north the Hermunduli and on the south the Hister, which is also called the Danube. At the time when the Vandals were dwelling in this region, war was begun against them by Geberich, king of the Goths, on the shore of the river Marisia which I have mentioned. Here the battle raged for a little while on equal terms. But soon Visimar himself, the king of the Vandals, was overthrown, together with the greater part of his people. When Geberich, the famous leader of the Goths, had conquered and spoiled Vandals, he returned to his own place whence he had come. Then the remnant of the Vandals who had escaped, collecting a band of their unwarlike folk, left their ill-fated country and asked the Emperor Constantine for Pannonia. Here they made their home for about sixty years and obeyed the commands of the emperors like subjects. A long time afterward they were summoned thence by Stilicho, Master of the Soldiery, Ex-Consul and Patrician, and took possession of Gaul. Here they plundered their neighbors and had no settled place of abode.

CHAPTER XXIII

Soon Geberich, king of the Goths, departed from human affairs and Hermanaric, noblest of the Amali, succeeded to the throne. He subdued many warlike peoples of the north and made them obey his laws, and some of our ancestors have justly compared him to Alexander the Great. Among the tribes he conquered were the Golthescytha, Thiudos, Inaunxis, Vasinabroncae, Merens, Mordens, Imniscaris, Rogas, Tadzans, Athaul, Navego, Bubegenae and Coldae. But though famous for his conquest of so many races, he gave himself no rest until he had slain some in battle and then reduced to his

sway the remainder of the tribe of the Heruli, whose chief was Alaric. Now the aforesaid race, as the historian Ablabius tells us, dwelt near Lake Maeotis in swampy places which the Greeks call hel[=e]; hence they were named Heluri. They were a people swift of foot, and on that account were the more swollen with pride, for there was at that time no race that did not choose from them its light-armed troops for battle. But though their quickness often saved them from others who made war upon them, yet they were overthrown by the slowness and steadiness of the Goths; and the lot of fortune brought it to pass that they, as well as the other tribes, had to serve Hermanaric, king of the Getae. After the slaughter of the Heruli, Hermanaric also took arms against the Venethi. This people, though despised in war, was strong in numbers and tried to resist him.

But a multitude of cowards is of no avail, particularly when God permits an armed multitude to attack them. These people, as we started to say at the beginning of our account or catalogue of nations, though off-shoots from one stock, have now three names, that is, Venethi, Antes and Sclaveni. Though they now rage in war far and wide, in punishment for our sins, yet at that time they were all obedient to Hermanaric's commands. This ruler also subdued by his wisdom and might the race of the Aesti, who dwell on the farthest shore of the German Ocean, and ruled all the nations of Scythia and Germany by his own prowess alone.

CHAPTER XXIV

But after a short space of time, as Orosius relates, the race of the Huns, fiercer than ferocity itself, flamed forth against the Goths. We learn from old traditions that their origin was as follows: Filimer, king of the Goths, son of Gadaric the Great, who was the fifth in succession to hold the rule of the Getae after their departure from the island of Scandza,—and who, as we have said, entered the land of Scythia with his tribe,—found among his people certain witches, whom he called in his native tongue Haliurunnae. Suspecting these women, he expelled them from the midst of his race and compelled them to wander in solitary exile afar from his army. There the unclean spirits, who beheld them as they wandered through the wilderness, bestowed their embraces upon them and begat this savage race, which dwelt at first in the swamps,—a stunted, foul and puny tribe, scarcely human, and having no language save one which bore slight resemblance to human

speech. Such was the descent of the Huns who came to the country of the Goths.

This cruel tribe, as Priscus the historian relates, settled on the farther bank of the Maeotic swamp. They were fond of hunting and had no skill in any other art. After they had grown to a nation, they disturbed the peace of neighboring races by theft and rapine. At one time, while hunters of their tribe were as usual seeking for game on the farthest edge of Maeotis, they saw a doe unexpectedly appear to their sight and enter the swamp, acting as guide of the way; now advancing and again standing still. The hunters followed and crossed on foot the Maeotic swamp, which they had supposed was impassable as the sea. Presently the unknown land of Scythia disclosed itself and the doe disappeared. Now in my opinion the evil spirits, from whom the Huns are descended, did this from envy of the Scythians. And the Huns, who had been wholly ignorant that there was another world beyond Maeotis, were now filled with admiration for the Scythian land. As they were quick of mind, they believed that this path, utterly unknown to any age of the past, had been divinely revealed to them. They returned to their tribe, told them what had happened, praised Scythia and persuaded the people to hasten thither along the way they had found by the guidance of the doe. As many as they captured, when they thus entered Scythia for the first time, they sacrificed to Victory. The remainder they conquered and made subject to themselves.

Like a whirlwind of nations they swept across the great swamp and at once fell upon the Alpidzuri, Alcildzuri, Itimari, Tuncarsi and Boisci, who bordered on that part of Scythia. The Alani also, who were their equals in battle, but unlike them in civilization, manners and appearance, they exhausted by their incessant attacks and subdued. For by the terror of their features they inspired great fear in those whom perhaps they did not really surpass in war. They made their foes flee in horror because their swarthy aspect was fearful, and they had, if I may call it so, a sort of shapeless lump, not a head, with pin-holes rather than eyes. Their hardihood is evident in their wild appearance, and they are beings who are cruel to their children on the very day they are born. For they cut the cheeks of the males with a sword, so that before they receive the nourishment of milk they must learn to endure wounds. Hence they grow old beardless and their young men are without comeliness, because a face furrowed by the sword spoils by its scars the natur-

al beauty of a beard. They are short in stature, quick in bodily movement, alert horsemen, broad shouldered, ready in the use of bow and arrow, and have firm-set necks which are ever erect in pride. Though they live in the form of men, they have the cruelty of wild beasts.

When the Getae beheld this active race that had invaded many nations, they took fright and consulted with their king how they might escape from such a foe. Now although Hermanaric, king of the Goths, was the conqueror of many tribes, as we have said above, yet while he was deliberating on this invasion of the Huns, the treacherous tribe of the Rosomoni, who at that time were among those who owed him their homage, took this chance to catch him unawares. For when the king had given orders that a certain woman of the tribe I have mentioned, Sunilda by name, should be bound to wild horses and torn apart by driving them at full speed in opposite directions (for he was roused to fury by her husband's treachery to him), her brothers Sarus and Immius came to avenge their sister's death and plunged a sword into Hermanaric's side. Enfeebled by this blow, he dragged out a miserable existence in bodily weakness. Balamber, king of the Huns, took advantage of his ill health to move an army into the country of the Ostrogoths, from whom the Visigoths had already separated because of some dispute. Meanwhile Hermanaric, who was unable to endure either the pain of his wound or the inroads of the Huns, died full of days at the great age of one hundred and ten years. The fact of his death enabled the Huns to prevail over those Goths who, as we have said, dwelt in the East and were called Ostrogoths.

CHAPTER XXV. THE DIVIDED GOTHS: VISIGOTHS

The Visigoths, who were their other allies and inhabitants of the western country, were terrified as their kinsmen had been, and knew not how to plan for safety against the race of the Huns. After long deliberation by common consent they finally sent ambassadors into Romania to the Emperor Valens, brother of Valentinian, the elder Emperor, to say that if he would give them part of Thrace or Moesia to keep, they would submit themselves to his laws and commands. That he might have greater confidence in them, they promised to become Christians, if he would give them teachers who spoke their language. When Valens learned this, he gladly and promptly granted what he had himself intended to ask. He received the Getae into the region of Moesia and placed them there as a wall of defense for his kingdom against

other tribes. And since at that time the Emperor Valens, who was infected with the Arian perfidy, had closed all the churches of our party, he sent as preachers to them those who favored his sect. They came and straightway filled a rude and ignorant people with the poison of their heresy. Thus the Emperor Valens made the Visigoths Arians rather than Christians. Moreover from the love they bore them, they preached the gospel both to the Ostrogoths and to their kinsmen the Gepidae, teaching them to reverence this heresy, and they invited all people of their speech everywhere to attach themselves to this sect. They themselves as we have said, crossed the Danube and settled Dacia Ripensis, Moesia and Thrace by permission of the Emperor.

CHAPTER XXVI

Soon famine and want came upon them, as often happens to a people not yet well settled in a country. Their princes and the leaders who ruled them in place of kings, that is Fritigern, Alatheus and Safrac, began to lament the plight of their army and begged Lupicinus and Maximus, the Roman commanders, to open a market. But to what will not the "cursed lust for gold" compel men to assent? The generals, swayed by avarice, sold them at a high price not only the flesh of sheep and oxen, but even the carcasses of dogs and unclean animals, so that a slave would be bartered for a loaf of bread or ten pounds of meat. When their goods and chattels failed, the greedy trader demanded their sons in return for the necessities of life. And the parents consented even to this, in order to provide for the safety of their children, arguing that it was better to lose liberty than life; and indeed it is better that one be sold, if he will be mercifully fed, than that he should be kept free only to die.

Now it came to pass in that troublous time that Lupicinus, the Roman general, invited Fritigern, a chieftain of the Goths, to a feast and, as the event revealed, devised a plot against him. But Fritigern, thinking evil came to the feast with a few followers. While he was dining in the praetorium he heard the dying cries of his ill-fated men, for, by order of the general, the soldiers were slaying his companions who were shut up in another part of the house. The loud cries of the dying fell upon ears already suspicious, and Fritigern at once perceived the treacherous trick. He drew his sword and with great courage dashed quickly from the banqueting-hall, rescued his men from their threatening doom and incited them to slay the Romans. Thus these valiant men gained the chance they had longed for—to be free to die

in battle rather than to perish of hunger—and immediately took arms to kill the generals Lupicinus and Maximus. Thus that day put an end to the famine of the Goths and the safety of the Romans, for the Goths no longer as strangers and pilgrims, but as citizens and lords, began to rule the inhabitants and to hold in their own right all the northern country as far as the Danube.

When the Emperor Valens heard of this at Antioch, he made ready an army at once and set out for the country of Thrace. Here a grievous battle took place and the Goths prevailed. The Emperor himself was wounded and fled to a farm near Hadrianople. The Goths, not knowing that an emperor lay hidden in so poor a hut, set fire to it (as is customary in dealing with a cruel foe), and thus he was cremated in royal splendor. Plainly it was a direct judgment of God that he should be burned with fire by the very men whom he had perfidiously led astray when they sought the true faith, turning them aside from the flame of love into the fire of hell. From this time the Visigoths, in consequence of their glorious victory, possessed Thrace and Dacia Ripensis as if it were their native land.

CHAPTER XXVII

Now in the place of Valens, his uncle, the Emperor Gratian established Theodosius the Spaniard in the Eastern Empire. Military discipline was soon restored to a high level, and the Goth, perceiving that the cowardice and sloth of former princes was ended, became afraid. For the Emperor was famed alike for his acuteness and discretion. By stern commands and by generosity and kindness he encouraged a demoralized army to deeds of daring. But when the soldiers, who had obtained a better leader by the change, gained new confidence, they sought to attack the Goths and drive them from the borders of Thrace. But as the Emperor Theodosius fell so sick at this time that his life was almost despaired of, the Goths were again inspired with courage. Dividing the Gothic army, Fritigern set out to plunder Thessaly, Epirus and Achaia, while Alatheus and Safrac with the rest of the troops made for Pannonia. Now the Emperor Gratian had at this time retreated from Rome to Gaul because of the invasions of the Vandals. When he learned that the Goths were acting with greater boldness because Theodosius was in despair of his life, he quickly gathered an army and came against them. Yet he put no trust in arms, but sought to conquer them by kindness

and gifts. So he entered on a truce with them and made peace, giving them provisions.

CHAPTER XXVIII

When the Emperor Theodosius afterwards recovered and learned that the Emperor Gratian had made a compact between the Goths and the Romans, as he had himself desired, he took it very graciously and gave his assent. He gave gifts to King Athanaric, who had succeeded Fritigern, made an alliance with him and in the most gracious manner invited him to visit him in Constantinople. Athanaric very gladly consented and as he entered the royal city exclaimed in wonder "Lo, now I see what I have often heard of with unbelieving ears," meaning the great and famous city. Turning his eyes hither and thither, he marvelled as he beheld the situation of the city, the coming and going of the ships, the splendid walls, and the people of divers nations gathered like a flood of waters streaming from different regions into one basin. So too, when he saw the army in array, he said "Truly the Emperor is a god on earth, and whoso raises a hand against him is guilty of his own blood. In the midst of his admiration and the enjoyment of even greater honors at the hand of the emperor, he departed this life after the space of a few months. The emperor had such affection for him that he honored Athanaric even more when he was dead than during his life-time, for he not only gave him a worthy burial, but himself walked before the bier at the funeral.

Now when Athanaric was dead, his whole army continued in the service of the Emperor Theodosius and submitted to the Roman rule, forming as it were one body with the imperial soldiery. The former service of the Allies under the Emperor Constantine was now renewed and they were again called Allies. And since the Emperor knew that they were faithful to him and his friends, he took from their number more than twenty thousand warriors to serve against the tyrant Eugenius who had slain Gratian and seized Gaul. After winning the victory over this usurper, he wreaked his vengeance upon him.

CHAPTER XXIX

But after Theodosius, the lover of peace and of the Gothic race, had passed from human cares, his sons began to ruin both empires by their luxurious living and to deprive their Allies, that is to say the Goths, of the customary gifts. The contempt of the Goths for the Romans soon increased, and for

fear their valor would be destroyed by long peace, they appointed Alaric king over them. He was of a famous stock, and his nobility was second only to that of the Amali, for he came from the family of the Balthi, who because of their daring valor had long ago received among their race the name Baltha, that is, The Bold. Now when this Alaric was made king, he took counsel with his men and persuaded them to seek a kingdom by their own exertions rather than serve others in idleness. In the consulship of Stilicho and Aurelian he raised an army and entered Italy, which seemed to be bare of defenders, and came through Pannonia and Sirmium along the right side. Without meeting any resistance, he reached the bridge of the river Candidianus at the third milestone from the royal city of Ravenna.

This city lies amid the streams of the Po between swamps and the sea, and is accessible only on one side. Its ancient inhabitants, as our ancestors relate, were called Ainetoi, that is, "Laudable". Situated in a corner of the Roman Empire above the Ionian Sea, it is hemmed in like an island by a flood of rushing waters. On the east it has the sea, and one who sails straight to it from the region of Corcyra and those parts of Hellas sweeps with his oars along the right hand coast, first touching Epirus, then Dalmatia, Liburnia and Histria and at last the Venetian Isles. But on the west it has swamps through which a sort of door has been left by a very narrow entrance. To the north is an arm of the Po, called the Fossa Asconis. On the south likewise is the Po itself, which they call the King of the rivers of Italy; and it has also the name Eridanus. This river was turned aside by the Emperor Augustus into a very broad canal which flows through the midst of the city with a seventh part of its stream, affording a pleasant harbor at its mouth. Men believed in ancient times, as Dio relates, that it would hold a fleet of two hundred and fifty vessels in its safe anchorage. Fabius says that this, which was once a harbor, now displays itself like a spacious garden full of trees; but from them hang not sails but apples. The city itself boasts of three names and is happily placed in its threefold location. I mean to say the first is called Ravenna and the most distant part Classis; while midway between the city and the sea is Caesarea, full of luxury. The sand of the beach is fine and suited for riding.

CHAPTER XXX

But as I was saying, when the army of the Visigoths had come into the neighborhood of this city, they sent an embassy to the Emperor Honorius,

who dwelt within. They said that if he would permit the Goths to settle peaceably in Italy, they would so live with the Roman people that men might believe them both to be of one race; but if not, whoever prevailed in war should drive out the other, and the victor should henceforth rule unmolested. But the Emperor Honorius feared to make either promise. So he took counsel with his Senate and considered how he might drive them from the Italian borders. He finally decided that Alaric and his race, if they were able to do so, should be allowed to seize for their own home the provinces farthest away, namely, Gaul and Spain. For at this time he had almost lost them, and moreover they had been devastated by the invasion of Gaiseric, king of the Vandals. The grant was confirmed by an imperial rescript, and the Goths, consenting to the arrangement, set out for the country given them.

When they had gone away without doing any harm in Italy, Stilicho, the Patrician and father-in-law of the Emperor Honorius,—for the Emperor had married both his daughters, Maria and Thermantia, in succession, but God called both from this world in their virgin purity—this Stilicho, I say, treacherously hurried to Pollentia, a city in the Cottian Alps. There he fell upon the unsuspecting Goths in battle, to the ruin of all Italy and his own disgrace. When the Goths suddenly beheld him, at first they were terrified. Soon regaining their courage and arousing each other by brave shouting, as is their custom, they turned to flight the entire army of Stilicho and almost exterminated it. Then forsaking the journey they had undertaken, the Goths with hearts full of rage returned again to Liguria whence they had set out. When they had plundered and spoiled it, they also laid waste Aemilia, and then hastened toward the city of Rome along the Flaminian Way, which runs between Picenum and Tuscia, taking as booty whatever they found on either hand. When they finally entered Rome, by Alaric's express command they merely sacked it and did not set the city on fire, as wild peoples usually do, nor did they permit serious damage to be done to the holy places. Thence they departed to bring like ruin upon Campania and Lucania, and then came to Bruttii. Here they remained a long time and planned to go to Sicily and thence to the countries of Africa.

Now the land of the Bruttii is at the extreme southern bound of Italy, and a corner of it marks the beginning of the Apennine mountains. It stretches out like a tongue into the Adriatic Sea and separates it from the Tyrrhenian

waters. It chanced to receive its name in ancient times from a Queen Bruttia. To this place came Alaric, king of Visigoths, with the wealth of all Italy which he had taken as spoil, and from there, as we have said, he intended to cross over by way of Sicily to the quiet land of Africa. But since man is not free to do anything he wishes without the will of God, that dread strait sunk several of his ships and threw all into confusion. Alaric was cast down by his reverse and, while deliberating what he should do, was suddenly overtaken by an untimely death and departed from human cares. His people mourned for him with the utmost affection. Then turning from its course the river Busentus near the city of Consentia—for this stream flows with its wholesome waters from the foot of a mountain near that city—they led a band of captives into the midst of its bed to dig out a place for his grave. In the depths of this pit they buried Alaric, together with many treasures, and then turned the waters back into their channel. And that none might ever know the place, they put to death all the diggers. They bestowed the kingdom of the Visigoths on Athavulf his kinsman, a man of imposing beauty and great spirit; for though not tall of stature, he was distinguished for beauty of face and form.

CHAPTER XXXI

When Athavulf became king, he returned again to Rome, and whatever had escaped the first sack his Goths stripped bare like locusts, not merely despoiling Italy of its private wealth, but even of its public resources. The Emperor Honorius was powerless to resist even when his sister Placidia, the daughter of the Emperor Theodosius by his second wife, was led away captive from the city. But Athavulf was attracted by her nobility, beauty and chaste purity, and so he took her to wife in lawful marriage at Forum Julii, a city of Aemilia. When the barbarians learned of this alliance, they were the more effectually terrified, since the Empire and the Goths now seemed to be made one. Then Athavulf set out for Gaul, leaving Honorius Augustus stripped of his wealth, to be sure, yet pleased at heart because he was now a sort of kinsman of his. Upon his arrival the neighboring tribes who had long made cruel raids into Gaul,—Franks and Burgundians alike,—were terrified and began to keep within their own borders. Now the Vandals and the Alani, as we have said before, had been dwelling in both Pannonias by permission of the Roman Emperors. Yet fearing they would not be safe even here if the Goths should return, they crossed over into Gaul.

But no long time after they had taken possession of Gaul they fled thence and shut themselves up in Spain, for they still remembered from the tales of their forefathers what ruin Geberich, king of the Goths, had long ago brought on their race, and how by his valor he had driven them from their native land. And thus it happened that Gaul lay open to Athavulf when he came. Now when the Goth had established his kingdom in Gaul, he began to grieve for the plight of the Spaniards and planned to save them from the attacks of the Vandals. So Athavulf left at Barcelona his treasures and the men who were unfit for war, and entered the interior of Spain with a few faithful followers. Here he fought frequently with the Vandals and, in the third year after he had subdued Gaul and Spain, fell pierced through the groin by the sword of Euervulf, a man whose short stature he had been wont to mock. After his death Segeric was appointed king, but he too was slain by the treachery of his own men and lost both his kingdom and his life even more quickly than Athavulf.

CHAPTER XXXII

Then Valia, the fourth from Alaric, was made king, and he was an exceeding stern and prudent man. The Emperor Honorius sent an army against him under Constantius, who was famed for his achievements in war and distinguished in many battles, for he feared that Valia would break the treaty long ago made with Athavulf and that, after driving out the neighboring tribes, he would again plot evil against the Empire. Moreover Honorius was eager to free his sister Placidia from the disgrace of servitude, and made an agreement with Constantius that if by peace or war or any means soever he could bring her back to the kingdom, he should have her in marriage. Pleased with this promise, Constantius set out for Spain with an armed force and in almost royal splendor. Valia, king of the Goths, met him at a pass in the Pyrenees with as great a force. Here-upon embassies were sent by both sides and it was decided to make peace on the following terms, namely that Valia should give up Placidia, the Emperor's sister, and should not refuse to aid the Roman Empire when occasion demanded.

Now at that time a certain Constantine usurped imperial power in Gaul and appointed as Caesar his son Constans, who was formerly a monk. But when he had held for a short time the Empire he had seized, he was himself slain at Arelate and his son at Vienne. Jovinus and Sebastian succeeded them with equal presumption and thought they might seize the imperial power;

but they perished by a like fate. Now in the twelfth year of Valia's reign the Huns were driven out of Pannonia by the Romans and Goths, almost fifty years after they had taken possession of it. Then Valia found that the Vandals had come forth with bold audacity from the interior of Galicia, whither Athavulf had long ago driven them, and were devastating and plundering everywhere in his own territories, namely in the land of Spain. So he made no delay but moved his army against them at once, at about the time when Hierius and Ardabures had become consuls.

CHAPTER XXXIII

But Gaiseric, king of the Vandals, had already been invited into Africa by Boniface, who had fallen into a dispute with the Emperor Valentinian and was able to obtain revenge only by injuring the empire. So he invited them urgently and brought them across the narrow strait known as the Strait of Gades, scarcely seven miles wide, which divides Africa from Spain and unites the mouth of the Tyrrhenian Sea with the waters of Ocean. Gaiseric, still famous in the City for the disaster of the Romans, was a man of moderate height and lame in consequence of a fall from his horse. He was a man of deep thought and few words, holding luxury in disdain, furious in his anger, greedy for gain, shrewd in winning over the barbarians and skilled in sowing the seeds of dissension to arouse enmity. Such was he who, as we have said, came at the solicitous invitation of Boniface to the country of Africa. There he reigned for a long time, receiving authority, as they say, from God Himself. Before his death he summoned the band of his sons and ordained that there should be no strife among them because of desire for the kingdom, but that each should reign in his own rank and order as he survived the others; that is, the next younger should succeed his elder brother, and he in turn should be followed by his junior. By giving heed to this command they ruled their kingdom in happiness for the space of many years and were not disgraced by civil war, as is usual among other nations; one after the other receiving the kingdom and ruling the people in peace.

Now this is their order of succession: first, Gaiseric who was father and lord, next, Huneric, the third Gunthamund, the fourth Thrasamund, and the fifth Ilderich. He was driven from the throne and slain by Gelimer, who destroyed his race by disregarding his ancestor's advice and setting up a tyranny. But what he had done did not remain unpunished, for soon the vengeance of the Emperor Justinian was manifested against him. With his

whole family and that wealth over which he gloated like a robber, he was taken to Constantinople by that most renowned warrior Belisarius, Master of the Soldiery of the East, Ex-Consul Ordinary and Patrician. Here he afforded a great spectacle to the people in the Circus. His repentance, when he beheld himself cast down from his royal state, came too late. He died as a mere subject and in retirement, though he had formerly been unwilling to submit to private life. Thus after a century Africa, which in the division of the earth's surface is regarded as the third part of the world, was delivered from the yoke of the Vandals and brought back to the liberty of the Roman Empire. The country which the hand of the heathen had long ago cut off from the body of the Roman Empire, by reason of the cowardice of emperors and the treachery of generals, was now restored by a wise prince and a faithful leader and to-day is happily flourishing. And though, even after this, it had to deplore the misery of civil war and the treachery of the Moors, yet the triumph of the Emperor Justinian, vouchsafed him by God. brought to a peaceful conclusion what he had begun. But why need we speak of what the subject does not require? Let us return to our theme.

Now Valia, king of the Goths, and his army fought so fiercely against the Vandals that he would have pursued them even into Africa, had not such a misfortune recalled him as befell Alaric when he was setting out for Africa. So when he had won great fame in Spain, he returned after a bloodless victory to Tolosa, turning over to the Roman Empire, as he had promised, a number of provinces which he had rid of his foes. A long time after this he was seized by sickness and departed this life. Just at that time Beremud, the son of Thorismud, whom we have mentioned above in the genealogy of the family of the Amali, departed with his son Veteric from the Ostrogoths, who still submitted to the oppression of the Huns in the land of Scythia, and came to the kingdom of the Visigoths. Well aware of his valor and noble birth, he believed that the kingdom would be the more readily bestowed upon him by his kinsmen, inasmuch as he was known to be the heir of many kings. And who would hesitate to choose one of the Amali, if there were an empty throne? But he was not himself eager to make known who he was, and so upon the death of Valia the Visigoths made Theodorid his successor. Beremud came to him and, with the strength of mind for which he was noted, concealed his noble birth by prudent silence, for he knew that those of royal lineage are always distrusted by kings. So he suffered himself to re-

main unknown, that he might not bring the established order into confusion. King Theodorid received him and his son with special honor and made him partner in his counsels and a companion at his board; not for his noble birth, which he knew not, but for his brave spirit and strong mind, which Beremud could not conceal.

CHAPTER XXXIV

And what more? Valia (to repeat what we have said) had but little success against the Gauls, but when he died the more fortunate and prosperous Theodorid succeeded to the throne. He was a man of the greatest moderation and notable for vigor of mind and body. In consulship of Theodosius and Festus the Romans broke the truce and took up arms against him in Gaul, with the Huns as their auxiliaries. For a band of the Gallic Allies, led by Count Gaina, had aroused the Romans by throwing Constantinople into a panic. Now at that time the Patrician Aëtius was in command of the army. He was of the bravest Moesian stock, born of his father Gaudentius in the city of Durostorum. He was a man fitted to endure the toils of war, born expressly to serve the Roman state; and by inflicting crushing defeats he had compelled the proud Suavi and barbarous Franks to submit to Roman sway. So then, with the Huns as allies under their leader Litorius, the Roman army moved in array against the Goths. When the battle lines of both sides had been standing for a long time opposite each other, both being brave and neither side the weaker, they struck a truce and returned to their ancient alliance. And after the treaty had been confirmed by both and an honest peace was established, they both withdrew.

During this peace Attila was lord over all the Huns and almost the sole earthly ruler of all the tribes of Scythia; a man marvellous for his glorious fame among all nations. The historian Priscus, who was sent to him on an embassy by the younger Theodosius, says this among other things: "Crossing mighty rivers—namely, the Tisia and Tibisia and Dricca—we came to the place where long ago Vidigoia, bravest of the Goths, perished by the guile of the Sarmatians. At no great distance from that place we arrived at the village where King Attila was dwelling,—a village, I say, like a great city in which we found wooden walls made of smooth-shining boards, whose joints so counterfeited solidity that the union of the boards could scarcely be distinguished by close scrutiny. There you might see dining halls of large extent and porticoes planned with great beauty, while the courtyard was bounded

by so vast a circuit that its very size showed it was the royal palace." This was the abode of Attila, the king of all the barbarian world; and he preferred this as a dwelling to the cities he captured.

CHAPTER XXXV

Now this Attila was the son of Mundiuch, and his brothers were Octar and Ruas who are said to have ruled before Attila, though not over quite so many tribes as he. After their death he succeeded to the throne of the Huns, together with his brother Bleda. In order that he might first be equal to the expedition he was preparing, he sought to increase his strength by murder. Thus he proceeded from the destruction of his own kindred to the menace of all others. But though he increased his power by this shameful means, yet by the balance of justice he received the hideous consequences of his own cruelty. Now when his brother Bleda, who ruled over a great part of the Huns, had been slain by his treachery, Attila united all the people under his own rule. Gathering also a host of the other tribes which he then held under his sway, he sought to subdue the foremost nations of the world—the Romans and the Visigoths. His army is said to have numbered five hundred thousand men. He was a man born into the world to shake the nations, the scourge of all lands, who in some way terrified all mankind by the dreadful rumors noised abroad concerning him. He was haughty in his walk, rolling his eyes hither and thither, so that the power of his proud spirit appeared in the movement of his body.

He was indeed a lover of war, yet restrained in action, mighty in counsel, gracious to suppliants and lenient to those who were once received into his protection. He was short of stature with a broad chest and a large head; his eyes were small, his beard thin and sprinkled with gray; and he had a flat nose and a swarthy complexion, showing the evidences of his origin. And though his temper was such that he always had great self-confidence, yet his assurance was increased by finding the sword of Mars, always esteemed sacred among the kings of the Scythians. The historian Priscus says it was discovered under the following circumstances: "When a certain shepherd beheld one heifer of his flock limping and could find no cause for this wound, he anxiously followed the trail of blood and at length came to a sword it had unwittingly trampled while nibbling the grass. He dug it up and took it straight to Attila. He rejoiced at this gift and, being ambitious, thought he

had been appointed ruler of the whole world, and that through the sword of Mars supremacy in all wars was assured to him."

CHAPTER XXXVI

Now when Gaiseric, king of the Vandals, whom we mentioned shortly before, learned that his mind was bent on the devastation of the world, he incited Attila by many gifts to make war on the Visigoths, for he was afraid that Theodorid, king of the Visigoths, would avenge the injury done to his daughter. She had been joined in wedlock with Huneric, the son of Gaiseric, and at first was happy in this union. But afterwards he was cruel even to his own children, and because of the mere suspicion that she was attempting to poison him, he cut off her nose and mutilated her ears. He sent her back to her father in Gaul thus despoiled of her natural charms. So the wretched girl presented a pitiable aspect ever after, and the cruelty which would stir even strangers still more surely incited her father to vengeance. Attila, therefore, in his efforts to bring about the wars long ago instigated by the bribe of Gaiseric, sent ambassadors into Italy to the Emperor Valentinian to sow strife between the Goths and the Romans, thinking to shatter by civil discord those whom he could not crush in battle. He declared that he was in no way violating his friendly relations with the Empire, but that he had a quarrel with Theodorid, king of the Visigoths. As he wished to be kindly received, he had filled the rest of the letter with the visual flattering salutations, striving to win credence for his falsehood. In like manner he despatched a message to Theodorid, king of the Visigoths, urging him to break his alliance with the Romans and reminding him of the battles to which they had recently provoked him. Beneath his great ferocity he was a subtle man, and fought with craft before he made war.

Then the Emperor Valentinian sent an embassy to the Visigoths and their king Theodorid, with this message: "Bravest of nations, it is the part of prudence for us to unite against the lord of the earth who wishes to enslave the whole world; who requires no just cause for battle, but supposes whatever he does is right. He measures his ambition by his might. License satisfies his pride. Despising law and right, he shows himself an enemy to Nature herself. And thus he, who clearly is the common foe of each, deserves the hatred of all. Pray remember—what you surely cannot forget—that the Huns do not overthrow nations by means of war, where there is an equal chance, but assail them by treachery, which is a greater cause for anxiety. To say nothing about

ourselves, can you suffer such insolence to go unpunished? Since you are mighty in arms, give heed to your own danger and join hands with us in common. Bear aid also to the Empire, of which you hold a part. If you would learn how needful such an alliance is for us, look into the plans of the foe."

By these and like arguments the ambassadors of Valentinian prevailed upon King Theodorid. He answered them, saying "Romans, you have attained your desire; you have made Attila our foe also. We will pursue him wherever he summons us, and though he is puffed up by his victories over divers races, yet the Goths know how to fight this haughty foe. I call no war dangerous save one whose cause is weak; for he fears no ill on whom Majesty has smiled." The nobles shouted assent to the reply and the multitude gladly followed. All were fierce for battle and longed to meet the Huns, their foe. And so a countless host was led forth by Theodorid, king of the Visigoths, who sent home four of his sons, namely Friderich and Eurich, Retemer and Himnerith, taking with him only the two elder sons, Thorismud and Theodorid, as partners of his toil. O brave array, sure defense and sweet comradeship! having as its solace the peril of those whose one joy is the endurance of the same dangers.

On the side of the Romans stood the Patrician Aëtius, on whom at that time the whole Empire of the West depended; a man of such wisdom that he had assembled warriors from everywhere to meet them on equal terms. Now these were his auxiliaries: Franks, Sarmatians, Armoricians, Liticians, Burgundians, Saxons, Riparians Olibriones (once Roman soldiers and now the flower of the allied forces), and some other Celtic or German tribes. And so they met in the Catalaunian Plains, which are also called Mauriacian, extending in length one hundred leuva, as the Gauls express it, and seventy in width. Now a Gallic leuva measures a distance of fifteen hundred paces. That portion of the earth accordingly became the threshing-floor of countless races. The two hosts bravely joined battle. Nothing was done under cover, but they contended in open fight. What just cause can be found for the encounter of so many nations, or what hatred inspired them all to take arms against each other? It is proof that the human race lives for its kings, for it is at the mad impulse of one mind a slaughter of nations takes place, and at the whim of a haughty ruler that which nature has taken ages to produce perishes in a moment.

CHAPTER XXXVII

But before we set forth the order of the battle itself, it seems needful to relate what had already happened in the course of the campaign, for it was not only a famous struggle but one that was complicated and confused. Well then, Sangiban, king of the Alani, smitten with fear of what might come to pass, had promised to surrender to Attila, and to give into his keeping Aureliani, a city of Gaul wherein he then dwelt. When Theodorid and Aëtius learned of this, they cast up great earthworks around that city before Attila's arrival and kept watch over the suspected Sangiban, placing him with his tribe in the midst of their auxiliaries. Then Attila, king of the Huns, was taken aback by this event and lost confidence in his own troops, so that he feared to begin the conflict. While he was meditating on flight—a greater calamity than death itself—he decided to inquire into the future through soothsayers. So, as was their custom, they examined the entrails of cattle and certain streaks in bones that had been scraped, and foretold disaster to the Huns. Yet as a slight consolation they prophesied that the chief commander of the foe they were to meet should fall and mar by his death the rest of the victory and the triumph. Now Attila deemed the death of Aëtius a thing to be desired even at the cost of his own life, for Aëtius stood in the way of his plans. So although he was disturbed by this prophecy, yet inasmuch as he was a man who sought counsel of omens in all warfare, he began the battle with anxious heart at about the ninth hour of the day, in order that the impending darkness might come to his aid if the outcome should be disastrous.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

The armies met, as we have said, in the Catalaunian Plains. The battle field was a plain rising by a sharp slope to a ridge, which both armies sought to gain; for advantage of position is a great help. The Huns with their forces seized the right side, the Romans, the Visigoths and their allies the left, and then began a struggle for the yet untaken crest. Now Theodorid with the Visigoths held the right wing and Aëtius with the Romans the left. They placed in the centre Sangiban (who, as said before, was in command of the Alani), thus contriving with military caution to surround by a host of faithful troops the man in whose loyalty they had little confidence. For one who has difficulties placed in the way of his flight readily submits to the necessity of fighting. On the other side, however, the battle line of the Huns was so ar-

ranged that Attila and his bravest followers were stationed in the centre. In arranging them thus the king had chiefly his own safety in view, since by his position in the very midst of his race he would be kept out of the way of threatening danger. The innumerable peoples of divers tribes, which he had subjected to his sway, formed the wings. Amid them was conspicuous the army of the Ostrogoths under the leadership of the brothers Valamir, Thiudimer and Vidimer, nobler even than the king they served, for the might of the family of the Amali rendered them glorious.

The renowned king of the Gepidae, Ardaric, was there also with a countless host, and because of his great loyalty to Attila, he shared his plans. For Attila, comparing them in his wisdom, prized him and Valamir, king of the Ostrogoths, above all the other chieftains. Valamir was a good keeper of secrets, bland of speech and skilled in wiles, and Ardaric, as we have said, was famed for his loyalty and wisdom. Attila might well feel sure that they would fight against the Visigoths, their kinsmen. Now the rest of the crowd of kings (if we may call them so) and the leaders of various nations hung upon Attila's nod like slaves, and when he gave a sign even by a glance, without a murmur each stood forth in fear and trembling, or at all events did as he was bid. Attila alone was king of all kings over all and concerned for all.

So then the struggle began for the advantage of position we have mentioned. Attila sent his men to take the summit of the mountain, but was outstripped by Thorismud and Aëtius, who in their effort to gain the top of the hill reached higher ground and through this advantage of position easily routed the Huns as they came up.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Now when Attila saw his army was thrown into confusion by this event, he thought it best to encourage them by an extemporaneous address on this wise: "Here you stand, after conquering mighty nations and subduing the world. I therefore think it foolish for me to goad you with words, as though you were men who had not been proved in action. Let a new leader or an untried army resort to that. It is not right for me to say anything common, nor ought you to listen. For what is war but your usual custom? Or what is sweeter for a brave man than to seek revenge with his own hand? It is a right of nature to glut the soul with vengeance. Let us then attack the foe eagerly; for they are ever the bolder who make the attack. Despise this union of discordant races! To defend oneself by alliance is proof of cowardice. See, even

before our attack they are smitten with terror. They seek the heights, they seize the hills and, repenting too late, clamor for protection against battle in the open fields. You know how slight a matter the Roman attack is. While they are still gathering in order and forming in one line with locked shields, they are checked, I will not say by the first wound, but even by the dust of battle. Then on to the fray with stout hearts, as is your wont. Despise their battle line. Attack the Alani, smite the Visigoths!

Seek swift victory in that spot where the battle rages. For when the sinews are cut the limbs soon relax, nor can a body stand when you have taken away the bones. Let your courage rise and your own fury burst forth! Now show your cunning, Huns, now your deeds of arms! Let the wounded exact in return the death of his foe; let the unwounded revel in slaughter of the enemy. No spear shall harm those who are sure to live; and those who are sure to die Fate overtakes even in peace. And finally, why should fortune have made the Huns victorious over so many nations, unless it were to prepare them for the joy of this conflict. Who was it revealed to our sires the path through the Maeotian swamp, for so many ages closed secret? Who, moreover, made armed men yield to you, when you were as yet unarmed? Even a mass of federated nations could not endure the sight of the Huns. I am not deceived in the issue;—here is the field so many victories have promised us. I shall hurl the first spear at the foe. If any can stand at rest while Attila fights, he is a dead man. Inflamed by these words, they all dashed into battle.

CHAPTER XL

And although the situation was itself fearful, yet the presence of their king dispelled anxiety and hesitation. Hand to hand they clashed in battle, and the fight grew fierce, confused, monstrous, unrelenting—a fight whose like no ancient time has ever recorded. There such deeds were done that a brave man who missed this marvellous spectacle could not hope to see anything so wonderful all his life long. For, if we may believe our elders, a brook flowing between low banks through the plain was greatly increased by blood from the wounds of the slain. It was not flooded by showers, as brooks usually rise, but was swollen by a strange stream and turned into a torrent by the increase of blood. Those whose wounds drove them to slake their parching thirst drank water mingled with gore. In their wretched plight they were forced to drink what they thought was the blood they had poured from their own wounds.

Here King Theodorid, while riding by to encourage his army, was thrown from his horse and trampled under foot by his own men, thus ending his days at a ripe old age. But others say he was slain by the spear of Andag of the host of the Ostrogoths, who were then under the sway of Attila. This was what the soothsayers had told to Attila in prophecy, though he understood it of Aëtius. Then the Visigoths, separating from the Alani, fell upon the horde of the Huns and nearly slew Attila. But he prudently took flight and straightway shut himself and his companions within the barriers of the camp, which he had fortified with wagons. A frail defence indeed; yet there they sought refuge for their lives, whom but a little while before no walls of earth could withstand. But Thorismud, the son of King Theodorid, who with Aëtius had seized the hill and repulsed the enemy from the higher ground, came unwittingly to the wagons of the enemy in the darkness of night, thinking he had reached his own lines. As he was fighting bravely, someone wounded him in the head and dragged him from his horse. Then he was rescued by the watchful care of his followers and withdrew from the fierce conflict. Aëtius also became separated from his men in the confusion of night and wandered about in the midst of the enemy. Fearing disaster had happened, he went about in search of the Goths. At last he reached the camp of his allies and passed the remainder of the night in the protection of their shields.

At dawn on the following day, when the Romans saw the fields were piled high with bodies and that the Huns did not venture forth, they thought the victory was theirs, but knew that Attila would not flee from the battle unless overwhelmed by a great disaster. Yet he did nothing cowardly, like one that is overcome, but with clash of arms sounded the trumpets and threatened an attack. He was like a lion pierced by hunting spears, who paces to and fro before the mouth of his den and dares not spring, but ceases not to terrify the neighborhood by his roaring. Even so this warlike king at bay terrified his conquerors. Therefore the Goths and Romans assembled and considered what to do with the vanquished Attila. They determined to wear him out by a siege, because he had no supply of provisions and was hindered from approaching by a shower of arrows from the bowmen placed within the confines of the Roman camp. But it was said that the king remained supremely brave even in this extremity and had heaped up a funeral pyre of horse trappings, so that if the enemy should attack him, he was determined to cast

himself into the flames, that none might have the joy of wounding him and that the lord of so many races might not fall into the hands of his foes.

CHAPTER XLI

Now during these delays in the siege, the Visigoths sought their king and the king's sons their father, wondering at his absence when success had been attained. When, after a long search, they found him where the dead lay thickest, as happens with brave men, they honored him with songs and bore him away in the sight of the enemy. You might have seen bands of Goths shouting with dissonant cries and paying the honors of death while the battle still raged. Tears were shed, but such as they were accustomed to devote to brave men. It was death indeed, but the Huns are witness that it was a glorious one. It was a death whereby one might well suppose the pride of the enemy would be lowered, when they beheld the body of so great a king borne forth with fitting honors. And so the Goths, still continuing the rites due to Theodorid, bore forth the royal majesty with sounding arms, and valiant Thorismud, as befitted a son, honored the glorious spirit of his dear father by following his remains.

When this was done, Thorismud was eager to take vengeance for his father's death on the remaining Huns, being moved to this both by the pain of bereavement and the impulse of that valor for which he was noted. Yet he consulted with the Patrician Aëtius (for he was an older man and of more mature wisdom) with regard to what he ought to do next. But Aëtius feared that if the Huns were totally destroyed by the Goths, the Roman Empire would be overwhelmed, and urgently advised him to return to his own dominions to take up the rule which his father had left. Otherwise his brothers might seize their father's possessions and obtain the power over the Visigoths. In this case Thorismud would have to fight fiercely and, what is worse, disastrously with his own countrymen. Thorismud accepted the advice without perceiving its double meaning, but followed it with an eye toward his own advantage. So he left the Huns and returned to Gaul. Thus while human frailty rushes into suspicion, it often loses an opportunity of doing great things.

In this most famous war of the bravest tribes, one hundred and sixty five thousand are said to have been slain on both sides, leaving out of account fifteen thousand of the Gepidae and Franks, who met each other the night before the general engagement and fell by wounds mutually received, the

Franks fighting for the Romans and the Gepidae for the Huns. Now when Attila learned of the retreat of the Goths, he thought it a ruse of the enemy, —for so men are wont to believe when the unexpected happens—and remained for some time in his camp. But when a long silence followed the absence of the foe, the spirit of the mighty king was aroused to the thought of victory and the anticipation of pleasure, and his mind turned to the old oracles of his destiny. Thorismud, however, after the death of his father on the Catalaunian Plains where he had fought, advanced in royal state and entered Tolosa. Here although the throng of his brothers and brave companions were still rejoicing over the victory he yet began to rule so mildly that no one strove with him for the succession to the kingdom.

CHAPTER XLII

But Attila took occasion from the withdrawal of the Visigoths, observing what he had often desired that his enemies were divided. At length feeling secure, he moved forward his array to attack the Romans. As his first move he besieged the city of Aquileia, the metropolis of Venetia, which is situated on a point or tongue of land by the Adriatic Sea. On the eastern side its walls are washed by the river Natissa, flowing from Mount Piccis. The siege was long and fierce, but of no avail, since the bravest soldiers of the Romans withstood him from within. At last his army was discontented and eager to withdraw. Attila chanced to be walking around the walls, considering whether to break camp or delay longer, and noticed that the white birds, namely, the storks, who build their nests in the gables of houses, were bearing their young from the city and, contrary to their custom, were carrying them out into the country. Being a shrewd observer of events, he understood this and said to his soldiers: "You see the birds foresee the future. They are leaving the city sure to perish and are forsaking strongholds doomed to fall by reason of imminent peril. Do not think this a meaningless or uncertain sign; fear, arising from the things they foresee, has changed their custom. Why say more? He inflamed the hearts of his soldiers to attack Aquileia again.

Constructing battering rams and bringing to bear all manner of engines of war, they quickly forced their way into the city, laid it waste, divided the spoil and so cruelly devastated it as scarcely to leave a trace to be seen. Then growing bolder and still thirsting for Roman blood, the Huns raged madly through the remaining cities of the Veneti. They also laid waste Mediolan-

um, the metropolis of Liguria, once an imperial city, and gave over Ticinum to a like fate. Then they destroyed the neighboring country in their frenzy and demolished almost the whole of Italy. Attila's mind had been bent on going to Rome. But his followers, as the historian Priscus relates, took him away, not out of regard for the city to which they were hostile, but because they remembered the case of Alaric, the former king of the Visigoths. They distrusted the good fortune of their own king, inasmuch as Alaric did not live long after the sack of Rome, but straightway departed this life. Therefore while Attila's spirit was wavering in doubt between going and not going, and he still lingered to ponder the matter, an embassy came to him from Rome to seek peace. Pope Leo himself came to meet him in the Ambuleian district of the Veneti at the well-travelled ford of the river Mincius. Then Attila quickly put aside his usual fury, turned back on the way he had advanced from beyond the Danube and departed with the promise of peace. But above all he declared and avowed with threats that he would bring worse things upon Italy, unless they sent him Honoria, the sister of the Emperor Valentinian and daughter of Augusta Placidia, with her due share of the royal wealth. For it was said that Honoria, although bound to chastity for the honor of the imperial court and kept in constraint by command of her brother, had secretly despatched a eunuch to summon Attila that she might have his protection against he brother's power;—a shameful thing, indeed, to get license for her passion at the cost of the public weal.

CHAPTER XLIII

So Attila returned to his own country, seeming to regret the peace and to be vexed at the cessation of war. For he sent ambassadors to Marcian, Emperor of the East, threatening to devastate the provinces, because that which had been promised him by Theodosius, a former emperor, was in no wise performed, and saying that he would show himself more cruel to his foes than ever. But as he was shrewd and crafty, he threatened in one direction and moved his army in another; for in the midst of these preparations he turned his face toward the Visigoths who had yet to feel his vengeance. But here he had not the same success as against the Romans. Hastening back by a different way than before, he decided to reduce to his sway that part of the Alani which was settled across the river Loire, in order that by attacking them, and thus changing the aspect of the war, he might become a more terrible menace to the Visigoths. Accordingly he started from the provinces of Dacia and

Pannonia, where the Huns were then dwelling with various subject peoples, and moved his array against the Alani. But Thorismud, king of the Visigoths, with like quickness of thought perceived Attila's trick. By forced marches he came to the Alani before him, and was well prepared to check the advance of Attila when he came after him.

They joined battle in almost the same way as before at the Catalaunian Plains, and Thorismud dashed his hopes of victory, for he routed him and drove him from the land without a triumph, compelling him to flee to his own country. Thus while Attila, the famous leader and lord of many victories, sought to blot out the fame of his destroyer and in this way to annul what he had suffered at the hands of the Visigoths, he met a second defeat and retreated ingloriously. Now after the bands of the Huns had been repulsed by the Alani, without any hurt to his own men, Thorismud departed for Tolosa. There he established a settled peace for his people and in the third year of his reign fell sick. While letting blood from a vein, he was betrayed to his death by Ascalc, a client, who told his foes that his weapons were out of reach. Yet grasping a foot-stool in the one hand he had free, he became the avenger of his own blood by slaying several of those that were lying in wait for him.

CHAPTER XLIV

After his death, his brother Theodorid succeeded to the kingdom of the Visigoths and soon found that Riciarius his kinsman, the king of the Suavi, was hostile to him. For Riciarius, presuming on his relationship to Theodorid, believed that he might seize almost the whole of Spain, thinking the disturbed beginning of Theodorid's reign made the time opportune for his trick. The Suavi formerly occupied as their country Galicia and Lusitania, which extend on the right side of Spain along the shore of Ocean. To the east is Austrogonia, to the west, on a promontory, is the sacred Monument of the Roman general Scipio, to the north Ocean, and to the south Lusitania and the Tagus river, which mingles golden grains in its sands and thus carries wealth in its worthless mud. So then Riciarius, king of the Suavi, set forth and strove to seize the whole of Spain. Theodorid, his kinsman, a man of moderation, sent ambassadors to him and told him quietly that he must not only withdraw from the territories that were not his own, but furthermore that he should not presume to make such an attempt, as he was becoming hated for his ambition. But with arrogant spirit he replied: "If you murmur

here and find fault with my coming, I shall come to Tolosa where you dwell. Resist me there, if you can. When he heard this, Theodorid was angry and, making a compact with all the other tribes, moved his array against the Suavi.

He had as his close allies Gundiuch and Hilperic, kings of the Burgundians. They came to battle near the river Ulbius, which flows between Asturica and Hiberia, and in the engagement Theodorid with the Visigoths, who fought for the right, came off victorious, overthrowing the entire tribe of the Suavi and almost exterminating them. Their king Riciarius fled from the dread foe and embarked upon a ship. But he was beaten back by another foe, the adverse wind of the Tyrrhenian Sea, and so fell into the hands of the Visigoths. Thus though he changed from sea to land, the wretched man did not avert his death. When Theodorid had become the victor, he spared the conquered and did not suffer the rage of conflict to continue, but placed over the Suavi whom he had conquered one of his own retainers, named Agrivulf. But Agrivulf soon treacherously changed his mind, through the persuasion of the Suavi, and failed to fulfil his duty. For he was quite puffed up with tyrannical pride, believing he had obtained the province as a reward for the valor by which he and his lord had recently subjugated it. Now he was a man born of the stock of the Varni, far below the nobility of Gothic blood, and so was neither zealous for liberty nor faithful toward his patron. As soon as Theodorid heard of this, he gathered a force to cast him out from the kingdom he had usurped. They came quickly and conquered him in the first battle, inflicting a punishment befitting his deeds. For he was captured, taken from his friends and beheaded. Thus at last he was made aware of the wrath of the master he thought might be despised because he was kind. Now when the Suavi beheld the death of their leader, they sent priests of their country to Theodorid as suppliants. He received them with the reverence due their office and not only granted the Suavi exemption from punishment, but was moved by compassion and allowed them to choose a ruler of their own race for themselves. The Suavi did so, taking Rimismund as their prince. When this was done and peace was everywhere assured, Theodorid died in the thirteenth year of his reign.

CHAPTER XLV

His brother Eurich succeeded him with such eager haste that he fell under dark suspicion. Now while these and various other matters were happening

among the people of the Visigoths, the Emperor Valentinian was slain by the treachery of Maximus, and Maximus himself, like a tyrant, usurped the rule. Gaiseric, king of the Vandals, heard of this and came from Africa to Italy with ships of war, entered Rome and laid it waste. Maximus fled and was slain by a certain Ursus, a Roman soldier. After him Majorian undertook the government of the Western Empire at the bidding of Marcian, Emperor of the East. But he too ruled but a short time. For when he had moved his forces against the Alani who were harassing Gaul, he was killed at Dertona near the river named Ira. Severus succeeded him and died at Rome in the third year of his reign. When the Emperor Leo, who had succeeded Marcian in the Eastern Empire, learned of this, he chose as emperor his Patrician Anthemius and sent him to Rome. Upon his arrival he sent against the Alani his son-in-law Ricimer, who was an excellent man and almost the only one in Italy at that time fit to command the army. In the very first engagement he conquered and destroyed the host of the Alani, together with their king, Beorg.

Now Eurich, king of the Visigoths, perceived the frequent change of Roman Emperors and strove to hold Gaul by his own right. The Emperor Anthemius heard of it and asked the Brittones for aid. Their King Riotimus came with twelve thousand men into the state of the Bituriges by the way of Ocean, and was received as he disembarked from his ships. Eurich, king of the Visigoths, came against them with an innumerable army, and after a long fight he routed Riotimus, king of the Brittones, before the Romans could join him. So when he had lost a great part of his army, he fled with all the men he could gather together, and came to the Burgundians, a neighboring tribe then allied to the Romans. But Eurich, king of the Visigoths, seized the Gallic city of Arverna; for the Emperor Anthemius was now dead. Engaged in fierce war with his son-in-law Ricimer, he had worn out Rome and was himself finally slain by his son-in-law and yielded the rule to Olybrius.

At that time Aspar, first of the Patricians and a famous man of the Gothic race was wounded by the swords of the eunuchs in his palace at Constantinople and died. With him were slain his sons Ardabures and Patriciolus, the one long a Patrician, and the other styled a Caesar and son-in-law of the Emperor Leo. Now Olybrius died barely eight months after he had entered upon his reign, and Glycerius was made Caesar at Ravenna, rather by

usurpation than by election. Hardly had a year been ended when Nepos, the son of the sister of Marcellinus, once a Patrician, deposed him from his office and ordained him bishop at the Port of Rome. When Eurich, as we have already said, beheld these great and various changes, he seized the city of Arverna, where the Roman general Ecdicius was at that time in command. He was a senator of most renowned family and the son of Avitus, a recent emperor who had usurped the reign for a few days—for Avitus held the rule for a few days before Olybrius, and then withdrew of his own accord to Placentia, where he was ordained bishop. His son Ecdicius strove for a long time with the Visigoths, but had not the power to prevail. So he left the country and (what was more important) the city of Arverna to the enemy and betook himself to safer regions. When the Emperor Nepos heard of this, he ordered Ecdicius to leave Gaul and come to him, appointing Orestes in his stead as Master of the Soldiery. This Orestes thereupon received the army, set out from Rome against the enemy and came to Ravenna. Here he tarried while he made his son Romulus Augustulus emperor. When Nepos learned of this, he fled to Dalmatia and died there, deprived of his throne, in the very place where Glycerius, who was formerly emperor, held at that time the bishopric of Salona.

CHAPTER XLVI

Now when Augustulus had been appointed Emperor by his father Orestes in Ravenna, it was not long before Odoacer, king of the Torcilingi, invaded Italy, as leader of the Sciri, the Heruli and allies of various races. He put Orestes to death, drove his son Augustulus from the throne and condemned him to the punishment of exile in the Castle of Lucullus in Campania. Thus the Western Empire of the Roman race, which Octavianus Augustus, the first of the Augusti, began to govern in the seven hundred and ninth year from the founding of the city, perished with this Augustulus in the five hundred and twenty second year from the beginning of the rule of his predecessors and those before them, and from this time onward kings of the Goths held Rome and Italy. Meanwhile Odoacer, king of nations, subdued all Italy and then at the very outset of his reign slew Count Bracila at Ravenna that he might inspire a fear of himself among the Romans. He strengthened his kingdom and held it for almost thirteen years, even until the appearance of Theodoric, of whom we shall speak hereafter.

CHAPTER XLVII

But first let us return to that order from which we have digressed and tell how Eurich, king of the Visigoths, beheld the tottering of the Roman Empire and reduced Arelate and Massilia to his own sway. Gaiseric, king of the Vandals, enticed him by gifts to do these things, to the end that he himself might forestall the plots which Leo and Zeno had contrived against him. Therefore he stirred the Ostrogoths to lay waste the Eastern Empire and the Visigoths the Western, so that while his foes were battling in both empires, he might himself reign peacefully in Africa. Eurich perceived this with gladness and, as he already held all of Spain and Gaul by his own right, proceeded to subdue the Burgundians also. In the nineteenth year of his reign he was deprived of his life at Arelate, where he then dwelt. He was succeeded by his own son Alaric, the ninth in succession from the famous Alaric the Great to receive the kingdom of the Visigoths. For even as it happened to the line of the Augusti, as we have stated above, so too it appears in the line of the Alarici, that kingdoms often come to an end in kings who bear the same name as those at the beginning. Meanwhile let us leave this subject, and weave together the whole story of the origin of the Goths, as we promised.

CHAPTER XLVIII. THE DIVIDED GOTHS: OSTROGOTHS

Since I have followed the stories of my ancestors and retold to the best of my ability the tale of the period when both tribes, Ostrogoths and Visigoths, were united, and then clearly treated of the Visigoths apart from the Ostrogoths, I must now return to those ancient Scythian abodes and set forth in like manner the ancestry and deeds of the Ostrogoths. It appears that at the death of their king, Hermanaric, they were made a separate people by the departure of the Visigoths, and remained in their country subject to the sway of the Huns; yet Vinitharius of the Amali retained the insignia of his rule. He rivalled the valor of his grandfather Vultuulf, although he had not the good fortune of Hermanaric. But disliking to remain under the rule of the Huns, he withdrew a little from them and strove to show his courage by moving his forces against the country of the Antes. When he attacked them, he was beaten in the first encounter. Thereafter he did valiantly and, as a terrible example, crucified their king, named Boz, together with his sons and seventy nobles, and left their bodies hanging there to double the fear of those who had surrendered. When he had ruled with such license for barely a

year, Balamber, king of the Huns, would no longer endure it, but sent for Gesimund, son of Hunimund the Great. Now Gesimund, together with a great part of the Goths, remained under the rule of the Huns, being mindful of his oath of fidelity.

Balamber renewed his alliance with him and led his army up against Vinitharius. After a long contest, Vinitharius prevailed in the first and in the second conflict, nor can any say how great a slaughter he made of the army of the Huns. But in the third battle, when they met each other unexpectedly at the river named Erac, Balamber shot an arrow and wounded Vinitharius in the head, so that he died. Then Balamber took to himself in marriage Vadamerca, the grand-daughter of Vinitharius, and finally ruled all the people of the Goths as his peaceful subjects, but in such a way that one ruler of their own number always held the power over the Gothic race, though subject to the Huns. And later, after the death of Vinitharius, Hunimund ruled them, the son of Hermanaric, a mighty king of yore; a man fierce in war and of famous personal beauty, who afterwards fought successfully against the race of the Suavi. And when he died, his son Thorismud succeeded him, in the very bloom of youth. In the second year of his rule he moved an army against the Gepidae and won a great victory over them, but is said to have been killed by falling from his horse. When he was dead, the Ostrogoths mourned for him so deeply that for forty years no other king succeeded in his place, and during all this time they had ever on their lips the tale of his memory. Now as time went on, Valamir grew to man's estate. He was the son of Thorismud's cousin Vandalarius. For his son Beremud, as we have said before, at last grew to despise the race of the Ostrogoths because of the overlordship of the Huns, and so had followed the tribe of the Visigoths to the western country, and it was from him Veteric was descended. Veteric also had a son Eutharic, who married Amalasuentha, the daughter of Theodoric, thus uniting again the stock of the Amali which had divided long ago. Eutharic begat Athalaric and Mathesuentha. But since Athalaric died in the years of his boyhood, Mathesuentha was taken to Constantinople by her second husband, namely Germanus, a cousin of the Emperor Justinian, and bore a posthumous son, whom she named Germanus.

But that the order we have taken for our history may run its due course, we must return to the stock of Vandalarius, which put forth three branches. This Vandalarius, the son of a brother of Hermanaric and cousin of the

aforesaid Thorismud, vaunted himself among the race of the Amali because he had begotten three sons, Valamir, Thiudimer and Vidimer. Of these Valamir ascended the throne after his parents, though the Huns as yet held the power over the Goths in general as among other nations. It was pleasant to behold the concord of these three brothers; for the admirable Thiudimer served as a soldier for the empire of his brother Valamir, and Valamir bade honors be given him, while Vidimer was eager to serve them both. Thus regarding one another with common affection, not one was wholly deprived of the kingdom which two of them held in mutual peace. Yet, as has often been said, they ruled in such a way that they respected the dominion of Attila, king of the Huns. Indeed they could not have refused to fight against their kinsmen the Visigoths, and they must even have committed parricide at their lord's command. There was no way whereby any Scythian tribe could have been wrested from the power of the Huns, save by the death of Attila,—an event the Romans and all other nations desired. Now his death was as base as his life was marvellous.

CHAPTER XLIX

Shortly before he died, as the historian Priscus relates, he took in marriage a very beautiful girl named Ildico, after countless other wives, as was the custom of his race. He had given himself up to excessive joy at his wedding, and as he lay on his back, heavy with wine and sleep, a rush of superfluous blood, which would ordinarily have flowed from his nose, streamed in deadly course down his throat and killed him, since it was hindered in the usual passages. Thus did drunkenness put a disgraceful end to a king renowned in war. On the following day, when a great part of the morning was spent, the royal attendants suspected some ill and, after a great uproar, broke in the doors. There they found the death of Attila accomplished by an effusion of blood, without any wound, and the girl with downcast face weeping beneath her veil. Then, as is the custom of that race, they plucked out the hair of their heads and made their faces hideous with deep wounds, that the renowned warrior might be mourned, not by effeminate wailings and tears, but by the blood of men. Moreover a wondrous thing took place in connection with Attila's death. For in a dream some god stood at the side of Marcian, Emperor of the East, while he was disquieted about his fierce foe, and showed him the bow of Attila broken in that same night, as if to intimate that the race of Huns owed much to that weapon. This account the historian Priscus says

he accepts upon truthful evidence. For so terrible was Attila thought to be to great empires that the gods announced his death to rulers as a special boon.

We shall not omit to say a few words about the many ways in which his shade was honored by his race. His body was placed in the midst of a plain and lay in state in a silken tent as a sight for men's admiration. The best horsemen of the entire tribe of the Huns rode around in circles, after the manner of circus games, in the place to which he had been brought and told of his deeds in a funeral dirge in the following manner: "The chief of the Huns, King Attila, born of his sire Mundiuch, lord of bravest tribes, sole possessor of the Scythian and German realms—powers unknown before—captured cities and terrified both empires of the Roman world and, appeased by their prayers, took annual tribute to save the rest from plunder. And when he had accomplished all this by the favor of fortune, he fell, not by wound of the foe, nor by treachery of friends, but in the midst of his nation at peace, happy in his joy and without sense of pain. Who can rate this as death, when none believes it calls for vengeance? When they had mourned him with such lamentations, a strava, as they call it, was celebrated over his tomb with great revelling. They gave way in turn to the extremes of feeling and displayed funereal grief alternating with joy. Then in the secrecy of night they buried his body in the earth.

They bound his coffins, the first with gold, the second with silver and the third with the strength of iron, showing by such means that these three things suited the mightiest of kings; iron because he subdued the nations, gold and silver because he received the honors of both empires. They also added the arms of foemen won in the fight, trappings of rare worth, sparkling with various gems, and ornaments of all sorts whereby princely state is maintained. And that so great riches might be kept from human curiosity, they slew those appointed to the work—a dreadful pay for their labor; and thus sudden death was the lot of those who buried him as well as of him who was buried.

CHAPTER L

After they had fulfilled these rites, a contest for the highest place arose among Attila's successors,—for the minds of young men are wont to be inflamed by ambition for power,—and in their rash eagerness to rule they all alike destroyed his empire. Thus kingdoms are often weighed down by a superfluity rather than by a lack of successors. For the sons of Attila, who

through the license of his lust formed almost a people of themselves, were clamoring that the nations should be divided among them equally and that warlike kings with their peoples should be apportioned to them by lot like a family estate. When Ardaric, king of the Gepidae, learned this, he became enraged because so many nations were being treated like slaves of the basest condition, and was the first to rise against the sons of Attila. Good fortune attended him, and he effaced the disgrace of servitude that rested upon him. For by his revolt he freed not only his own tribe, but all the others who were equally oppressed; since all readily strive for that which is sought for the general advantage. They took up arms against the destruction that menaced all and joined battle with the Huns in Pannonia, near a river called Nedao. There an encounter took place between the various nations Attila had held under his sway. Kingdoms with their peoples were divided, and out of one body were made many members not responding to a common impulse. Being deprived of their head, they madly strove against each other.

They never found their equals ranged against them without harming each other by wounds mutually given. And so the bravest nations tore themselves to pieces. For then, I think, must have occurred a most remarkable spectacle, where one might see the Goths fighting with pikes, the Gepidae raging with the sword, the Rugi breaking off the spears in their own wounds, the Suavi fighting on foot, the Huns with bows, the Alani drawing up a battle-line of heavy-armed and the Heruli of light-armed warriors. Finally, after many bitter conflicts, victory fell unexpectedly to the Gepidae. For the sword and conspiracy of Ardaric destroyed almost thirty thousand men, Huns as well as those of the other nations who brought them aid. In this battle fell Ellac, the elder son of Attila, whom his father is said to have loved so much more than all the rest that he preferred him to any child or even to all the children of his kingdom. But fortune was not in accord with his father's wish. For after slaying many of the foe, it appears that he met his death so bravely that, if his father had lived, he would have rejoiced at his glorious end. When Ellac was slain, his remaining brothers were put to flight near the shore of the Sea of Pontus, where we have said the Goths first settled. Thus did the Huns give way, a race to which men thought the whole world must yield. So baneful a thing is division, that they who used to inspire terror when their strength was united, were overthrown separately. The cause of Ardaric, king of the Gepidae, was fortunate for the various nations who

were unwillingly subject to the rule of the Huns, for it raised their long downcast spirits to the glad hope of freedom. Many sent ambassadors to the Roman territory, where they were most graciously received by Marcian, who was then emperor, and took the abodes allotted them to dwell in. But the Gepidae by their own might won for themselves the territory of the Huns and ruled as victors over the extent of all Dacia, demanding of the Roman Empire nothing more than peace and an annual gift as a pledge of their friendly alliance. This the Emperor freely granted at the time, and to this day that race receives its customary gifts from the Roman Emperor.

Now when the Goths saw the Gepidae defending for themselves the territory of the Huns and the people of the Huns dwelling again in their ancient abodes, they preferred to ask for lands from the Roman Empire rather than invade the lands of others with danger to themselves. So they received Pannonia, which stretches in a long plain, being bounded on the east by Upper Moesia, on the south by Dalmatia, on the west by Noricum and on the north by the Danube. This land is adorned with many cities, the first of which is Sirmium and the last Vindobona. But the Sauromatae, whom we call Sarmatians, and the Cemandri and certain of the Huns dwelt in Castra Martis, a city given them in the region of Illyricum. Of this race was Blivila, Duke of Pentapolis, and his brother Froila and also Bessa, a Patrician in our time. The Sciri, moreover, and the Sadagarii and certain of the Alani with their leader, Candac by name, received Scythia Minor and Lower Moesia. Paria, the father of my father Alanoviiamuth (that is to say, my grandfather), was secretary to this Candac as long as he lived. To his sister's son Gunthigis, also called Baza, the Master of the Soldiery, who was the son of Andag the son of Andela, who was descended from the stock of the Amali, I also, Jordanes, although an unlearned man before my conversion, was secretary. The Rugi, however, and some other races asked that they might inhabit Bizye and Arcadiopolis. Hernac, the younger son of Attila, with his followers, chose a home in the most distant part of Lesser Scythia. Emnetzur and Ultzindur, kinsmen of his, won Oescus and Utus and Almus in Dacia on the bank of the Danube, and many of the Huns, then swarming everywhere, betook themselves into Romania, and from them the Sacromontisi and the Fossatisii of this day are said to be descended.

CHAPTER LI

There were other Goths also, called the Lesser, a great people whose priest and primate was Vulfila, who is said to have taught them to write. And today they are in Moesia, inhabiting the Nicopolitan region as far as the base of Mount Haemus. They are a numerous people, but poor and unwarlike, rich in nothing save flocks of various kinds and pasture-lands for cattle and forests for wood. Their country is not fruitful in wheat and other sorts of grain. Certain of them do not know that vineyards exist elsewhere, and they buy their wine from neighboring countries. But most of them drink milk.

CHAPTER LII

Let us now return to the tribe with which we started, namely the Ostrogoths, who were dwelling in Pannonia under their king Valamir and his brothers Thiudimer and Vidimer. Although their territories were separate, yet their plans were one. For Valamir dwelt between the rivers Scarniunga and Aqua Nigra, Thiudimer near Lake Pelso and Vidimer between them both. Now it happened that the sons of Attila, regarding the Goths as deserters from their rule, came against them as though they were seeking fugitive slaves, and attacked Valamir alone, when his brothers knew nothing of it. He sustained their attack, though he had but few supporters, and after harassing them a long time, so utterly overwhelmed them that scarcely any portion of the enemy remained. The remnant turned in flight and sought the parts of Scythia which border on the stream of the river Danaper, which the Huns call in their own tongue the Var. Thereupon he sent a messenger of good tidings to his brother Thiudimer, and on the very day the messenger arrived he found even greater joy in the house of Thiudimer. For on that day his son Theodoric was born, of a concubine Erelieva indeed, and yet a child of good hope.

Now after no great time King Valamir and his brothers Thiudimer and Vidimer sent an embassy to the Emperor Marcian, because the usual gifts which they received like a New Year's present from the Emperor, to preserve the compact of peace, were slow in arriving. And they found that Theodoric, son of Triarius, a man of Gothic blood also, but born of another stock, not of the Amali, was in great favor, together with his followers. He was allied in friendship with the Romans and obtained an annual bounty, while they themselves were merely held in disdain. Thereat they were aroused to frenzy

and took up arms. They roved through almost the whole of Illyricum and laid it waste in their search for spoil. Then the Emperor quickly changed his mind and returned to his former state of friendship. He sent an embassy to give them the past gifts, as well as those now due, and furthermore promised to give these gifts in future without any dispute. From the Goths the Romans received as a hostage of peace Theodoric, the young child of Thiudimer, whom we have mentioned above. He had now attained the age of seven years and was entering upon his eighth. While his father hesitated about giving him up, his uncle Valamir besought him to do it, hoping that peace between the Romans and the Goths might thus be assured. Therefore Theodoric was given as a hostage by the Goths and brought to the city of Constantinople to the Emperor Leo and, being a goodly child, deservedly gained the imperial favor.

CHAPTER LIII

Now after firm peace was established between Goths and Romans, the Goths found that the possessions they had received from the Emperor were not sufficient for them. Furthermore, they were eager to display their wonted valor, and so began to plunder the neighboring races round about them, first attacking the Sadagis who held the interior of Pannonia. When Dintzic, king of the Huns, a son of Attila, learned this, he gathered to him the few who still seemed to have remained under his sway, namely, the Ultzinzures, and Angisciri, the Bittugures and the Bardores. Coming to Bassiana, a city of Pannonia, he beleaguered it and began to plunder its territory. Then the Goths at once abandoned the expedition they had planned against the Sadagis, turned upon the Huns and drove them so ingloriously from their own land that those who remained have been in dread of the arms of the Goths from that time down to the present day.

When the tribe of the Huns was at last subdued by the Goths, Hunimund, chief of the Suavi, who was crossing over to plunder Dalmatia, carried off some cattle of the Goths which were straying over the plains; for Dalmatia was near Suavia and not far distant from the territory of Pannonia, especially that part where the Goths were then staying. So then, as Hunimund was returning with the Suavi to his own country, after he had devastated Dalmatia, Thiudimer the brother of Valamir, king of the Goths, kept watch on their line of march. Not that he grieved so much over the loss of his cattle, but he feared that if the Suavi obtained this plunder with impunity, they would pro-

ceed to greater license. So in the dead of night, while they were asleep, he made an unexpected attack upon them, near Lake Pelso. Here he so completely crushed them that he took captive and sent into slavery under the Goths even Hunimund, their king, and all of his army who had escaped the sword. Yet as he was a great lover of mercy, he granted pardon after taking vengeance and became reconciled to the Suavi. He adopted as his son the same man whom he had taken captive, and sent him back with his followers into Suavia. But Hunimund was unmindful of his adopted father's kindness. After some time he brought forth a plot he had contrived and aroused the tribe of the Sciri, who then dwelt above the Danube and abode peaceably with the Goths.

So the Sciri broke off their alliance with them, took up arms, joined themselves to Hunimund and went out to attack the race of the Goths. Thus war came upon the Goths who were expecting no evil, because they relied upon both of their neighbors as friends. Constrained by necessity they took up arms and avenged themselves and their injuries by recourse to battle. In this battle, as King Valamir rode on his horse before the line to encourage his men, the horse was wounded and fell, overthrowing its rider. Valamir was quickly pierced by his enemies' spears and slain. Thereupon the Goths proceeded to exact vengeance for the death of their king, as well as for the injury done them by the rebels. They fought in such wise that there remained of all the race of the Sciri only a few who bore the name, and they with disgrace. Thus were all destroyed.

CHAPTER LIV

The kings [of the Suavi], Hunimund and Alaric, fearing the destruction that had come upon the Sciri, next made war upon the Goths, relying upon the aid of the Sarmations, who had come to them as auxiliaries with their kings Beuca and Babai. They summoned the last remnants of the Sciri, with Edica and Hunuulf, their chieftains, thinking they would fight the more desperately to avenge themselves. They had on their side the Gepidae also, as well as no small reinforcements from the race of the Rugi and from others gathered here and there. Thus they brought together a great host at the river Bolia in Pannonia and encamped there. Now when Valamir was dead, the Goths fled to Thiudimer, his brother. Although he had long ruled along with his brothers, yet he took the insignia of his increased authority and summoned his younger brother Vidimer and shared with him the cares of war, resorting

to arms under compulsion. A battle was fought and the party of the Goths was found to be so much the stronger that the plain was drenched in the blood of their fallen foes and looked like a crimson sea. Weapons and corpses, piled up like hills, covered the plain for more than ten miles. When the Goths saw this, they rejoiced with joy unspeakable, because by this great slaughter of their foes they had avenged the blood of Valamir their king and the injury done themselves. But those of the innumerable and motley throng of the foe who were able to escape, though they got away, nevertheless came to their own land with difficulty and without glory.

CHAPTER LV

After a certain time, when the wintry cold was at hand, the river Danube was frozen over as usual. For a river like this freezes so hard that it will support like a solid rock an army of foot-soldiers and wagons and carts and whatsoever vehicles there may be,—nor is there need of skiffs and boats. So when Thiudimer, king of the Goths, saw that it was frozen, he led his army across the Danube and appeared unexpectedly to the Suavi from the rear. Now this country of the Suavi has on the east the Baiovari, on the west the Franks, on the south the Burgundians and on the north the Thuringians. With the Suavi there were present the Alamanni, then their confederates, who also ruled the Alpine heights, whence several streams flow into the Danube, pouring in with a great rushing sound. Into a place thus fortified King Thiudimer led his army in the winter-time and conquered, plundered and almost subdued the race of the Suavi as well as the Alamanni, who were mutually banded together. Thence he returned as victor to his own home in Pannonia and joyfully received his son Theodoric, once given as hostage to Constantinople and now sent back by the Emperor Leo with great gifts. Now Theodoric had reached man's estate, for he was eighteen years of age and his boyhood was ended. So he summoned certain of his father's adherents and took to himself from the people his friends and retainers,—almost six thousand men.

With these he crossed the Danube, without his father's knowledge, and marched against Babai, king of the Sarmatians, who had just won a victory over Camundus, a general of the Romans, and was ruling with insolent pride. Theodoric came upon him and slew him, and taking as booty his slaves and treasure, returned victorious to his father. Next he invaded the city

of Singidunum, which the Sarmatians themselves had seized, and did not return it to the Romans, but reduced it to his own sway.

CHAPTER LVI

Then as the spoil taken from one and another of the neighboring tribes diminished, the Goths began to lack food and clothing, and peace became distasteful to men for whom war had long furnished the necessaries of life. So all the Goths approached their king Thiudimer and, with great outcry, begged him to lead forth his army in whatsoever direction he might wish. He summoned his brother and, after casting lots, bade him go into the country of Italy, where at this time Glycerius ruled as emperor, saying that he himself as the mightier would go to the east against a mightier empire. And so it happened. Thereupon Vidimer entered the land of Italy, but soon paid the last debt of fate and departed from earthly affairs, leaving his son and namesake Vidimer to succeed him. The Emperor Glycerius bestowed gifts upon Vidimer and persuaded him to go from Italy to Gaul, which was then harassed on all sides by various races, saying that their own kinsmen, the Visigoths, there ruled a neighboring kingdom. And what more? Vidimer accepted the gifts and, obeying the command of the Emperor Glycerius, pressed on to Gaul. Joining with his kinsmen the Visigoths, they again formed one body, as they had been long ago. Thus they held Gaul and Spain by their own right and so defended them that no other race won the mastery there.

But Thiudimer, the elder brother, crossed the river Savus with his men, threatening the Sarmatians and their soldiers with war if any should resist him. From fear of this they kept quiet; moreover they were powerless in the face of so great a host. Thiudimer, seeing prosperity everywhere awaiting him, invaded Naissus, the first city of Illyricum. He was joined by his son Theodoric and the Counts Astat and Invilia, and sent them to Ulpiana by way of Castrum Herculis. Upon their arrival the town surrendered, as did Stobi later; and several places of Illyricum, inaccessible to them at first, were thus made easy of approach. For they first plundered and then ruled by right of war Heraclea and Larissa, cities of Thessaly. But Thiudimer the king, perceiving his own good fortune and that of his son, was not content with this alone, but set forth from the city of Naissus, leaving only a few men behind as a guard. He himself advanced to Thessalonica, where Hilarianus the Patrician, appointed by the Emperor, was stationed with his army. When Hilari-

anus beheld Thessalonica surrounded by an entrenchment and saw that he could not resist attack, he sent an embassy to Thiudimer the king and by the offer of gifts turned him aside from destroying the city. Then the Roman general entered upon a truce with the Goths and of his own accord handed over to them those places they inhabited, namely Cyrrhus, Pella, Europus, Methone, Pydna, Beroea, and another which is called Dium. So the Goths and their king laid aside their arms, consented to peace and became quiet. Soon after these events, King Thiudimer was seized with a mortal illness in the city of Cyrrhus. He called the Goths to himself, appointed Theodoric his son as heir of his kingdom and presently departed this life.

CHAPTER LVII

When the Emperor Zeno heard that Theodoric had been appointed king over his own people, he received the news with pleasure and invited him to come and visit him in the city, appointing an escort of honor. Receiving Theodoric with all due respect, he placed him among the princes of his palace. After some time Zeno increased his dignity by adopting him as his son-at-arms and gave him a triumph in the city at his expense. Theodoric was made Consul Ordinary also, which is well known to be the supreme good and highest honor in the world. Nor was this all, for Zeno set up before the royal palace an equestrian statue to the glory of this great man. Now while Theodoric was in alliance by treaty with the Empire of Zeno and was himself enjoying every comfort in the city, he heard that his tribe, dwelling as we have said in Illyricum, was not altogether satisfied or content. So he chose rather to seek a living by his own exertions, after the manner customary to his race, rather than to enjoy the advantages of the Roman Empire in luxurious ease while his tribe lived in want. After pondering these matters, he said to the Emperor: "Though I lack nothing in serving your Empire, yet if Your Piety deem it worthy, be pleased to hear the desire of my heart. And when as usual he had been granted permission to speak freely, he said: "The western country, long ago governed by the rule of your ancestors and predecessors, and that city which was the head and mistress of the world,—wherefore is it now shaken by the tyranny of the Torcilingi and the Rugi? Send me there with my race. Thus if you but say the word, you may be freed from the burden of expense here, and, if by the Lord's help I shall conquer, the fame of Your Piety shall be glorious there. For it is better that I, your servant and your son, should rule that kingdom, receiving it as a gift from you if I con-

quer, than that one whom you do not recognize should oppress your Senate with his tyrannical yoke and a part of the republic with slavery.

For if I prevail, I shall retain it as your grant and gift; if I am conquered, Your Piety will lose nothing—nay, as I have said, it will save the expense I now entail. Although the Emperor was grieved that he should go, yet when he heard this he granted what Theodoric asked, for he was unwilling to cause him sorrow. He sent him forth enriched by great gifts and commended to his charge the Senate and the Roman People. Therefore Theodoric departed from the royal city and returned to his own people. In company with the whole tribe of the Goths, who gave him their unanimous consent, he set out for Hesperia. He went in straight march through Sirmium to the places bordering on Pannonia and, advancing into the territory of Venetia as far as the bridge of the Sontius, encamped there. When he had halted there for some time to rest the bodies of his men and pack-animals, Odoacer sent an armed force against him, which he met on the plains of Verona and destroyed with great slaughter. Then he broke camp and advanced through Italy with greater boldness. Crossing the river Po, he pitched camp near the royal city of Ravenna, about the third milestone from the city in the place called Pineta. When Odoacer saw this, he fortified himself within the city. He frequently harassed the army of the Goths at night, sallying forth stealthily with his men, and this not once or twice, but often; and thus he struggled for almost three whole years. But he labored in vain, for all Italy at last called Theodoric its lord and the Empire obeyed his nod. But Odoacer, with his few adherents and the Romans who were present, suffered daily from war and famine in Ravenna. Since he accomplished nothing, he sent an embassy and begged for mercy. Theodoric first granted it and afterwards deprived him of his life.

It was in the third year after his entrance into Italy, as we have said, that Theodoric, by advice of the Emperor Zeno, laid aside the garb of a private citizen and the dress of his race and assumed a costume with a royal mantle, as he had now become the ruler over both Goths and Romans. He sent an embassy to Lodoin, king of the Franks, and asked for his daughter Audefleda in marriage. Lodoin freely and gladly gave her, and also his sons Celdebert and Heldebert and Thiudebert, believing that by this alliance a league would be formed and that they would be associated with the race of the Goths. But that union was of no avail for peace and harmony, for they fought fiercely

with each other again and again for the lands of the Goths; but never did the Goths yield to the Franks while Theodoric lived.

CHAPTER LVIII

Now before he had a child from Audefleda, Theodoric had children of a concubine, daughters begotten in Moesia, one named Thiudigoto and another Ostrogotho. Soon after he came to Italy, he gave them in marriage to neighboring kings, one to Alaric, king of the Visigoths, and the other to Sigismund, king of the Burgundians. Now Alaric begat Amalaric. While his grandfather Theodoric cared for and protected him—for he had lost both parents in the years of childhood—he found that Eutharic, the son of Veteric, grandchild of Beremud and Thorismud, and a descendant of the race of the Amali, was living in Spain, a young man strong in wisdom and valor and health of body. Theodoric sent for him and gave him his daughter Amalasuentha in marriage. And that he might extend his family as much as possible, he sent his sister Amalafrida (the mother of Theodahad, who was afterwards king) to Africa as wife of Thrasamund, king of the Vandals, and her daughter Amalaberga, who was his own niece, he united with Herminefred, king of the Thuringians.

Now he sent his Count Pitza, chosen from among the chief men of his kingdom, to hold the city of Sirmium. He got possession of it by driving out its king Thrasaric, son of Thraustila, and keeping his mother captive. Thence he came with two thousand infantry and five hundred horsemen to aid Mundo against Sabinian, Master of the Soldiery of Illyricum, who at that time had made ready to fight with Mundo near the city named Margoplanum, which lies between the Danube and Margus rivers, and destroyed the Army of Illyricum. For this Mundo, who traced his descent from the Attilani of old, had put to flight the tribe of the Gepidae and was roaming beyond the Danube in waste places where no man tilled the soil. He had gathered around him many outlaws and ruffians and robbers from all sides and had seized a tower called Herta, situated on the bank of the Danube. There he plundered his neighbors in wild license and made himself king over his vagabonds. Now Pitza came upon him when he was nearly reduced to desperation and was already thinking of surrender. So he rescued him from the hands of Sabinian and made him a grateful subject of his king Theodoric.

Theodoric won an equally great victory over the Franks through his Count Ibba in Gaul, when more than thirty thousand Franks were slain in

battle. Moreover, after the death of his son-in-law Alaric, Theodoric appointed Thiudis, his armor-bearer, guardian of his grandson Amalaric in Spain. But Amalaric was ensnared by the plots of the Franks in early youth and lost at once his kingdom and his life. Then his guardian Thiudis, advancing from the same kingdom, assailed the Franks and delivered the Spaniards from their disgraceful treachery. So long as he lived he kept the Visigoths united. After him Thiudigisclus obtained the kingdom and, ruling but a short time, met his death at the hands of his own followers. He was succeeded by Agil, who holds the kingdom to the present day. Athanagild has rebelled against him and is even now provoking the might of the Roman Empire. So Liberius the Patrician is on the way with an army to oppose him. Now there was not a tribe in the west that did not serve Theodoric while he lived, either in friendship or by conquest.

CHAPTER LIX

When he had reached old age and knew that he should soon depart this life, he called together the Gothic counts and chieftains of his race and appointed Athalaric as king. He was a boy scarce ten years old, the son of his daughter Amalasuentha, and he had lost his father Eutharic. As though uttering his last will and testament, Theodoric adjured and commanded them to honor their king, to love the Senate and Roman People and to make sure of the peace and good will of the Emperor of the East, as next after God. They kept this command fully so long as Athalaric their king and his mother lived, and ruled in peace for almost eight years. But as the Franks put no confidence in the rule of a child and furthermore held him in contempt, and were also plotting war, he gave back to them those parts of Gaul which his father and grandfather had seized. He possessed all the rest in peace and quiet. Therefore when Athalaric was approaching the age of manhood, he entrusted to the Emperor of the East both his own youth and his mother's widowhood. But in a short time the ill-fated boy was carried off by an untimely death and departed from earthly affairs. His mother feared she might be despised by the Goths on account of the weakness of her sex. So after much thought she decided, for the sake of relationship, to summon her cousin Theodahad from Tuscany, where he led a retired life at home, and thus she established him on the throne. But he was unmindful of their kinship and, after a little time, had her taken from the palace at Ravenna to an island of the Bulsinian lake

where he kept her in exile. After spending a very few days there in sorrow, she was strangled in the bath by his hirelings.

CHAPTER LX

When Justinian, the Emperor of the East, heard this, he was aroused as if he had suffered personal injury in the death of his wards. Now at that time he had won a triumph over the Vandals in Africa, through his most faithful Patrician Belisarius. Without delay he sent his army under this leader against the Goths at the very time when his arms were yet dripping with the blood of the Vandals. This sagacious general believed he could not overcome the Gothic nation, unless he should first seize Sicily, their nursing-mother. Accordingly he did so. As soon as he entered Trinacria, the Goths, who were besieging the town of Syracuse, found that they were not succeeding and surrendered of their own accord to Belisarius, with their leader Sinderith. When the Roman general reached Sicily, Theodahad sought out Evermud, his son-in-law, and sent him with an army to guard the strait which lies between Campania and Sicily and sweeps from a bend of the Tyrrhenian Sea into the vast tide of the Adriatic. When Evermud arrived, he pitched his camp by the town of Rhegium. He soon saw that his side was the weaker. Coming over with a few close and faithful followers to the side of the victor and willingly casting himself at the feet of Belisarius, he decided to serve the rulers of the Roman Empire. When the army of the Goths perceived this, they distrusted Theodahad and clamored for his expulsion from the kingdom and for the appointment as king of their leader Vitiges, who had been his armor bearer. This was done; and presently Vitiges was raised to the office of king on the Barbarian Plains. He entered Rome and sent on to Ravenna the men most faithful to him to demand the death of Theodahad. They came and executed his command. After King Theodahad was slain, a messenger came from the king—for he was already king in the Barbarian Plains—to proclaim Vitiges to the people.

Meanwhile the Roman army crossed the strait and marched toward Campania. They took Naples and pressed on to Rome. Now a few days before they arrived, King Vitiges had set forth from Rome, arrived at Ravenna and married Mathesuentha, the daughter of Amalasuentha and grand-daughter of Theodoric, the former king. While he was celebrating his new marriage and holding court at Ravenna, the imperial army advanced from Rome and attacked the strongholds in both parts of Tuscany. When Vitiges learned of

this through messengers, he sent a force under Hunila, a leader of the Goths, to Perusia which was beleaguered by them. While they were endeavoring by a long siege to dislodge Count Magnus, who was holding the place with a small force, the Roman army came upon them, and they themselves were driven away and utterly exterminated. When Vitiges heard the news, he raged like a lion and assembled all the host of the Goths. He advanced from Ravenna and harassed the walls of Rome with a long siege. But after fourteen months his courage was broken and he raised the siege of the city of Rome and prepared to overwhelm Ariminum. Here he was baffled in like manner and put to flight; and so he retreated to Ravenna. When besieged there, he quickly and willingly surrendered himself to the victorious side, together with his wife Mathesuentha and the royal treasure.

And thus a famous kingdom and most valiant race, which had long held sway, was at last overcome in almost its two thousand and thirtieth year by that conquerer of many nations, the Emperor Justinian, through his most faithful consul Belisarius. He gave Vitiges the title of Patrician and took him to Constantinople, where he dwelt for more than two years, bound by ties of affection to the Emperor, and then departed this life. But his consort Mathesuentha was bestowed by the Emperor upon the Patrician Germanus, his cousin. And of them was born a son (also called Germanus) after the death of his father Germanus. This union of the race of the Anicii with the stock of the Amali gives hopeful promise, under the Lord's favor, to both peoples.

CONCLUSION

And now we have recited the origin of the Goths, the noble line of the Amali and the deeds of brave men. This glorious race yielded to a more glorious prince and surrendered to a more valiant leader, whose fame shall be silenced by no ages or cycles of years; for the victorious and triumphant Emperor Justinian and his consul Belisarius shall be named and known as Vandalicus, Africanus and Geticus. Thou who readest this, know that I have followed the writings of my ancestors, and have culled a few flowers from their broad meadows to weave a chaplet for him who cares to know these things. Let no one believe that to the advantage of the race of which I have spoken —though indeed I trace my own descent from it—I have added aught besides what I have read or learned by inquiry. Even thus I have not included all that is written or told about them, nor spoken so much to their praise as to the glory of him who conquered them.

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