

by their psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, they draw men to praise God, and they imitate the angels. Yet this effect was simply produced by common Gregorian chants, sung in unison; as in other parts of Divine worship, the Cistercians were reformers in Church music. Their chanting was especially suited for contemplation: they dwell on each syllable, and 'sucked in the honied sense of the Psalms, as they pronounced the words.' It is not wonderful if the men of that time believed that devils trembled, and angels noted down in letters of gold the words which dropped from their lips, as these grave and masculine voices chanted through the darkness of the night the triumph of good over evil, and the glories of the Lord and of His Church. Few, indeed, are worthy to chant the Psalms; who can repeat, for instance, the 118th Psalm as he should? But Stephen and his brethren might pronounce those burning words of the Spirit without shame, for they had indeed given up the world.—*Ignitum eloquium tuum vehementer, et servus dilexit illud.*

"After matins were over they never returned to sleep, but were permitted either to pray in the church, or to sit in cloister. It was one of the rules of the Order that they were not to prostrate themselves full length on the ground, in the church, but should keep their souls in quiet before God, without violent action. Others again remained in the cloister. But let no one think of the cloister as it is now, in a state of desertion, about our cathedrals, cold and comfortless, with all the glass taken out of its windows; its religious silence has given place to the silence of the churchyard. It was formerly the very paradise of the monk, from which all the rest of the convent was named; it shut him out from the world, with its royal rampart of discipline, and was an image of the rest of heaven. It was the passage by which every part of the convent buildings were connected, and around which on Palm Sunday, they walked in procession, with green palms in their hands. Processions around the cloisters took place on many Sundays and Festivals, during the course of the year. At the east end of the church, at right angles with it, was the dormitory; opposite the church was the refectory, and adjoining the church was a chapter-house; in the centre was a cross. After matins, then, those of the brethren who were not in the church were altogether in the cloister. Before prime no one was allowed to speak unless there were some urgent necessity. After prime, in one part was the Cantor marking out the lessons, and hearing some brother repeat them in a low suppressed tone; or else a novice would be learning to recite the psalter by heart. In another part, ranged on seats, the brethren would sit in unbroken silence reading, with their cowls so disposed about their heads, that it might be seen that they were not asleep. It was here that St. Bernard gained his wonderful knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, meditating upon them before morning light. In another corner of the cloister, the boys of the monastery would be at school, under the master of novices. The library from which the monks took the books in which they read, was between the church and the chapter-house, and was under the care of the sacristan. Citeaux had its scriptorium as well as its library, where manuscripts were copied by the brethren. It is true that the antiquary would despise the handiwork of the Cistercians, for no illuminated figures of saints, elaborate capital letters, or flowers in arabesque creeping up the margin, were allowed; jewelled covers and gold clasps were also forbidden; but instead of this, religious silence was strictly observed, and the scriptorium was a place for meditation as much as the cloister itself. Their labors did not consist in simply copying the manuscripts; they took pains to discover various readings, and to compare editions. It might have been supposed, that the cold winds of the forest, with the burning sun and drenching rain, must have fairly bleached out of Stephen's mind all the learning which he had gathered in the schools of Paris. But he left behind him a work—the manuscript Bible in four volumes, which we have mentioned in his life,—which proved that he kept under his Cistercian habit, the same heart which had urged him to leave his old cloister of Sherbourne to study in Scotland and in France."

"After Prime, the religious walked in solemn procession into the chapter. If ever there was a scene revolting to human pride, it was the chapter; more than any other part of the monastic life, it shows that a convent was not a place where men walked about in clothes of a peculiar cut, and spent their time in formal actions, but a school of humiliations, where the very last roots of self-love were plucked up, and the clarity of the Gospel planted in its stead. Humility was the very soul of the cloister, and a great part of St. Benedict's rule is taken up with an analysis of the twelve degrees of humility, which form the steps of a Jacob's ladder, leading up to perfect love, which casteth out fear. Our Cistercians had studied this part of the rule well, and St. Bernard's earliest work, is a sort of comment upon it. The chapter house was the place where this mingled humility and love was most of all exercised. Around it were ranged seats, one above another; the novices sitting on the lowest row, or rather on the footstools attached to the seats; in the midst at the upper end, was the abbot's chair. The chapter opened with the martyrology, and with those parts of the service now attached to the office of prime, still, however, said in the chapter. Then followed a portion of St. Benedict's rule, with a commemoration of the faithful departed, and in some cases a sermon. When the rule had been explained, each brother who had in the slightest way transgressed the rule, came forward and confessed it aloud before the whole convent. He rose from his seat, threw back the hood of his cowl that all might see his face, and threw himself full length on the floor, without speaking a word. The abbot asked him: 'What sayest thou?' The bro-

ther answered, '*Mea culpa.*' 'It was by my fault,' then he was bidden to rise in the name of the Lord; he confessed his faults, and after receiving a penance, if it were necessary, he went back to his seat at the bidding of his Superior. When all had confessed their own sins, then a still more extraordinary scene followed; each monk accused his brother, if he had seen or heard anything amiss in him. He rose, and mentioning his name, said, 'Our dear brother has committed such a fault.' Happy they who could thus bear to hear their faults proclaimed in the face of day, without being angry. To prevent this it was customary for the accused to say for his accuser a *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*. The angels are blessed because they cannot sin; next to them in happiness, are those who are not wrathful when rebuked. At the conclusion of the chapter of faults, there was a second commemoration of the faithful departed. Then all marched to the dormitory to arrange their couches, change their night dresses, that is their cowls and scapulars, and afterwards to wash at the lavatory. They went immediately to manual labor; this was one of the peculiarities which distinguished Citeaux from Cluny. Their labor was good hard work by which they gained their livelihood, and with the help of their lay brethren supported themselves, and gave abundant alms to the poor. Few things are more remarkable than this mixture of all the details of spades and forks, ploughing, hay-making, and reaping with the meditation and constant prayer of the Cistercians. During the harvest time, the daily mass was (if the abbot so willed), attended only by the sick, and all who were too weak to work, for the whole convent was in the fields. And when mass was said, the priest put off chasuble and stole, and with his assistants followed the brethren who had gone before to work. St. Bernard put off the finishing of one of his wonderful sermons on the Canticles, because the brethren must go to the work, which their rule and their poverty required. It was a peculiarity of the Cistercians, that they did not sing psalms, but meditated while they worked; again, no one was allowed to take a book with him into the fields. This last regulation was probably made by Stephen himself, for it is recorded of St. Alberic, that he took the psalter with him when he worked. Field work was not, however (it may be said by the way), the only labor of the Cistercians; he took his turn to be cook, which office went the round of the convent, and was changed weekly. Again he might be cellarer, infirmarian, master of the novices, or porter, with a variety of other offices, which would give him employment enough. But each servile occupation was hallowed by obedience and religious silence, in which the Lord spoke to the heart.

"The brethren left the fields as soon as the first stroke of the bell for tierce was heard. The early Benedictines said tierce in the fields, and continued working till near ten o'clock, thus giving two hours and a half to manual labor. The reason why the Cistercians worked for a shorter time was, because mass followed immediately upon tierce. In St. Benedict's time there was no daily mass, but since then a change had taken place in the discipline of the Church, and the holy sacrifice was offered up every day at Citeaux. At this mass one might communicate who had not communicated on the Sunday, which was the day on which the whole convent received the Body and Blood of our most Blessed Lord who was at that time given to the faithful under both kinds. After the celebration of these adorable mysteries, the brethren again retired into the cloister to read, or went into the church for meditation. From Easter to the 14th of September, the bell for sext rang about eleven, about half-past eleven the community assembled in the refectory, for the first and principal meal of the day. The Cistercian dinner needed the seasoning of early rising and hard labor to make it palatable. It consisted of a pound of the coarsest bread, one-third of which was reserved for supper (except on fast days), and two dishes of vegetables boiled without grease. Their drink was the sour wine of the country, well diluted with water, or else thin beer, or a decoction of herbs, called Sapa (or Siseria), which seems to have been more like vegetable soup, than any other beverage. Even fish and eggs, which had always been considered to be legitimate diet for monks, were excluded. Their contemporaries wondered at their austerities; how weak and delicate bodies, worn out by hard labor and by night watching, could possibly subsist on such coarse food; but St. Bernard tells us what made it palatable. 'Thou fearest watchings, fasts, and manual labor,' he says to a runaway Cistercian, 'but these are light to one who thinks on the eternal fire. The remembrance of the outer darkness takes away all horror from solitude. Think on the strict sifting of thine idle words which is to come, and then silence will not be very displeasing. Place before thine eyes the everlasting weeping and gnashing of teeth and the mat or the down pillows will be the same to thee.' And yet theirs was not a service of gloom or fear. Christ rewarded the holy boldness of these noble athletes, who thus afflicted their bodies for His sake, by filling their souls with the joys of devotion. 'Oh! that by God's mercy,' says St. Bernard, to one whom he was persuading to quit the world, 'I could have thee as my fellow in that school where Jesus is the master! Oh! that I could place thy bosom, if it were but once pure, in the place where it might be a vase to catch that unction, which teacheth us of all things. Thinkest thou not, that thou wouldst suck honey from the rock, and oil from the rugged stone?' Every action was sanctified to the monks, even at their meals a strict silence was observed, and one of the brethren read aloud some religious book, during the time that they were in the refectory. After dinner in the summer season, followed the meridian or an hour's sleep, to supply for the shortness of the night. The bell awoke them from this mid-day rest, and summoned them at half-

past one to none. At two, the community returned to manual labor, which continued till half-past four. At five they sang vespers. The vesper hour was especially the monk's season of quiet, when the day was over with all its work, and the shades of evening were closing about him. After vespers they partook of the evening collation, consisting of the remainder of their pound of bread, with a few raw fruits, such as radishes, lettuces, or apples furnished by the abbey garden.

"Before we close the day with compline, it will be necessary to make the difference between the summer and winter rule. Their seasons followed the ecclesiastical division of the year; summer was reckoned from Easter to the middle of September, and the rest of the year was called winter. The Church in winter sits in expectation of her Lord's coming, and the Cistercians redoubled their austerities during this long period of the gloom of the year. They arose in all the cold and snow of winter, in the dark and dreary night, to watch for the coming of the Lord, and to pray for the world which was lying without in the darkness and shadow of death. As the world is engaged in turning day into night, in order to have its fill of pleasure, so they multiplied time for devotion, by stealing from the hours when men were asleep. In winter none was at two p.m., and dinner at half-past two. This was the only meal in the twenty-four hours. After dinner, they walked into church two-and-two, chanting the 'Miserere,' and there finished grace. At a quarter past four commenced vespers. There was then another interval of quiet reading in the cloister. During Lent the one meal was postponed till after vespers, which concluded about twenty minutes past four. No fruit was allowed during Lent, except on Sundays. An hour extra was appointed for spiritual reading and meditation, during this holy season. Each brother received from the abbot a book which he was taught to regard as a present from heaven, and to read and ponder it carefully. The Holy Scriptures were particularly recommended. Any one was permitted to spend the whole hour in reading them if he pleased. No greater proof of their austere penitence in the time of Lent can be found, than the way in which St. Bernard speaks of it. Sweetly, and with the tenderness of a mother, does he always speak to the brethren at that time. 'Not without a great touch of pity, brethren,' he once said, 'do I look upon you. I cast about for some alleviation to give you, and bodily alleviation comes before my mind; but if your penance be lightened by a cruel pity, then is your crown by degrees stripped of its gems. What can I do? ye are killed all day long with many fasts, in labors oft, in watchings over much, besides your inward trials, the contrition of heart, and a multitude of temptations. Yea, ye are killed; but it is for His sake who died for you. But if your tribulation abounds for Him, your consolation shall abound thro' Him. For is it not certain, that your sufferings are above human strength, beyond nature, against habit? Another then doth bear them for you, even He doubtless, who, as saith the Apostle, 'beareth up all things by the word of His power.'

Two things alone remain to be noticed, which, throughout the whole year, were the last events of a Cistercian day, and those are the collation or the reading of the collations of cassian, and compline. At Citeaux these collations, which were a collection of the lives of the early monks, or else some of the books of saints' lives, were read aloud in the cloister. On the finishing of the reading, all turned their faces to the East, and the abbot said, 'Our help is in the name of the Lord;' the community responded, 'Who hath made both heaven and earth;' and then they proceeded into the church to sing compline, which was the last office of the day. Compline was at six o'clock in the evening during the winter season, and at seven during the summer. After compline the abbot rose and sprinkled with holy water each brother as he went out in order. They then pulled their cowls over their heads and walked into the dormitory. After compline there was strict silence, unless in cases of urgent necessity; such as sickness, &c. How naked and dead are the words of a rule without the living abbot to dispense them, to couple together the strong and the weak, that the sturdy warrior might help on the trembling soldier, and to mingle the roughness of discipline with the tender hand which dropped oil and wine on the wounded heart.

Such was the Cistercian monk, pursuing the even tenor of his way: and reducing his whole life to the maxims of the gospel. He held no friendship with the world, for he renounced everything which it held in esteem, honors, riches, pleasures; he granted no indulgence to the passions, but tamed them by fasting, and brought them into subjection to the spirit by rigorous self-denial; he paid no court to pride, but made it bow down to the meanest occupation, and to the most painful services. And yet the order that exacted this austerity of life from its members, increased with amazing rapidity; and battling with the corruption of the world, it conquered from this enemy of mankind, princes, prelates, and nobles; it softened down and humanized feudal manners, and exhibited a spectacle not frequently seen in this age—the nobleman a fellow laborer with the mechanic and the husbandman. 'It became,' says the venerable Peter of Cluny, 'a second Esdras, to re-establish the law of God, much forgotten at that period;—a new race of Machabees, who rebuilt God's temple, at that time in ruins—that is, the religious orders, the manners of which had fallen into sad decay.'

Dear reader, is not this a beautiful visit you have made to Citeaux, and does it not remind you of the necessity that may exist of leading a more holy and mortified life than you have yet done, if you would wish to save your immortal soul? Go to Mount St. Bernard, and every four and twenty hours you will

witness a similar scene of holiness, worthy an angel's gaze.

We pass over the romantic episode of the conversion of the illustrious De Rancé and his reform of the Cistercian Order in France. It had, like most other institutions, sadly fallen to decay. Those causes which promoted the advent of the revolution, were then rife in the sensual age of Louis the Fourteenth. De Rancé was a gay fashionable Priest, a race of men the devil is particularly fond of. He was one of that serpent brood of abbés who made infidelity flourish by their worldly-mindedness and criminal neglect of their duties. Here is a choice picture of the world-loving Priest as he was before. Almighty God subdued him to Himself. The outward garb of De Rancé, at this period of his life, is sketched by an eye witness:—

"He wore a tight coat of beautiful violet-colored cloth. His hair hung in long curls down his back and shoulders. He wore two emeralds at the joining of his ruffles, and a large and rich diamond ring on his finger. When indulging the pleasures of the chase in the country, he usually laid aside every mark of his profession; wore a sword, and had two pistols in his holsters. His dress was fawn-colored, and he used to wear a black cravat, embroidered with gold. In the more serious society which he was sometimes forced to meet, he thought himself very clerical indeed, when he put on a black velvet coat with buttons of gold."

We refer our readers to the volume under notice to the touching narrative of De Rancé's marvellous conversion, his becoming Abbot of La Trappe, and the saintly doings in that paradise upon earth. One little gem we must give:—

"The monks, though living in the same houses, were strangers to one another. Each one followed to the choir, the garden, or the refectory, the feet that were moving before him, but he never raised his eyes to discover to whom the feet belonged. There were some who passed the entire year of their novitiate without lifting up their eyes, and who after that long period, could not tell how the ceiling of their cells was constructed, or whether they had any ceilings at all. There is mention made of one, whose whole anxiety was for an only brother, whom he had left leading a scandalous and disorderly life in the world. Since he entered the convent, he never passed a day without shedding a tear over his miserable condition, and begging for him from God the grace of repentance and amendment. On his dying bed he asked one request of the abbot, it was for a continuance of his prayers for the same purpose. De Rancé retired for a moment, and returned with one of the most useful and valued members of the brotherhood. When the cowl which concealed his features were removed, the dying monk recognised the brother for whom he had so often wept and prayed.

Another beautiful trait:

Among the illustrious visitors, we must not forget our own unfortunate James II., and his amiable Queen Mary of Modena, during the days of their exile. James "bore his reverses with dignity, and hallowed his sufferings by patience and enduring fortitude." God chastens those whom He loves, and better may have been the crown of thorns which was given him to wear, than any that earthly monarch ever wore. It was on an autumn evening in the eventful year 1690, that James rode up to the gates of the convent, attended by a few friends, Lord Dumbarton among the number. He was kindly received by the Abbot, and after partaking of his hospitality, attended evening service in the chapel. After communicating on the following morning, and inspecting the different occupations of the religious, he visited a recluse that lived some distance upon the mountains. His solitude was never interrupted, save by an occasional visit from his abbot, and he spent the greater part of his time in prayer. In the recluse James immediately recognised an officer who had formerly distinguished himself in his army. He asked him at what hour in the winter mornings he attended service in the chapel of the convent, and was answered at half-past three. "Surely," said Lord Dumbarton, "that is impossible. The way is dark and dreary, and at that hour is highly dangerous." "Ah," said the old soldier, "I have served my king in frost and snow, by night and day for many a year, and I should blush indeed, if I were not to do as much for the Master who has called me to his service now, and whose uniform I wear." The afflicted monarch turned away his head. His attendants remarked that his eyes were filled with tears. On his departure the following day, he knelt down to receive the abbot's blessing, and on rising he leaned for support on the arm of a monk that was near him. On looking to express his thanks, he saw in him another of his followers, the Hon. Robert Graham. He, too, had been an officer in his army, and lost, besides a splendid fortune in his service. His Majesty spoke a few kind words of recollection. Even the solitudes of La Trappe were filled with the ruins of his greatness.

The Order, in France, received a wonderful impulse from the reform of the Abbe Rancé. It continued long to flourish; but the revolution came like the blasting, withering simoon of the desert, and La Trappe was proscribed like other holy institutions. The good monks found an asylum in Switzerland. In the Holy Valley, a deserted monastery was granted them by the Council of Fribourg upon easy conditions, with a tract of mountain land, and the venerable Abbot Augustine devised new austerities in gratitude to God for granting them this asylum of peace after all their troubles and dispersion. It seems incredible to us, the ardor of this man of God; and we know not which most to admire, his self-sacrificing zeal, or the humble obedience of his saintly brethren to new austerities beyond even the strict rule of St. Benedict.

The only two Irishmen who have attained the rank of Field Marshal in the British army were natives of the two Meaths—George Wade, of Westmeath, entered in Westminster Abbey. Both were Colonels in the same regiment, the 33rd. Wade led it into the breach at the attack upon Fort St. Philip, in the Island of Minorca, 1758, and effected a lodgment within, by which the garrison of the French and Spaniards was compelled to capitulate. Wellesley led the 33rd into the breach at Seringapatam in 1799.