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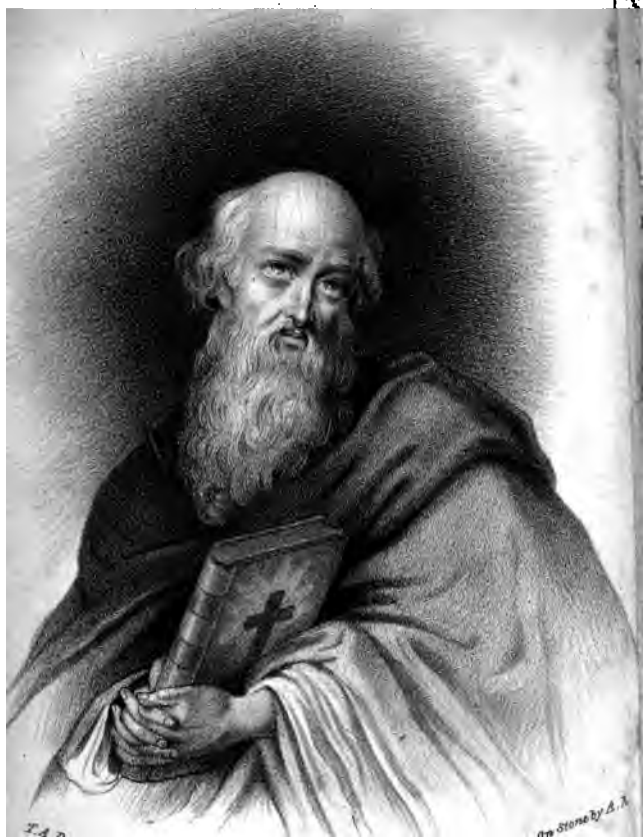


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L



*St. John Chrysostom.*

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM,

ARCHBISHOP

OF CONSTANTINOPLE;

HIS

LIFE, ELOQUENCE, AND PIETY.

136  
Συνεφερον να ο ηλιος συνεστειλε τας ακτινας αυτου, η να το  
στομα Ιωαννου εσιωπησε.

RATHER LET THE SUN BE BLOTTED FROM THE FIRMAMENT, THAN  
THE MOUTH OF JOHN BE SILENCED!—See page 28.

o. e. †

BY W. JOS. WALTER,

LATE OF ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE.

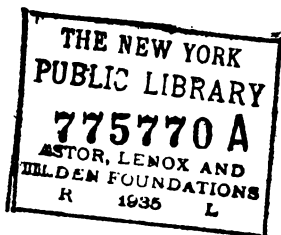
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## P R E F A C E .

When we look at the productions of the Fathers of the Greek and Latin Church, and more particularly at the writings of the great St. Chrysostom, and consider the splendor of his eloquence, the edifying warmth of his paternal zeal, and his profound knowledge of the human heart, as exhibited in his numerous Homilies and Treatises, we are surprised at the few efforts that have been made to familiarize the English reader with his beauties. A humble attempt towards supplying this desideratum is made in the volume here offered to the public. Should it find acceptance, it is intended to be followed by others, illustrative of the writings and character of the leading Fathers who adorned the Greek and Latin Church.

The limited nature of our volume does not allow us to enumerate the Church historians, French commentators, and English critics, who have published to the world their opinion of the great St. Chrysostom. There is one testimony, however, which we must not withhold, coming as it does from a quarter, where no undue bias was to be apprehended. Mr. Alexander Knox, in his Correspondence with Dr. Jebb, bishop of Limerick, thus speaks of the Saint: "In the great department of holiness we have St. Chrysostom, exhibiting and enforcing every high and holy attainment, with sweet simplicity, with delightful cheerfulness, with majestic sublimity. . . . Most of the sincerest modern teachers write and speak as if they had been drilled by habit into their power of religiously conceiving and convincing.— This Father, on the contrary, speaks and writes in the simplicity of nature, as if that on which he bestowed his thoughts formed the element of his soul; he utters in a sentence or *two what indemnifies* richly for pages of com-

mon-place. In short, wherever the heart is to be poured forth in ‘thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,’ St. Chrysostom is without a parallel. I do indeed think, that, since the days of the apostle St. John, no man ever possessed more sublime views of the dignity and happiness of Christianity than he. On subjects calculated to raise the mind of a speaker, his was as capable of being raised as any, probably, that ever resided in a merely human bosom. . . . St. Chrysostom had not St. Augustine’s philosophical understanding, and, as surely St. Augustine wanted his winged and almost seraphic soul. The talents of these Doctors of the Church were great in their several ways; I do not know which we could best be without—I love Chrysostom most; but I greatly value Augustine. Between them, they make up, as I have already said, a scheme which approaches to the perfection of Christian wisdom.”

Dr. Jebb, to whom the above eulogium on *our Saint* is addressed, observes: “Among all



the Fathers of the Church, St. Chrysostom may be fairly styled the father of rational and manly interpretation. I rejoice to find my opinion of this man confirmed by the judgment of an illustrious German scholar: "Among the Greek, not to speak of the Latin Fathers," says C. F. Matthæi, "St. Chrysostom has no equal for eloquence, learning, and practical Christianity :  
**HE RANKS NEXT AFTER THE APOSTLES."**

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L I F E  
OF  
ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

JOHN, surnamed CHRYSOSTOM [*Golden-Mouth*] on account of his eloquence, was born at Antioch, in the year 347. On his mother's side, he was descended from a wealthy and distinguished family. His father, Secundus, who held an important post in the army, died while he was yet an infant. The city which gave birth to our Saint, was one of the four great capitals of the Roman empire, the seat of institutions devoted to science, and the resort of men from all quarters of the globe. Like other great cities, it was a centre of moral corruption, to the contagion of which youth were particularly exposed. Christian mothers, animated by the spirit of the Gospel, exerted themselves in the education of their sons, and anxiously sought by the aid of religion to guard their tender years from the contamination of surrounding vice. Many of the holy men who illumined the church during that age, would not have acquired their high distinction, if pious mothers had not implanted in their opening

minds the first seeds of that religion, which influenced the whole of their subsequent lives. We allude to the influence, which such women, as the mother of Theodoret; Monica, the mother of Augustin; and Nonna, the mother of Gregory Nazianzen, exercised upon the religious education of their sons; a remarkable feature in the history of the great fathers of the early church.

This last observation applies to Chrysostom; for to his mother Anthusa, he owed the first Christian impulse which his mind received. Induced by a tender recollection of her husband, whom she lost soon after the birth of Chrysostom, and by anxiety for the education of her son, to which sole object she devoted her life, she remained a widow from her twentieth year. Affectionate fidelity to a departed husband was a quality held in much esteem among the Christians; even Libanius, the celebrated teacher of eloquence and literature in Antioch, who would not willingly have paid a tribute of praise to Christian virtue, exclaimed, when speaking of Anthusa: "What wives the Christians have!"

Chrysostom attended the school of this master, and readily availed himself of the advantages which it afforded him; but the pernicious effects which instruction from one so deeply prejudiced against the Christians might have produced, were counteracted by the religious principles which Anthusa continually instilled into the mind of her son, and by his early intercourse with the Scriptures. In later life Chrysostom was enabled, from his own experience, to speak of the blessed influence of an early and intimate acquaintance with the inspired volume. Throughout his writings, and his whole conduct, he affords a striking example of the mighty power which

the Word of God can exercise over the human heart; for by the study of that sacred volume, the great features of his character were formed. Hence arose his enthusiasm for holiness, his high moral energy, his unshaken constancy and ardent love, his aversion to the vain ostentation of his day, his eager zeal for truth and justice, animated by a fervent and steadfast faith. The Bible was to Chrysostom the book of life, which illustrated the great truths he preached. From that Book he derived, in his earliest works and discourses, those perfect images of an heroic, struggling, and victorious faith, by a contemplation of which he acquired strength during the severe sufferings of his closing days; and from the same living source he also drew the great moral principles which equally pervaded his first writings and his last letters, and which he faithfully observed during his whole life.

A. D. 367.—What proficiency Chrysostom had made in his studies, may be gathered from an expression of Libanius on his death-bed. When asked, who was to succeed him in his school, "John," said he, "had not the Christians stolen him from us." The forum was at that time the great field to promotion, and Chrysostom commenced practising as an advocate. This led him into company, and he conceived a taste for theatrical entertainments. It is said, that, till late in life, he always carried about him a copy of Aristophanes. The bee has the art to extract honey from poisonous plants; and from the very corruptions of the stage, our Attic bee was enabled to cull some of the materials of his future fame as a preacher. One of his characteristic excellencies is that living and dramatic effect, which imparts such

vivacity to his compositions, and is so well calculated to enchain the attention of an auditory.

But he soon became equally disgusted with the stage and the bar ; and a disinclination to worldly pursuits excited in his mind an increasing desire for a life of retirement. While in this happy frame of mind, Meletius, bishop of Antioch, took him under his especial care, and had the sagacity to foresee the eminent services which his talents would one day confer upon the church.

St. Chrysostom became warmly attached to this excellent prelate, but did not long enjoy his society and instructions. The zeal of Meletius in the defence of orthodox opinions had drawn down upon him the resentment of the Arians, at whose instigation he was banished from Antioch, for the third time, by the Emperor Valens. Grieved at this separation from his spiritual guide, and longing for that solitude, which is the nurse of great minds, he resolved to retire from the world with his friend Basil ; the same who figures as the inter'ocutor in his famous " Dialogue on the Priesthood."

When Anthusa was made acquainted with her son's resolution, she found all her religion insufficient to enable her to support the thoughts of his lengthened and uncertain absence. Nothing can be more simply natural, yet more deeply touching, than his own account of the interview between them on this occasion.

" My mother," says he, " as soon as she suspected my design, took me by the hand, and asked me to go with her into her chamber ; there, seating herself with me, on the side of the bed, where she had brought me into the world, she gave way to a torrent of tears, interrupted only by words which

agitated me still more powerfully. ‘My son,’ said she, ‘it was not long allowed me to enjoy the blessing of your father’s virtues—the will of the Lord ordained it otherwise. His death followed close upon the sufferings I had endured in giving you birth: thus you were left an orphan in your cradle, and I became a widow in the very bloom of life.—What I have had to struggle with, must be felt in order to be imagined. No, it is not language that can describe the difficulties to which a young woman is exposed, who, scarcely having quitted her paternal roof, without any knowledge of the world, finds herself suddenly plunged into mourning and desolation, and obliged to take upon herself all the burden of a situation for which she is unfitted equally by her sex and youth. How rigorous and painful are the duties she is called upon to fulfil! What vigilance does it require to watch her servants, to repair their negligences, to guard against their dishonesty! What circumspection to avoid the snares which even her own family lay for her! what courage to defend herself against the injustice and brutality of assessors and tax-gatherers! If a father, in dying, leave only a daughter, however she may be, in some respects, an anxiety to a mother, she neither subjects her to so much expense nor so much solicitude. But if he leave a son, how great is a mother’s responsibility! not a day passes but she trembles for him, setting aside all the expenses necessarily attendant on his education. Yet none of these considerations ever induced me to think of a second marriage—never could I have reconciled myself to the idea of introducing another husband into your father’s house. I have braved the storm, and remained firm amidst all the oppositions I have met with; not even en-



deavouring to evade any of the restraints and duties my task imposed upon me. I have escaped the tempest, thanks, certainly, to the help of God ; but next to that, I have, without doubt, been supported through it by the consolation, so precious to the heart of a mother, in the midst of whatever afflictions may surround her, of seeing my son every day, and contemplating in him the living image and perfect resemblance of the husband I have lost.— You gave me this consolation from your tenderest years, when you first began to utter the broken words so dear to a mother's ears. You cannot reproach me with any mismanagement or waste of your father's inheritance, as those too often may do, who have the misfortune to be left orphans—I have preserved it to you untouched, and I have even provided for all your expenses out of my own portion, and the money I have received from my family. Do not think, my dear son, that I mention these things to reproach you with them, as sacrifices ; the only gratitude I ask of you is, not to make me a second time a widow, by opening a wound which time is beginning to heal. Do not leave me till you have closed my eyes : my last hour cannot be very long delayed. At your age you may hope to attain a period of life still far distant ; but at mine, only one thought remains, and that is of death. As soon therefore as you have paid the last duties to me, as soon as you have laid my remains by the side of those of your father, you will be free to go where you please—to risk the dangers of navigation, on whatever sea you may desire. No one will then have any right to oppose your wishes : but till that time, whilst one breath of life remains in me, bear with my presence, and do not become weary of

living under the same roof with me. Beware, even, lest you may offend God himself, by a hasty resolution, inconsiderately taken, which urges you to abandon a mother who has never given you cause to complain of her; and to leave her, too, overwhelmed with affliction.

“ If I had given you cause to accuse me of endeavouring to involve you in the troubles of the times, by encumbering you with the burden of my affairs, then I would consent to your disregarding the laws of nature; forgetting the care I have bestowed upon your education; breaking all the ties that attach you to your home; disengaging yourself from every duty—and, in short, that you, imagining you saw nothing but snares and ambushes around you, to destroy your peace, should fly from me as from your enemy. But if it be, indeed, true that I have spared nothing in my power to smooth the rugged path of life to you: if you acknowledge this, that consideration alone ought to have sufficient weight with you, to keep you near your mother. Whatever friends you may have, whatever may be their number or their affection, you will not find one among them, so anxious to contribute to your comfort as I am; because there cannot possibly be one among them, to whom your happiness and reputation are so dear as they are to me.”

How beautiful is this struggle between maternal tenderness and loftier motives! The touching expostulations of this best of mothers, as conveyed in the mellifluous accents of her native tongue, powerfully recall some of the most eloquent passages of the Greek dramatists. The language of affection is always the same,—combining all the pathos of poetry with the artlessness of truth.

The resolution of Chrysostom melted at the sight of his mother's tears, and he promised not to go any great distance from her. Her death soon after, left him at liberty to indulge his love of retirement, without any mixture of self-reproach.— But at this moment, a new trial awaited him. He was informed of its being the intention of the Bishops of Syria, then assembled at Antioch, to nominate him and his friend Basil to the Episcopacy. Shrinking from such a responsibility, for which a distrust of his youth,—not having attained the age prescribed by the canons, and a lowly estimate of himself made him think himself unfit, he contrived to evade his election, and procure that of his friend Basil. An accusation of violated friendship was the expected result, and it was to an attempt to repel this charge that we are indebted for one of Chrysostom's most important compositions, the treatise "On the Priesthood."

A. D. 381.—No obstacle now presenting itself to his inclinations, Chrysostom went into the mountains of Syria, and placed himself under the direction of an aged hermit, with whom he passed four years. The fervour of his soul increasing as he estranged himself from the ways of men, he plunged himself, at the end of that time, into complete isolation, and lived two years entirely alone in cavern; communing only with God, meditating incessantly on the Scriptures, which he is said to have had entirely by heart, and practising the most severe austerities, especially deprivation of sleep, that his health finally sunk under them, and he was compelled to return to Antioch. It was, however, during the time of this deep seclusion, and noiseless waking nights, that he composed

“Defence of a Monastic Life;” his “Consolations,” addressed to Theodorus; and his admirable “Treatises on Compunction of Heart,” written at the request of two hermits, who sought his counsels.

From his cave in the desert came forth this second Demosthenes. Like the great Athenian, he had matured his powers in solitude; he had meditated over the inspired volume; he had sought the weapons of his future success in the armory of the Holy Spirit. Antioch was the first scene of his labors, and his first essay in the career of Christian eloquence was marked by the most brilliant success.

A. D. 384.—Two years after his return, he was ordained Deacon by Meletius, who had been restored to his see, and the year following he was prevailed upon to receive priestly orders at the hand of Flavian, who had succeeded Meletius as bishop of Antioch. Part of the Discourse pronounced on his ordination, has reached us. The exordium is deeply expressive of his sense of the dignity to which he was raised.—“Is it a waking reality, or a dream by which my senses are abused? No, it is but too true, and more strange by far than a dream of the night. Indulgent to my feeble talents, the people of a great city, a people as numerous as they are distinguished, are expecting from me a discourse worthy of the audience who deign to listen to it. But, even if possessed of the gift of eloquence expected from me, could I stand in the presence of so numerous and distinguished an auditory, without feeling abashed, and almost deprived by you of the power of utterance? I feel apprehensive lest a few ideas which I have collected with difficulty, could desert me in the hour of need, and leave me

without aught to say. Let me entreat you then, of whatever degree, who have hastened hither to listen to a humble novice, if I am wanting to your expectations, to aid me by your prayers; that He who giveth language to announce his truths, may instruct my tongue, that I may not be altogether unworthy of the important trust which you have confided to my hands. Yes, aware as I am of my inexperience, it was your kindness alone that could have given me the confidence to appear before you in this place; content till now to remain among the hearers, it is this kindness alone that could have made me venture upon the arena of instruction.

“Called upon to speak for the first time in the Temple of the Lord, it is to Him that I would offer the first fruits of my preaching, to Him, who endowed me with the organs of speech. What more natural than this? Is it only of the first fruits of the earth, that the Lord has to claim His due? Listen to the words of a prophet: ‘O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thy iniquity. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord, and say unto Him: Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render to Thee the offering of our lips.’ Not a measure of meal, nor a turtle dove, nor a holocaust of oxen, nor any such oblation, but ‘the offering of our lips!’ What! and can WORDS form the matter of sacrifice? Yes, and that the most noble, the most august, the most excellent of all. Thus would I have wished, like the generous David of old, ‘to praise the name of God, and magnify him with thanksgiving;’ for ‘this shall please the Lord better than a young bullock whose horns are begin-

ning to bud forth.' Such is the unbloody victim, such the spiritual sacrifice that I would fain have offered this day to the Most High.

"But, alas! a wise man has closed my lips, startling me with those words of his: 'Praise becometh not the mouth of a sinner' (*Eccl. xv. 9*). And as in forming a chaplet, it is not sufficient that the flowers that compose it be pure, but also the hand that arranges them; so in 'the offering of the lips,' it is not enough that the words be holy, but also the soul that disposes them in orderly speech. What then is to be done? If forbidden to celebrate the praises of the great Master of all, shall I have entreated the aid of your prayers in vain? No, heaven forbid that it should be in vain! there remains another way of glorifying the Lord, and that is in his Saints. It is in his faithful servants, then, that I will praise Him. And who more deserving of our praises, of the eulogy of our grateful hearts, than the Pastor of the flock?"

[He then launches into an eloquent eulogium of his good bishop, Flavian, concluding his discourse with words that may, perhaps, recal the celebrated peroration of Bossuet's "Funeral Discourse" on the great Condé.]

"And if you are so condescending as to take some interest in myself, ask of the Lord that he would strengthen me with his grace. We have need of such succor, even then, when yet estranged to affairs, we lead a life of privacy. But, raised as I am to the priesthood, whether by the favor of man, or by the will of the Most High, and burthened as I am by the charge imposed upon me, I am greatly in need of your prayers both for present succour from above, and that, on the day in which those to

whom the talents were given, shall be demanded an account of their stewardship, may remit into the hands of the great Steward of the Household, the deposit entrusted to their care."

He continued twelve years in this office, preaching throughout Lent, and on every Sunday, exerting his oratorical powers and the influence they gave him, to the benefit of his hearers, and of the Church in general.

A. D. 387.—In the third year of his ministry, occurred the well known tumult in Antioch, which afforded so memorable an occasion for the display of his genius, in his "Homilies on the Statues,"—compositions which make so conspicuous a figure in the history of Sacred Eloquence.

The salutary effects of this event upon the public mind were long perceptible. Several months after, we hear our Saint proudly exclaiming: "I shall never cease to declare, that the preeminence of our city consisteth not in its having a Senate, nor in its being able to number consuls among its citizens, nor in the multitude of its statues, nor in the richness and variety of its merchandize, nor in the convenience of its site; but in its having a people that longeth after the divine word, in the crowded temples of God, in the daily enjoyment of a full discourse, and in an insatiate desire of hearing instruction: for a city is not exalted by its edifice but by its inhabitants. Tell me not that Rome is great, because it is extensive; but show me that people equally desirous of hearing the word. Sodom had its towers; Abraham his tent: yet the angels turned aside from Sodom, and bent their way to *his tent*. For they sought not a splendid edifice; they sought around for holiness and beauty of

In like manner, John was in the desert, Herod in the city; wherefore the desert was more honoured than the city. The ministry resteth not on edifices. I say these things, that you may not laud your city, sunken in its iniquity. Tell me not of edifices and columns. They fall to ruins with the things of time. Enter the church, and behold the nobles of the city! Behold the poor watching from midnight until dawn, neither yielding to the power of sleep by night, nor shrinking from want of food by day!"

397. Gladly would St. Chrysostom have consecrated the rest of his days to a people who corresponded with his zeal; but Providence decreed it otherwise. The patriarchal see of Constantinople becoming vacant shortly after the death of the Emperor Theodosius, the choice of his successor Arcadius fell upon our Saint. So endeared had he become to the people of Antioch, that it was not deemed prudent to take him openly away, for fear of some commotion in the city. Recourse was therefore had to the favorite policy of the Greeks—stratagem. A confidential friend of the Emperor sent to request Chrysostom to confer with him at an appointed spot. He went; was taken into the messenger's chariot, and hurried off to Constantinople. Thus did he see himself entrapped into the episcopal dignity by something of the same kind of artifice he had practised upon his friend Basil, twenty years before.

Chrysostom found in Constantinople all the vices of Asia concentrated. Arcadius had inherited from Theodosius all his love of pomp, without any of the virtues by which it was accompanied. An ample field was opened to the zeal of the man of God. *He began by giving, in his own person and estab-*



ishment, an example of economy. He sold all the rich furniture of his predecessor, Nectarius, and gave the product to the poor. His table and establishment were reduced to the simplest scale; but he had another table served with neatness and reasonable liberality, in a house next to his own, for strangers who visited him. Out of the funds of the Church, which had been before consumed in pomp, he founded several hospitals. In this he acted up to the principles laid down by him on a former occasion. "What," said he, "if thou art raised to great dignity, to some important office in the Church? Be not high-minded. It is not by thyself that the glory is acquired, but is put on thee by the Almighty. Use it therefore sparingly, as though belonging to another; neither abuse the trust, nor be puffed up with it, nor appropriate it to thyself; but esteem thyself as poor and as lowly as before. Were some monarch to entrust thee with his purple, wouldst thou be so weak as to look upon it as thine own, or so arrogating as to attempt to wear it? Nay, with the greatest care wouldst thou keep it for the owner. Be not grudging about thy Master's goods, but distribute them among thy fellow-servants. Be not elated with them, as if they were thine own, nor sparing in the distribution of them." —*Hom. X. Corinth.*

St. Chrysostom's zeal was boundless and untiring. Missionaries sent by him to Palestine, to parts of Persia, and to the remotest limits of Syria, attested the extent of his pastoral solicitude. But the boldness and force with which he declaimed against the fashionable vices of the luxurious capital, not sparing even the female part of it, drew down upon him a host of enemies. The resentment of

the court encouraged the discontent of the clergy and of the monks, whom his zeal had reprovèd.

A. D. 399.—This year afforded a memorable triumph for the eloquence of St. Chrysostom, on occasion of the fall of Eutropius, the favorite. The particulars of this interesting event, as well as the Homily pronounced on the occasion will be found below.

A. D. 403.—In the meantime, in addition to the odium excited against our intrepid pastor, for the undisguised freedom with which he attacked the fashionable vices of the court, he was the object of an ecclesiastical conspiracy, managed by that restless and ambitious prelate, Theophilus, Patriarch of Alexandria. Disappointed in his views by the election of Chrysostom, he vowed vengeance against him, and it was not long ere he found an opportunity of gratifying it. The Archbishop was frequently absent in distant parts of his vast diocese, exercising his zeal in reconciling differences between several of the churches. On one of these occasions, a combination was entered into against him, by those who felt his virtues a satire upon their own vices; and who bore a mortal resentment against him, for the freedom of his censures, which, they were conscious, applied to themselves. Theophilus, supported by the Empress Eudoxia, headed this train of envious priests, discontented courtiers, and haughty matrons. This spirit of rancour and division was a painful subject of scandal, especially on the part of so exalted a prelate as the Patriarch of Alexandria.

St. Chrysostom's words, evidently in allusion to this misguided man, are very memorable. "If we desire to partake of that spirit which is from the Head, let us cleave one to another. There are two

kinds of separation from the body of the Church : the one, when we wax cold in love ; the other when we dare to commit things unworthy of that body. In either way, we cut ourselves off from the fulness of Christ. But if we are appointed to build up others also, what shall not be done to them, who not only build not, but are the first to make division ? Nothing so avails to cause divisions in the Church, as love of authority. Nothing so provokes God's anger as the division of the Church. Yea, though we have achieved ten thousand glorious acts, yet shall we, if we divide and mangle the fulness of Christ, be punished no less severely, than the Jews who mangled His sacred person. That act was brought about for the benefit of man, even though done with no such intention ; whereas, this produces no advantage in any case, while the injury is immense.

A certain holy man [St. Cyprian] said what might seem to be a bold thing ; yet, nevertheless, he spoke out. What then said he ?—That not even the blood of martyrdom can wash out this sin.\* For tell me, for what dost thou suffer as a martyr ? Is it not for the glory of Christ ? Thou, then, that yieldest up thy life for Christ's sake, how dost thou lay waste the church, for whose sake Christ yielded up his life ! The injury is not less than that received at the hands of enemies ; nay, it is far greater. The affronts of enemies renders her more glorious ; but

\* The remarkable words of St. Cyprian are : “ What sacrifices do they think they celebrate, who are rivals of the Priests ? . . . If such men were even killed for confession of the Christian name, not even by their blood, is this stain washed out ? . . . He cannot be a Martyr, who is not in the Church.”—*Treat.* v. 12.

to be warred upon by her children, disgraces her even in the face of her enemies; because it must appear to them as a mark of base hypocrisy, that those who have been nurtured in her bosom, and fed with the milk of her secrets, should of a sudden change, and do the work of her enemies.—*Hom. xi. on Ephesians.*

His closing words on the same subject are memorable. “Were a subject to seize the royal purple from the person of its wearer, and rend it into shreds, the general voice would cry aloud for his punishment. But if the same desperate man were to seize his Sovereign by the throat, and endeavour to tear him limb from limb, what punishment would then be equal to his deserts? And if in doing this to a King, who is but his fellow-mortal, he would be committing an act too great for any punishment to reach; of what hell will he not be deserving, who slays Christ, and rends him limb from limb?—Speak out, ye women here present,—though in this particular you will not be wanting, I trow,—relate to them that are absent the similitude I have made, and startle them by its truth. If any think to grieve me, and so to have their revenge, let them know that they will attempt it in vain. But if you would fain revenge yourselves on me, I will show you a way to do it. Buffet me, ye women, spit upon me, when ye meet me in the public way. Do you shudder at hearing this? When I bid you buffet me, do you shudder, and would you tear your Lord and Master without shuddering? Nay, revenge yourselves on me, rather than wreak it in my stead upon the Lord and Saviour. Believe me, I say it not in irony, nor at random. Would that those among you who are exasperated against me, and who by this exasperation

are injuring themselves, would direct their blows on me, would strip, and scourge, and let loose their wrath upon me, rather than dare to commit what they now dare. For a mortal man, one of no account, to be thus treated, were nothing. Besides, I, the wronged person, might call upon God, and He might forgive you the sin. But now, whom shall we instruct, when God is outraged by us? If you harbor suspicions against me, I am ready to retire from my office, and resign it to whomsoever you choose. Only let the Church be one and entire.— If I have been unlawfully chosen and consecrated, raise your voice for the deposal of one wrongly elevated to the archiepiscopal throne.”

Theophilus died in 412. It is satisfactory to know, that, on his death-bed, he repented of his injustice to St. Chrysostom. He caused the portrait of the Saint to be brought to his bed-side, and kissing it with tears, expressed in a feeble voice his wish to atone for the past, regretting that he had not passed his days in a desert, far from that courtly intrigue which had been the disturber of his peace during life, and the cause of his anguish in the dying hour.

But, besides the above determined adversary, St. Chrysostom had to contend against the influence of enemies, perhaps, more formidable—the ladies of Constantinople, who, as may be gathered from the above extract, were fond of figuring, ‘tooth and nail,’ in the religious contests of the time.\* Gibbon

\* Women had taken a strong part with the Arians from the first. When the leader of that sect began his heresy, he is said to have been joined by seven hundred women—a fearful odds!

assigns a motive for their hostility. "It was impossible," says he, "that they should forgive a preacher, who reproached their affectation to conceal by ornament of dress their age and ugliness." But to the honour of the sex be it said, that several ladies of noble birth, among whom St. Olympias stands distinguished, zealously advocated his cause, and testified to him to the last, the most honourable zeal and affection.

It has been stated that a conspiracy was formed against St. Chrysostom during his absence from the city. When he returned, and learned the machinations of his enemies against him, with true Christian magnanimity, he disdained to notice them. He was summoned to appear before a council: he refused to comply. A charge of twenty-nine accusations, was made out against him, among which was one, of having caused some of the silver vases belonging to the church, to be sold, and the money to be given to the poor.\* He declined replying to any of them, and was sentenced to exile for contempt of the Emperor's authority; but the execution of the order was resisted by the people, who assembled round the Cathedral to protect their prelate. He pronounced a farewell discourse, in which he thus addressed them: "Violent storms, my beloved people, encompass your pastor on every side; yet do I feel no fear; my confidence is based upon the rock of ages. Though the sea roar, and the waves beat high, they cannot sink the vessel of the Lord. I fear not death,

\* The frivolous or improbable nature of the forty-seven articles which were presented against him, may justly be considered as a fair and unexceptionable panegyric of the Saint. *Gibbon, Vol. v. 405.*

it would be my gain ; I fear not banishment, for the whole earth is the Lord's ; I fear not the loss of worldly goods, naked came I into the world, and destitute as I came into it must I leave it. I despise all the terrors of the world, and trample alike upon its smiles and its favour. I desire not to live ; no, I desire not to live, unless for your service.— Christ is with me, whom, then, shall I fear.— Though the waves roar around me, though the seas threaten to overwhelm me : all these are more contemptible in my eyes than the web which the spider weaves. I always say ; O Lord, may thy will be done : not what this or that creature wills, but what it shall please Thee to appoint, that will I do and suffer with joy. 'This is my strong tower ; this the staff that cannot fail me. If it be God's good pleasure that it be done, be it so. Whatever His will that I should be, I render him my humble thanks.'

So greatly was the attachment of the people to Chrysostom, feared by his persecutors, that, to prevent any revolt at the sight of his departure, he was taken from his residence in the night, to be put on board the vessel that was to take him away ; but not all their precautions could prevent the intelligence from spreading through the city, and carrying grief and consternation along with it. The people ran down to the beach, demanding with cries his restoration to them, some exclaiming with all the enthusiasm of the Greek character: **RATHER LET THE SUN BE BLOTTED FROM THE FIRMAMENT, THAN THE MOUTH OF JOHN BE SILENCED!** others, with tears, entreating his parting benediction. The lamenting crowd was like a long funeral train, or some dismal ceremony of expiatory penance. In proportion as the people were conscious of their degradation as a

people, they had attached themselves to this great man, as the defender of their natural rights: his austere and simple mode of life made him appear sacred in their eyes; and in the sincerity of his language, which applied its censures with still more rigour to the rich than to the poor, they found a security for the firmness of his character, alike inaccessible to flattery or to fear.

Two or three days after the departure of Chrysostom from Constantinople, the shock of an earthquake was felt throughout the city. The people, not yet recovered from their grief at his loss, loudly proclaimed that it was a sign of the displeasure of heaven against them, for having suffered him to be taken from them. The clamours increased. Arcadius shook with fear; the Empress, more courageous and quick-sighted, said to him, "We shall no longer retain the empire, if we do not recall John." She wrote the same night to Chrysostom, inviting him, in the most courteous terms, to return, and throwing all the blame of his departure upon his enemies, whose machinations she now affected to see through, and deplore. The Bosphorus was covered with vessels to welcome him back again. As soon as he landed, he requested to be allowed to remain in the outskirts of the city, and not resume the Episcopal office, until he should have been acquitted of the charges brought against him, by a more numerous Council than that which had condemned him; but the feelings of the people were not to be controlled. Thousands ranged themselves around him with lighted tapers, and, with spontaneous hymns, and amid an out-burst of holy joy, conducted him to his church, and insisted on his mounting the tribune, to instruct them again with his divine



eloquence, which always seemed to have new attractions for them.

He addressed his people in a discourse full of tenderness and paternal regard.—“What shall I say to you?” he exclaimed: “nay, I will repeat no other words than those with which I parted from you, ‘Blessed be the name of the Lord!’ ‘They were the text of my farewell discourse; they shall be the text of that of my return among you. Circumstances may change; my heart, and the language to which it gives utterance, shall not change. Blessed be God who permitted my exile! Blessed be God who hath brought about my return! His name be blessed both when He sends the tempest, and when the calm succeeds it. I repeat these words that your hearts may be penetrated with the deep importance of the duty of blessing God in all things. Let us bless His name when his hand is heavy upon us, to humble and chastise us; let us bless His name when his hand is upon us to raise us from the dust and cheer us. The holy Job, from whom I borrow these words, rendered thanks to the Lord when rich, and when overtaken by poverty, he still rendered thanks. In the days of prosperity, he showed no insolence towards his brethren; in his adversity he uttered no complaint against his God. In good as in bad fortune, let us recognize the hand of Providence, which disposes both the one and the other for our good. The pilot relaxes not his vigilance in the calm, no more than he lost confidence when the storm was raging. Blessed be God, who disposes all the events of life!

“Though divided from you in body, I have not for a moment been dissevered from you in spirit. You were continually present to my thoughts, not

only during the day, but also during the darkness of the night. It is then that the lively impressions of the day are reproduced in the active imagination, that slumbers not. When sleep has closed my eyes, I think I still behold you assembled in this temple, and imagine that I am discoursing to you. To such an image my heart clings with delight; it seems penetrated with the tender sentiment breathed by the spouse in the Canticles: 'I slumber, but my heart watcheth.' Yes, though separated far from you, I saw you, I heard you, I was in the midst of you.—You see what the effect of persecution is; it has served but to quicken the zeal, and strengthen the bonds of our mutual attachment. Before, I was dear to my people, now the very Jews respect your pastor. They sought to tear me from my flock, and it has had the effect of bringing back to me the stragglers from the fold. Have I to thank my enemies for this, or rather, have I not to thank the divine mercy, which has rendered their unjust attempts subservient to God's glory? Before, it was the church only that was filled; now the public place has itself become the Church. The most perfect accord prevails among the head and the members. Our holy meetings are no longer disturbed; the most respectful silence reigns around; all is recollectedness and devotion. On one side the sacred hymns burst forth and are wafted like incense on high; on the other, are hearts subdued, and open to the influence of grace. Public games are this day celebrated; do any assist at them? No, all have hastened in crowds to the churches. Was I wrong in describing to you the advantages to be derived from tribulation, when supported in a becoming spirit? Sufferings affecting the body are

painful ; but how amply are they compensated by peace of heart ! If such the recompense, heaven grant us a repetition of the trial ! Who can tell the joy of the pastor in suffering for his flock. Where shall I, too, find words to express my joy ? I cast my eyes on every side, and not a corner but is occupied. Far and wide hath the spiritual vine put forth its branches ; the nets are broken on account of the multitude of fishes. And where are they who desolated the flock ? O prodigy ! the shepherd was far away ; the sheep could not hear his voice ; single and alone have they put the wolves to flight. In the absence of the bridegroom, they have scattered the strange suitors ; and where are they now ? They are confounded and we have triumphed. God grant that your zeal may find its due recompense. I am persuaded that it is in no small part to your prayers that the triumph is due. God cannot resist the prayers of a whole people. And do you continue, my children, as you have done, to aid me by your prayers. Should my hands fail me in the hour of prayer, support them with your hands. Pray with me and for me ; for so will you also be praying for yourselves. I live and breathe but for your good. It is your interest that fills my heart. Form around me a rampart, as soldiers in the day of battle, close their ranks around their leader, and cover him with their bucklers and their bodies. The glory of your Bishop, be it what it may, shall redound upon yourselves and with redoubled splendor.—Let us close, by returning thanks to God for all his mercies, to Whom be honor and glory, both now and for evermore. Amen.”

Reconciliations of circumstance are, generally, of short duration ; the empress could no more forget

her real hatred of Chrysostom, than her forced condescension towards him. The courtiers, to divert her mortification, or rather to ingratiate themselves in her favour, organized a festival on the dedication of a silver statue, erected to her honour, in the public place between the Senate and the Church of Saint Sophia. The ceremonies and dances on this occasion were sufficiently Pagan in their character, to have shocked the religious feelings of a far less zealous Christian than Chrysostom: he attacked them, with his wonted power, as profane, indecent, and idolatrous. His discourse was represented to the Empress as an insult on her person: she was willing to consider it so, because it afforded her an excuse for renewing her injuries towards him.

The decision of the Council which had condemned Chrysostom, not having been formally annulled, his reassumption of his pastoral duties might, according to a decree of the Council of Antioch, with respect to such cases, be considered as irregular. In the hope of rendering him liable a second time to censures on this account, the bishops of Greece and of the East convened themselves again at Constantinople, to debate upon the measures to be pursued respecting him. It was just before Easter, and his adversaries were extremely desirous to get him sent away, before the celebration of that sacred season. The Emperor was weak enough to yield to their cabals, and the evening before the festival, Chrysostom received an order to resign his office. The people, hearing this, immediately left the churches, and assembled together to offer up their devotions, with their bishop, at the public baths, built by Constantine.

Three thousand catechumens who had received

baptism the day before, still in the white garments they had worn on the occasion, covered the adjoining fields. The court, as cruel as it was cowardly, sent a troop of Thracian guards to disperse them, which they did with the utmost ferocity ; inflicting blows even upon the aged priests, till the pavement was covered with blood, and outraging the women and children in the most brutal manner. These persecutions were continued from Easter till Pentecost, during which time Chrysostom's life was repeatedly attempted, but was preserved by the citizens, who guarded his house, relieving each other in companies, night and day. At length the sentence of his exile was pronounced. "I am not afraid of banishment," said he, on hearing his sentence ; "the earth is the Lord's, and I shall find Him whithersoever I may go." But though full of fortitude on his own account, the desolation of his people, and the circumstances under which he left them, made a profound impression on his heart. In order to guard against the commotions which, from the exceedingly agitated state of the city, it was possible his removal might excite, he ordered a horse to be held, as if in waiting for him, at the great western door of the Cathedral, and whilst the multitude were waiting there, in the hope of seeing him, he privately quitted it by the eastern side, and immediately embarked for Bithynia.

He arrived at Nicia, the capital of that province, on the 20th of June, 404. But he was not long suffered to remain there in tranquillity : the malice of the Empress still pursued him, and, at her instigation, an order came from the court for him to be removed to Cucusus, a small town on the frontier of Lower Armenia, in the deserts of Mount Taurus, a

barren cold region grievously infested with robbers, and already marked by the murder of Paul, the former bishop of Constantinople. In a letter to Olympia, he gives the following striking picture of his situation :

“ The winter, more rigorous in these climates than usual, has brought on me stomach complaints, which I have found harder to endure than even the inclemency of the seasons, and I have passed the last two months in a state of suffering worse than death.— Indeed, I had not more life remaining in me than was sufficient to make me conscious of my torments. The winter here is one continual night, for there is no difference between the night, and day-break, and mid-day ; all this time I have spent in bed. I had enough to do to light my fire, and keep myself covered up ; not daring to venture out for a single moment ; still I suffered all the same, the most miserable tortures, frequent vomiting, constant headaches, loathing of food, wakefulness. Let me, however, spare you details which may try your sensibility too severely. I am now better ; with the return of the spring and a milder temperature, my health is restored, but I still require great attention and exactness in regimen. What augmented all my sufferings was hearing that you, dear and virtuous Olympia, had yourself been reduced almost to extremity. . . . My consolations augment, in proportion as my troubles increase upon me. I begin to indulge the happiest hopes for the future ; at present every thing seems to smile upon me, and I spread my sail before the favouring breeze. It is a strange and unexampled thing, that all around me the winds should be raging furiously, the waves rising to the heavens, the clouds darkening, the

night coming on, every-where rocks, either in sight, or hidden under the waters, shoals and quicksands ; and that, though cast upon so formidable an ocean, I am as tranquil as if I was already in port. Let these reflections lift you above the troubles and tempests of the present life. Give me tidings of your health ; mine is re-established, and I enjoy great calmness of mind. I feel myself even stronger than formerly ; I am breathing a pure air. The soldiers who conduct me to my new place of exile, show me all possible consideration, and serve me with the same attention that my own domestics would do. Such, indeed, is their affection for me, that they are not willing to leave any thing for others to do for me ; they are always near me, like faithful guards, and each thinks himself fortunate when he can render me a service. The only thing that saddens me is not feeling assured on the subject of your health ; give me good news respecting it, that I may have that satisfaction added to my others.

“ Having fallen ill at Cæsarea (in Cappadocia,) I found there some skilful physicians, of science equal to their renown, whose care and affectionate solicitude contributed as much to my recovery as the judiciousness of their treatment. Do not accuse any one respecting the change in my exile. Glory be to God in all things. . . . At last I begin to breathe again. I am at Cucusus, from which I now write to you. I have escaped at length from the dark train of sufferings of every description, which have not ceased to assail me, during the long route it was necessary for me to make, before reaching this place. I was not willing to inform you of it, until I had in some degree recovered myself : I should have caused you too lively a grief. Knowing as I do the cour-

age with which you have conducted yourself on various occasions, I admire you, and deem you happy in the patience you manifest at the present time, and for the rewards which await you in the world to come. Where could your enemies find in you a vulnerable point at which to aim their blow?—by the confiscation of your property?—but this property is in your eyes no more than dust. By chasing you from your home and country?—but having always lived in quiet and retirement, and trodden under foot all the luxury of the age, you have dwelt in the most extensive and populous cities, as if they were deserts. Should they threaten you with death, you have anticipated these cruel men by meditating continually upon it; and should they even drag you to a scaffold, they would only take there a body already dead in penance: in a word, no one can suggest an ill against you, let it be what it may, which you have not already endured with heroic patience. I feel persuaded, yes, I am convinced, that in the transports of a pure and holy joy, you seem no longer to be detained within a mortal frame; and that you are ready, whenever the moment shall arrive, to lay it aside, with more ease than we throw off a simple garment. Rejoice, then, and be glad, not only for yourself, but for others, who have incurred a glorious doom; who have died, not in their beds, or in their houses, but in prisons, in chains, and torture. Weep and groan, not for them, but solely for the authors of their trials; for it is such lamentations, only, that are worthy of wisdom and virtue like yours. . . .

“ Another in my place might lament himself, and complain of the insupportable cold of the climate, the dreary loneliness of the country, the serious



malady with which I am afflicted ; but as for myself, leaving all these things out of the question, I complain of nothiug, but of being separated from you ; which is more grievous to me than illness, solitude, inclement seasons, and all put together. Nevertheless, the winter renders me yet more sensible of our separation, for the only consolation which remained to me, that of being able to write to you, I am robbed of, by the arrival of the cold, which has intercepted all means of communication ; and by the prodigious quantity of snow we have here, which allows no one to come to us, or to set out to go to you. The dread of the Isaurians, which is every day increased, occasions a yet stronger obstacle to our correspondence. It puts every body to flight ; all the houses are abandoned ; walls and roofs are all that remain of the towns. It is only the caves and forests that are inhabited, for the people believe themselves safer in deserts than in cities. As for me, my life resembles that of the Nomades. I am not allowed to rest any where, such is the trouble and confusion in which we are here. The Isaurians every where make the most frightful ravages, killing, massacring, carrying away into captivity such as they have not put to death, and destroying their dwellings by fire. A number of young people, who had attempted to escape massacre by flight, perished among the snows. I am alone, every one having abandoned me. Glory to God in all things."

The miseries of exile could not depress the vigour of his mind. His letters to his friends\* admirably depict the warmth of his natural affections,

\* For two of these letters, see page 253.

and his perfect submission to the decrees of his Divine Master, whom, in all his dispensations, he served with the same unwearied zeal and holy joy. Thus he writes from the place of his exile to some priests at Antioch, with whom he had been bound in ties of tender intimacy.

“ You show me that you are indeed my most intimate and perfect friends by writing to me—by anticipating my wishes in your letters, by pressing me to write to you, and desiring me not to confine myself to the limits usually prescribed to epistolary communications. Such marks of attachment make the desert that I am inhabiting appear a desert no longer; they console me under my divers and continual afflictions. What is there in the world that can equal Christian charity? assuredly nothing;—it is the root, the source, the mother of every good. It is a virtue which is insensible to fatigue—a virtue which imparts, to those who practise it sincerely, the sweetest and most lively pleasures. I cannot thank you too much, for having preserved such real affection for me. In the same manner, wherever I might be, banished even to the extremities of the earth, to a desert still more frightful than that in which I now am, I should bear you in my mind—I should retain you in my memory—I should preserve you at the bottom of my heart; so that neither the distance between us, the length of time we might be separated, or the multitude of my afflictions, should have any power to chill my regard for you. Yes, at this moment, as if I had been with you only a few days since, or rather as if I were still with you, as in reality I am, I see you, I regard you with looks of affection. Such, doubtless, such is

true friendship. It is neither impeded by distance, weakened by time, nor depressed by a weight of misfortunes ; but, continually elevating itself higher and higher, it resembles fire, in activity as well as in heat. None know this better than you—none know better than you what it is to love. I regard you in this respect as inexpressibly happy ; for though I am weak and miserable, and can make you no return, the Lord is all-sufficient to recompense you, even beyond your charity itself ; and his gifts always, in their magnificence, far exceed all that we do or say to merit them.

“ I most ardently desire to see you with my own eyes ; to enjoy your presence and your conversation, and to drink in the delights of your friendship, at long draughts ; but as this is impossible, not because of any indolence or neglect on my side, but that the bonds of my exile withhold me, do not deprive me of the only means which remain to us of conversing together, but send me a great number of letters, to inform me of the health of all of you. The more I shall receive of them, the more consolation I shall be sensible of, in the foreign land I am now inhabiting. Convinced, therefore, my respected friends, as you must be of the pleasure you will give me, of the joy you will impart to me, do not grudge me this happiness. Whilst I am reading your letters, I shall believe you are with me : and I shall trace in them, with still more fidelity, the idea of your presence.”

In the elegant language of the historian of the “ Decline and Fall,” the character of St. Chrysostom “ was consecrated by absence and persecution ; *the presumed faults* of his administration were no

longer remembered ; but every tongue repeated the praises of his genius and his virtues. The respectful attention of the Christian world was fixed on a desert spot among the mountains of Taurus ; from that solitude, the Archbishop, whose active mind was invigorated by misfortunes, maintained a frequent correspondence with a great variety of persons, while his letters show a firmness of mind, far superior to that of Cicero in his exile. He extended his pastoral care to the missions of Persia and Scythia ; negotiated with the Roman pontiff, and the emperor Honorius ; and boldly appealed from a partial synod, to the supreme tribunal of a free and general Council. The mind of the illustrious exile was still independent, though his captive body was exposed to the vengeance of his oppressors.”

The unabated esteem in which our Saint was held by his friends, the even increasing extent of his reputation during his banishment, and the obstacles which the influence of his name, and the unabated affection of his followers, who were stigmatised by the appellation of Johannites, presented to the intrigues of his enemies at Constantinople, all made them anxious to remove him still further from the means of communication with civilized haunts ; and indeed, to rid themselves entirely of him, by any means that would not openly subject them to the imputation of murder. It was easy for them to obtain an order from the court for a change in the place of his abode, and accordingly they solicited one for his removal to Pityus, a desert place upon the northern shores of the Black Sea. This second journey lasted three months, though it was made at such long daily stages as completely exhausted the

strength of the venerable bishop. He was conducted by two prætorian soldiers, one of whom would have shown compassion to his increasing weakness, but was prevented by the brutality of his companion, who forced the illustrious sufferer to proceed by night as well as day; exposing his venerable uncovered head to be drenched in rain, and scorched in the sun. Happily for himself, his release was nearer than his tormentors had expected. On the 14th of September, 407, in the 53d year of his age, after a night of increased indisposition at Comanus, a little village in Pontus, he requested a short time to recover himself before he proceeded on his way. He was refused and hurried along with greater violence than before; but when they had proceeded a mile or two, perceiving that he was in a dying condition, they brought him back to an Oratory or Chapel, dedicated to the martyr, St. Basilicus. He there changed all his clothes to his very shoes, putting on his best attire, which was all white, as if he meant it for his heavenly nuptials. He was yet fasting, and having received the holy viaticum from the priest of the oratory, he poured forth his last prayer, closing it with his usual doxology,—“Glorry be to God in all things.” Having faintly uttered the Amen, and signed himself with the seal of salvation, he sweetly surrendered his soul into the hands of his Maker, on the 14th of September, 407, in the sixty-third year of his age.

We feel a pleasure in again quoting Gibbon, whose eulogium in cases like the present, has a value of its own. “The succeeding generation acknowledged the innocence and the merits of Chrysostom. The *Archbishops of the East*, whom ight well blush that

their predecessors had been his enemies, were gradually disposed, by the firmness of the Roman pontiff, to restore the honors of that venerable name. At the pious solicitation of the clergy and people of Constantinople, his relics, thirty years after his death, were transported from their obscure sepulchre [in the Oratory of Pontus] to the imperial city. The emperor Theodosius advanced to receive them as far as Chalcedon ; and falling prostrate on the coffin, implored, in the name of his guilty parents, the forgiveness of the injured Saint." We may add, that his ashes were carried to Rome, in the thirteenth century, and repose under an altar in the Vatican which bears his name.

St. Chrysostom was low in stature, his forehead ample and full of wrinkles, his eye sunken, but quick and lively, his cheek pale and hollow ; in a word, it was the look of one truly mortified to the world.— His temper was naturally quick and choleric, but from his youth upwards he had so disciplined its vivacity, as to render it a powerful instrument in promoting the cause of God and the interests of religion.

It is hoped that the " Selections" here presented to the Reader, will furnish him with no unfaithful portraiture of the pastoral labours of the great St. Chrysostom, as well in Antioch, as in that more exalted sphere of his ministry—Constantinople. He will be seen availing himself of every occasion to promote the interests, temporal and spiritual, of the numerous flock committed to his charge. The *manner* in which he effected those important objects, was peculiarly his own, and may furnish *no un instructive lesson* to our own times.

In this rapid outline of the Saint's life, many characteristic traits of his genius and character could not find a place. At the close of the volume will be found some anecdotes of his talent at Preaching.

# ST. CHRYSOSTOM,

HIS ELOQUENCE, PIETY, ETC.

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HOMILY ON THE DISGRACE OF EUTROPIUS,

Pronounced in the Church of St. Sophia, A. D. 399.—

[Ben. Ed. iii. 381.]

[THE reign of the emperor Arcadius was disgraced by many weaknesses and inconsistencies; not among the least of which was his conduct to the eunuch Eutropius. Born in an obscure condition, this person had succeeded in ingratiating himself into the imperial favour. Honors were showered upon him, riches followed, and the establishment of this minion of fortune surpassed that of his imperial master in luxury and magnificence. Insolence, ambition, and haughtiness, are innate in the character of such adventurers. To such a height was his presumption carried, that, at last, nothing less would content him than the Consulship, and the singularly misplaced title of 'Father of the Empe-



ror.' He had exerted his interest in opening the way for the election of St. Chrysostom to the See of Constantinople, but had afterwards taken part against him. The Saint's intrepidity of character, and the apostolic zeal with which he laboured for the correction of abuses, as well public as private, could not but bring him in collision with the favorite, whose animosity was not confined to the archbishop alone, but extended to the whole church, whose immunities he attacked. The law passed in 398, against the privilege of asylum in churches, was his work. He deprived the Church of an immunity inherent in the character of that religion, which, like its divine founder, is the refuge of the oppressed. In 399, the favorite had reached the zenith of his greatness, and exercised his power with the most excessive tyranny. At length the day of retribution came. The abuse which he made of the emperor's favour, and the scandal which his conduct excited, inflamed the people and the army against him. Gainas, the popular general, presented himself boldly before Arcadius, and demanded the disgrace of his favourite. This demand was enforced by the eloquence of the emperor's wife, Eudoxia, who, with tears in her eyes, presented her infant children to their father, imploring his justice for some insult received from his presumptuous minister. Thus urged, the weak Arcadius did not hesitate to sign his favorite's condemnation. The magic spell was instantly dissolved; and the acclamations that so lately hailed the merit and the fortune of the favorite, were converted into clamours, reproaching his crimes, and pressing his immediate execution. In the hour of distress and despair, his only refuge was that same church, which

he had persecuted, and the asylum of whose altars he had been active in abolishing. St. Chrysostom received him, with the charity of a Christian, and the tenderness of a parent. On the following day, when the news of his disgrace and the place of his refuge had been published through the city, crowds of people, mingled with the infuriated soldiery, rushed to the Cathedral of St. Sophia, that they might exult over the distress of their once dreaded tyrant, and drag him forth to punishment. The moment was critical. St. Chrysostom, insensible to danger when the voice of charity demanded his presence, made his way through the infuriated crowd to the spot where lay the victim of the public indignation, pale and trembling, and clinging to the altar for protection. There was no leisure for premeditation. The orator ascended the pulpit, and in a burst of extemporaneous eloquence, addressed his excited auditors to this effect.]

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If ever there was a season in our lives in which we might exclaim ; *Vanity of vanities and all is vanity!* is it not in the moment before us ? Where is now the pomp, where the costly insignia of the Consulship ? Where the blaze of torches that preceded the triumphal march ? Where the enthusiasm of applause, the crowded hall, the sumptuous banquet, and the midnight revelry ? Where is the tumult that re-echoed through the city, where are the noisy acclamations, the fulsome homage of flattery so lavishly poured forth by the thousands that thronged the theatre ?—all have vanished. A tempestuous gale has stripped the proud tree of its foli-

age ; it has exposed to our eyes the naked trunk, it has shaken it to its very roots, and threatens to scatter it in fragments to the winds of heaven. What has become of those summer-friends, of the sumptuous banquet, and the swarm of parasites, of the goblets of exhaustless wine, of the arts that administered to luxury, of the worshippers of the imperial purple, of those cringing slaves of interest, whose words were as servile as their deeds ?—They were the vision of a night, the illusion of a morning dream, that has melted before the beams of day ; they were spring-flowers that withered with the fleeting Spring ; they were a shadow, and it passed away, a brilliant vapour, that shone for a moment, and has vanished into air. O ! how true then is that saying, and how incessantly should we repeat those words of the Holy Spirit,—*Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity !* These words should be inscribed in letters of light upon the walls of our houses, over the doors of our apartments, in the places of public resort ; nay, on our very garments should they be written : but far more should they be engraven upon each man's conscience, and be made the theme of salutary meditation. By continually repeating these warning words, we should learn what value to set upon the illusions of fortune, and the friendships of men.

Did I not a thousand times repeat to you, that riches are a fugitive slave ? But such language was importunate ; you refused to listen to my warning voice. You have now learned by bitter experience, that, like ungrateful servants, they have deserted you in the hour of your need ; nay more, that they have *become instruments* of destruction, and the active *causes of the storm* that has thus burst over your

head. How often did I say, that those who lavished their flattery upon thee were no real friends of thine ; and that the warnings I gave thee were more profitable than their servile adulation ; that *faithful are the wounds of a friend, but deceitful the kisses of an enemy* ;—salutary wounds, hadst thou borne them in a proper spirit, and which would have protected thee from the perfidious caresses that have hastened thy ruin. All this I told thee, but my remonstrances were wounding to thy self-love. And yet, had I not just reason to address thee thus ? Call in the hour of thy need upon the joyous guests who encircled thy table ; upon the lictors who commanded the people to make place for thee when thou didst appear in public ; upon the sycophants who in the public places obtruded upon all, their encomiums on thee : and where are they ? They have taken the alarm ; they are fled afar, fearful of being recognized as thy former friends, wholly intent upon their own interest and security, at the expense of thine. Far different has been our conduct. In the meridian of thy fortune, we bore in patience the insolence of prosperity ; in thy fall, we spread over thee the mantle of our protection, and tender thee our services. The same Church, against whom thou hast warred, opens her bosom to receive thee ; while the theatres, those idols of thy soul, which have so often drawn down thy vengeance upon us, have betrayed, and abandoned thee. And yet, even then, how often did we address these words to thee ; “ Whence is thy rage against the Church ? What has she done thee ? In persecuting her, thou art running upon thy own destruction.” But vain were our remonstrances ; our voice could not reach thy heart *mark at the contrast* : the very men whom thy

prodigality feasted with spectacles, have been the first to sharpen the sword against thee ; while the Church, forgetful of the wrongs thou hast done her, is seen running in anxious solicitude to shelter thee under her wings, and rescue thee from the dangers that beset thee on every side. I speak not this to trample on a prostrate foe ; my object is to inspire with confidence those who stand, and who think they have nothing to fear. God forbid that I should seek to tear open wounds yet bleeding ! I wish to secure from harm those yet unwounded. I seek not to replunge in the waves the half-drowned wretch who has struggled to the shore, but to caution those whose bark glides heedlessly on the ocean, against the rocks that threaten their destruction. And how shall they be preserved ? Let them meditate on the vicissitude of human things, and on the example here presented to their view. 'This very man had he but feared a reverse of fortune, would have been prepared for the worst, and suffered less from the evil when it came. But now he feels all its bitterness ; and why ? Because he refused to listen to the voice of friends and strangers, who warned him of his danger. Do you, at least, whoever you be, who rely so confidently upon your riches, do you profit by the lesson that is given you. Learn better to estimate those riches, and to learn their true value : for what in nature more fragile than they ? Select what images you may to convey an idea of their frailty, and you will still be far from the truth. To call them a blade of grass, a fleeting vapour, a fantastic dream, the flower of a moment, is to stamp a reality upon them ; for they are less than nothing ! *There needs no other proof of this truth, than what is now before your eyes. Was ever man more*

elevated, more august than he? Did he not surpass the universe in wealth? Had he not ascended the meridian of dignities? Did not the whole empire tremble before him? Behold! in an instant he is degraded below the level of the meanest slave; he is more miserable than the captive, more abject than the vilest suppliant, more necessitous than the beggar, who vainly implores the charity of the public. Every moment he sees the sword suspended over his head, or waving before his eyes; every moment he awaits the announcement of the sentence, and measures in imagination the road that leads to the scaffold; the axe and the executioner are ever present to his sight. Wretched man! in the midst of noon-day he is unconscious of the blessed light of heaven; absorbed in his afflictions, he remains as though enveloped in tenfold darkness, expecting every moment that death which perpetually stares him in the face. Behold him there, at the foot of the altar, chained by fear, as in a frightful dungeon. But where find expressions to paint the horror of his situation, and the cruel agonies which he endures? And why seek foreign images to delineate those sufferings, which he himself, in glowing colours, depicts to us? Even yesterday, when soldiers from the imperial palace came by order of the Emperor to drag him to his fate, you saw with what agitation, in what an agony of terror, he rushed to the altar. The paleness of death was on his face; his teeth chattered; his whole frame was convulsed; his speech was broken; his tongue stammered forth incoherent words. You would have thought that fear had congealed him into stone.

*Believe me, I say not this to insult the wretched*

man, or to triumph in his fall. Here is no place for any feeling save that of commiseration; it is this that I ask at your hands. The more overwhelming his misfortune, the more should it soften our resentment, satisfy the anger of the Emperor, and soothe the hard hearts of those who reproach us for having afforded him the sanctuary of the church. But have you just cause, my brother, for being thus offended? Yes, you will reply; we see a man sheltered by the Church, who waged incessant war against her. And is it not for that especial reason we should glorify the Lord, who has permitted him to be reduced to such extremity, as to experience both the power and the clemency of the Church? The power of the Church, because his continued persecutions have drawn down this thunderbolt on his head; the clemency of the Church, because, still bleeding from her wounds, she extends the ægis of her protection over her infuriated persecutor, covers him with her wings, shields him from violence, and forgetful of past suffering and past injustice, generously presents her bosom as his asylum. Was there ever victory more memorable, or triumph more glorious than this? It is an act to confound the Gentile, and to raise even the blushes of the Jew! It is a triumph which sheds a glory around the Church of God; it irradiates her face with smiles, and lights up her eye with exultation. She hath pardoned, she hath received, she hath cherished a fallen foe; and when all beside had abandoned him to his fate, she alone, like a tender mother, threw over him the mantle of her charity, and interposed for his defence, between the indignation of *the prince*, the fury of the people, and the rage of *the soldiery who thirsted for his blood*. A scene

like this forms the glory and the pride of our religion; it is in this that our altars find their most magnificent decoration.

But, you will say, shall a guilty wretch, a public culprit, find his way to the Holy of Holies? When such a man pollutes the altar by his embrace, can it be matter of triumph for the Church? Ah! speak not thus, my brother; you forget that even a public sinner, an impure woman, embraced the feet of Jesus, and washed them with her tears: yet, no reproaches were heard from the lips of the Saviour; he approved, he praised her. Pollution could not contaminate the pure, but the pure and spotless Jesus rendered by his touch the polluted one pure. Magdalen became sanctified by a communication with the God of all purity.

Have a care, lest this apparent zeal of yours be no other than a secret and unworthy desire of vengeance. Forget not that you are the disciples of a God, who said when expiring upon the cross, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*

But, you will tell me, that he closed this asylum to himself, by the laws which he caused to be passed against it. Behold! he now realizes the impolicy of the act he committed, and is himself the first to solve the law which he enacted. He is become a spectacle to the universe, and mute and voiceless as he is at this moment, he cries aloud to all, "Do not such things as I have done, lest ye should suffer what I suffer." How eloquent the lesson which he gives us in his very silence! Illustrated by the spectacle before us, the altar darts forth an unprecedented splendour. How tremendous, how august doth it appear, since it holds this



lion in chains, and crouching at your feet! Thus, the monarch is illustrious, not when seated on his throne, invested with purple and resplendent in the diadem; but when treading beneath his feet the captive barbarians, who crouch at his footstool and grovel in the dust. You yourselves, by the eagerness with which you rushed to these altars, as contrasted with your present comportment, prove better than any words of mine could do, what are the rights and what the power of these altars of the Most High. An extraordinary spectacle is presented to my eyes; the Church is thronged as on the festival of Easter; this culprit, with a silence more eloquent than the trumpet's voice, has summoned the city hither. Men, women, nay, virgins themselves, who fly from the public gaze, have quitted their homes to repair to this spot. The places of public resort are deserted; all have hastened hither, to behold this memorable example of human frailty, this living image of the instability of all human things. The splendid fortunes of this man, yesterday so brilliant, so dazzling by their meretricious glare, now stand unmasked in all their naked deformity; a sad reverse has tarnished their lustre, and exposed their hollowness and adjection. Does the rich man enter here? What a salutary lesson will he read in this strange reverse of fortune. For on beholding the man at whose nod the universe trembled, precipitated from his lofty elevation, his proud nature humbled, and himself become more timid than the most timid of animals, bound without fetters to yonder pillar, girt around with fear as with a chain, and forced to confess the humbling *secret of his littleness*;—in beholding all this, he *feels a home-conviction of the truth of those words*

of the Prophet: *all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth.* Doth the poor man enter here? He also shall receive a salutary lesson. Consoled by this spectacle of human vicissitude, he ceases to repine at his lot, and to grieve that he is poor; nay, he droppeth a tear of gratitude to his poverty, because it hath been to him a citadel impregnable to the attacks of fortune, a harbour secure from the storm, an asylum of peace and repose; he feels that, were the choice offered him between his present humble condition, and the possession of all the goods of the world, to be afterwards forfeited by some sudden reverse, he should not hesitate which to adopt. Thus then, both the rich and the poor, the great and the little, the freeman and the slave, may profit by the spectacle before us. To one and all it may supply a healing balsam, to be applied to the different maladies with which humanity is afflicted.

And now, have I succeeded in softening your hearts, and soothing your resentment? Has the indignation which filled your bosoms, given place to gentler feelings? Yes, I dare flatter myself that better sentiments have prevailed. Pity has found an entrance into your souls. Your altered looks proclaim it; your flowing tears attest it. Since the generous and feeling part of your nature has triumphed, let us avail ourselves of the happy moment. Let us bring forth the works of mercy, by hastening to throw ourselves at the feet of the Prince; or rather, let us prostrate ourselves before the God of mercy, that He would himself deign to touch the *soul of the Emperor*, and incline his heart to pardon. And truly, since the day on which he

whom you see before you, sought refuge in this temple, an important change has been effected. For when the soldiers thronged tumultuously round the palace, demanding with indignant cries the head of the culprit, the Emperor directed to them a discourse, in which he employed every argument to persuade them, that, instead of dwelling on the faults of this man, they should recall to mind whatever good he had done. At first they would not listen to reason; it was, they said, the cause of outraged majesty that they sought to avenge. The cries for vengeance redoubled; swords waved in the air, and they demanded the blood of their victim. It was then, that, with tears in his eyes, he represented to them the sanctity of the hallowed asylum to which he had fled, and by his touching representations appeased their fury.

It now remains that the application be made to our own hearts, and that we imitate the noble conduct of our Prince. Surely, when an offended Emperor pardons the guilty, and forgets the injuries he received, should we be excusable, for cherishing such resentments, we who have sustained no immediate injury?

With enmity still rankling in your hearts, will you have the hardihood to approach the Holy Mysteries, and with the same lips that exhale imprecations, to repeat that prayer in which we are commanded to say, *Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us?* It is possible that this man may have been guilty of great crimes, that he has indulged in violent excesses against you. I admit the charge. But this is a *season of mercy*, not of rigour; of remission, not of *accusation*; of indulgence, not of scrutiny; of grace

and favour, not of trial and condemnation. Let us, then, no longer dwell upon the idea of revenging ourselves. Let us achieve a triumph over ourselves; let us entreat the God of mercy to pardon the culprit, to deliver him from the danger that threatens him, to preserve his life and give him time for repentance. Let us supplicate our gracious monarch, in the name of the altar, and by the authority of the Church, beseeching him that she may call a single individual her own. If this be the course we pursue, the Emperor will approve: but, far more, the King of Kings will applaud the deed; it will be registered in the archives of heaven, and will draw down upon us its benedictions; for as the Almighty detests and reproveth the cruel and inhuman, so likewise doth He love and cherish the compassionate and the merciful. Every page of the Scriptures speaks of mercy and not sacrifice; it is through the virtue of this that we are to find the remission of our sins. If this, then, be our course, we shall draw down upon ourselves the favour of Heaven, we shall add honour to the Church, we shall merit both the clemency of the Emperor and the applause of a whole people. We shall merit for our city a reputation for gentleness and moderation, which will reach to the very ends of the earth. Let us, therefore, hasten to the feet of the Emperor, let us kneel, let us implore him to save this miserable captive, this humbled suppliant; that to us the grace may be granted of attaining to the good things in the land of the living, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and dominion now and for evermore. Amen.

## REMARKS.

If one of the most important ends of Eloquence be to war against the more violent and debasing passions of our nature, by opposing to them noble and virtuous emotions, to the victorious influences of which they are compelled to yield, then must the Homily of St. Chrysostom on the Disgrace of Eutropius be entitled to rank among the great master pieces of oratory. *Flexanima atque omnium regina rerum oratio*, is the lively definition of old Ennius; but this "soul-subduing queen" would exert but half her powers were she to rest content with merely seeking the motives proper to persuade; she must know the art of skilfully marshalling her materials, and of so graduating them as to produce the most powerful effect. In the Homily in question, St. Chrysostom has employed this address, with all the ability of a practised master.

The bold and abrupt exordium was naturally supplied by the spectacle presented to the eyes of his excited auditory. What more obvious than the different aspect of the fortunes of Eutropius to-day and yesterday? *Hæcine est illa civitas?* 'and is this the city?' is the obvious reflection that presents itself to the wanderer amidst the ruins of Jerusalem, arising from the contrast between its present desolation, and the recollection of its passed greatness.—Striking contrasts like these dispose the mind to feelings of pity, and of respect for misfortune.

The first part of the enumeration points to Eutropius as despoiled of the exterior pomp by which his greatness was encircled; the second depicts

him in his state of personal destitution, deprived of the enjoyments which prosperity affords, and of the consolations which friendship promises.

The repetition of the opening words, *vanity of vanities, and all is vanity*, at the close of the exordium, is very striking; it is like the recurrence of some favourite motive in the overture of a great composer.

Up to this point, the discourse of the orator is direct. It was necessary to divert the attention of the auditory from the object of their resentment, and this could not be more effectually accomplished than by a train of moralizing, clothed in the most striking imagery. St. Chrysostom now turns to Eutropius. It is some consolation to the wretched, that men condescend to address them, though in a tone of rebuke. But these rebukes are not directed to Eutropius alone; by being divided, their intensity is weakened; indignation is diminished when exerted upon a number of culprits. Palliatives are sought for. After all, Eutropius may not be the most criminal of those by whom he was surrounded. The orator inveighs against *certain foreigners* who have ruined him, those courtiers, those perfidious sycophants whose servile flatteries were calculated to turn a stronger head than his; and then his crime is a want of *experience*. It is thus that the general indignation against the fallen favourite is insensibly diminished, till the sentiments said to have been expressed by the Emperor himself, complete this master-piece of address.

No sooner does the orator perceive that he has effected a breach into the prejudices and resentments of his hearers, than he presses his advantage by *having recourse* to the touching and the pathetic.

Once master of the field, he leaves the enemy no room for a rallying point. He anticipates objections, and by rejecting converts them into arguments in his favour. It is an *apparent* zeal that actuates the enemies of Eutropius. It is religion herself who demands his pardon; his enemies, therefore, become the enemies of religion. We now behold the culprit protected by the seal of divine authority; he has become a sacred object, as trees scathed by lightning are converted into things deserving of veneration.

The sacred orator has triumphed. His hearers can resist no longer. Base and violent passions are hushed; noble and generous emotions are awakened; indignation gives place to pity, and pity itself becomes sanctified by the blessed effects of which it is productive; for see, the rich man trembles, and learns the danger of his riches; the poor man rejoices, and consoles himself in his poverty. The whole auditory responds to the orator by tears of virtuous emotion. Eutropius is saved.

Critics have concurred in giving to this Homily the palm of excellence. It has been characterised as the master-piece of Christian antiquity. The only compositions that can be compared with it are the "Homilies on the Statues," which the reader will peruse with edification and delight,

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Eutropius quitted his asylum some days after, upon a promise that his life should be spared. His riches were confiscated, and he was condemned to *perpetual exile* in the island of Cyprus. Even there *the implacable resentment* of his enemies pursued

him. He was hastily recalled, and carried to Chalcedon, where, after a hurried trial, he was condemned to lose his head.

In another Homily, (B. iii. 668,) St. Chrysostom describes the scene which took place in the cathedral. He says that the destruction of Eutropius was to be ascribed to his own inconsiderateness in quitting the sanctuary. The Church would never have forsaken him; and yet, continues the Saint, it was no wonder that he derived no benefit from that sanctuary, since he had not entered it with a Christian spirit, and a heart disposed to profit by such a privilege. "When," he adds, "the distressed seek the sanctuary of the Church, they should be there as well in mind as in body; for what constitutes a Church? not the material walls, but the unity of its members in Jesus Christ."

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THE HOMILIES ON THE STATUES,

Preached in the Cathedral Church of Antioch, in the year 387.

[Theodosius, the Great, in order to meet the exigencies of the empire, and to give the troops a liberal donative on the celebration of the tenth year of his reign, found himself obliged to increase the weight of the imposts. The inhabitants of Antioch thought themselves aggrieved, and were exasperated at the inhumanity of the officers who collected the taxes. They repaid severity with insult and outrage, and in the ungovernable excesses of their rage, spared not even the majesty of the Emperor. The statues of Theodosius, of his father, of Flacilla his



deceased consort, and those of his two sons, were thrown from their pedestals, and dragged through the streets, with every mark of contempt and indignation. The magistrates were unable to repress the fury of the populace; and the sedition was only appeased by the arrival of a body of Archers. The prisons were filled with delinquents; and the inhabitants, when the hour of excitement was passed, had leisure to reflect on the consequences of their criminal proceedings. Uncertainty and alarm succeeded to the horrors of tumult and sedition. An account of the transaction was immediately dispatched to Constantinople, and the effect it produced at the imperial court, is more easily conceived than described. It was proposed in the Council to confiscate the property of the Antiochians, to set fire to the city, and involve the inhabitants in one general conflagration; and then to plough up the ground on which the city stood, that no traces of it might remain to future ages.

The Emperor, however, refused to carry his vengeance to this dreadful extremity. He contented himself with sending two of his faithful officers to take cognizance of the proceedings, and to inflict a severe and salutary punishment. Hellebicus, the general, and Cæsarius, the grand master of the palace, at length arrived, and universal consternation spread through the city. They proclaimed the orders of the Emperor, and published the sentence, by which Antioch was degraded from the rank of metropolis of Syria and the East, and rendered a village dependent on the jurisdiction of Laodicea, its ancient rival. The baths, the circus, and the theatres were shut, all places of entertainment were deserted, and the commissioners proceeded to

inquire into the guilt of the delinquents. Troops were stationed in every part of the city, to enforce order, and the tribunal of the impartial commissioners was erected in the centre of the Forum. Persons of the first distinction appeared before them in chains, and were forced to give an account of the part they had borne in the tumult. According to the circumstances of their conduct, they were acquitted or condemned by the sentence of the commissioners. Horror and consternation were painted on every countenance; many of the inhabitants had fled before the arrival of the officers, and those who remained were dismayed with the apprehensions of their approaching fate.

In this critical situation, the ministers of Theodosius viewed the forlorn condition of the sufferers with sentiments of compassion; they listened with reverential awe to the earnest entreaties of the Monks and Anchorets, who descended in great numbers from the neighbouring mountains to sue for the pardon of the unfortunate inhabitants. Cæsarius consented to repair to Constantinople to confer once more with the Emperor on the business, while Hellebicus remained at Antioch, till further orders were received. Flavian, the Bishop, was deputed by the inhabitants to appease the resentment of Theodosius, and to obtain their pardon. The particulars of his journey, his inimitable speech to the Emperor, and the details of the transaction are so beautifully described in the last of the homilies pronounced on this occasion, that any further account in this place would be superfluous. Suffice it to state, that the anger of the Emperor was appeased, and that Antioch received a full and

generous pardon, and was restored to the enjoyment of its ancient dignity.

During this period of unexampled calamity, St. Chrysostom employed all the resources of his genius and all the ardour of his zeal, to console the minds of his flock, to animate them to sentiments of repentance, and excite their confidence in the power of the Almighty. His twenty homilies *On the Statues* were preached on this occasion,—compositions so highly celebrated in the history of sacred eloquence.

At the time the sedition broke out, St. Chrysostom was engaged in a series of discourses on the book of Genesis. During the first week of the excitement, he interrupted his instructions, under the impression, perhaps, that his hearers were not in a frame of mind to receive them. Fleury assigns a deeper motive. “No man,” to use his words, “knew better than St. Chrysostom, the moment when to speak, and when to be silent, what topics to employ, and what emotions to excite or to allay. Observe how he acted in the affair of the Statues; under the excitement that prevailed during the first week of the sedition, he kept silence. When at length he resumed his discourses, it was but to deplore the sad event, and to sympathize in the sufferings of his flock. It was some time before he resumed his ordinary instructions. In this we see the grand address of the orator; it is a far better proof of his skill, than any delicate transition, or any *prosopopœia*, however bold and striking.”

Such portions have been selected from these Homilies as bear more immediately upon the sub-

ject in question, and they will be found to give a connected view of an event memorable in the Church history of the fourth century.]

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FROM HOMILY THE SECOND.\*

My beloved brethren, what kind of a discourse do you expect from me, at a moment like the present? Tears, not words, befit the time. Accents of sorrow and supplication, not studied phrases, should express our emotions. So guilty have we been, so deep is the wound inflicted, so vast the evil committed, as to preclude all hope of remedy. No resource is left us, but in the mercy of the Most High. Under circumstances of similar destitution, Job went forth and seated himself upon a dunghill. Yet he, at least, had some friends left, who came to him on hearing of the disasters that had befallen him; and beholding his misery, though at a distance, tore their garments, covered their heads with ashes, and broke into lamentations. Should not the towns in the neighborhood of our own have felt it a duty to do the like? Had they visited us in the hour of misfortune, they would have been touched with our sufferings, and have mingled their tears with ours. As the Evil Spirit spared him not, neither has he spared us. God has permitted him to put our virtue to the proof, and by the way of tribulation to lead us back to an amendment of our lives and conduct.

\* The Homily usually reckoned as the first of the series, is an exposition of a text of St. Paul, without any reference to the topic in question.

Let me shed the tear of commiseration over the evils that have befallen us. During these last seven days I have kept silence; let me now unseal my lips to deplore our common calamity.

Tell me, my friends, who was it grudged us the happiness we enjoyed? To what causes are we to attribute so fatal a change? Formerly, this city presented one of the most imposing spectacles in the world; the only feeling which it now inspires is that of pity. Our people, so distinguished for the good order and urbanity that reigned among them, and for their ready submission to authority, have suddenly broken the rein. Discontented with their rulers, they have hurried into disorders, which I want words to express. I weep: but it is not the punishment that awaits our crimes that claims my tears, but the enormity of the crime itself. Presuming that we had nothing to apprehend from the wrath of the Emperor, and that his resentment would give place to his clemency; still, I would ask, how are we after what has occurred, to bear the opprobrium of the deed?

The distress which I feel, has suspended the course of my instructions. As yet I have scarcely recovered sufficiently to address a few words to you; for, fear mingling with my grief, enchains my tongue, and paralyses all my efforts. But a few days since, and ours was one of the most fortunate of cities; now there is none more pitiable. The public places were alive with crowds, swarming like bees around their hive; now all wears the aspect of one vast solitude. Fear has scattered them, as smoke disperses the labourers of the hive; and we may apply to ourselves the mournful words pronounced by the prophet over Jerusalem; Antioch has become "like an oak

stripped of its leaves, and as a garden without water." It appears as if abandoned by the Most High, and presents nothing to its inhabitants but an object of dread. The greater part of them have fled, leaving behind them nothing but a desert solitude. What is sweeter than the name of home, and yet in our regard has that name become associated with every thing painful. Every one is hurrying away from the land that cradled his infancy, and which now presents the aspect of terror and destruction. All are flying as from a raging fire, happy to escape the wrath of the Prince, suspended over their heads.

How strange is the spectacle which our city presents! What an inexplicable enigma! We have a retreat, and no enemy in view; not a blow has been struck, and all the horrors of exile and the disgrace of slavery await us. No fires enkindled by the barbarian have blazed around us, nor have we had to repel aggression and insult on the part of the stranger, and yet by anticipation we have endured all the evils of captivity. We shall have to carry to foreign lands the story of our misfortunes; and the stranger who receives us, will hear from our own lips the recital of the evils that have befallen us. This were sufficient to overwhelm us with shame, but we shall find nearer home, still greater cause for confusion. The neighbouring cities, that have been accustomed to look up to us as their patroness, their nursing mother, will, at sight of our calamities, be touched with pity, and unite their voices in supplication that our city may be spared.

Some time since, this city was visited by an earthquake, and its houses were shaken to their foundation. Now, it is the hearts of its children

that are shaken to their very centre, and that images of desolation and death are perpetually before our eyes. We are in a state of unceasing alarm. We have to sustain a siege of a new and extraordinary character. A city invested by an enemy, is at least protected by its ramparts; we have no such means of defence. Every man's house is a prison in which he is closely confined: fearful if he go forth, of falling into the hands of the officers of his offended sovereign, who are commissioned to seize upon all without distinction, the innocent as well as the guilty, and to drag them to the bar of judgment. Mingled without distinction in the interior of their houses, both master and servant inquire in a voice of alarm, "Who has been arrested to day? who has been seized upon and dragged away to punishment? What are we to expect? is there any hope left us?" Nor are these questions hazarded but to those on whom the most perfect reliance can be placed. Compelled every moment to mourn over others, and tremble for myself, such a life is a thousand times worse than death, or rather it is but a lingering death. Not only does the spot we inhabit present an aspect of woe, but the very air we breathe, heavy with thick vapours, and the sun, unable to pierce so dense an atmosphere, all contribute to inspire gloom and melancholy. Not that the elements have changed their nature; no, our eyes, o'erclouded by grief, are unable to receive the cheering light; they behold objects other than they are. In the words of the prophet, for them "the sun goeth down at noon, and the earth is darkened in the clear day." (*Amos*, viii. 9.) A melancholy silence reigns around, as if the crowd of inhabitants with which this great city was before alive, had been struck by sudden death,

and been buried in the bowels of the earth. The persons whom you meet stand motionless as statues, and dumb as though their organs of speech had been suddenly paralyzed. Around us is the image of a city desolated by the sword and fire of some implacable conqueror. Now is the moment to cry aloud with the prophet: "Send for the mourning women, that they may come; that they may make haste, and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters." (*Jerem. ix. 17.*) Mourn, ye hills, ye mountains weep dewy tears: let us invoke all nature to sympathise with us in our sorrows. Antioch, that noble city, the capital of all the East, is threatened to be swept from the face of the earth. Behold her, this fruitful mother of a numerous offspring, now looking around her in vain for her children, and in her state of bereavement calling fruitlessly upon them for succour. Who will come to her assistance? It is by their hands that her sovereign, the master of the world, has been dishonoured, and his indignation roused against her. Since, then, all resource is denied us here below, let us elsewhere build up our trust; let us invoke Him who reigns in the heavens, let us have recourse to his mercies. Should His saving help be denied us, then is our case helpless indeed; but when asked in a becoming spirit, His aid will not be denied.

With this reflection I had wished to close; aware that deep afflictions ask not long discourses. The overburdened heart repels many words; it is even involuntarily opposed to them, and being, as it were, without ears to hear, the voice of the orator is powerless, and the heart of the afflicted one restive to the consolations addressed to it. Thus we read



in the Scriptures : “ And Moses spake unto the children of Israel : but they hearkened not unto Moses, for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage.” The excess of their affliction rendered them deaf to the voice that sought to set them free. I would therefore fain stop here ; but to carry out the comparison with which I began, as the star of day prevails over the cloud that obscured him, so do I hope that my voice, by penetrating to your minds, will succeed in banishing thence the sorrow that overclouds them, and cheer them with the rays of heavenly consolation. Refuse not, then, to lend an ear to my words. Give some attention to my earnest address ; let us make a truce with our sorrows, and return to our accustomed exercises. Restore to me the same freedom of spirit with which you come to listen to my discourses. Whatever may happen, let us refer it all to God alone ; this will prove one of the most efficacious remedies against the bitterness of our present severe visitation. When the Lord shall behold you flock to the hearing of his word with all your wonted earnestness ; when, instead of sinking beneath the present calamity, He sees you apply to the study of the true philosophy, He will not delay to hasten to your succour. After the storm He will bring about a calm, and turn into good the present evil. It is by firmness of mind in the midst of events like these that the true Christian is recognized, and distinguished from the unbeliever. Raised by the hopes of the future far above the things of earth, he looks down upon human vicissitudes as from a lofty elevation which they are unable to reach ; faith is to him an immoveable rock, at the foot of which the storms of life exhaust their rage, without disturbing the

serenity of the calm atmosphere in which he breathes.

My beloved friends, let us not then despair. He who has made us, is not less interested in our preservation. I shall resume my observations on the sacred text, which the Church has chosen for this season. Let me bespeak the same indulgent attention you have before been pleased to give to my instructions.

[St. Chrysostom here resumes his observations on the miserable habit of swearing, which he thus ingeniously connects with the all-absorbing subject of the day.]

How often have I not said to you that God would visit with some signal vengeance, both the daring impiety of the blasphemer, and your criminal indifference to the glory of His name. You have allowed the blasphemer to shock the public ear with impunity. You have permitted the Majesty of the Most High to be outraged in the midst of you.—What is the result? He has permitted the majesty of your Prince to be also violated, that his just indignation being aroused, he might avenge by one and the same blow his own honor, and the outrage offered to the Almighty. Was I wrong, then, in making the prediction, which you well remember? Was I not honest in giving language to my sad sentiments, and in endeavoring to awaken you to a sense of duty? And yet, nothing was done; and you now behold the fatal consequences. Well then, my beloved friends, let us grow wise by experience; let the present calamity be a means of awakening our zeal; let us stop the mouth of the impious blasphemer, lest the pestilential vapours poured forth from those unhallowed lips, should infest the earth, and

draw down anew the maledictions of heaven.— [Here the orator is interrupted by the plaudits of the audience.] Nay, nay, my friends, recollect that the Church is not a theatre; and that it is not to amuse yourselves you come hither. Let me carry away with me from this Temple the assurance that my humble efforts shall be seconded by yours: this is all I wish. This is something far more desirable, far more precious in my sight, than your empty applause. These passing testimonies of your good will, can be but little flattering to your pastor, if he carry away no other fruit of his labours. Let me ask you: What advantage can I derive from these noisy plaudits, so ill-suited to the gravity of the occasion and to the sanctity of the place? The praise to which I aspire, is, that, by your works you may realise the truths that are taught you. It is then that I shall feel satisfied and happy; not from your applause, but by your docility to instruction, and by the conformity of your lives to the practical lessons taught you from this chair of truth.

In the sacrament of the altar, Jesus Christ has given us the legacy of his precious body and blood. Possessed of such a treasure, let us cease to think ourselves unhappy; let us no longer accuse the rigor of the times, nor fear the disgrace that may await us. Since the Saviour has been pleased to shed his blood for all, and to allow us to participate of the communion of his body, what is He not disposed to do to save us? In the confidence of this, let us pray, let us pray without ceasing. So shall we succeed in escaping the peril that now menaces us, and in attaining to the good things promised us through *the grace and mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom with the Father and the Holy*

Spirit, be all honor and glory world without end—  
Amen.

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## HOMILY THE THIRD.

[Departure of Flavian, Bishop of Antioch, to plead the cause of his flock before the Emperor.]

When I behold that throne deserted by its master, when I survey this pulpit, which no longer resounds with the voice of our Bishop, I at the same time both weep and rejoice. I weep, because I see not our father present; but I rejoice, that he hath undertaken this journey for our preservation, and hath departed to snatch from the fury of the Emperor so great a multitude. This is to you, an ornament; to him, a crown. An ornament to you, because ye have chosen such a father,—a crown to him, because he is attached with so much tenderness to his children, and hath confirmed by his works the words of Christ. For having been taught, that: ‘the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep,’ he departed ready to lay down his life for us all. Still there were many obstacles to his departure,—many circumstances inducing him to stay;—his advanced age; his bodily infirmity; the season of the year; the necessity of his presence at the approaching festival; his only sister lying at the point of death.—But he disregarded alike old age, infirmity of body, the ties of consanguinity, the asperity of the season, and the difficulties of the journey; and preferring to everything your deliverance, he broke through all these bonds, and as a youth the old man hasteneth,

borne upon the wings of zeal. For if, said he, Christ 'gave himself for us,' what excuse should we have, or what pardon should we deserve, were we, to whom he hath committed the care of so great a flock, not ready to do and to suffer all things, for the salvation of those entrusted to us. For, if, said he, the patriarch Jacob, when set over cattle, feeding irrational sheep, and about to render an account to man, passed sleepless nights, and endured heat, frost, and every extreme of weather, that none of his flock might perish;—much more behooveth it us, who are not set over irrational, but spiritual sheep, and are not about to render an account of our stewardship to man, but to God, to be watchful and to face every danger for the sake of our flock. For inasmuch as this flock is better than that flock,—men better than brutes, and God higher than man; in the same degree ought we to exhibit a far more exceeding diligence and zeal. Be it my endeavour to inspire you with hope. God will not overlook such great readiness and zeal. He will not permit his servant to depart without having accomplished his purpose. I know that his appearance will suffice to appease the wrath of the pious Emperor. For not the speech alone, but the aspect of holy men is full of spiritual grace. Moreover he is filled with much wisdom, and experienced in the divine laws; he will speak to the Emperor, as Moses spake to God: 'Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin;—and if not, blot me, I pray thee out of thy book, which thou hast written.' For holy men are so filled with love, that they had rather die with their children, than live without them. He will also call the Holy Festival of Easter to his aid; he will remind him of the season, in which Christ remitted

the sins of the whole world. He will exhort him to imitate his Lord; he will recall to his memory the parable of the ten thousand talents, and the hundred pence. I know the fearless sincerity of our father,—he will not hesitate to alarm him by this parable and say: 'Take heed that thou hear not at the last day: 'O! thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: shouldst thou not also have compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?' To these words he will add the prayer, which the Emperor was taught to offer up by those, who gave him the instruction preparatory to Holy Baptism, and taught him to pray, and say: 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' He will then show, that the transgression of the city was not general, but proceeded from certain strangers and adventurers, who did nothing with reason, but conducted themselves with audacity and lawlessness; that it would not be just for the folly of a few to raze so great a city, and to punish those, who have committed no wrong; and that, though all had sinned, they have made sufficient atonement, having been consumed by fear so many days, expecting each day to die, driven away fugitives, living more miserably than criminals, bearing their blood in their hands, and insecure of their lives. Be satisfied, he will say, with this punishment, and proceed not further in thy wrath. Render the Judge above merciful to thee by thy mercy towards thy fellow servants. Consider the greatness of the city, and that it is not a question of one, two, three or ten souls, but of thousands innumerable, of the head of the whole world. For this is the city, in which Christians first assumed their name. Honour Christ; respect that city, in which

was first proclaimed to men that high and cherished appellation. There was the resort of the Apostles; there the dwelling place of the just. This is the first instance of sedition against those in power, and all past time testifieth for the manners of this city. Had its inhabitants constantly rebelled, it might have been necessary to have condemned them for their iniquity. But since in the lapse of time this hath only once come to pass, it is evident, that the transgression hath not arisen from the corruption of the city; but from the lawlessness of those adventurers, who, to our misfortune, audaciously and foolishly entered it. These things will the Bishop say; yea, more than these, and with still greater confidence. To these things will the Emperor listen.— We have a faithful Bishop and a benevolent Emperor,—on either side good hope; but far more than the fidelity of the teacher or the humanity of the Emperor, do we place our trust in the mercy of God; for while the Emperor is being implored, and the Bishop is imploring, God himself will stand between, will soften the heart of the Emperor, and animate the speech of the Bishop. Let me exhort you to turn your thoughts to God. I have beheld many afflicted and cast down while they exclaimed: ‘The King’s wrath is as the roaring of a lion.’ What shall we say to these men? That he, who said: ‘The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox,’ will be able to convert this lion into a gentle lamb. Let us, therefore, call upon God, and he will deliver us from all danger. Let us assist our father with our prayers. The united prayers of a congregation avail much, when they proceed from troubled souls and

contrite hearts. We are not called upon to cross the sea, or to undertake a far journey. Each of us, both man and woman, either at home or in the church, may with heartfelt fervour invoke the Almighty, and He will surely hear our prayers.—How I do know this? Because it is his good pleasure, that we should ever take refuge with Him,—ask Him for every thing,—and neither act, nor speak without Him. It is the manner of men, that when we constantly burthen them with our affairs, they become wearied and displeased with us;—far different is it with God. Not when we continually have recourse to him in our concerns, but when we have it not,—then is He most incensed. Hear how he accuseth the Jews, saying: ‘Woe to the rebellious children, that take counsel, but not of me; and that cover with a covering, but not of my spirit.’ For this is the way of those who love; they desire that the affairs of the beloved one should all be regulated by them; that without them they should neither act nor speak.

[St. Chrysostom here resumes his explanation of the portion of Scripture proper to the day, and among other subjects exposes the evil of slander: this topic he finds means to associate with the predominant subject of the day.]

Far from us, then, be all slander and reviling of our neighbours. Far from us those envenomed tongues which spare neither God nor man. The great calamity in which we are involved shows us the enormity of the evil. It was the active cause that led to the revolt, of which so many are now suffering the penalty, while the sword of justice hangs suspended over the heads of all. We have seen some victims to the sword, others to the flames, and others to wild beasts; we



have seen not only riper age, but even children, dragged to punishment. In vain did these wretched beings endeavour to lay the fault upon their inexperience, upon the popular outburst, upon the influence of some evil genius, upon the general feeling which drew all into its vortex ; in vain did they promise to repair their past delinquency by future watchfulness and guard over their conduct: nothing could obtain their pardon. We have seen them dragged away to prison without pity ; borne through the streets of the city between two lines of soldiers, watching anxiously every movement of the spectators, in the hope that some effort would be made for their rescue.— How heart-rending to see mothers following their sons with lingering look, but not daring to approach them, compelled to restrain every expression of sorrow in presence of the ministers of justice.— All they could do was to gaze upon them, as men from the shore gaze on some poor shipwrecked crew, struggling amidst the horrors of the storm, willing to succour, but helpless to afford it. All they can offer to the wretched are unavailing tears. With such images before our eyes, we should not only bear in mind that the same punishment may await us, but cherish a continual fear of the judgments of God. While awaiting the issue of the present fearful crisis, let us show redoubled zeal in avoiding sin, and advancing in the way of salvation.

You appear satisfied with my words ; carry them into effect in your actions. Otherwise, what fruit will you have derived from my discourse ? It is no excuse, but rather a reproach to a scholar, when it is said of him, that he has been assiduous in his attendance at the schools, but has learned nothing ; in the same manner, what will it profit you to spend

whole days in the churches, to listen to instruction, and to applaud it, if you come forth as you went in? Be assiduous, therefore, in attending to instruction, and God will prosper the good work begun in your hearts.

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## FROM HOMILY THE SIXTH.

During several days, my brethren, have I been doing all in my power to urge you to bear up against the afflictions in which you are involved. Nor will I desist from my ministry of charity. So long as sorrow and suffering are among you, I will not cease to pour upon your wounded hearts the balm of consolation. Indeed, who can better alleviate your sorrows, than the ministers of the altar? Judges alarm, and magistrates threaten you; it is for the Church to reassure, and for its ministers to console you. The child when chastised by his master, flies with tears to the arms of his mother, who presses him to her bosom, wipes off his tears, and soothes him by her caresses; and by many and endearing words persuades him that all has been done for his good. This is a natural image of our present situation. Threatened and punished by your magistrates, you fly to the bosom of the Church, as an asylum against your fears and the chastisement with which you are visited. She spreads wide her maternal arms, and soothes your sorrows; her daily endeavour is to reconcile you with your magistrates, by telling you that it is good for you to stand in fear of them, and that their severity is profitable. The fear which they inspire arouses your languor, while

the consolations which you receive from the Church act as the counterpoise of a sorrow that would overwhelm you. How wise the dispensation of Providence, which, in thus establishing a salutary equilibrium between fear on the one hand, and consolation on the other, works out our well-being. By investing magistrates with authority, it has rendered them formidable to the lawless and abandoned, and by investing the priesthood with the ministry of charity, it has rendered them the solace of the unfortunate. Cease then, my brethren, to murmur at the necessity there is of standing in dread of the magistrates; but rather thank God who hath converted them into an instrument to arouse us from our supineness, and urge us to greater regularity of life. If, on the one hand, there are causes for alarm, on the other there are motives for consolation. In effect, of what have we really to complain? What has been the effect of the late unusual vigilance of the city authorities? a greater reserve in our words and actions; many public scandals have disappeared; in place of the drunken and indecent songs which polluted every place of public resort, the voice of prayer is heard, and tears of penitence are seen. The immodest jest, the dissolute laugh, the effrontery that walked abroad at noonday, have been banished the city. Of what then would you complain? That Antioch has become a model of gravity, and of respect for the duties and the decencies of life? Can it be this that aggrieves you?— Ah! rather let us rejoice; let us thank God, that what appeared an evil, has been converted into a means of so much good.

We derive more than ordinary consolation from this season of change in the public sentiments.—

We daily meet together, and rejoice in hearing the Divine Word; we daily behold each other; pour forth together our sorrows and supplications; and before we return home receive the common blessing. All these things lighten our affliction.— The forum is deserted, but the church is filled. That giveth cause for grief; this for spiritual gladness. When, therefore, ye come to the forum and groan at the sight of its desolation, fly to your spiritual mother, and she will straightwise console you with the multitude of her children; will discover to you the united band of brethren, and dispel your grief. We seek for men in the city, as in a desert; but if we take refuge in the church, we are thronged by the multitude. As when the sea is lifted up, and driven by the raging storm, terror constraineth those without to fly into the harbours, so now the tempest, which hath burst upon our city, hurrieth every one from all directions into the church, and uniteth its members by the bond of love.

In every thing that befalls us, we recognize the hand of Providence, but in many instances we behold its especial interposition. For example, the messengers charged to carry to the Emperor an account of the late painful events, had started with unwonted expedition. They should long since have reached the imperial presence, and yet we learn that as yet they have performed but half their journey. Meeting with innumerable obstacles, they have been compelled to abandon their horses, and to travel in heavy wagons, which were seen lumbering slowly through deep and almost impassable roads. Thus was our holy Bishop enabled to arrive before them, and to prevent the storm which would have rendered after-remonstrances useless.—

As it is, he has anticipated the evil, and prepared the Emperor for the reception of the messengers. Tell me, has not this been brought about by an especial order of Providence? Recollect too, that the very day our city gave way to those criminal excesses, the said messengers started, and filled every bosom with alarm. It was not till two or three days after, that our good Bishop was enabled to set out; and what hope at the time had we of the result of his journey? The cry was, he will not reach till the mischief is done. Now, after the happy accounts that have reached us, let us all unite in returning thanks to God, whose more than paternal goodness, has kept back with invisible hand the denouncers of our guilt.

The very feast [of Easter] which we are about to celebrate, may be considered as a happy conjuncture. It is a season revered by the unbelievers themselves. Out of respect for so solemn an occasion, our pious Emperor has given orders for the release of numerous prisoners throughout his dominions.\* With this ordinance in his hand, our good Bishop will not fail to say to the Emperor: "There is no need for you, Sire, to seek for a rule of conduct, elsewhere than in your own bosom.— You pardon the guilty; would you condemn the innocent? You were heard to say: 'Would that I were able to recall the executed! Would that I could raise them and restore them to life!' I avail

\*The festivals of the Church at this period, and particularly that of Easter, were celebrated by acts of mercy. Some of these were even embodied into the Civil Code. "The oil of mercy," says St. Ambrose, "glisteneth on the festivals of the Church." So also St. Leo the Great: according to old and

myself of this sentiment of yours, in favour of the living. Of all victories, the most noble is that over ourselves. It is not enough, O great Prince, to have triumphed over barbarians; fill up the measure of your glory by rising superior to your own resentment. Teach the unbeliever that there is no power under heaven but must yield to the majesty of that name, to which every knee shall bow. Glorify your sovereign master, by pardoning your brethren, so that you may receive from him a glory greater than any you can bestow in return; and that, after having pardoned others, you may find favor with him in the great Judgment day."

And if the present conjuncture has been so favorable in furnishing our pious orator with motives to work upon the heart of the Emperor, let us not fail to derive advantage from the same. The holy exercises ordained for these days of grace and of spiritual joy, the reading of the sacred volume, the assisting at the holy word, the common edification, the repentant tears shed around, the benedictions which you will bear home with you to your houses, all will tend to soothe the sorrows of your hearts, and restore you to a better frame of mind.

Carry back to your homes the instructions that you have heard, and let them be the subject of your conversation. Give over those idle inquiries that serve but to excite and to irritate. What more frivolous than to go about inquiring,—‘ Have these

sacred custom, the Roman Emperors at this season, in honor of the Passion and Resurrection of Christ, descend from the height of power, relax the severity of the laws, and pardon many their crimes; that, in these days in which the world was saved by the Divine mercy, their mercy might strive to imitate the goodness of God."—SERMON 39.

tidings reached the Emperor's ear? Was he greatly irritated? What did he say? Has our case been properly laid before him? Will he find in his heart to destroy such a city as Antioch?"—Cast your cares upon the Lord and he will lighten them. Busy yourselves only about his commandments, and all will go well. Let not my cares in your regard have been exerted in vain. Let me reap some fruit from my instructions, and be able to render some satisfactory account of my ministry, as well in the present life, as on that great day of reckoning, when an account will be demanded of me for the talent entrusted to my care.

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FROM HOMILY THE THIRTEENTH.

[Visit of the Emperor's Commissioners, Cæsarius and Hellebicus. Their severe proceedings.]

Some days have elapsed since I addressed you from this place; to day I am again among you to raise my voice in the midst of you. Meanwhile, though you have not been present to my eyes, you have not been far from my thought; for you are all in all to me, you, and the desire I have for your salvation. The husbandman has his heart and mind in his fields and his crops; the sailor, in his vessel and his destined port; the merchant, in his wares and his gains: and all these sollicitudes are mine in your regard, and in the warmth with which my bowels yearn for your salvation. Yes, all of you, whether assembled in this temple, or engaged in the duties of your household, I bear you all in

my heart. However numerous the flock intrusted to my care, that heart has room enough to contain you all; 'you are not straitened in us.' And must I add with the same apostle: "But in your own bowels you are straitened?" (2 Cor. vi. 12.) God forbid! for I am assured that in several houses the measure I proposed against profane swearing has been carried into effect; that the good word has not fallen upon stony ground, but that an abundant harvest is likely to repay the efforts we have made. The thought of this makes me forget all labours past, and encourages me to new exertion.

I shall therefore commence with the same words in which I last addressed you; 'Blessed be God for all his mercies!' What a change have four days effected; what a contrast between our past and present situation. Then all was gloom and sadness; now light and comfort begin to dawn upon us. We no longer behold in the midst of us that tribunal, the very sight of which filled every heart with dread. In order to describe the contrast, and make us more feelingly alive to our present happiness, I will give some details, which cannot fail to interest you, and those that come after you. The voyager, who has escaped the perils of the deep, is fond of recounting, when safe in port, the terrors of the tempest by which his bark was assailed; and the patient, lately risen from a bed of sickness, dwells feelingly upon the dangers by which humanity is beset. It is the contrast of his recent with his present situation, that makes each of these men enjoy the feeling of safety. It is so with us. The greater part of the citizens had fled; they had sought an asylum in deserts, mountains, and the most hidden retreats. Women had deserted their houses, and scarce a



man was to be met in the public places. The few inhabitants who remained, wandered about like living spectres, fearful of meeting, and of being seen more than two or three together. I had wandered to the tribunal of the Prætorium, to see what was passing there. In surveying the scattered remnant of so vast a population, what principally struck me was the countenances of the men and women who were pressing round the entrance ; they preserved a mournful silence, every moment looking anxiously around them ; no one durst address his neighbour, or answer any question put to him, so mistrustful were they of one another ; for numbers, without the least previous warning, had been hurried away to prison from the midst of the public streets. Actuated by one only feeling—fear, and with eyes and heads upturned to heaven, all men could do was to beseech the Almighty to have pity on the accused, and soften the hearts of their judges. It was like a shipwreck beheld from the shore ; unable to succour the perishing victims, the spectators stretch forth their hands to them, weep over their misfortune, and implore the help of the Most High, who alone can save them. Thus did we do, but in a voice subdued by fear ; we implored the mercy of heaven for wretches on the point of perishing.

Such was the scene outside of the Prætorium. Within, the spectacle was still more heart-rending. Soldiers armed with swords and clubs, were ranged along the hall, to prevent the judges from being impeded in the exercise of their functions. When one of the accused received the sentence of death, and when his neighbours, his mother, his wife, or children, would burst into transports of grief, the soldiers would drive them off without mercy, lest

they should interrupt the functions of the tribunal. Among others I observed the mother and sister of one of the accused, whose trial was going on in the hall. Overcome by their feelings, they rolled in agony on the earth, in the midst of the soldiers. No one accompanied them, no one interfered to comfort or assist them. Their faces were enveloped in a long veil, which, however, could not hide their anguish; the rest of their garments were disordered, and defiled with mud. It was easy to see from the wildness of their grief how dear the object was whom they lamented; and that the agony they endured was greater than that of the wretched being whom they deplored. Prostrate at the gate of the tribunal, they heard the cries of the executioners, the fearful threats of the commissioners, the howlings of the victim, who was torn with stripes, each of which struck upon their ear, and fell heavy upon their heart. Great was the sympathy for the present sufferer, and not less the fear for the absent; the dread was lest the violence of the torture should force them to denounce others; and many a prayer was secretly put up to heaven, to inspire them with fortitude to support their torments, and not expose to the same, others incapable of undergoing them. The twofold evil, present in pain, or anticipated in fancy, weighed upon all. The very judges bewailed the sad necessity that compelled them to assist at such a scene of horror.

As for myself, when I beheld those wives, those delicate virgins, accustomed to all the ease and delights which riches afford, now destitute, deserted, humbled in the dust, become objects of pity to the most insensible hearts, what could I do but exclaim with the wise man, 'Vanity of vanities, all is

vanity!' O, how true is the language of the prophet, that all human happiness and human joy 'is as the flower of the field; the grass is withered, and the flower is fallen!' 'Titles of nobility, wealth, personal beauty, credit of friends, and every thing that lends a charm to existence, what do they avail those unfortunate persons, when one single sin has been sufficient to undermine the edifice of their greatness? Still do this wretched wife and affectionate sister linger about the spot which holds all that they cherish in the world. Thus have I seen a bird when robbed of its callow brood by the unfeeling herdsman; unable to rescue her little ones from the hands of the ravisher, the poor mother flies around him, expressing her anguish in pitiful cries, and filling all the wood with her tender laments. In the midst of these sorrowful images, a still more painful reflection would arise in my heart. If, would I say to myself, there be no one, neither father, mother, sister, nor stranger, to deliver these wretched beings from the sentence by which they are condemned, what protectors, what advocates shall we find on the terrible judgment-day? What voice will dare undertake our defence? What arm powerful enough to snatch us from the wrath to come? Those who are now undergoing their sentence, were of the first families of Antioch, were among the most distinguished of our citizens. Alas! what would they not have given to purchase life, I say not all the wealth they possessed, but their very liberty itself. When the shades of evening fell, and night suspended the proceedings of the tribunal, anxiety for the morrow was redoubled. Then were prayers on every side put up to heaven to implore courage for the accused, and that the hearts

of the judges might be open to compassion. How warm were the vows put up to move the Divine clemency to spare the city from utter destruction: nor was the eloquence of tears wanting to aid the efficacy of prayers. At length the tribunal adjourns. And now how heart-rending to see the accused laden with chains and dragged away to prison, through those very streets where lately they took a pleasure in displaying themselves, and exhausting their incomes upon fine horses and expensive equipages, and in the attempt to outvie each other in luxury. Now, stript of every thing, they read as they go along the proscription-lists attached to the doors of their houses, while their wives and sisters are compelled to wander afar from the home which cradled their infant years, and was the asylum of affection and love.

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FROM HOMILY THE SIXTEENTH.

[Among the various reports fabricated during this season of alarm, was a rumor that, by command of the Emperor, troops were advancing to plunder and destroy the city. Such was the agitation of the public mind, that a project was conceived of abandoning the city. This coming to the knowledge of the Governor, who was a heathen, he entered the church in order to address the people and restore confidence.]

At the time that the desolation of the inhabitants of Antioch was made known, that the minds of all were agitated, and a plan was conceived of abandon-

ing the city, the Governor entered the Church, to offer some motives of consolation.

The kind solicitude of this functionary, claims my admiration. On viewing the trouble that prevailed in the city, and the precipitation of the inhabitants in meditating a sudden flight, he entered the Church to suggest motives of consolation, and to inspire better hopes. For you, however, I could not but blush, and bow down my head in shame and confusion, to think that after the long and the frequent instructions which you had heard, consolation from a heathen should be found necessary. I could have wished the earth to open and swallow me, when I perceived that officer addressing you, at one moment exhorting you, at another, reproving your groundless and irrational alarms. To look to him for instruction, and in such a place, was a violation of all propriety; it was you who ought to have been the instructors of the heathen. Paul suffered not the Christians of his days to engage in judiciary contests before pagan judges. But you, Christian brother, after having received so many admonitions from the fathers, have behaved so ignobly as to need a heathen instructor; and this because a few worthless miscreants have raised a panic, and banished all resolution and fortitude from the city. With what countenance will you show yourselves before infidels, after exhibiting such an instance of weakness and timidity? With what assurance can you urge them to meet with firmness the coming evils, when the most timid of animals affords but a faint resemblance of the dastardly example you have shown? But you will say: 'What could we do? We are but men!' On that very account, because ye are men, and not irrational creatures, ye should not allow yourselves to be thus troubled. Brutes are

scared by noise and brawl; for they are destitute of reason, and cannot overcome fear. But how can you, gifted as you are with reason and reflection, show yourselves less rational than they. If a messenger bring intelligence of the arrival of troops, be not dismayed, but having dismissed him, throw thyself upon thy knees, and call upon thy God. Groan in spirit, shed tears of compunction, and he will repel the danger. Thou hast been terrified by the false alarm of an approach of soldiers, and imagined thyself in danger of instant death; but the holy Job, when he heard sad tidings from many successive messengers, and lastly, the dreadful loss of his children, complained not, nor groaned; but gave himself up to prayer, and blessed the Lord. Imitate him, and should any one come with the intelligence, that soldiers have encompassed the city, and are about to plunder it, have recourse to the Lord for refuge, and say: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!'

What, I ask you, will be thought of us, if, when directed to brave even death with fortitude, we thus yield to the most extravagant apprehensions, on the credit of a simple rumor? He who thus suffers his mind to be disturbed by imaginary dangers, will convert a groundless alarm into a source of pain and terror; while the Christian, who preserves tranquillity of mind, will dissipate even real fears. Observe the conduct of the pilot in the hour of danger and distress. While the sea is raging, while the heavens exhibit a conflict of contending elements, while the lightning is bursting from the clouds, and all is terror and consternation in the vessel, he stands bravely at the helm, and calm and composed, exerts his skill to weather the tempest. Form your con-

duct by such a model ; take a firm hold of that sacred anchor—an unshaken confidence in the Almighty ; and he will ‘ command the winds and the waves, and there will be a great calm.’ We appear in a single moment to have forgotten the sublime lessons of virtue which we had been taught ; we are thrown prostrate, not by the beating tempest, not by the overwhelming flood, not by the furious hurricane ; but by a rumor, a word, a breath !— What, think ye, must be my distress of mind at so melancholy an event ? What must be the depression of my spirits, my shame, my confusion ? Had I not been in some measure compelled by the influence of the venerable fathers now sitting in this assembly, I should not have risen on this occasion.— My shame at your want of fortitude, would have prevented me from speaking. Even now, I am scarce able to compose my feelings, so far have indignation and grief overcome me. How could I feel otherwise, on beholding you, after repeated instructions, flying to receive lessons of patience and fortitude from the lips of a Pagan. I must therefore intreat you to pray, that words may be given to me on the present occasion, that my grief may be dissipated, and my mind restored to its former calm.

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FROM HOMILY THE SEVENTEENTH.

During several days, my beloved brethren, how painful has been our situation ! We had reason to apprehend the severest extremities : to be spoiled of our god—houses to be burned with their inhabitants,—the city to be blotted out from the face of the earth,—its ruins to be destroyed,—its very

foundations to be ploughed up. But lo! all these things have stayed within our expectation, and have not been put into execution. Nor is this all: God hath not only delivered us from this great peril; He hath also bestowed great benefits upon us; hath conferred honor on our city, and rendered us more worthy by this trial and calamity. And I will tell you in what manner He hath done all these things. When those, who had been sent by the emperor to inquire into the transgressions which had been committed, were seated in that dreadful tribunal, and demanded of every one an account of his misdeeds; when death in various shapes was awaited by all, then the monks, who dwelt upon the tops of the mountains, came to show us an example of true Christian philosophy. Shut up during so many years in their cells,—no one calling upon them, no one persuading them,—when they beheld the dark cloud spreading around the city, leaving their cells and caverns, they flowed in from all sides, as angels from above, and the city was made like unto heaven,—those holy men being every where seen, by their aspect alone giving consolation to those who mourned, and leading them to a contempt of every calamity. For who that had beheld them would not have derided death? would not have despised life? But this was not the only wonder: accosting the rulers themselves, they spoke to them with boldness in behalf of the accused; they were ready to pour out their blood, and to lay down their heads, so that they might rescue the prisoners from their expected fate. And they declared, that they would not retire, until the judges had spared the inhabitants of the city, or sent them together with the accused to the emperor. ‘The ruler of our world;



said one of them, 'loveth God; he is one of the faithful, and liveth a godly life. We will then entirely reconcile him to us. We will not depute, we will not allow you to stain the sword with blood, or cut off the head of any one. If ye desist not, let us all die together with the offenders. We confess, that great outrages have been committed; but the iniquity of the transgressions hath not exceeded the humanity of the emperor.' Another of them, [by name Macedonius,] is reported to have spoken to them the following memorable words: 'Statues, when thrown down, have been again erected, have been restored to their former beauty, and the mischief hath been quickly amended; but if ye destroy the image of God, how will ye be able to restore it when destroyed. How recal the dead to life and render souls to bodies?' And they addressed to them many words concerning the judgment they were about to give.

Who is not struck with wonder? who admireth not the wisdom of these holy men? When a mother of one of the accused, with uncovered head and white dishevelled hairs, wildly traversing the forum, seized by the reins the horse of the judge, and together with him entered the hall of judgment, we were all struck with wonder and admiration at her piety and magnanimity. How much more must we be struck at the conduct of these holy men? Had she died for her child, it would not have been surprising; for great is the force of nature, invincible the bowels of maternal compassion, mighty the yearnings of a mother's heart. But these men so loved those, whom they had not begotten nor educated, nay, whom they knew not, whose names they had never heard, with whom they had *never holden converse*, with whom calamity alone

had made them acquainted, that had they had a thousand lives, they would have given them up to save them. Tell me not, that these men were not slain, nor their blood shed, when they made use of such boldness towards the judges, as those only have recourse to, who despair of their lives.— With such minds did they hasten from the mountains to the tribunal. And had they not been prepared to encounter every kind of death, they could not have addressed the judges with such freedom; for they sat whole days before the doors of the judgment hall, ready to rescue those, who were to be led away by the executioners. Where are now the men with cloaks cast around them, who display long beards and bear clubs in their right hands,—the philosophers of the Gentiles,—the offscourings of Cynicism,—men more degraded than the dogs under the tables,—and doing every thing for the sake of their bellies? They all then left the city—they vanished—they concealed themselves in caves; while those only, who placed their philosophy in their actions, appeared fearlessly in the forum, as if no misfortune had befallen the city. The inhabitants of the city fled to the mountains and deserts; while the denizens of the wilderness marched into the city, proving by their works, that which I always said on former occasions,—that not even the furnace hath power to hurt the man, who liveth a godly life. So superior to all circumstances, whether good or evil, is the wisdom of the soul; for it is neither puffed up by prosperity, nor dismayed or cast down by adversity; but in all situations remaineth the same, manifesting throughout its native strength and vigour. For, whom hath not the difficulty of the present season proved? The most illustrious of our senate, the chief magistrates of our city, the

possessors of immeasurable wealth, men who had enjoyed great influence with the emperor, deserted their houses and consulted their own safety. The ties of friendship and relationship were no longer regarded; of their former acquaintance, some they would not in this season of calamity acknowledge; by others they feared to be acknowledged. But the indigent monks, whose only possessions were their coarse garments, who lived in rustic simplicity, who before this event appeared to enjoy no consideration, and whose intercourse had been confined to mountains and forests, stood as lions in the midst of the danger, when all others feared and trembled; and effected by their great and lofty spirit, not after many days, but in a moment, the dispersion of the storm. Like brave warriors they mingled not in the combat; but having appeared in order of battle and given the war-shout, they put to flight their adversaries. Thus in one day these men descended, reasoned, averted the impending calamity, and returned to their cells. So mighty is the wisdom which Christ hath given unto men! And wherefore should I speak of the rich and powerful among ourselves, when those, who have been sent hither with authority to judge us, and who hold the highest offices of state, being called upon by these monks to act with forbearance, affirmed that the issue did not depend upon themselves; for that it was not only dangerous to insult the emperor, but equally so to dismiss with impunity the offenders, who had been apprehended.— But these holy men overcame every obstacle; and by the greatness of their minds, their perseverance and continued entreaties induced the judges to exercise a power, with which they had not been entrusted by the emperor. Although the guilty had been *discovered*, they succeeded in persuading the judges

not to decree their condemnation, but to refer the final sentence to the decision of the emperor.— They offered to obtain from him full pardon for the criminals, and made ready for their departure. But the judges, venerating their wisdom and struck by their high feeling, would not permit them to undertake the distant journey; but promised upon receiving their petition in writing, that they would themselves depart, and supplicate the emperor to lay aside his wrath, which we trust that he will do. For while the cause was pending they entered the court, spoke words full of wisdom, and in the writing, in which they laid their request before the emperor, they reminded him of the universal judgment, declaring themselves ready to lay down their lives for the guilty; and with this document the judges hastened to Constantinople.

[Although, through the intercession of the monks, the final sentence was deferred, the judges ventured not to delay the infliction of some punishments upon the rebellious city, with the execution of which the emperor had charged them, before their departure from Constantinople. They had, according to the imperial commands, imprisoned the senators remaining in the city, who instead of participating in the general joy, anxiously awaited their fate. Antioch was deprived of the rank it held as metropolis of Syria, with which at that time great honour and advantage were united; and this dignity was transferred to its neighbour and rival, Laodicea. The theatre, circus, and baths, were likewise closed.— When therefore the Antiochians, wholly bent upon pleasure, lamented these privations, instead of thanking God for averting from them far greater calamities, Chrysostom thus admonished them.]

Tell me what grievance hath been inflicted by these measures of the Emperor? Is it a grievance, that he hath closed the theatres? that he no longer permitteth the circus to be frequented? Would that these sources of vice were never again to be opened! Hence the roots of iniquity extend themselves throughout our city. Hence proceed those, who bring our reputation into evil report, the authors of every disturbance, who sell their voices to the dancers, and for three *oboli* barter the salvation of their souls. On account of these things do ye grieve, my beloved? On account of these things ye should rejoice and be glad, and render thanks with one accord to the Emperor, that his revenge hath been a chastisement, his chastisement instruction. Or do ye grieve, because the baths are closed? Is it then an evil, that those who lead enervating and dissolute lives, should, even against their will, be brought back to wisdom. Or, because the dignity of our city hath been taken away, and the emperor no longer permitteth it to be called a metropolis? But what ought he to have done? Commend your transgressions and return thanks? And who would not have censured him, had he shown no appearance of indignation? Know ye not that parents act often thus towards their children; that they turn from them, and forbid them their tables. Even so hath the Emperor acted towards you by imposing these penalties, which inflict not injury, but bring correction. *Remember the punishments which ye expected, and compare them with those which have been decreed:* so shall ye duly appreciate the mercy of God. Do ye grieve, because the dignity of our city hath been taken away?— Learn then what constituteth the dignity of a city,

and know, that if the city be betrayed not by its inhabitants, no one hath power to deprive it of its dignity. It is not its rank of metropolis, nor the size and beauty of its edifices, nor the number of its columns, nor its spacious colonades and public walks, nor its precedence of other cities; but it is the piety of the inhabitants. This is the dignity, ornament, and security of a city; and if it have not piety, it is of all cities the most degraded, though honours innumerable be conferred upon it by the emperors. Would ye know the true dignity of your city, and be made acquainted with its ancestral glories? I will inform you of them; not only that you may know, but likewise emulate them. It was at Antioch that the disciples were first called Christians. This is an honour no other city in the world enjoyeth, not even the city of Romulus. Wherefore Antioch may confront the whole earth, because of this love for Christ,—because of this fearless confession of its faith. Would ye learn another distinction of our city? When a great dearth was prophesied, the Christians dwelling at Antioch determined every man according to his ability to send relief unto the brethren at Jerusalem. Behold then a second distinction,—charity towards the distressed. The season restrained them not; the prospect of calamity rendered them not remiss; but at a time when men gather together the stores of others, they freely gave their own; and not to those near, but to those dwelling afar off. These are manifestations of faith in God, and love towards our neighbour.—Would ye know another distinction of our city? Certain men came down to Antioch from Judæa, subverting the faith, and introducing Jewish observances. The disciples at Antioch endured not in

silence this innovation ; but, gathering the church together, they sent Paul and Barnabas up to Jerusalem, and caused the Apostles to send forth throughout the world doctrines free from Jewish error.— These are the distinctions, which constitute the dignity and excellence of our city. They render it a metropolis, not on earth, but in heaven.”

Let me exhort you to have a Christian sympathy for the fate of the prisoners and exiles.— Let us continually render thanks to God for his mercies present and past, and with one accord fervently implore him, that the prisoners may be released, and the exiles permitted to return.— They are our members ; have, with us, been tossed by the waves ; have, with us, endured the storm.— Let us, therefore supplicate the merciful God, that with us they may attain repose. Let no one ask, How doth it concern me ? Though this man be ruined or that man perish, I am rescued from danger. Kindle not the wrath of God against you by such an arrogant contempt of others ; but grieve as sincerely and invoke God as fervently, as if yourselves were in adversity, fulfilling the command of Paul : ‘ Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them ; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body.’ ‘ Weep with them that weep.’ So shall we bring a blessing upon ourselves ; for nothing is so pleasing in the sight of God, as a sincere participation in the misfortunes of our brethren.

[Some of the Antiochians, forgetting the warnings of misfortune, had lightly and even petulantly expressed their displeasure at being deprived of their accustomed baths. Chrysostom addressed them impressively on this subject.]

God might at once have released us from our afflictions, and suffered no trace of them to remain ; but lest we should return to our former indifference, he hath permitted this torrent of misfortunes to flow off gradually ; and he thereby maintaineth us in a continued state of piety. That many would have returned to their former levity had the danger at once passed over, is a truth made manifest by the scenes we now witness. The effects of the calamity are still remaining ; the intentions of the emperor are not declared ; the rulers of our city are in bonds ; yet many of our citizens eagerly hasten to the river to bathe, and there abandon themselves to buffoonery,—to wanton and licentious riot. What pardon do these men deserve, or rather what punishment do they not deserve ? The chief magistrate of our city lieth in prison ; our fellow citizens are in exile ; their sentence is unpronounced, and ye dance, and sport, and laugh ! Ye say, that ye cannot endure to be deprived of the bath. Are ye thus degraded, and lost to shame ? Not twenty days have elapsed since the baths were closed, and ye complain as if ye had been called upon to abstain from them for a whole year. Say, did ye think thus, when ye dreaded an attack from the soldiers ? when ye saw yourselves threatened each day with death,—when ye fled to the deserts, and escaped to the tops of the mountains ? Had any one then proposed to you, to remain an entire year without baths, and to be freed from the terror which overwhelmed you, would ye not joyfully have accepted the offer ? But now, instead of thanking God who hath permitted all these threatenings to pass over without injuring you, ye riot once more in pride and wantonness.—And now that your fears have subsided, ye relapse



into a forgetfulness of God, still greater than that in which ye lived before. Have the past events made so little impression upon you, that ye long, forsooth, for your baths? And if the baths were opened, should not the misery of the imprisoned be sufficient to induce such of their brethren as have escaped the peril, to renounce amusements for a while? Human life is in danger, and ye think of your baths, and pursue your pleasure. Do ye disregard the sufferings of others, because yourselves are in safety?—Take heed that ye draw not down upon you severer punishments; that ye bring not back the past threatenings with heavier judgment; and that which Christ said concerning a man possessed of a devil, happen not unto you: ‘When the unclean spirit,’ saith Christ, ‘is gone forth, and upon returning findeth his house empty and swept, taking again seven other spirits more wicked then himself, he re-entereth the soul, and the last state of that man is worse than the first.’

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FROM HOMILY THE EIGHTEENTH.

[St. Chrysostom took advantage of these moments of terror and excitement, to impress upon the fickle Antiochians truths suited to such a conjuncture. He painted to them in striking colours the uncertain tenure of earthly happiness, and led them to look to a higher source of joy and consolation.]

It is not so much the nature of the evils by which a man is affected, as it is the state of his mind, which maketh them to appear to him either trifling or intolerable. Without going far for a proof of

this assertion, I will remind you of the events which have befallen ourselves. Behold the poor have escaped; the people are delivered from danger, and enjoy perfect security; but those who have administered the public affairs of our city, who kept horses for the public games, who distributed the prizes to the victors, and other high officers, are dwelling in prison, and awaiting extreme punishment; they are made responsible for the offences of all; are living in continual fear; and contending with more than ordinary sufferings, not so much on account of the imminence of the danger, as on account of the luxury of their past lives. Many, whom we have encouraged, and advised to bear up nobly against adversity, have answered us: 'We are not prepared to encounter such heavy misfortunes; we know not how to endure it; and stand in need of much consolation.' Some believe health to be the source of pleasure; but many in health have a thousand times desired death, because they were unable to support their wrongs. Others affirm that glory and power,—the adulation of the multitude, and the administration of high offices, are causes of perpetual joy. But without mentioning the several high offices of state: if we ascend to contemplate the imperial dignity, we shall find those invested with it encompassed by cares and sorrows innumerable, and heavy as the weight of the affairs which they administer. I need not speak of wars and battles, and the irruptions of the barbarians: often times they have to dread the dwellers within their palace. For many an emperor, who hath been delivered from the hands of the enemy, hath not escaped the intrigues of his own guards.—Countless as the waves of the sea are the cares of

sovereigns. What power, then, is able to divest life of sorrow, if the possession of empire cannot? No power of this world is sufficient; but this brief saying of Paul discovereth to us the treasure. We require not much discourse, nor need we travel a long and devious road, if we only attend to that saying, we shall find the way which leadeth thither; for he saith not simply, 'Rejoice always,' but addeth the cause of continual joy: 'Rejoice in the Lord always.' No event of this life can deprive of his joy the man who rejoiceth in the Lord. Then will privation and poverty wear a more pleasing aspect than the trappings of wealth, sadness and mourning will be more attractive than pleasure and festivity, and the insult and persecutions of men, more soothing than their honour. All the accidents of life will be turned to our advantage; while here we shall enjoy no inconsiderable share of tranquillity, and hereafter be admitted to the kingdom of heaven. A happiness of which God grant that we may be thought worthy, by the charity and benevolence of our Lord Jesus Christ, through Whom and with Whom be to the Father, together with the Holy Ghost, glory, dominion and honour, now and forever. Amen.

## HOMILY THE TWENTY-FIRST.

On the return of Flavian the Bishop, and the reconciliation of the Emperor to the city.

[The following is the most striking of the Homilies on the Statues. It is an admirable exemplification of that dramatic effect, already alluded to, which St. Chrysostom knew so well how to throw into his writings, as occasion required. In this powerful mode of appealing at once to the reason, the imagination, and the feelings of his auditory, "Heaven of the Golden month," as Sir Thomas More terms our Saint, stands unrivalled among the Fathers either the Greek or Latin Church.]

In the words with which I was wont to commence my appeal to your love in the period of danger, in the same words I will commence my discourse to-day, and say with you; Blessed be God! Who, of His infinite goodness, has enabled us to celebrate this great festival with the gladness of heart which so joyful a solemnity requires. For, behold! the head is reunited to the body, the pastor to his flock, the master to his disciples, the Bishop to his Clergy.—Blessed be God! Whose overflowing goodness leads Him to exceed in bounty the limits of our requests and the extent of our desires.

In the sad situation in which we were placed, it appeared sufficient to be rescued from impending danger; and to this end were all our prayers and supplications directed: but the overflowing good

ness of the Lord has restored to us our Father, much sooner than we had a right to hope. For who could have flattered himself with the expectation, that our Bishop, so soon after his departure, would obtain an interview with the Emperor, dispel the threatening storm, and return in time to celebrate Easter, in the bosom of his flock? And yet, we have to thank heaven for an event so unexpected; we have received our Father on his return, and our satisfaction is as great as the circumstance is surprising. For all these signal favours we offer our acknowledgments and thanks to the goodness of the Almighty, and join in admiration of his power, his wisdom, and the especial providence which he has vouchsafed to our city.

The arch-enemy of mankind had conspired our ruin; he sought to effect it by the criminal excesses which you unhappily witnessed. But his artifices have been confounded, nay, the Almighty has made them subservient to the good of Antioch, and the glory of our Bishop and the Emperor.

Yes, our city has been ennobled by its conduct in this unhappy crisis. In an hour of distress, the inhabitants passed by men in power, men influential by their wealth, and by their credit with the Emperor; they had recourse to the Church and to their Pastor, and with full confidence entrusted their safety to a superior power. After the departure of our common father, reports were circulated with a view to impress with terror the minds of the prisoners, and to persuade them that the Emperor would not be softened by entreaty, but would rather be more exasperated by any attempt of the kind. It was added, that the subversion of the city was in contemplation; and the most extravagant stories

were circulated; but nothing could damp the courage of these men, resigned as they were to their fate, yet hoping better things from the hand of the Most High. I endeavoured to counteract the false impressions intended to be produced upon their minds, by representing the whole as a contrivance of the prince of darkness to fill them with apprehensions. I discovered their magnanimity by the words which they uttered: "We stand not in need," said they, "of any human consolation. We know to whose assistance we recurred in the first instance, and on what foundation our hopes are built; we have fastened our safety to the sacred anchor; we have committed it not to man, but to the omnipotent God of heaven. On this ground, we trust that the event will have a prosperous issue; for it is not possible, No! it is not possible, that hope so firm should ever be shaken and confounded."

What triumphs, what applause will not this conduct ensure to our city? How much will it excite the favour and protection of the Almighty, even in regard to other interests!—For this we know, that, in the hour of tribulation, a mean and ignoble spirit is incapable of vigilance and activity, and of recognizing such events as trials ordained by the Almighty to prove His servants. Common minds cannot rise superior to human considerations, and concentrate all their hopes in heaven.

Such is the glory which the city of Antioch has acquired; nor has its Bishop gained less honor on the occasion. Devoting his life to the service of his flock, hear what was his language.

"Both Jews and Greeks," said he, "have their attention directed towards me at this moment; I hope not to disappoint the expectations they have

formed. I must not appear insensible to the danger in which they are involved, but entrusting my personal concerns in the hands of the Almighty, I will venture my life for the welfare of my flock."

He might have said to himself: "What am I to do? My only sister, who has borne the yoke of Christ in conjunction with me, and has lived so long in my society, is now in extreme danger; and shall I abandon her, to undertake a journey? shall I not be present at her dying hour, and hear her last word? It was her continual desire that I would assist at her death, close her eyes, perform the funeral rites; that last duty of fraternal regard and friendship. But now, abandoned and helpless, she will not have the desired attendance of her brother; in her last moments, she will not see him, on whom her affections were unalterably fixed. This thought will be more tormenting than a thousand deaths. Had I been at a great distance, ought I not to have used the greatest expedition, to have exerted every effort, in order to discharge these offices of brotherly affection; and now that I am with her, can I leave her, to go to a distant land? With what anxiety will she linger out the few painful days she has yet to live."

The holy prelate uttered no expressions of this nature; nothing of the kind was the subject of his thoughts. By sacrificing the affections of nature to the fear of God, he appeared fully sensible that a time of trial calls forth the virtues of a priest, as storms display the skill of the pilot, and dangers call forth the abilities of the general.

Now, do but mark at once the magnanimity of the prelate, and the goodness of God. He has lost no part of what he generously offered to heaven;

the Lord has recompensed the zeal of his servant, and in a manner the more grateful, because unexpected. He consented to celebrate the great feast of Easter in a remote land, and at a distance from his people; but God has enabled him to return before that period, that he might have the happiness of spending the festival in the midst of his flock, and taste the happiness of feeling his joy redoubled amidst the common joy of his children. He was willing to confront the severity of the season, and he experienced the most delightful weather during his whole voyage; he was prepared for the inconveniences arising from his advanced age, and yet performed the journey with the same facility, as if he had been in the bloom and vigour of youth. Rising superior to the force of natural affection, he quitted a dying sister, and on his return, found her alive, and in part restored. He was peculiarly fortunate in every circumstance, in which he had discovered an heroic indifference to his personal situation. Such is the celebrity, which the prelate has acquired both in the sight of God and man.

In respect to the Emperor, he has derived from this event a lustre more brilliant than the diadem which he wears. In the first place, he has declared to the world, that he grants those favours at the request of a Bishop, which he refused to the solicitations of others. Thus has he given a striking instance of the readiness, with which he dispenses his bounty, and forgets his resentment. But that the magnanimity of the Emperor, the wisdom of the Prelate, and, above all, the goodness of the Almighty, may be placed in a more striking light, suffer me to lay before you the subject of the address, which was made on this memorable occa-



sion. What I relate I heard from a person who was present; for as to our holy father, he has kept the most profound silence on this subject; with the humility of St. Paul, he conceals the good he has done. To all inquiries concerning the means which he employed to soften the resentment of the Emperor, and to induce him to comply with his request, his only answer was: 'That all had been the work of God. That the Emperor, touched by the powerful grace of the Almighty, which spoke to his heart, had suffered his passion and resentment to subside, without seeking the help of any words of his. That he spoke of the late proceedings as if another person had been the object of the insults offered, and had alluded to the melancholy events without any passionate emotions.' What our holy father concealed from motives of humility, God has made known. Listen to the recital; for the better understanding of which, I shall briefly revert to the earlier stages of the transaction.

It may be remembered that when our Bishop departed from Antioch, he left us all in the utmost consternation and anguish of mind; quitting in deeper distress of mind than they, who were involved in danger. Scarcely had he performed half of the journey, when he met the Emperor's commissioners, who were sent to take cognizance of the business, and from them he learnt the purport of their mission. His sad presentiment of the evils the city was about to undergo, of the tumult, perturbation, flight of the inhabitants, of the fear, anxiety and danger, which would shortly prevail, drew from him a flood of tears, and awakened all the tenderness of his paternal bosom. For the affliction of a father's heart is doubled when he is

not present to alleviate the sorrows of his suffering children. In this situation was our holy pastor. He deplored not the calamity only, but the necessity of his own absence. But what was to be done? The common safety demanded the sacrifice. On hearing the report of the commissioners, he shed more abundant tears, he recurred to God with more ardour; he spent many sleepless nights, in imploring relief for the afflicted city, and in beseeching Heaven that the heart of the Emperor might be touched by more mild and pacific sentiments.

When he reached the imperial city, and was introduced into the palace, he stood at some distance from the Emperor in silence and in tears, assuming the appearance of a suppliant, as if he himself had been concerned in the tumultuary proceedings of his flock. He hoped by this submissive mien and deportment to excite the Emperor's compassion, before he proceeded to touch upon the delicate and important business, which he had undertaken. 'There is but one resource for the guilty,—silence. The object of our prelate was to remove one passion and substitute another in its place; to dissipate the anger of the Emperor, and to awaken his pity, in order to prepare his mind for the defence he was about to make. The good bishop imitated the conduct of Moses, who ascended the mountain, after the people's sin, and stood in silence, till God addressed him in these words: 'Suffer me and I will destroy this people.'—*Exod.* xxxii. 10.

Such was the behaviour of the bishop on this occasion. The Emperor seeing him bathed in tears, and in the posture of a suppliant, advanced to him, and discovered by the manner in which he addressed him, how much he was affected at his

situation. He did not betray in his words any mark of indignation and resentment, but rather of grief and concern. This is apparent from the sentiments which he uttered on this occasion, He said not: 'What would you with me? Are you come to plead the cause of rebels, of ungrateful wretches, unfit to live? Do you appear in the defence of factious innovators, of traitors, for whose unheard of crime no punishment is adequate?'

He spoke not in this strain: on the contrary, he justified his own conduct with the most dignified composure; he mentioned the favours which he had shown to our city during his whole reign, and closed each article by saying, "Is this the just and natural return, which I had reason to expect? What have I done to deserve this treatment? What grievance induced them to display their insolence, not only against me, but against those who are no more? Was it not sufficient to satiate their vengeance upon the living? Did they imagine that their outrages would be incomplete, unless extended to the dead? Admitting my supposed injustice, they might have spared those, from whom they had received no harm: surely the dead are guiltless of any crime. They might have spared them the reproaches uttered against my person. And of what do they accuse me? Have I not on all occasions shown a predilection, a marked partiality to that city; nay, even before that which gave me birth? Was it not my continual wish, which I failed not frequently to express, to pay a visit to that place?"

Here the bishop gave full vent to his sighs and tears; he saw in what an odious light the conduct of the city appeared after this just representation of

the Emperor, and he could no longer restrain the sentiments of his heart: impressed, therefore, with the deepest concern, and exhibiting marks of the bitterest anguish, he addressed him to the following effect.

“ Yes, Sire, we sincerely and unequivocally acknowledge that you have on all occasions given us the most incontestible proofs of regard and affection. This very circumstance fills us with the deepest regret, that the common enemy of mankind should have envied our happiness, and have prompted us to acts of ingratitude to our benefactor, and of hostility to our friend. Should you raze our city to the ground, commit it to the flames, or consign the inhabitants to destruction; whatever conduct you may pursue, any punishment will be inadequate to the nature of our offence. We ourselves have anticipated the severity of your sentence, by involving ourselves in distress, more lamentable than the accumulated horrors of ten thousand deaths. For what can possibly excite more melancholy reflections in our minds, than the thought of having repaid kindness and friendship with insult and outrage, and of suffering in the estimation of all mankind, the imputation of the blackest ingratitude ?

Had the barbarians, in the fury of their incursions, destroyed our fortifications, set fire to our houses, and reduced the inhabitants to a state of captivity, the evil had been less considerable ; and why ? Because during your life and the continuance of your friendship, we might flatter ourselves with hopes that these evils would be shortly removed, that we should be reinstated in our former situation, and should be admitted to a higher degree of freedom. But at this calamitous period, bereft

as we are of the advantages of your benevolence, torn by violence from the enjoyment of your friendship, which was our support, our bulwark, our palladium, from what quarter can we hope to obtain assistance? Whose patronage can we now court, after exasperating so lenient a master, so indulgent a father?

“I confess that the inhabitants of Antioch have committed outrages of the most flagrant and unprecedented nature; but it must also be confessed that their sufferings far exceed the measure of their crimes. They dare not cast their eyes on any human being; they cannot look upon the sun, so far has shame darkened their minds, and sunk them in abjection. Deprived of every species of freedom, they drag out an existence more deplorable than that of the meanest captives; they expect in trembling anxiety the most ignominious punishment; and weighing the magnitude of their crimes, and the extent of their outrages, and considering that the character and rank of him, who has been the object of their insults, have induced the whole world to condemn the late proceedings, they are no longer able to endure the pain, which such a reflection is calculated to excite.

“But, Sire, it is in your power to afford, by one act of your will, a cure for these wounds, a remedy for these evils. Great and intolerable offences have often proved the occasions of the most heroic charity; this is peculiarly exemplified in the fall of human nature. When God had created man, placed him in paradise, and honoured him with the most distinguished favours, the Wicked One could not behold that state of felicity without emotion and envy. He set at work every engine of mischief,

and but too well succeeded in depriving him of the dignified and splendid position which he filled. But God was so far from abandoning man in his distress, that instead of paradise, which had been forfeited, he opened heaven as an asylum ; and thus treated him with the utmost liberality, while he repaid his seducer with ten-fold vengeance. Imitate, Sire, a conduct like this. The Prince of darkness has left nothing unattempted, in order to tear from your breast the affection which you have borne for a much beloved city : with a full conviction of their designs, deprive us not of your former friendship, whatever punishment you may be pleased to inflict.

“If I might be allowed to give bold and unexpected advice, I would say : Show us a more distinguished share of your benevolence ; rank Antioch once more among your most favorite cities, if you are desirous of punishing in the completest manner the common enemies of mankind, the real authors of these proceedings. Should you devote us to devastation, ruin, and destruction, you will act agreeably to their desires ; but should you subdue your resentment, and exhibit unequivocal demonstrations of your former favour, you will give them their death blow ; you will inflict the most rigorous punishment, you will show them not only that their designs were fruitless and unavailing, but that contrary effects resulted from their infernal machinations. Your justice, Prince, is here interested. It were surely equitable to exercise your compassion towards a state, against which your friendship had raised such a storm of envy. For had you not shown it that regard, which you always manifested, the jealousy of its enemies had never risen to such a height. These very evils, singular and para-

doxical as the assertion may appear, must to you, and to your friendship, be ultimately ascribed.

“ The reproaches, which, in explaining the reasons of your conduct, you have uttered against us, are of the most bitter kind ; and indeed more truly distressing than any torments that could be devised. You complain of injuries and outrages unparalleled in the history of your predecessors. But you, Sire, whose humanity, wisdom and piety are universally and justly celebrated, you have it in your power, to derive from these outrages a crown more brilliant than the diadem which you wear. That diadem is at once a trophy of the virtue by which you merited it, and a testimony of the honorable affection of that Prince [Gratian] who associated you with him in the empire. But the crown, which results from your lenity, is indisputably your own work ; it is a certain and peculiar indication of your own merit. The precious and costly ornaments, the ensigns of your dignity, will never attract such notice, as it is now in your power to acquire by a victory over anger. Your statues have been thrown down and mutilated. You are now enabled to raise others of a more brilliant and durable nature. If you pardon the authors of the late tumultuary proceedings, and fully discharge them of the penalty incurred, they will erect in your honour, not statues in their public places, adorned with gold, and embossed with precious stones, but monuments of a more valuable kind, moulded by humanity and compassion. These monuments will be erected in the hearts of all those, who now live, and of those who shall exist when you are no more. For imagine not that the knowledge and the approbation of this heroic act will be confined to us alone ; all who are to come after us,

millions yet unborn, will be apprized of it, and will join in the love and admiration justly due to your character.

“ To convince you that this is not the language of exaggeration and flattery, but the pure and simple truth, I will cite an old saying; from which you will learn that armies, military prowess, treasures, extensive population, and advantages of this kind, throw not such a glory round kings, as the possession of wisdom and the exercise of lenity. When the bust of Constantine was injured by some malicious persons, many of his courtiers endeavored to urge him to punish the perpetrators of the deed in the most exemplary manner; they represented to him that the countenance of the statue had been indecently mutilated and disfigured, and that so flagrant a crime called for a severe penalty; on this occasion, that great emperor is said to have stroked his face with his hand, and to have replied with a gentle smile: “ I perceive no wound on my countenance; neither have my head nor my face received any injury.” His advisers, overpowered with shame and confusion, withdrew their suggestion, and the thing fell to the ground. This memorable answer has been transmitted from father to son; nor has the lapse of ages extinguished or weakened the remembrance of so wise and generous an action.

“ How superior this to the most splendid trophies! That great emperor was the founder of many cities, and the vanquisher of many nations; but his achievements of that description, are but rarely thought of; while this memorable saying is still fresh in every one’s memory, and will be transmitted to the latest posterity.



“ But, Sire, I forbear to enlarge on the example of Constantine, or to produce any extraneous instances, when I am enabled to recur to your personal history. Suffer me to call to your recollection a recent act of yours, when on the feast of Easter, you despatched orders to every quarter of the globe, that all prisoners should be released, and their crimes pardoned ; and as if that had been an insufficient indication of your generous disposition, you expressed yourself in your circular letter to this effect: ‘ Would to God it were in my power to raise up the dead, and restore them to life !’

“ Reflect, Sire, on those memorable words. An opportunity now presents itself of recalling those who are no more, of reinstating them in their former existence. The inhabitants of Antioch are really in a state of death ; the city even before the formal denunciation of the sentence, is brought to the gates of eternity. Restore it, then, to its late splendour, without loss of treasure, without delay, without labour.

“ A single word from your lips will avail to scatter the melancholy gloom in which she is enwrapt. Let it this day receive a new existence from a glorious exertion of your generosity. It will not be so singularly indebted to its original founder, as to you, in consequence of the mild sentence you are entreated to pronounce. He gave it an existence, you have exalted it to a high pitch of greatness and splendour ; and after it has fallen from an unexampled degree of prosperity, you will restore to it its lost honours. If you had rescued it from the fury of barbarians and invaders, that event *would not have excited such a degree of astonishment, as the action under consideration.* Of the

former act of heroism, many sovereigns have exhibited brilliant examples; but of this unexpected lenity, you will have the peculiar merit of displaying the first and the only instance. In one case, there is nothing which produces wonder or surprise; to secure authority and dominion is among the ordinary occurrences of human life; but to sacrifice resentment to virtue, after receiving provocations of this nature, is an act, which exceeds the usual limits of human perfection.

“Be assured, Sire, that in your present determination, not only the safety of one city, but your own glory, or rather the honour of the Christian religion are highly concerned. The knowledge of this affair is universally diffused; Greeks, Jews, Barbarians, nay, the whole world, have at this time their eyes fixed on you; they await with impatience the decision you are to pronounce: should it be dictated by mildness and clemency, they will all join in applauding you, and in glorifying God: they will exclaim; ‘How great is the force of the Christian religion! such is its influence, that it has checked the resentment of a man who knows no equal on earth, who possesses unlimited power, and is lord of the lives and property of mankind; it has inspired him with those sentiments of moderation, to which men in private stations are altogether strangers. Truly the God of the Christians is great! He can make angels of men, and render them superior to the accidents of nature.’

“Let me entreat you not to entertain any groundless apprehensions, nor to listen to the suggestions of those who may insinuate that other cities will be prompted to acts of disobedience, and will hold your lenity in contempt, if an exemplary punishment be

not inflicted in the present instance. How futile such an objection! If, indeed, your moderation arose from inability to punish, or if your enemies had triumphed over your authority, and set your power at defiance, such apprehensions might be entertained with some colour of reason. But if they are paralyzed by alarm, and in a manner dead with fear at their approaching fate; if, by the commission with which I am charged, they have thrown themselves prostrate at your feet, and are in hourly expectation of the punishment justly due to their crimes; if they are now united in one common supplication to heaven, and are entreating the Deity to give success to my embassy; if, like people reduced to the last extremity, they are all settling their final concerns, what possible ground is there for fear? Had they been ordered to immediate execution, they would not have undergone the sufferings they now experience, overpowered as they are with fear and consternation. When evening comes, they expect not to see the dawn of the succeeding day; when morning arrives, they cannot flatter themselves with the hope of living till night.

“Many have retired to deserts, and have exposed themselves in their flight to the fury of savage beasts; others have wandered over places frightful, and almost inaccessible to human foot; not only men, but children and ladies of birth and distinction, have lain concealed days and nights in valleys, in lurking holes and caverns. A new species of captivity is observable in the city; the fortifications and the houses stand entire and uninjured, while the inhabitants labour under distress superior to the horrors of conflagration. No invader, no enemy appears; and yet they feel calamities unknown to the most

unfortunate captives: the trembling of a leaf fills them with alarm. These circumstances are universally known. I am convinced that, were you to raze Antioch to the ground, you would not furnish other cities with a more fearful lesson, than that which they may read in our apprehension of impending ruin. Think not that other places will lose respect for your authority, if you adopt lenient measures; were you to spread terror and desolation through your dominions, you would not produce a more complete reformation among your subjects, than that which is likely to result from a method more efficacious than all punishment—the anxious and uncertain expectation of your future sentence. Let me then entreat you not to prolong the sufferings of your disconsolate subjects; allow them to be again sensible of their existence.

“ To chastise the insolence of disobedient subjects, and to inflict the penalties due to crime, is an easy task; but to spare the offender, to pardon injuries, which, by their atrocity, are unworthy of indulgence and pardon, implies a degree of merit, which falls to the share of few: this observation is peculiarly just, when an emperor has been the object of attack. A state may be governed by the influence of fear, but to attach subjects to your person and government, to captivate their affections so far as to induce them to pour forth, both in public and private, the most ardent supplications for your welfare, is no such easy task. No expense, no power, no exertion, will render it easy to attract the benevolence of numbers; and yet, this desirable object it is now in your power to effect without labour and without cost. Deep indeed will be the gratitude of *those who are the object of your kindness.*

“ But, if such will be the certain and natural return for your bounty to men, what rewards have you not reason to expect from the munificence of the Almighty, both for your own good conduct, and the beneficial results which will undoubtedly ensue! For if, at any future period, an event similar to the present should take place,—which God forbid! if in such a case the offended party should be determined to avenge the outrage, your mild and Christian conduct will be a striking lesson, a precedent which they will think it a duty to follow; men, who have before their eyes your moving example of lenity, will be ashamed not to emulate a conduct so noble. You will thus become the instructor of posterity; you will bear away the palm in the contest of pre-eminence, though your future rivals may attain the summit of virtue. For it by no means discovers an equal share of merit, to set the first example of such distinguished lenity, and to copy such transcendent virtue from the conduct of others. You, therefore, will be entitled to share the meed of virtue with him, who may in future times display instances of humanity and forgiveness; for he who produces the root, must be considered as the source of the fruits which grow. No one can claim any dividend in the recompense of this glorious transaction; it is an achievement peculiarly your own. Yes, yours is a just pretension to an equal share of merit with all those who may hereafter imitate your glorious example; you will be entitled to such a proportion of the reward as the master claims in the success of his scholar: and should no such imitators be found, your acts will be transmitted with undivided applause to all succeeding ages.

“ *Reflect, Sire, what a noble transaction this will*

be to stand on the record of future times; with what pleasure men yet unborn will learn, that a great city, on a memorable occasion, had been obnoxious to punishment; that the inhabitants were filled with apprehensions of the vengeance which their crimes demanded; that a general consternation pervaded all ranks of people, generals, governors, magistrates; that no one durst open his lips in defence of the unfortunate delinquents: that, in this scene of unexampled calamity, an aged man, a priest of the Lord, stepped forward unattended, and, in one single interview, softened the resentment of the emperor; and that his imperial majesty, impressed with respect for the laws of God, granted, at the request of this old man, a favour which none of his subjects had been able to obtain.

“Rest assured, Sire, that the city of Antioch intended to show you no common honour, when it deputed me on this solemn embassy. The inhabitants by this act bore a noble and unequivocal testimony to your virtue, by thus signifying to all mankind, that, though monarch of the universe, you still respect the priests of the Lord, whatever, in other respects, be the unpretending nature of their personal character.

“But the truth is, though I come charged with this commission from the inhabitants of Antioch, I am in the first instance sent by the Lord of men and angels, to declare to you, that, if you forgive men their offences, your heavenly Father will pardon you your sins. Remember then the great, the dreadful day, on which we shall all appear to give an account of our stewardship. You are about to pronounce your own sentence. If you stand charged *with any fault in the sight of God, it is in your*

power to expiate the same without labour, or toil, by the sentence you are about to pronounce. Other ambassadors make their appearance before you laden with gold, silver, and costly presents; for my part, I approach your palace with no other gifts to offer than the sacred volume of the Gospels; and I earnestly exhort you to imitate the example of your divine Master, who, though hourly offended by his creatures, ceases not to dispense his favours on all. Ah! do not, then, deceive my hopes; disappoint not the assurance of pardon which I have given to my people. With what joy shall I return among them, if I have the happiness to obtain their pardon, and the assurance of your future favor!

“One thing more I beg permission to state at parting: that it is my fixed determination, in case you refuse them your pardon, never to set foot in Antioch again, dear as that city is to me. I will disclaim it for ever, and go in quest of some other spot to hide my sorrows. Far, very far, be it from me, ever to own that place as my country, to whose prayer for pardon and forgiveness, the most humane of princes, and the most gentle of mankind, has refused to listen.”

In this manner, but far more fully and forcibly did our prelate address his imperial majesty; he produced by his discourse an effect similar to that of which we read in the history of Joseph. As that patriarch, on seeing his brothers, was ready to testify his joy by his tears, but concealed his emotions, in order to maintain the dignity of his character; so the emperor was deeply affected in mind, but discovered no external marks of perturbation, on account of the presence of his courtiers. When *the good Bishop* had closed his pathetic harangue,

words were no longer necessary to soften the Emperor's resentment. He uttered, in a feeling manner, expressions which throw a brighter halo around his head, than the imperial crown. His words were: "Is it, then, wonderful, that we, being men, should remit our anger against men who have insulted us, when the Lord of the Universe descended upon earth, and took upon him for our sake the form of a servant; and while crucified by those whose benefactor he had been, prayed to his Father for his murderers, saying: *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!* Wherefore, then, are ye surprised that we forgive our fellow-servants?"

The sincerity of this declaration the sequel will show. Among other incidents the following stands peculiarly distinguished. The bishop expressed a wish to celebrate the feast of Easter at the imperial court; but the Emperor obliged him reluctantly to depart, in order to spend the holy festival among his flock; "I know," said he, "that their minds are in the utmost agitation; the recollection of the calamity is still to be obliterated. Go and impart to them all necessary consolation. The sight of their pilot will soon make them forget the late storm, and lose the remembrance of their past sorrow." The prelate requested with much earnestness, that the Emperor would send his son to Antioch, in order to convince the whole world more fully of the sincerity of his forgiveness. To this the Emperor replied: "Pray to the Almighty that the obstacles, with which I am now surrounded, may be removed, and the present wars extinguished, and I will repair to that place in person." Who ever before exercised such heroic clemency as this? Let the Gentiles look on this model, and be filled with confusion; or rather let them learn a salutary lesson.



renounce their errors, and embrace the Christian faith; let them learn lessons of true wisdom, and model their conduct after that of our Emperor and our Bishop.

The attentive piety of the great Theodosius, induced him to proceed still farther in his tender concern for this place; after the bishop had left the metropolis, and had crossed the sea, messengers were dispatched to facilitate his journey, and to prevent any delay that might oblige him to keep the solemnity of Easter at a distance from his flock, and thus diminish the pleasure they must experience from the happy change of affairs. And here may it not reasonably be asked, whether mildness towards delinquents was ever carried to such a height before?

I will add another circumstance, which reflects much credit on our worthy prelate. After he had brought the business to a successful issue, he did not adopt a measure, which vanity would have dictated; he did not discover an eagerness to be the bearer of the letters, which were to dispel our sorrow. As he travelled slowly, he dispatched a swift courier before him, to announce the pleasing intelligence to the city, that our anxiety might not be protracted by the delay which he experienced? He did not seek the glory of reporting joyful information; the sole purpose he had in view, was to free his country from the calamity under which it laboured.

As ye then did, when ye crowned the market with wreaths of flowers, kindled the lights, extended the carpets before the workshops, and celebrated, as it were, the birthday of a city;—do again, but in a different manner: crown not the forum with flowers, but crown yourselves with vir-

tue; kindle the light of good works in your souls, and rejoice with spiritual gladness. Let us not cease to thank God for the mercy which he hath shown unto us, and let us confess our great obligations to him, not only for having dispelled these dreadful calamities; but likewise for having permitted them to impend over us: for by both of these dispensations he hath conferred honour upon our city. Declare these events to your children with prophetic voice; let your children relate them to their children; they again to another generation;—that all futurity may know the mercy shown by God to this city; may deem us blessed to have enjoyed beneficence so great; may venerate our Lord, who hath raised a city thus fallen; and may thereby be benefitted and excited to piety. For the history of these events will not only greatly benefit ourselves, if we be constantly mindful of them, but likewise those, who live after us.

Suffer me now to conclude by exhorting you, in the language of the prophet, to recount all these wonders to your children, that they may report them to their children; and that thus the history of these days of mercy may be transmitted to the latest posterity. May all men, to the end of time, be apprized of the singular demonstration of divine benevolence, which our city has received; may they all celebrate our happiness; may they join in admiration of the gracious Prince, who has so mercifully relieved us in the hour of our distress; and may they be animated to the practice of piety by so memorable an event. Thus will the recollection of these incidents prove not only beneficial to us, but to posterity. They should lead us to bless God, *not only for our deliverance from the evil, but also for*

its permission, since the sacred oracles, as well as these recent events, furnish sufficient proof, that God dispenses all things to our benefit. May we enjoy the effects of his saving Providence here, and attain his heavenly kingdom hereafter, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be all glory and dominion, now and forever. Amen.

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HOMILY THE TENTH

On St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians.

There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.—EPHES. iv. 4, 5, 6.

When the blessed Paul exhorts us to any thing of especial importance, so truly wise and spiritual-minded is he, that he grounds his exhortation upon things in heaven: this itself being a lesson he had learned from the Lord. What then does he say, when inciting us to unity? *There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling.* Now, what is this one body? The faithful throughout the whole world, both which are, which have been, and which shall be; and again, they that before Christ's coming blessed God, are *one body*. How so? Because they also knew Christ. Whence doth this appear? *Your father Abraham, saith He, rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad.* And again, *If ye had believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me.* But the prophets would not have

written of One, of whom they knew not what they said; whereas they both knew Him, and worshipped Him. Thus then they also were *one body*.

The body is not dissevered from the spirit, for then would it not be a body. Now the body is composed of members, and of some members more honorable than others. But the greater are not to rise up against the meaner, nor the latter to envy the former. They do not, indeed, contribute the same share, but each furnishes his part, according to the proportion needed. But, inasmuch as all are formed for necessary and for different purposes, all are really of equal honor. Some indeed are more especially principal members, others less so: for example, the head is more a principal member than all the rest of the body, as containing within itself all the senses, and the governing principle of the soul. To live without the head is impossible, whereas many have lived long after the loss of other members of their body. So that it is better than they, not only by its position, but also by its very vital energy and the function it performs.

But why do I say this? I am seeking an analogy. As in the human body, so in the body of the Church, there are various members: there are those who, like the head, are placed on an eminence; who, like the eyes in the head, survey heavenly things, who stand far aloof from the earth, and have nothing in common with it, while others occupy the rank of feet, and tread upon the earth. Now let not the head be high-minded against the feet, nor the feet bear an evil mind against the head. Were it so, the peculiar beauty and fitness of each would be *destroyed*, and the perfecting of its functions be

impeded. And naturally enough ; inasmuch as he who lays snares for his neighbour, will first of all be laying them for himself. And should the feet refuse to convey the head upon some necessary journey, they will be mutually injuring each other by their sloth and obstinacy. Or again, should the head not choose to take any care of the feet, itself will be the first to sustain the damage. But it is not so ; we do not see those members rise up one against the other. It is not likely, for it has been ordered by nature otherwise. But with man, it seems impossible for him not to be continually rising up against his fellow man. No one ever rises up against Angels, nor they against archangels. Nor can irrational creatures proudly exalt themselves over us ; but where natures are equal in dignity, and the gift one, and where one has no more than another, how shall this be prevented ?

And yet, surely, these are the very reasons why thou shouldst not rise up against thy neighbour. For if all things are common, and one has nothing more than another, whence this folly, this madness ? We partake of the same nature, partake alike of soul and body, we breathe the same air, we use the same food. Whence this rebellious disposition in one to rise against another ? And yet, in truth, the being able of one's virtues to overcome the incorporeal powers, that were enough to lead to arrogance, or rather arrogance it would not be : for with good reason am I high-minded, and exceedingly high-minded against the Evil One. Behold even Paul, how high-minded he was against the Evil Spirit. For when this enemy of man was speaking great and marvellous things concerning him, he made him hold his peace, and endured him not

even in his flattery. For when the damsel, *who had the spirit of divination*, cried saying, *These men are the servants of the Most High God, who showed unto us the way of salvation*, he rebuked him severely, and silenced his forward tongue. And again he elsewhere says, *God shall bruise Satan under your feet.* (Rom. xvi. 20.)

Will difference of nature have any effect? Dost thou not perceive that difference between natures has no effect whatever, but only difference of purpose? Well, a man may say, I am not rising up against an angel, because there is so vast a difference between my nature and his. And yet surely, thou shouldst no more rise up against a man, than against an angel. But I see him, thou wilt say, in the enjoyment of honor, and I cannot be otherwise than jealous against my fellow man. Why, this is the very thing which has been the means of turning all things upside down, which has filled the world, and the church of God also, with endless confusion. And in the same manner as fierce and rough blasts setting in across a calm harbour, render it more dangerous than any rock, or any strait whatever; so the lust of glory entering in, overturns and confounds every thing.

You have oftentimes been present at the burning of large houses; you have seen how the smoke keeps rising up to heaven, and if no one comes to put a stop to the mischief, the flame speeds freely on, and devours everything. Oftentimes the whole city will be seen standing round such an object, as spectators of the evil, not as tendering their aid to extinguish the flames. Hundreds may be seen doing nothing, but gazing on; now this and now that individual, pointing at times to some flaming

rafter, or some blazing beam hurled from on high, at others to a range of wall forced out by the fury of the flame, and tumbling to the ground with a fearful crash. The more daring and venturesome will be seen to approach close to the burning mass, not to stretch forth a helping hand to arrest the growing mischief, but only to gratify an idle curiosity, and enjoy the sight. If the building is a large and magnificent one, the lookers on will be heard to exclaim, What a pitiable spectacle! how much the owner is entitled to our sympathy! And truly it is a pitiable spectacle to behold; the beautiful capitals of towering columns crumbled to dust, the columns themselves defaced and shattered, and often pulled down by the very hands that were employed in erecting them. Again, statues which stood with so much grace, with the ceiling resting on them, these you may see standing all exposed, the roof torn off, and the dilapidated fragments standing hideously disfigured under the naked sky. And why go on to describe the destruction of costly things within the building; the wealth piled up, the tissues of gold and the vessels of silver; yea, and the chamber too, into which none entered but the lord and his consort, where was the treasure-house of rich garments and choice perfumes, the gorgeous furniture and the casket of costly jewels,—all turned into one blazing pile. Those privy chambers are trampled by the feet of beggars, run-away slaves, and the lowest of the rabble, and all their valuable contents mingled piece-meal with rubbish, mud, half burnt beams, and heaps of cinders.

But why have I drawn a picture like this? Not simply for the purpose of describing the conflagration of a house, (for what concern is that of mine?)

but because I wish to set before your eyes, as vividly as I can, the calamities of the Church, imaged in the painful spectacle we have been contemplating. Yes, like a conflagration, like a thunder-bolt hurled from on high, they have lighted upon the roof of the Church, and yet they rouse no one; yea, while our Father's house is burning, we are slumbering on, buried in deep and stupid sleep. And yet, who is there whom this fire does not touch! Which of the statues that adorn the Church is not broken and ruined?—for what is the Church but a house built up of the souls of men. Nor is this house of equal honour throughout; some of the stones that form it are bright and shining, while others are smaller and more dull than they, and yet again superior to others. Some are represented by the gold which adorns the ceiling; others are imaged in the beauty and grace of the statuary; many are shadowed forth as well in the gracefulness and support of the pillars, as in the beauty of their finish, and the symmetry of their proportions. The greater number are represented in the solidity and fitness of the stone-work and masonry.

But we may carry out the analogy further, and draw a still more splendid picture. The Church of which we are speaking, is not built of such materials as we see before us, but of gold, silver, and precious stones, while the gilding of the whole is rich and gorgeous. But, oh the bitter tears called forth on this account! For all these things hath the lawless rule of vain-glory consumed; that all-devouring flame whose violence nothing has yet been able to subdue. And we, helpless beings, we stand gazing in amazement at the flames, but unable to quench the evil: or if we do quench it for a



time, yet after a little space, like a spark blown up from a heap of ashes, it will overrun and consume every thing.

And what is the cause of all this? It is, that the foundations of the very pillars of the Church have been destroyed; while those that supported the roof, and at once sustained and decorated the building, have been consumed by the flames. And when the props and supports of an edifice have fallen, the other parts will speedily share the same fate.— Even so is it at this moment with the Church: a consuming fire hath laid hold on every part. Its members are ambitious of the honours that come from man; they burn with the desire of glory.— Behold yonder virtuous spirit. ‘I was not ashamed,’ saith he, ‘to acknowledge before all men my involuntary sins, as an example for others to profit by my repentance of evil done?’ And if such a man was not ashamed to confess, how much more is it our duty so to do; for, according to the words of the prophet; ‘Declare thou first thy transgressions, that thou mayst be justified.’ (Isaiah 43, 26.)— Great is the violence of the evil of which I am complaining. We have forsaken the Lord, and have become the slaves of honour. We are no longer able to rebuke those who are under our rule and guidance, because we ourselves are possessed by the same power as they. We who are appointed by God to heal others, we ourselves need the physician. What further hope can there be of recovery left, when the very physicians need the advice and the healing hand of others?

I say not these things without an object, nor am I making lamentations to no purpose, but with a view that one and all, men, women, and children,

sprinkled with ashes and girded about with sackcloth, may fast and pray, beseeching God himself to stretch forth his hand to save us, and stay this desolating evil. For need is there indeed of His hand, that mighty, that marvellous hand. Greater things are required of us, that of the Ninevites of old; 'Yet three days,' said the prophet, 'and Nineveh shall be destroyed,'—a fearful message, and burthened with a tremendous threat.

You know how terrible a disaster that of Nineveh must have been, for lately has the same warning been given to us. Not that any prophet has come, commissioned to raise his voice amongst us,—for all unworthy are we to hear such a voice; but the warning was sounded forth more distinctly than by any trumpet. But it is not for the material city that I mourn. The Church of God has been overthrown, and its members overwhelmed in the evil; nay more, and they that are in high places are involved in the same guilt as the rest. The calamity is worse, in proportion as the distress is heavier upon them. Wonder not, then, that I should exhort you to do greater things than the Ninevites; nay more, not only do I proclaim a fast, but suggest to you the remedy that raised up that city when falling. And what was that? Listen to it in the words of the prophet: 'The Lord saw that they turned away, every one from his evil way, and He repented of the evil which he said he would do unto them.' This let us do; all of us, both we and you. Let us renounce the passion for riches, the lust of glory, the self-seeking that leads to all evil; beseeching God to stretch forth his hand, and to raise up our fallen nature. And well may we do this, for our fear is not for the same objects as theirs. In the destruc-

tion of their city, buildings were to be destroyed, and bodies to perish : but now it is heavier evils than these ; souls, immortal souls are about to be delivered over to the fire that is never quenched. Let us implore Him, let us confess unto Him, let us give thanks unto Him for what is past, let us entreat his mercy for what is to come, that we may be accounted worthy to be delivered from the evils to come, and be enabled to lift up our thanksgivings to the kind and loving God and Father, to Whom, with the Son and the Holy Spirit, be all glory, might, and honour, now and for evermore. Amen.

[A remarkable earthquake happened in Antioch, in the year 395, and at the same period took place the persecution of the orthodox prelates, among whom were several personal friends of Chrysostom. The above Homily may doubtless be referred to that period.]

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#### THE TEMPLE OF THE LORD.

[The unction of St. Chrysostom when upon this favorite topic is very remarkable. Take the following among very many instances.]

Divine service is performed in our churches, the people daily frequent the same, and ye are satisfied. But let no man judge hence the condition of the Church. Do ye ask, then, whence shall it be known ? By the piety to be found therein ; by our returning home each day with gain, having gathered fruit, be it much or be it little ; and by our not *having frequented* the church merely to fulfil an ancient law, and for the sake of appearance. Which

of us hath become amended by having attended divine service during a whole month? This is the question. The very circumstance, which would appear to argue for a happy state of the Church, proveth its ill condition; for we attend the church, but derive therefrom no gain. Would, indeed, that this were all; but there is something worse. What fruit reap ye from attendance here? Had ye derived benefit from it, ye would already have led true Christian lives; since so many prophets speak to you twice in the week, so many apostles and evangelists,—since all these set before you the doctrines of salvation, and instruct you fully in those things which are able to renew your minds. The soldier, who frequenteth the gymnasium, becometh more skilled in the affairs of war; the wrestler, who exerciseth himself in the palæstra, becometh more dextrous in wrestling; the medical student, who visiteth his teacher, becometh more expert, and increaseth his knowledge. What have ye gained? I inquire not of those, who have only become members of the Church within the last year, but of those who have assisted at divine service from their earliest childhood. Do ye suppose that piety consisteth in a constant attendance at church? If we bring no fruit thence, it were better to have remained at home.—Our fathers built not the church for us, that we should come forth from our private dwellings to assemble and exhibit ourselves therein; for this might have equally occurred in the forum, or in the baths, or in the public processions;—but they built it that those who teach, and those who learn, should meet together, and that the instructed should be amended by the instructors. Our duties have degenerated into a habit, adopted solely for the sake of appear-

ances. The Easter festival arriveth, great tumult prevaieth, great crowds assemble, much disorder reigneth in the church. I will not say, that many men are there present; for they do not deserve the name of men. The festival is over, the tumult abateth, and an unavailing repose succeedeth. How many nightly vigils do we keep? and how many sacred songs do we pour forth? and what is the result? Better had they never been. Many are even led by vanity to the performance of these sacred duties. Think ye how my bowels yearn, when I behold all my labor lost? Ye indeed reply, We know the Scriptures. What then? Your gain, your advantage will be to prove this knowledge by your works. Perhaps ye will say, We pray. But how will prayer advantage you, without the aid of works? Hear what Christ saith: 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father, which is in heaven.'

We wash our hands when we enter the church, but we wash not our hearts. And yet the hands emit not the voice; it is the soul, which sendeth forth the words; it is the soul, which God regardeth. To pray with unwashed hands is of little moment; but to pray with an unwashed soul is of all evils the worst. There are some, who having committed a thousand sins in the course of the day, bathe themselves in the evening; then enter the church, and lift up their hands with confidence, as if by this external purification of water they had thrown off all uncleanness. Were this the case, it would be a great gain to bathe daily. Could the bath cleanse men, and free them from sin, I would never cease to enjoin you to partake of it. But this is an ab-

surdity, a madness, the sport and delusion of a child. God abhorreth not the impurity of the body, but the uncleanness of the soul. Let us, therefore, learn what it is, which defileth a man: let us learn and avoid it; for even in the church we see this custom prevail with many. They are careful to enter with cleansed garments, and with washed hands; but they take no account to present a pure soul before God.—*Hom. xxix. on Acts of Apos.*

[Finding on one occasion, a comparatively small congregation assembled in the church, he censured the indifference, with which the majority of nominal Christians regarded the concerns of religion.]

Once in the course of the week we are assembled here; but not even on this one day can they lay aside worldly cares. And if any one upbraid them, they straightways plead poverty, the necessity of procuring subsistence, or urgent business,—a defence more wicked than the charge, which is brought against them. For can a heavier accusation be made, than that of regarding any call more urgent, than the concerns of God? And were their defence even true, it would, as I have already said, be itself an accusation. But, without one word from me, the day after the morrow will discover to you, that it is an excuse and pretext for idleness. The whole city will then migrate to the Circus; and houses and forums will be deserted to view that illicit show.—Here we behold even the chief place in the church unoccupied; but there not only the hippodrome, but also the upper seats, houses, roofs, precipitous walls, and a thousand other places are filled. And neither poverty, nor business, nor bodily infirmity, nor lameness, nor any other similar hindrance, restraineth this incontrollable madness. But men, weighed

down by age, hasten thither more eagerly than the young in the full vigour of life, disgracing their grey hairs, dishonouring their advanced years, and rendering old age itself ridiculous. When they enter this place, they resemble squeamish persons, and feel their attendance irksome ; they fall asleep while hearing the divine word ; and plead in their defence the confined space, the suffocating heat, and similar excuses. But there, while the sun striketh upon their bare heads ; while they are trodden upon ; pushed to and fro ; pressed together with great violence ; and suffering a thousand other inconveniences, they seem to be as much regaled, as though they tarried amid fragrant meadows. . . . . At our celebration of the Holy Pentecost, so great a multitude will flock hither, that every place here will be crowded. But I prize not such an assemblage ; for custom, not piety, bringeth them together. Can any persons be more miserable, than those, whose negligence is replete with so many crimes, and whose seeming diligence is undeserving of praise.—For the man, who joineth this meeting with zeal, with an earnest desire and soberness of mind, will always frequent it, and not number himself with those who only appear on festival days, and with them depart, suffering himself, after the manner of cattle, to be led along by the herd.”—*Hom. iv. de Anna.*

[In another Homily, he complains of a general neglect of attendance at church on ordinary Sundays.]

Have you not heard the words of the Psalmist ?  
 ‘ I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness.’  
*He saith not* : I had rather dwell, or abide, or enter,  
 —far more than this,—I had rather be a door-keep-

er,—it were better to occupy the meanest place in the house of my God. I am contented, if I be thought worthy of entering the porch. I regard as the greatest of gifts, to be numbered among the last in the house of my God. So powerful is ardent love, that it appropriateth to itself the common Lord. Wherefore he saith: ‘In the house of *my* God.’ The lover requireth to see not only the beloved one, but likewise her dwelling, even the door of her dwelling, and not the door only, but the very alley or street in which her dwelling is; and in her garment, or in her shoe, he thinketh to behold the beloved herself. Thus was it with the holy prophets. They could not see God, who is a Spirit, but they beheld his house; and in his house they felt as if conscious of his presence. Every place, as compared with the house of God, is a tent of ungodliness; whether it be the court of justice, the senate house, or the house of an individual; and though prayers and supplications be offered up therein, disputes, and contests, and reproaches, and assemblies engrossed by the affairs of this world, will always be there. This house alone is undefiled. Wherefore these are the tabernacles of sinners; but this the house of God. And, as a haven protected from the winds and the waves, affordeth shelter to the ships which run therein from the storm: so likewise the house of God rescueth from a tempest of external cares, those who enter it, imparteth to them peace and safety, and permitteth them to hear the divine word. This place is the path to virtue, the school of wisdom; not only when the people are gathered together,—when the Holy Scriptures are read,—when spiritual instruction is imparted,—and when the venerable band of elders



sit here assembled ; but if at any time thou enter but the porch, thou wilt instantly lay aside all worldly cares, and as it were, some spiritual air will wave around thy soul. The stillness itself enforceth awe, and teacheth wisdom ; it elevateth the mind ; it suffereth no thought upon the things of time ; it raiseth thee from earth to heaven. [*Ed. Ben. F. III. p. 129.*]

[On the festival of Christ's baptism, one of the principal holidays of the Greek Church, he addressed a numerous congregation with his usual unction.]

To-day ye all are filled with joy, and I alone am sad. For when I survey this Christian assembly, which may be likened to the wide ocean, and contemplate the infinite riches of the Church ; when I consider that this festival will no sooner have passed away, than this multitude will hastily depart, I am sorely grieved, that the church, which hath begotten so many children, cannot rejoice in them at every celebration of divine service, but only on a festival. How great would be the spiritual exultation, how great the joy, how great the glory rendered to God, how great the benefit conferred on souls, could we behold at every performance of divine service the church and its enclosures thus crowded. Masters and pilots, when they traverse the deep, use their utmost endeavors to reach a haven ; but we strive to toss on the open sea, overwhelmed by the billows of worldly cares, haunting the forums and tribunals ; but coming hither scarce once or twice in the year. Know ye not, that even as God hath fixed harbors on the borders of the sea, so hath he planted churches in the cities, that, flying hither from the stir of worldly tumults, we may rejoice in the pro-

foundest peace. For here are neither to be dreaded the vast surges of the ocean, nor the attacks of pirates, nor the assaults of malefactors, nor the violence of winds, nor the ambushments of wild beasts. It is a haven exempt from all these dangers,—the haven of souls,—of which yourselves bear witness; for could any one of you at this moment look into his soul, he would find therein a rest, where no anger troubleth, no lust inflameth, where envy consumeth not, vanity puffeth not up, ambition leadeth not astray; all these monsters are held in awe, while the words of the Holy Scriptures, like to some heavenly strain, penetrate through every ear into the soul, and still the furious passions. Say, if ye come among us once or twice only in the year, what shall we be able to teach you of those things, which each Christian ought to know concerning the soul, the body, immortality, the kingdom of heaven, punishment, hell, the forbearance of God, the atonement, repentance, baptism, the remission of sins, the higher and lower worlds, the nature of man, the angels, the wickedness of evil spirits, the deceits of the devil, moral conduct, doctrine, a right faith, and pernicious heresies? These things and many more than these a Christian ought to know, and render an account of to those who ask him. But ye will not be able to learn the least part of them, if ye assemble here but once a year, and then devoid of a proper seriousness, in obedience to the custom of the festival, not from a love of God. For I would that every man, who constantly cometh hither, when we are gathered together, should be able to retain a sure knowledge of these things. [*Hom. on Baptism of Christ.*

[When St. Chrysostom preached on the day fol-

lowing, which was sacred to the memory of St. Lucian, a martyr of Antioch, he found, as he had foretold, a much smaller congregation assembled, and he therefore spoke again of the benefit to be derived from attending the church.]

He who cometh hither with faith and zeal, departeth with much treasure. Were he only to open his mouth, he would scatter among those around him every sweet odour, and fill them with spiritual riches; and were a thousand misfortunes to befall him, he would easily endure them all, having taken hence from the Holy Scriptures a sufficient store of patience and of wisdom. And as one, who ever standeth upon a rock, may deride the waves; so the man who profiteth continually by the assemblies of the church, and is refreshed by a godly discourse, standing aloft upon the solid foundation of a righteous judgment, will not be subject to human accidents; for he hath placed himself beyond the reach of worldly affections. Having gathered much benefit and consolation, not only from exhortation, but likewise from prayer, from the paternal benediction, from Christian communion, from brotherly love, and from many other sources, he departeth hence, and beareth home innumerable blessings.

[On a similar occasion, in a discourse held shortly after Easter, he said:] Whence ariseth it, that as the day on which our last festival was celebrated, becometh more distant, our congregations diminish? But we, who are now met together, must not on that account be rendered negligent. They are less in numbers, but not less in zeal. They diminish, that the faithful may be made manifest, and that we *may learn* to distinguish those who attend from *habit*, and those who come hither from a longing

after the Divine Word. On Sunday last the whole city was collected here: the porches were crowded, and the multitude resembled the ebbing and the flowing waves. But to me your stillness is more desirable than that vast multitude; your repose I esteem more than that tumult. We had then to number bodies; we have now to number souls, all of which are filled with piety. Were we to weigh in opposite scales this small assembly, composed chiefly of the poor, and that crowd, of which the rich formed the greater part, the balance would be in our favour. The theatre inviteth you daily; no one hesitateth to obey the call, no one pleadeth the multitude of his affairs; all hasten thither, as if devoid of any other care. The old man is not deterred by his gray hairs; the young man trembleth not to tempt his passions, so easily inflamed; the rich man thinketh not to disgrace his station. But if there be a question of his going to church, he deliberateth, as if he were called upon to descend from his high estate; *and he demeaneth himself, as if he had conferred a favour upon God.\**

\* Manners and vices were at this time nearly the same throughout all the great cities of the Roman, and especially of the Eastern empire; as may be perceived from a comparison of the discourses held by Chrysostom at Antioch and Constantinople. We may compare with this passage another from a discourse preached by him at Constantinople. "Lo! if a rich lady enter the church, she thinketh not of how she best shall hear the word of God, but how she shall show herself; how she may sit in pomp and glory; how she shall surpass other women in the splendor of her apparel, and render herself more admired by her form, her mien, and the stately bearing of her walk. Her whole mind is turned to whether this or that person behold her? whether she be admired? Am I well adorned? my dress must not be spoiled or rumpled. A"

Where now are those, who were a burden to us on that day? for their presence was a burden. What affairs detain them? But it is not their affairs,—it is their pride. And what can be more irrational? Think ye then to confer a favour upon us, when ye come hither, and hear those things which are necessary to the salvation of your souls? [*Hom. on St. Lucian Martyr.*

[He was often compelled to remark, how many listened mechanically to the beautiful forms of the liturgy, scarcely conscious of their import, and to notice that deficiency of piety, which betrayed itself in their pressing against each other during the prayers of the church, and during the celebration of the Holy Communion, that they might depart earlier without waiting for the termination of the prayers and the solemn dismissal of the congregation, by the words of the deacon, “Depart in

her anxiety is directed to such objects. In like manner the rich man cometh to display himself to the poor, and to strike them with awe by the manner of wearing his toga, and the number of his youthful slaves who surround him, making way for him amongst the crowd. He deigneth not in his pride to perform this office himself; he knoweth that it is an employment beneath a free man, and, though greatly puffed up by his own importance, he cannot bring himself to do it, but deputeth it to the slaves, who follow him; for it is clearly a servile office, and requireth rough manners! When seated, the cares of his household distract him on all sides; the vanity, of which his mind is possessed, encircleth him around; he thinketh, by entering this house, to confer a favour upon us and upon the people,—perchance even upon God. How can he ever be healed, who is thus puffed up? I will tell you, if ye desire it, the cause of all these things. They think *to come to us, when they come hither; they think to hear from us the things which they hear. They heed not; they believe not that they come to God,—that he himself speaketh to them.*”—*Hom. III. on II. Thess.*

peace," *Απολυσεθε ἐν ἐιρηῇ*. He frequently delivered strong censures upon this conduct. On one occasion he said: "Hear these words of Christ, ye, who have again departed before the last prayer offered up after the celebration of the Holy Communion: Christ gave thanks to God before he distributed the supper among his disciples, that we also might give thanks; and after he had distributed it among them, he sung a hymn to the praise of God, that we likewise might do the same." And on the festival of the Holy Epiphany, he says: "Let us, then, to-day, endeavour to correct a sin openly committed by all. Would ye know what that sin is? It is the not approaching the Lord's table with fear and trembling, but stamping, striking, swelling with wrath, screaming, insulting, and pushing those near to you, full of passion and turbulence. Tell me, why are ye thus tumultuous? Wherefore hasten ye? Doth business summon you? Can ye think, in that hour, of worldly affairs? Can ye then remember, that ye are upon earth—deem yourselves dwelling among men? Doth it not betray a heart of stone, to recollect in that moment that ye are standing upon earth, and not amid the choirs of angels, with whom ye have resounded aloft that Holy Hymn?\* with whom ye have chaunted that Song of Triumph unto God.† Shall I tell you whence this disorder and noise proceed? Because we do not close the doors during the whole time of divine service, but permit you, before the last prayer of thanksgiving is offered up, to rise suddenly, and

\* Το μυστικὸν ἔχει ὁ μέλος, the thrice Holy of Isaiah VI. 3, made into a hymn of the Church.

† Ὡδὴ ἐκινικίος the song of the three men in the Burning fiery furnace. Dan. III.

depart home. This, of itself, is an act of great contempt. While Christ is present, while the angels are standing around, while that holy table is spread before you, while your brethren are yet partaking of the Holy Supper,—ye hasten away. Were ye invited to a feast, though your own hunger were appeased, ye would not venture to absent yourselves, so long as the other guests are reclining at the table.” He likewise exhorted them to join with devotion in these prayers of the Church; and, according to his custom, he sought, by using the forms of the Liturgy, to impress his exhortations deeper upon their minds: “Even the words,” he said, “of the Deacon, calling upon all: ‘*Let us stand up, as it beseemeth us,*’ are not introduced without a meaning, but that we should raise our grovelling thoughts, and, throwing off the fetters of earthly cares, raise our souls to God.”

‘Peace to all!’ exclaims the officiating priest, praying for all that enter, as it were, into the Father’s house: but of this peace the name is frequent, but the reality no where.

In the primitive days, the very houses were Churches; now the Church itself appears to have become a house, or rather worse than a house. In a house one may see much good order; the mistress of the house is seen seated on her chair with all seemliness, and the maidens spin in silence, and each of the domestics has his appointed task. But here all is noise and tumult, like the confusion of a market. And here only are these things done; since elsewhere it is not permitted even to address one’s neighbour in the Church, nor a long absent friend. *For the Church is no place of resort, but a place of angels, a palace of God, a heaven upon earth. No other words should be uttered here, but those which*

are spiritual. If ye believe not my words, look to this table, call to mind for Whose sake it is set, and why. Consider who it is that is to appear here; anticipate the solemn moment, and tremble with awe. Even so, when we behold the throne only of a king, in heart we rise up, expecting the king's coming forth. And do thou thrill with awe even before that solemn moment; raise up thyself, and before thou seest the veil drawn aside, and the choir of angels issuing forth, ascend thou to the very heaven.

But as things are, when a buffoon is exciting laughter, or a loose woman displaying her arts, how will a vast assemblage of spectators sit listening in quietness to what is spoken, and this when no one commands silence.

There is neither whisper, nor cry, nor tumult. But when God is speaking from heaven on subjects so awful, we behave with irreverence, and even to the shameless woman pay greater respect than to God. Doth it not make your flesh creep to be told of these things? Nay, then, much rather should your flesh creep when ye do them.

The great apostle exclaims, 'What! have ye not houses to eat and drink in? or despise ye the Church of God?' (1 Cor. 11, 22.) The same do I say of those who make a disturbance, and hold conversations in this place. "What! have ye not houses to trifle in? or despise ye the Church of God, and corrupt those who would be modest and silent? The Church is not a place of conversation, but of recollection and instruction. But now, it differs not from the market; nay, if it be not too bold a word, haply not even from the theatre; in such sort do the women who assemble here adorn themselves, no less wantonly than the unchaste who are to be found



there. And we see when any thing is to be bought or sold, that the church appears more convenient than the market; and if any wish to repeat or listen to any scandal, they find it to be had here more than in the forum itself. And if you wish to hear any thing of political matters, or of the camp, go not to the judgment hall, nor the barber's shop; for here are those who repeat these things more minutely. Can it be that I have touched you to the quick? I should suppose not. For while ye continue in the same practices, how am I to know that you are touched by what is said? I am, therefore, compelled to return to this subject again and again.

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#### READING THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Were a man to frequent the church diligently, and to listen attentively therein, although he read not the Bible at home, one year would be sufficient to procure him an intimate knowledge of it. For know ye not that the mouth through which God speaketh is the mouth of God; hence the mouth of the prophets is the mouth of God. Hear ye, and tremble! The deacon standeth here, and crieth aloud, in the name of all: 'Let us attend.' He frequently repeateth it; for his is the common voice of the Church, and yet no one attendeth. The reader then commenceth the prophecy of Isaiah, still no one attendeth; notwithstanding, prophecy is not of man. Then he crieth aloud, so that all can hear: 'Thus saith the Lord,' and still no one attendeth. [In another discourse, in which he reproaches his hearers with a deficiency of scriptural knowledge, he says:] Nevertheless the Scriptures

are read to you two or three times every week. The reader ascendeth, and first saith, by which prophet, apostle, or evangelist, the portion of Scripture, which he is about to read, was written; and he then giveth you the heads of it, that not only the contents, but also the occasion of the writing and the author may be known to you. [And in another sermon he says:] When the reader hath risen and said: 'Thus saith the Lord,' the deacon, stepping forward, commandeth every one to be silent; but he doth not this to honour the reader; but to honour Him who speaketh through the reader to all. We are servants, my beloved; we speak not our own words, but the words of God. The epistles, which are daily read, come from heaven. Tell me, I pray you, were now, while we are all here assembled, a man with a golden girdle to enter, proudly advancing and calling upon every one to give way before him; and were he to declare, that he was sent by an earthly king, and that he brought a letter, addressed to our whole city upon urgent matters,—would ye not all crowd together? Would ye not without the summons of the deacon maintain the greatest silence? Methinks you would; for I have heard letters of the emperor read aloud here.

“Let us not pass over superficially the words of the Holy Scripture; but closely examine each word, and endeavour to comprehend its purport, and above all, let us not imagine that ignorance and simplicity suffice for our justification, for the Lord commanded us not only to be simple, but also to be wise. Let us, therefore, both in doctrine and in works, combine wisdom with simplicity. Again: Hear ye not the words of the apostle? . ‘Be ready always to give an answer to every man, that asketh you, a reason of the hope, which is in you.’ And Paul

likewise maketh the same exhortation, saying, 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.' \*"

[A common excuse, upon which the laity were wont to elude the duty of reading the Scriptures, was, that this duty belonged only to the monks and clergy. St. Chrysostom combats the idea.]

Let no one speak to me these cold and reprehensive words: 'I am detained in the court of justice; I have to manage the affairs of the city; I have to follow my trade; I have a wife and children to support; I must overlook my household; I am a man of the world; it is not my office to read the Holy Scriptures; but it is that of those who have renounced the world, who have taken possession of the tops of the mountains, and devoted themselves to a holy life.' What say ye? Not your business to attend to the Scriptures, because you are torn by a thousand cares? Why, on that very account it is a duty more needful for you than for them. For they do not need so much the aid of the Scriptures, as those who are tossed about in the midst of worldly affairs; for the monks, who have fixed their cells in the wilderness, far from the forum and its tumultuous strife; who hold no converse with men, but

\* St. Jerome has a striking passage upon the same subject: "I do not censure a Christian, because he is unskilled in rhetoric; but, would to heaven that we possessed the wisdom of Socrates contained in those words of his, 'All that I know is, that I know nothing;' and that we profited by the counsel of another sage, [Pythagoras,] who enjoined his hearers 'to know themselves.' It is not rustic verbosity that I prize, but holy simplicity. Let him who pretends to imitate the apostles in their speech, first imitate the virtues of their lives. A holy life excuseth simplicity of speech, and one raised from the dead refuteth the syllogisms of Aristotle and the subtleties of Chrysippus."

fearlessly worship God in the calm of a lonely life, enjoy a security as great as if they reposed within a haven. But we, who are driven up and down, as it were, in the midst of the ocean, and are urged to the commission of a thousand sins, have need of the constant and unceasing consolations of the Scriptures. They dwell far from the conflict, therefore they receive not many wounds; but ye ever stand in the ranks, and receive constantly new wounds. Wherefore ye are in greater need of healing remedies. A wife offendeth you; a son grieveth you; a servant enrageth you; an enemy plotteth against you; a friend envieth you; a neighbour persecuteth you; a comrade supplanteth you: the judge threateneth you; poverty humbleth you; the loss of kindred worketh in you grief; success puffeth you up; misery bringeth you low. Manifold are the occasions and needs of wrath, of care, of despair, and grief; of vain glory and pride; which on all sides encompass us; and innumerable are the darts which assail us from every quarter,—wherefore, we continually need to put on the whole panoply of the Scriptures.

Let us not hoard up gold; but let us treasure up for ourselves spiritual books. The very aspect of the sacred volume maketh us more loth to sin, and if to this be added diligent reading, the soul, led, as it were, into the inmost sanctuary, will become cleansed and amended,—God himself holding converse with it through the Scriptures.

Ye say that the things concerning the signs and the miracles, and the story are not clear and manifest to every one. This is a mere excuse and cloak for sloth. How should ye ever be able to understand the things contained in the Scriptures, when

ye will not so much as slightly look at them.—  
‘Take the Bible in your hands, read the whole story, and, bearing in mind the things which are clear, peruse again and again those which are dark and difficult; and if, after frequent reading, ye find not the sense of a passage, go to a brother more learned than yourselves; seek the teacher, and talk of it with him; show an earnest desire for knowledge, and if God perceive in you such great zeal, he will not slight your watchfulness and care; and should no man open to you that which ye seek, God himself will surely reveal it to you. Remember the treasurer of the queen of the Ethiopians, who, being a barbarian, busied in a thousand cares, and on all sides beset by manifold affairs, sat reading in his chariot, although he understood not the things he read. Think how zealous he must have been at home, when even upon a journey he showed such great zeal. Because he thus read, although he had no guide, soon a guide was given unto him. God, well pleased, beheld his zeal, and delayed not to send him a teacher. There is indeed no Philip now; but the Spirit is there which moved Philip. Let us not then, my beloved, neglect our salvation. All these things were written for us,—‘for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come.’ A strong defence against sin is the reading of the Scriptures,—an awful headlong steep, a deep abyss, is an ignorance of them,—a great betrayal of salvation is the knowing nought of the sacred laws. It is this which hath given birth to heresy; it is this which hath corrupted our lives; it is this which hath turned things upside down.” We find also elsewhere the following: “We have a merciful Lord. If he behold us troubled, and greatly

longing for a knowledge of the Divine Word, he suffereth us not to need the aid of another; but he straightways himself enlighteneth our understandings; sheddeth his brightness largely around us; and, agreeably to his well-schemed wisdom, putteth in our souls the whole doctrine of truth. As those who are seated beside a fountain, delight in the breezes wafted thence, and, if the sultry sun oppress them, avert the heat by constantly bathing their faces in its waters, or if they be parched by thirst, easily remedy the evil, since the spring giveth them the ready means; in like manner can they, who sit beside the spring of Holy Writ, if persecuted by the flames of some unhallowed desire, easily extinguish them by refreshing their souls with its waters; or if raging anger bubble as a caldron of boiling water within their breasts, they instantly quell the storm of passion by a few drops taken from this living source. The reading of the Sacred Scriptures snatcheth the soul from out of all these evil thoughts, as it were from the midst of the fire. Wherefore that great prophet, David, knowing the good which cometh of reading the Scriptures, likeneth the man, who hath a constant intercourse with them, unto an evergreen tree, which groweth beside a stream, saying: 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the ways of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate both day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters.' And as such a tree, being constantly watered, is defended against all changes of weather; feareth neither the burning ray of the sun, nor shunneth the parching blast; for having absorbed a sufficient

moisture within itself, it straightways wardeth off the excessive heat, which falleth upon it from without: in like manner will the soul, dwelling beside the stream of Sacred Writ, constantly drinking its waters, and imbibing the dew of the Holy Spirit, be unsubdued by any change of fortune; and though disease, though insult, though calumnies, though reviling, though scorn, though every mockery, though all the evils of the world, assailed such a soul, it will easily endure the fiery ordeal of calamity, through the abundant consolation afforded in the Scriptures. Not the greatness of earthly glory, not the height of power, not the presence of friends, nor any human means can afford consolation to the afflicted, like that of reading the Holy Scriptures. For all those things are transitory and perishable, therefore is their consolation transitory. But the reading of the Holy Scriptures is communion with God. And if God himself give comfort to the faint hearted, should aught on earth have power to trouble them? Let us, then, heed the reading of the Holy Scriptures, not only during these two hours, but constantly; for the mere listening here will not be sufficient to secure the salvation of our souls. Let each man, when he returneth home, take the Bible in his hand, and if he desire to derive a full and enduring advantage from the Holy Scripture, let him ponder therein upon the things spoken in the church. For the tree, which groweth beside the stream, mingleth not with its waters for two or three hours only, but during the whole day and the whole night. Therefore is the plant rich in leaves; therefore is it laden with fruit, although no man water it; because, standing upon the bank of the river, it draweth up moisture through its roots, and

through them imparteth strength to the whole stem. Thus he, who continually readeth the Bible, although no man be near to expound it, receiveth thereby into his soul abundant nourishment from that sacred fountain.

Await no other teacher. Thou hast the word of God, and none can be to thee so good an instructor. Man often concealeth things through vain glory and envy. Hear, I beseech you, all ye, who live for this world, and procure Bibles, as medicine for your souls. Purchase at least the New Testament, the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Apostolical Epistles; and let them be your constant guide. If grief come upon thee, look therein, as in a repository of medicines; thence take consolation in all misfortunes; in the hour of death, or under the loss of friends: or rather, look not therein, but carry about with thee its contents in thy heart. An ignorance of the Scriptures is the cause of all evils. Not to know the Scriptures is to go to war without arms.

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#### PREACHING.

[St. Chrysostom strongly censured those, who came to the church to hear his eloquent discourses, and hurried away before the commencement of the service.]

Often in that sacred hour,\* have I looked around for this vast multitude, which is now assembled here, and listening with such great atten-

\* The celebration of the Eucharistic Sacrifice.



tion, but found them not ; and deeply did I lament, that ye so earnestly and eagerly listened to your fellow-servant, who now addresseth you, thronging each other and remaining to the last, but, when Christ was about to appear in his Holy Supper, that the church should be deserted. Your hurrying away the moment my discourse is ended, is a proof that none of the words addressed to you have been received and treasured up in your hearts ; or, fixed in your souls, they would surely have detained you, and led you to receive the Holiest of Mysteries with increased veneration. But now, when the preacher hath ceased, ye depart without benefit, as if ye had listened to a player upon the harp. And what is the cold excuse of the many ? We can pray, say they, at home ; but we cannot there receive instruction and hear the sermon. Ye err ;—ye can truly pray at home, but not as ye can pray in the church, where so great a number of the fathers are met together, and where so many voices unite to raise a prayer to God. Ye find here what ye cannot find at home—the harmony of souls, the accord of voices, the bond of love, the prayers of the priests ; for therefore do the priests preside, that the feeble prayers of the multitude, borne aloft by their more powerful petitions, may reach together unto heaven. And what advantageth the sermon, if it be not joined with prayer ? First, prayer ; then, the word.] *Hom. III. on the Incompreh.*

[St. Chrysostom employed various methods to attract the attention of his hearers to the truths he preached, to render them intelligible, and to press them strongly upon their hearts. Sometimes he sought to stimulate their minds to spiritual exertion by raising difficulties, which he did not

immediately solve, but the removal of which he trusted that his hearers would accomplish by reflecting upon the tenor of his discourse. He illustrated this mode of instruction by a beautiful simile.] “Wherefore,” said he, “have I raised difficulties, and not at the same time given you a solution of them? Because I would not always have you receive food, which hath been chewed beforehand, but wish you sometimes to seek the solution yourselves. In like manner the doves nourish their young, as long as they remain in the nest, with their own beaks; but as soon as the mother bird beholdeth their wings set, and can lead them forth from the nest, she no longer feedeth them, but beareth the grain in her beak, and showeth it unto them. And when the young birds approach, in expectation of receiving the food, the mother letteth it fall upon the ground, and telleth them to gather it themselves.” He sought to vary his discourses—at one time rousing the mental energies of his hearers by profound discussions upon doctrine; at another time rendering his instruction more acceptable by a delivery allied to the tone of ordinary conversation. He says: “The mind of the hearers should not be always kept on the stretch, for it easily snappeth asunder; neither should it be always slackened, for then, again, it becometh slothful. Wherefore it is needful to vary the forms of instruction—at one time using a more familiar, at another time a more energetic, strain of discourse.” He likewise considered himself bound to take into consideration the different degrees of ability and education among his audience. “I know,” said he, “that many disapprove of my slowness of speech, but I heed not their censure. My only aim is your

advantage. Let those of the brethren, who can follow quicker, wait for those who are more slow. The former can well wait for the latter ; but the weaker cannot exert themselves beyond their strength, in order to keep up with the stronger. Wherefore Paul saith, that we ought not to force the weak before their time, they not being able to attain to the perfection of the strong ; but that we, who are strong, should bear the weaknesses of the feeble. I am careful for your advantage, not for the sake of a vain display ; and I therefore pause, and dwell awhile upon the sense." And again, in the same Homily : " I know that many of my hearers followed not the words of my last discourse ; yet I ceased not on that account from boldly explaining the more subtle meanings. That which is plain will benefit the simple, and that which is deep will edify those, whose perception is more acute. The table must be covered with various dishes, because the guests have different tastes."—*Hom. on Psalm XLI.*

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#### PSALMODY AND SACRED MUSIC.

[St. Chrysostom speaks thus warmly on the salutary effect of vocal music in Churches.]

Nothing so lifteth up, and, as it were, wingeth the soul, so freeth it from earth, and looseth it from the chains of the body, so leadeth it unto wisdom, and a contempt of all earthly things, as the choral

symphony of a sacred hymn, set in harmonious measure. Our nature delighteth so much in song, and so accordeth with it, that infants at the breast, when fretful or sobbing, are thereby lulled asleep." After having endeavoured to show, by various examples, that, when the soul is under the influence of song, men are better enabled to endure exertion and labor, he continued: "The singing of psalms bringeth with it much gain, support, and sanctification, and can supply various lessons of wisdom, if the words purify the heart, and the Holy Ghost straightways descend upon the soul of the singer. For we learn from Paul, that those, who sing with understanding, call down upon them the grace of the Holy Spirit. He saith: 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit;' and he addeth thereunto the manner, in which we are to be filled with the Holy Spirit: 'By singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.'—What signify these words, 'In your heart'? He would say with understanding, that the mouth utter not the words, while the soul wandereth everywhere abroad; but that the soul be conscious of that, which the tongue speaketh." Again, in the same discourse: "Let us not, then, without due thought, enter here, and carelessly sing the responses; but let us bear them hence, as a staff for the rest of our days. Each verse may impart to us wisdom, correct our doctrines, and afford us the greatest aid in life; and if we nicely search each saying, we shall gather therefrom rich fruit. No one can, in this instance, allege the excuse of poverty, business, or want of understanding; for shouldst thou be poor, and because of thy poverty possess no Bible, or shouldst thou possess one, and not have

the time to read therein, thou needest only to keep in thy heart the responses thou hast so often chaunted here, and thou wilt draw from them a great consolation.

Consider near Whom thou standest,—that with the Cherubim themselves thou art about to call upon God. Examine the assembled choir, and it will suffice to excite thy watchfulness, when thou thinkest, that, bearing about with thee a body, and held together by flesh, thou art deemed worthy of singing hymns to the common Lord of all, in company with the spiritual powers. Let no one, then, with a faint heart take part in these sacred hymns; let no one in that season entertain a worldly thought; but, having banished all earthly things from his mind, and transferred himself entirely to heaven, as if standing near the very throne of glory, and flying amid the Seraphim, let him send forth that holiest of hymns to the God of glory and power. 'Therefore are we then called upon to stand erect, as it becometh us; for this signifieth nothing more, than to stand so, as it becometh man to stand before God, with fear and trembling, with a watchful and a sober mind.' And in another sermon: "O man! what art thou doing? Hast thou not pledged thyself to the priest, when he said to thee, '*Let us raise our mind and hearts above,*' and thou didst answer, '*We have raised them to the Lord!* Fearest thou not, and art thou not ashamed, in that awful hour to be found a liar?"

Being desirous of rendering psalmody prevalent in families, he said: "As wheresoever the mire is, there will the swine be found; but wheresoever sweet odours and incense are, there will the bees resort; in like manner, wheresoever ungodly songs

are sung, there will the devils be gathered together; and wheresoever spiritual songs are sung, there will the grace of the Spirit fly, and sanctify both mouth and soul. I say these things not only that ye yourselves may give praise, but that ye may teach both your wives and children to sing such songs, not only when they work at the loom, or are engaged in other labors, but especially at meat; for since at feasts the evil one lieth in wait exceedingly, and availeth himself of drunkenness, gluttony, immoderate laughter and licentiousness, to ensnare souls, we stand peculiarly in need of psalms, ~~for our~~ defence, both before and after the repast. Let us, with our wives and children, arise and say, 'Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works; I will triumph in the works of thy hands.' Let the psalm be followed by prayer, that our own souls and those of our household may be sanctified; for as they, who bring buffoons, dancers, and unchaste women to their feasts, open their doors to evil spirits and the devil, and fill their houses with manifold strife; so, on the other hand, do those, who invite Dāvid with his harp, through him call Christ into their dwellings; and where Christ is, there no evil spirit dareth to approach, or even cast a look. Thence will flow, as from a never-failing fountain, peace, and love, and fulness of blessings. These profaners make their house a theatre; make thou thine a church; for a company of souls, who love God, joined together in holy song and prayer, may well be called a church." Again: 'Throw not every thing upon your teachers, and those who are set over you; for the apostle commandeth us to instruct one another, saying, 'Comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do.' (1 Thess. v. 11.) Such is

likewise our counsel unto you. If ye be willing, ye are more able to do good to one another, than we are able to do it for you ; for ye have lived together a longer time. Ye better know each other's affairs ; ye are not ignorant of each other's faults ; ye have greater boldness and love, and are more accustomed to each other. These are no small advantages for teaching, but great and favourable means of finding an entrance into souls. Ye can rebuke and exhort better, than ourselves ; and not only that, I am but one, and ye are many ; and as many of you, as there be, are able to be teachers. Wherefore, I beseech you, neglect not this gift of grace. Each hath a wife, a friend, a servant, a neighbour. Rebuke and exhort them ; for is it not foolish to make feasts ready, to fix a certain day on which to meet together, and, by the union of many, to supply the wants of the individual, whether for a burial, or for a banquet, or for any aid whatsoever to our neighbour,—but not to act thus in the teaching of holiness ? Neglect not this, I beseech you ; for ye shall thereby receive great reward from God. Think not that he, to whom five talents were given, is the teacher ; and that he, to whom one was given, is the disciple. If thou say : I am a disciple, I am in no danger. If thou hide and make to be unfruitful the gift of teaching, which thou hast received from God, and neither admonish nor speak openly, nor reprove, nor counsel, where thou art able ; but bury in the earth such gift (for of a truth that heart is dust and ashes which burieth such gift of God) ; or if thou hide it through sloth, or through evil-mindedness, it will avail thee nothing to say, that thou hast received but one talent." He then further shows, how each man should seek to improve his neighbour :

If thy friend see a fault in thee, ask his assistance to correct it; for he will bring down a reproof upon himself, if he see thee in need of reproof, and correct thee not, not only as a teacher, but as a friend and a brother. This is friendship; and one brother, supported by another, becometh as it were a strong city. (*Prov.* xviii. 10.) Again, Hom. in Act. Apost. XXVI.: "Every house with a family is a church; nor think it otherwise, if there be only the husband and the wife therein; for 'where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' (*Matt.* xviii. 20.) Where Christ is in the midst, there is a mighty host; for where He is, the angels, and archangels, and the other powers, must be likewise. Ye are not then alone, if ye have the Lord.

'Be ye filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things.'—*Epist. Ephes.* v. 18, 20.

Dost thou wish to be cheerful? Wouldst thou profitably employ thy hours? Learn to sing hymns and spiritual songs, according to the advice of the great Apostle; do this, and thou shalt feel the delightfulness of the employment; for they who sing psalms become filled with the Holy Spirit, as they who sing the songs of the enemy of souls, are filled with his unclean spirit. And what is meant by, *in your hearts to the Lord*? It means to sing with the mind and the understanding. For they who sing not thus, sing to little effect, uttering the words, while their heart is roaming elsewhere.—*Hom.* xix. *Ephesians.*



## THE GREAT EUCHARISTIC SACRIFICE.

The priesthood is exercised on earth, but it ranks among the things of heaven. And properly so: for neither man, nor angel, nor archangel, nor any created power, but the Holy Spirit himself has ordained it, enabling mortals dwelling in the flesh to image forth the ministry of angels. Therefore doth it behoove one of the sacerdotal order to be pure, as though he stood in heaven itself, in the midst of the celestial powers. For if those things which preceded the dispensation of grace, were solemn and awful, such as the ornaments of the priests, the ephod, the mitre, the robes, the golden plates, and the rest of the sacerdotal array; not to speak of the Holy of Holies, and the profound silence that reigned within the Sanctuary; you will find that solemn as they were, they are nothing comparable to the grand and awful characteristics of the dispensation of grace. We may say of them in the language of St. Paul, 'that which was glorious in this part, had no glory, in comparison with the glory that excelleth.' When you contemplate an immolated Lord, and the priest bending over the Sacrifice pouring forth prayers, and the people empurpled with that sacred blood; can you, at that moment believe yourself among mortals, and standing upon earth, and not rather transported to heaven? Is not every fleshly affection banished *from your mind*, and does not your soul, unfettered *from the dominion of the senses*, commingle with *what is passing in the world of spirits*? O prodigy!

oh ineffable bounty of God to man ! He who sitteth at the right hand of the Father in heaven, deigns to be touched by the hands of all, yields himself to those who desire to embrace and receive him, and reveals himself to all by the eyes of faith. Would you contemplate, in another wonderful display, the exceeding excellence of the Eucharistic Sacrifice ? Picture to yourself the prophet Elias, and the countless multitude surrounding him, at the moment of his offering the sacrifice. The victim is extended upon the stone, and all the assistants wait in solemn and profound silence. The voice of the prophet is heard alone, pouring forth prayers : when suddenly the flame descends from heaven upon the victim. How imposing the scene, how calculated to inspire the heart with astonishment and awe ! now turn your eyes to what is passing in our temples, and you will see, not things amazing, but surpassing all amazement. The Christian priest stands forth, and calls down not fire from heaven, but the Holy Spirit. He prays, and that for a long space, not that the flame may descend from above, and consume the offering, but that grace, falling on the Sacrifice, may inflame by it the souls of all the faithful present, and render them more pure than gold refined in the fire. Who, then, but one of disordered mind, could undervalue so matchless a mystery ?

Think how wonderful it is, that man, still encumbered with flesh and blood, should become capable of being drawn near to that blessed and perfect nature, and you will in part comprehend how vast the honour with which the grace of the Holy Spirit, dignifies the priest. By his minis-

try these things, and others not inferior, are performed, tending to our glory and salvation.

What manner of man ought he to be, who acts as ambassador for the city of God, ambassador for the whole world, and who supplicates God to be merciful to the sins of all men, not only of the living, but also of the dead. When he shall have invoked the Holy Spirit, and completed the tremendous Sacrifice, often holding in his hands the common Lord of all, let me ask you, in what order shall we rank him? What purity of heart, what integrity of life, what godliness of character, should we not demand of him? Reflect what those hands should be, what the tongue that utters those words, how pure and holy the soul that has been so honoured. At that moment do angels stand round the officiating priest, and the whole host of the heavenly powers cry aloud, and the space around the altar is filled with them in honor of the sacrifice. Nor is this incredible from the nature of the solemn action there performed. I have heard some one relate, that a certain venerable man told him that he was thought worthy to behold such a sight, and that he suddenly beheld, at the moment of the sacrifice, a multitude of angels, as far as it was possible for him to do, clad in shining raiment, encircling the altar, and bending their heads from above, as one might behold a band of soldiers, standing in presence of their king.—*Book of the Priesthood.*

[See also above, pages 151 and 153.]

CONFESSION. •

You have a tablet on which you set down your daily expenses ; be your consciences also a tablet, on which you mark your daily sins. When you retire to rest, and no one intrudes, open this tablet; before sleep fall upon your eyelids, repass in wholesome review the faults and failings of the day ; recal to mind whatever you have done amiss, in thought, word, or deed. In the words of the prophet : ‘ Stand in awe, and sin not ; be sorry on your bed for the designs which you have in your hearts.’ (*Psal. iv.*) During the day you have been actively employed ; its thousand cares have engaged your thoughts. Now, when these have subsided, and all is tranquil, thus commune with your heart : The day is passed : What good have I done ? What evil have I done ? If good, give thanks to God ; if evil, resolve to do it no more. But let the recollection of your sins touch your heart, let it bid the tear bedew your pillow, for so shall you efface them from your soul. Such a closing up of the day will render heaven propitious. Having thus called yourself to account, and acknowledged your failings, compose yourself to rest. In a practice like this what is there arduous or troublesome ? Such a self-confession as this will arouse and prepare you for a more active inquiry into your failings hereafter.—*Hom. II. in Psalm I.*

To mortals has been committed the dispensation of heavenly things, a dispensation not given by God to angels or archangels : for to these it was not said : ‘ What you shall bind on earth shall be bound in

heaven ; and whatever you shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven' (*Matt.* xviii. 18.). Temporal princes have a power to bind, but the body only : whereas the power of the priesthood binds the soul, and reaches to heaven. In this sense, God ratifies above, and the Lord confirms the sentence of his servants. In a word, what else has he bestowed upon them, but all power in heaven ? ' Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven ; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.' (*St. John* xx. 23.) What power, I ask, can be greater than this ? ' The Father hath committed all judgment to the Son.' (*John* v. 22.) But this very power hath Christ entrusted to his ministers ; so that they are inducted into their office, as if they were already of heaven, as if above this mortal nature, and exempt from human passions. Were a king to confer upon one of his subjects the power of casting into prison, and releasing whomsoever he would, how honoured and how envied would be that man ? And shall he who derives from God a power as superior to that, as heaven is above the earth, as the soul is more excellent than the body, be thought clothed with a dignity which it were possible to despise.

The Jewish priests had power to cleanse the leprosy of the body, or rather, not to cleanse it, but to judge whether it were cleansed ; but the Christian priesthood have received authority, not over the leprosy of the body, but over the impurities of the soul, not to judge of it when cleansed, but to cleanse it altogether. They, therefore, who disesteem them, are more criminal, and deserving of a severer punishment, than that incurred by Dathan and his followers. God hath given to his ministers a greater ability than to our natural parents, not only to pun-

ish, but to bless. The latter bring us into the present life, the former into life eternal. The former have no power to deliver us from disease or death ; the latter have often saved the fainting soul when on the eve of destruction ; stopping the progress of sin to come, and preventing further relapse by instruction, admonition, and prayer. Not only have they the ability to regenerate us in the laver of baptism, but afterwards the power of remitting our sins.—*Book of the Priesthood.*

When the heart is to be touched and afflicted, is bodily strength required ? or is any effort necessary to offer up prayers to God, to recal to mind our offences, to put on humility, or to eradicate pride ? God is pleased by actions such as these. In them where is the labor ? where the pain ? And yet, as if it were so, they are omitted to be done. The severity of the haircloth, the narrow retirement of a cell, the gloomy solitude of caves, God does not require. What he demands is, that we always bear in our minds the remembrance of our failings, that we keep the consciousness of the same before our eyes, and that for them we implore forgiveness. You may conceal your sins from men, but not from God ; yet this latter you disregard, while the former alarms you. I exhort you, that, though there be no witness, you severally enter into your own consciences ; appoint reason your judge ; and declare your sins, unless you prefer that at the last day they should be proclaimed before the whole world. Let, then, the medicine of repentance be applied, and the wound be healed. . . . There are seasons in which we must fast and pray more fervently, and make a full and exact confession of our sins. For the enemy knows, that we can then treat best of the things

that belong to our salvation, and obtain much by confessing our sins, and disclosing to the spiritual physician the wounds of our soul. This physician will heal, and not reproach the penitent for the evils done ; would he speak to him alone, without the privity of any one, and with care lay all before him, he will easily amend his failings. The confession of sins is the abolition of crimes.—*Hom. xxx., on Genesis.*

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#### THE HOLY COMMUNION.

As we are speaking of the Body and Blood of Christ, let us consider that those who partake of that Body and taste of that Blood, are partaking of that which is in no wise different from that Body, nor separate, as regards participation ; that we taste of that Body which sitteth above, that is adored by angels, that is on the right hand of the Father.

I observe many partaking of Christ's Body lightly and heedlessly, and rather from form and custom, than with the mind and understanding. 'When the season of Lent sets in,' I hear you say, 'whatever a man may be, he partakes of the holy mysteries ; and the same at the Epiphany.' Yet remember, that it is neither the Epiphany nor Lent that renders a man worthy to approach, but sincerity of heart and purity of soul. With these, approach at all times ; without them, never. 'For as often,' saith he, 'as ye do this, ye show forth the death of the Lord ;' in other words, 'ye make a remembrance of the salvation that has been wrought for you, and of the benefits which I have bestowed.' Consider those

who partook of the sacrifices under the Old Covenant, what abstinence they practised, how they watched, and purified themselves. And dost thou, when thou drawest nigh to a Sacrifice, at which the very angels tremble, dost thou measure the matter by the revolution of the seasons? How shalt thou present thyself before the judgment-seat of Christ, thou who presumest to touch his body with polluted hands and lips? Thou wouldst not presume to embrace an earthly king with an unclean mouth, and dost thou embrace the King of heaven with an impure soul? It were an unpardonable outrage. Tell me, wouldst thou choose to come to the Sacrifice with unwashed hands? I presume not; thou wouldst rather not come at all. And wouldst thou, then, scrupulous as thou art in this little matter, come with a soul defiled, and so dare to touch it? And yet the hands hold it but for a moment; whereas into the soul it is received entirely. What! do ye not see the holy vessels, so thoroughly cleansed all over, so pure and resplendent? Our souls ought to be purer than they, more holy, more brilliant than they.

At other times ye come not, no, not even though ye are clean; but at Easter, however great the sins ye may have committed, ye come. O! the force of custom, and of prejudice! Vain is the daily Sacrifice; in vain do we minister before the Altar; there is no one to partake. These things I say not to induce you to partake without due preparation; but that you would render yourselves worthy to partake. Art thou not worthy of the Sacrifice, nor of the participation; then, neither art thou worthy of the prayer. 'Thou hearest the Deacon who stands and exclaims, "Let all the penitents depart!"' As



many as do not partake are penitents. If thou art one of them, thou oughtest not to partake; for he that partaketh not is presumed to be one of the number of penitents. But when he says, "Let all not qualified to pray, depart!" why hast thou the effrontery to stand still? But no, thou art not of that number; thou art of the number of those qualified to partake, and yet art indifferent to so important a duty; nay, regardest the matter as nothing.

Look, I entreat you: a royal table is set before you; angels minister at that table; the King Himself is there: and dost thou stand still, and gape with idle curiosity? Are thy garments defiled, and dost thou make no account of it? Are they clean? then kneel at the altar and partake. Every day he cometh in to see the guests, and converse with them. Yes, at this moment he is speaking to your conscience, listen to his words,—'Friend, why standest thou here, not having on a wedding garment?' He does not say,—'Why didst thou sit down to meat?' but 'why comest thou in hither?' Such are the words that He is at this very moment addressing to one and all of us, that stand here affronting Him with our presence. Yes, every one that partaketh not of the mysteries, is standing here and affronting Him by being present without the wedding garment. For now, when the solemn Sacrifice is offered, and Christ, the Lamb of God, is immolated upon the altar; when thou hearest the words, **LET US PRAY!** when thou beholdest the curtains of the sanctuary drawn up,\* then imagine that the

\* These curtains were let down during the time of the Consecration, and raised at the Communion. We learn from St. Jerome that the curtains were adorned with a figure of Christ, or of the patron Saint of the Church.

heavens are opening, and that the angels are descending !

As it is not meet that any one of the uninitiated be present, so neither is it that one of the initiated should be there, and yet at the same time be defiled. Tell me, suppose any one were invited to a feast, and were to wash his hands, and sit down, and be ready at the table, and after all were to refuse to partake ; would it not be to insult the man who invited him ? Were it not better for such a one never to have come at all ? Now, in the very same manner hast thou come hither. Thou hast sung with the rest the Angelic Hymn, [Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabbath, &c.] Thou hast declared thyself to be of the number of those that are worthy, by not departing with them that are unworthy. Say, then, why stay ye not, and partake of the holy table ? I am unworthy, thou wilt say. Then art thou as unfit for the communion thou hast had in the prayers ; for it is not by means of the offerings only, but also by means of the Eucharistic Hymn that the Holy Spirit descendeth upon all around.

That I may not be the means of increasing your condemnation, I entreat you not to forbear coming, but to render yourselves worthy both of being present and of approaching. Tell me, were a king to issue his command, and say, "If any man doth this or the other, let him keep away from my table ;" say, would ye not do all ye could to be admitted ? We are invited to the table of the great and Omnipotent King, and do we falter and hesitate, instead of hastening and running to share the proffered honour ? And what, then, is our hope of salvation ? We cannot lay the blame on our weakness ; we cannot on our nature. It is our own fault, it is our negli-

gence and our indolence that renders us unworthy. So far have I spoken of myself. But may He who speaketh to the heart, who giveth the spirit of compunction, stir up the good soil of your hearts, and plant the good seed therein; that so, through His fear, ye may fructify and bring forth the spirit of salvation, approaching to this saving table with mingled confidence and holy fear. According to the pleasing image of the Psalmist, 'Thy children are like young olive branches around thy table.' There should be nothing there that is old, withered, or unfruitful. Young branches are fit for fruit, for the beautiful fruit of the olive. Thus performing your duty upon earth, shall ye be accounted worthy to behold the Father who is in heaven, through the grace and loving kindness of our Lord Jesus Christ, with whom to the Father, together with the Holy Spirit, be all honour, glory, and power, now and for ever. Amen.

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#### FASTING.

[The great Fast of the Church, in the time of St. Chrysostom, as now, preceded the festival of Easter. This penitential season produced a great change upon the lives of the Eastern Christians, and Chrysostom says, that these Fasts exercised so great an influence, as well over the emperor as over every other individual, that, during their continuance, no difference could be perceived between the tables of the poor and of the rich. Our Saint considered, that *the object of these fasts was to awaken men to a consciousness of their sins, and to create in them*

feelings of repentance preparatory to the festivities of Easter, and to a worthy participation of the Holy Communion during that festival.]

Wherefore do we fast during these forty days? Formerly many persons partook of the Lord's Supper without due preparation, and especially at this season in which Christ instituted that holy Sacrament. When the fathers perceived the evil consequences arising from this careless attendance, they met together and appointed a period of forty days for the purpose of hearing the divine word, for prayer and fasting, that we, being purified during these forty days by prayer, by giving of alms, by fasting, by vigils, by tears, by a confession of our sins to God, and by all other means, might be enabled to approach the Holy Table with a conscience as clear as sinners may possess. And it is evident that the fathers by this condescension effected much good, inasmuch as they thereby habituated us to fasting. For were we during the whole year to raise our voices, and to call upon men to fast, no one would heed our words; but when the season of the fast arriveth, without the exhortation of any one, the most supine are awakened, and take counsel from the season itself. Should, therefore the Jew or the heathen ask: Wherefore fast ye? answer not, on account of the festival of Easter, nor on account of the crucifixion; but on account of our sins, because we would draw near to the Lord's table. For Easter is not otherwise a time for fasting, nor for grief, but an occasion of joy and exultation. The death of our Lord upon the cross hath taken away sin; it was an expiation for the whole world; it hath put an end to long enmity; it hath opened the doors of heaven;

it hath reconciled God to those, who before were hateful in his sight, and led them back to heaven ; it hath raised our nature to the right hand of the Almighty's throne, and hath acquired for us many other blessings. Wherefore Paul saith : ' God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Chrtst.' And again : ' God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' And St. John expressly declareth : ' God so loved the world.' In what manner ? Passing by all other things, he holdeth up to us the cross ; for after saying, ' God so loved the world,' he addeth, ' that he gave his only-begotten Son' to be crucified, ' that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' If then the cross be a proof of God's love towards us, and an occasion of our exultation, let us not say, that it is the cause of our grief. For we grieve not on that account. God forbid ! but on account of our sins. Therefore we fast.

[Chrysostom constantly deprecated a superstitious observance of these fasts, and distinguished the object from the means. In addressing those, who were unable to maintain the fast during the whole day, and who, on that account, were reluctant, after having tasted food, to attend divine service in the evening, he says :] If, my beloved, ye be incapable of fasting during the whole day, because of bodily infirmity, no reasonable man can on that account reproach you. For we have a merciful Lord, who requireth nothing of us beyond our strength. He requireth of us to fast, not for the sake of fasting only, but that we should withdraw ourselves from worldly affairs, and devote our thoughts to things spiritual. For if we ordered our

lives soberly, and directed our attention to things spiritual; if we took no further nourishment than that which is requisite for the support of our bodies, and spent our whole lives in the exercise of good works, we should not need the aid of fasting. But because man is naturally thoughtless, and easily abandoneth himself to a life of dissipation and luxury, the merciful God, like a tender father, hath devised for us a remedy in fasting, that abstaining from the pleasures of sense, we might transfer our thoughts from the cares of earth to the concerns of heaven. For there are other means, by which we may more surely acquire the favor of God, than by fasting. Let him, who cannot fast, bestow the greater alms; let his prayers be more fervent; his desire of hearing the divine word more eager. To such things bodily infirmity can offer no opposition. Let him be reconciled to his enemies, and let him erase from his mind every feeling of hatred and revenge. If he rightly accomplish these things, he will have performed a true fast, after the manner which is especially required of us by God; for he hath ordained abstinence from food, that we may control the unruly passions of the flesh, and bring it into obedience unto the fulfilment of his commands.—*Hom. iii. against the Jews.*

[At the commencement of the Fast of Lent, he thus addressed the people of Antioch:] When I speak of Fasting, I mean not that fasting, which is commonly observed, but *the true fasting*; abstinence not from food, but from sin: for fasting availeth nought, unless accompanied by a fit state of mind. Paul saith: ‘The man, who striveth for masteries is not crowned, except he strive lawfully.’ The Pharisee fasted; but, after fasting, he departed

without having derived fruit from his fasting. The Publican fasted not, and yet the Publican, who fasted not, was preferred to the Pharisee, who fasted; that we might know, that fasting of itself profiteth nothing. The inhabitants of Nineveh fasted, and obtained the divine favour; the Jews fasted and effected nought; but were condemned by God. Let us then inquire what averted the wrath of God from Ninevah? Was it fasting and the putting on of sackcloth? Certainly not; but it was an entire change of life. Whence doth this appear? Even from the words of the Prophet; for he who spake concerning the wrath of God, and their fasting, the same declared, the reconciliation of God, and the cause of that reconciliation, saying thus: 'and God saw their works.' What works? their fasting? their wearing of sackcloth? No! having passed over all these things in silence, he added: 'that they turned from their evil way, and God repented of the evil that he had said that he would do unto them.' Ye see that fasting rescued them not from peril, but that a change of life rendered God merciful towards them. I have not said this to undervalue fasting; but to honour it. For to honour fasting is not to abstain from food, but to depart from sin. He who limiteth fasting to an abstinence from food, he it is who discovereth a contempt for it. Dost thou fast? Prove it to me by thine actions. By what actions? If thou see a poor man take pity upon him. If thou behold an enemy, reconcile thyself unto him. Not only the mouth but every sense must fast. What profiteth it to abstain from birds and fish, if we devour our brother with hatred?—*Hom. III. to People of Antioch.*

In another Homily, he says: Of what advantage to us is abstinence from food, if we lay not aside the evil habits of our souls? Behold we have passed this entire day without food, and our tables will this evening be spread more sparingly, than on yester eve. Can any one of us say, that he hath this day with his table altered his course of life? That with his sustenance he hath given up one evil habit? I think not. Of what advantage then is fasting? Wherefore I exhort you;—and shall not cease exhorting you,—to devote two or three days to the special consideration and practice of each commandment. Since there are many, who with exceeding contention emulate each other in fasting,—some dispensing with food for two entire days; others during the forty days not only removing from their table oil and wine, but all food except bread and water,—let us rival one another in abolishing the frequency of oaths; for this will be more profitable than fasting—more effectual than mortification of the body. The same zeal which we display in abstinence from food, let us discover in abstinence from oaths; for we shall expose ourselves to the reproach of extreme folly, if we regard not things forbidden, but direct all our zeal to things indifferent.

After the second week of the Fast had elapsed, he said:—We have now concluded the second week of the Fast; but let us not on this account ascribe to ourselves merit; for the celebration of the Fast requireth not only abstinence from food, but likewise the performance of good works. Let us rather consider, whether we have become more earnest? whether we have corrected any one of our faults; whether we have cleansed ourselves from



sin. It is a general custom on the fortieth day to inquire how many weeks each person hath fasted? and some reply that they have fasted two, others three, others all the weeks. But what availeth it, if they have kept the Fast without having performed good works: should any one say to thee, 'I have fasted forty days,' reply: 'I had an enemy, with whom I have reconciled myself; I had the bad habit of speaking ill of others, and this I have laid aside; I was wont to swear, and have forsaken this wicked custom.'—*Hom. V. to People of Antioch.*

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#### ALMSDEEDS.

[We have already seen, that, from the eloquence with which he advocated the cause of the poor, and from that more effective eloquence—his own example, St. Chrysostom obtained the appellation of "John of Almsdeeds,"—a more touching claim to our admiration than even that of "John of the Golden Month."]

It is not without reason, that I insist as I do on the performance of this duty. I know that many are in the habit, before they will acquit themselves of it, of satisfying their curiosity with respect to those who come to them to crave assistance; they must know all about their country, their way of life, their morals, their business, whether they are strong or weak. They might be excused if they confined themselves to these general inquiries—but they go further, —they accuse, they condemn without hearing; and it is this which obliges these poor creatures to employ all the artifices imaginable to endeavour to get

the better of this hard-heartedness in their regard. Were it only in the season for labour that we permitted ourselves to act in this manner, it might perhaps be endured ; but at the present time, when they have to struggle with every privation, without any means of procuring work, to appear to them only in the light of severe unpitying judges, is a rigour without excuse, and the excess of inhumanity. We reproach the poor with doing nothing ; merciless on this point with respect to them, we are indulgent towards ourselves on things far more criminal than all their idleness.

The poor man who solicits your charity, has left his lonely roof, as soon as the shades of night gave him a hope that he might not be known, to beg from door to door, for the means of supporting his miserable existence. Trembling and fearful he dares scarcely trust himself to the obscurity around. He relinquishes sleep—how indeed can he hope to taste the comfort of it, when the hunger which preys upon him chases it from his eyes ! No matter whether the rain wets him through, or the cold freezes him, he must still wander on, and watch and beg ; whilst you, just stepping out of your bath, luxuriously attired, without uneasiness for the morrow, without thinking any more of the day that has imperceptibly come to its close, your imagination nursing the most agreeable dreams,—you are going to sit down to a table where opulence and refinement dispute the palm of taste. Let the poor man come up to you at this moment ; let him extend his suppliant hands towards you ; see his humble posture, almost bowed to the earth, pinched with cold and hunger alike—he craves a morsel of bread : do you give it him ? No ; all he will take away with

him from your door will be a humiliating refusal, pronounced in the most insulting manner. No ; he is reduced to return as he set out, with empty hands ; vainly imploring the compassion of those whom he may meet in the streets, and arriving once more, through the mud and in darkness, at the dismal dwelling whence he set out, and where he finds neither fire to warm him, nor food to keep him from fainting with inanition. It is to you, my brethren, that I recommend this unfortunate. When you return to your own homes, where the streaming light of your flambeaux supplies the absence of the day, where sumptuous tables and voluptuous beds are waiting for you, think of this poor man, left to a neglect you would not suffer your domestic animals to endure, with nothing to lie upon but a little straw, devoured with hunger, congealed with cold. You, if a few drops of water chance to pierce your walls, cry out as if it were a deluge, and set all your servants in motion to dry it up again ; whilst this poor creature, stretched on his truckle bed, has nothing to defend him from all the inclemencies which overwhelm him at once. Could you see his misery without being moved ? Would you have the heart of a tiger ?

Nor is it enough to be liberal—you must be merciful also. Mercy is more acceptable to God than all sacrifices. It is the virtue that he loves the best. Of all the qualities of man, it is that which most surely wins him the suffrages of his fellow-creatures. How indeed can we do without it for ourselves !—Have we not need of all the mercy of our God ?—Let us then begin by showing it to others : but what do I say ? begin !—can we ever do a deed of mercy, in which we have not already been anticipated by

the example of our Lord? Let us then at least have the merit of following it; let us imitate the prophet—he says, “I am like a green olive tree in the house of God.” Let this be our model. Let the sweet unction of mercy diffuse itself around us.—There are charitable Christians, who nevertheless are so drily and rigidly—barren fig-trees, whereon there are leaves and no fruit. There are also those whose souls are narrow, who are charitable by fits; who will give once or twice, and no more; but let us resemble the olive—let us bring forth fruits, and abundant fruits; the fruits of peace and mercy.

“Were any one to set before us a thousand hells, they would not be so dreadful, as to fall from that blessed glory, to be hated by Christ, to hear from him: ‘I know you not,’ to be accused of seeing him an hungered, and of giving him no meat. For it were better to be overwhelmed by a thousand thunder-bolts, than to behold that meek countenance averted from us, his placid eye not bearing to look upon us.—*Hom. xi 33.*

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#### FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

To prove that the Christian is bound to reconcile himself with every one, he cites the words of Christ: ‘Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.’ And in allusion to an ancient custom, immediately before the celebration of the Holy Communion, according

to which a deacon with a loud voice cried out in the assembly: *Μη τις κατα τινος*—hath any one aught against another? and all were enjoined to impart to each other the kiss of Christian fraternity; he complained, that, although the remembrance of this divine command was retained among the forms of Christian worship, the charity and love, signified by the ceremony, were little practised in real life: “We retain the symbol, but its spirit we have lost. We impart to each other the fraternal kiss, when the holy supper is distributed, but the greater number perform it with their lips alone. That is not what the Lord willeth. We should give to our neighbour the fraternal kiss, the only true one, which cometh from the heart. The former is an exhibition and a mockery, by which we incense, rather than conciliate, God. God demandeth of us a pure and deeply-rooted love; not that, of which we carry about with us much outward show, and whose real spirit we have lost.” He observes, how destructive vanity is, even to things in themselves good; how it blends itself with prayer, fasting, and alms, which then cease to be acceptable to God. He adverts particularly to the sin of pronouncing a severe and uncalled-for judgment upon others: “Towards the sin of others, we appear, as severe judges, while to our own ‘beams’ we are blind. Our whole life is consumed in interfering with the concerns of others, and condemning their actions, and there is scarcely a layman or a monk free from this sin, although a heavy punishment is denounced against it; for the Lord saith: ‘With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.’”

## PRAYER.

It is inconceivable that a man, who prayeth with becoming zeal, and constantly calleth upon God, should ever sin; for he who hath warmed his heart, hath raised and transported his soul to heaven, hath invoked his Lord, and, mindful of his sins, holden converse with him concerning their forgiveness, beseeching him to be reconciled and merciful, after such holy exercises layeth aside every worldly thought, soareth as it were on wings, and is raised above human passions! And should he after prayer behold an enemy, he no longer regardeth him as such,—or a fair woman, he is unmoved by her beauty; for the fire which is kindled by prayer, abideth within him, and expelleth every wanton thought. But since, being men, we easily relapse into supineness, shouldest thou, when one, two, or three hours have elapsed after prayer, perceive thy former fervour gradually ebbing, betake thyself quickly again to prayer, and warm thy cooled heart. And if thou act thus throughout the day, maintaining the warmth of thy devotion during intervals by the frequency of thy prayer, thou wilt afford the devil no opportunity,—no entrance to thy thoughts." He then combatted the illusion, that prayer could only be offered up in a consecrated place: "Let us not allege, as an excuse, that no house of prayer is near; since, if we be watchful, the grace of the Spirit hath made ourselves to be the temples of God. For our worship is not such as existed formerly among the Jews, having many outward ceremonies,

and requiring much performance. The Jew, when about to pray, needed to go up into the temple to buy a dove, to take in his hands wood and fire, to lay hold of a knife and stand near the altar, and to perform many other ordinances. But with us no such things are required. Wherever thou art, thou bearest with thee, altar, knife, and victim,—being thyself priest, altar, and sacrifice. Wherever thou art, thou mayest erect an altar, if only thou manifest a sober will. The place shall be no hindrance, the time no obstacle; and though thou bend not thy knees, nor beat thy breast, nor raise thine hands to heaven, but only discover a warm heart, thy prayer shall be deficient in nought. The matron, holding in her hand the distaff, and weaving the web, may look upwards in her soul to heaven, and fervently call upon God. One man may betake himself to the forum, and, as he wendeth thither alone, may offer up an earnest prayer. Another, while he sitteth in his workshop and seweth skins together, may dedicate his soul to the Lord. A servant, when buying provisions, when running up and down, or assisting in the kitchen, being prevented going to church, may offer up an ardent and awakened prayer. God is not ashamed of the place. He only requireth a warm heart, and a wakeful soul. And that ye may know, that neither external forms, nor place, nor seasons are required, but only an upright and watchful soul,—Paul when lying in prison with his face upwards, not standing erect,—for the stocks, to which his feet were bound, prevented him,—but stretched upon the ground, having prayed with fervour, shook the prison, moved the foundations, and frightened the keeper, who was straightway baptized. Again, Hezekiah, neither upon bended knees nor

standing upright, but lying upon a bed, on account of sickness, with his face upward, having turned himself to the wall, and prayed with an ardent and sober mind, caused God to recall the sentence, which had been spoken against him, drew unto himself great favour, and was restored to his former health.

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#### FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

[St. Chrysostom was aware that attendance at the services of the Church will frequently degenerate into mere routine; that persons coming there with a worldly spirit, will go forth as little spiritualized as when they entered the House of Prayer, and as little capable of promoting the cause of piety in their own household. He felt that the cause of vital Christianity would be little promoted, did not its spirit penetrate into the bosom of families, and extend its hallowed influence over the daily and hourly lives and conversation of the inmates. He thus appeals to his congregation to aid their spiritual pastors, by co-operating with them in their labours for the salvation of souls.]

Now that ye know the greatness of our labour, assist us with your prayers, your zeal, your earnest desire, your love. Laymen and ministers, let us imitate pastors, such as were Paul, Peter, and Moses; for each member of the community may become a pastor to his household, to his friends, to his servants, to his wife, and to his children. Therefore, let no one say, I am a layman, I have no ministry to perform. Though a layman, with one talent only



entrusted to thy charge, labor with the entrusted talent, and thou shalt receive an equal reward with the appointed teacher." He frequently exhorted them to practise family devotion: "Let us, my beloved," he said, "keep all these things in our minds; and when we return home, let us make ready a twofold table, for bodily as well as spiritual food. Let the husband repeat to his wife the things which have been spoken in the church; let the wife learn, let the children attend, and let not the servants be forbidden from listening. Make thine house to be a church; for thou wilt have to answer for the salvation of thy children and thy servants.—As we have an account to render up of you, so will each of you have an account to render up of your servants, wife, and children."

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#### ON IDLE WORDS AND RIDICULE.

'Put away foolish talking, and scurrility, which are not becoming; but rather the giving of thanks.'—EPIHS. V. 4.

Let there be no idle words among ye, for from idle words we fall into idle deeds. The present is no season of loose merriment and scurrility, but of gravity, mourning, and tribulation; and dost thou play the idler and the buffoon? Does the combatant when he enters the arena, forget that he has to struggle with his adversary, and begin to utter pleasantries? The Enemy of man is standing hard by, and scheming against thy salvation, and wilt thou instead of counteracting his wiles, talk folly and utter things not becoming the time? And then for-

sooth, full nobly wilt thou be able to survive the contest! Are we in sport, beloved? Wouldst thou know the life of the saints? Listen to what St. Paul saith: 'For the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one of you night and day, with tears.' Now if so great was the apostle's zeal in behalf of them of Miletus and Ephesus, not making pleasant speeches, but introducing his warning with tears, what should one say of the rest? Listen to what he says elsewhere, desiring every day, if we may so say it, to depart out of the world: 'For we that are in this tabernacle do groan:' and art thou laughing and jesting? The trumpet of battle has sounded, and art thou handling the viol of the dance? Do but look at the countenances of men in battle, their dark and contracted mien, their brow terrible and full of awe. Mark the stern eye, the heart eager and beating and throbbing, the spirit collected and trembling and intensely anxious. All is good order, all is good discipline, all is silence in the camp. They speak not,—I do not say an impertinent word: they utter not a single sound. Now, if they who have visible enemies, and who are not injured by words, observe so great a silence, dost thou who hast thy warfare in words, dost thou leave this weak side of thine naked and exposed? Dost thou not know that it is here we are most beset with snares? Art thou amusing thyself, and uttering pleasantries, and raising a laugh, and regarding the matter as the merest nothing? How many evils have arisen from mirth and scurrility? Hear what Christ says: 'The world shall rejoice, but ye shall be sorrowful.' It is a time of solemn thought, of warfare, and watch, and guard, of arms and arraying for the combat. Laughing can have no place here. Christ

was crucified for thy sins ; and dost thou laugh ? He was buffeted, and endured great sufferings to heal thy wounds. And dost thou play the reveller ? It is well for the soul that is staid and sober, not to fall a prey to the Enemy, who is ever in ambush to betray ; but for the vain and the thoughtless and the dissolute, who shall preserve them from his snares ?

Far, then, be it from the Christian to play the buffoon. Farther, the man who will have his jest, must of necessity incur the hatred of the objects of his random ridicule, whether present to hear it, or absent to hear of it. Thy tongue was a member given thee, not to ridicule another, but to give thanks to God. Banish from your minds, I entreat you, this graceless accomplishment. It is the business of the mountebank and the parasite ; far be it from every generous and high-born soul. To many it may appear a grace ; to me nothing appears more graceless. Let us banish ridicule and buffoonery from our tables. There are some who teach it even to the poor, O monstrous ! to make men in affliction play the jester. Why, where shall this pest be found next ? Already has it found its way into the Church itself. Already has it laid hold on the very Scriptures. Need I say anything more to prove the enormity of the evil ? I am ashamed, but nevertheless I will speak out ; for I am desirous to show to what an extent the mischief has been carried, that I may not appear to be trifling, or to be discoursing on some idle subject. My object is to withdraw you from this delusion. Nor let any one think I am fabricating something for the occasion ; I will tell you what my own ears have heard. A certain person happened to be in company with one of those who pride themselves highly on their

knowledge:—now, I know I shall raise a smile, but however, say it I will, that when the verse was read ‘Take and eat,’ added ‘Lest ye be hungry;’ and again, ‘Woe unto thee, Mammon,—‘and to him that hath thee not.’ Now what are these but the expressions of one destitute of reverence?

Wherefore, I entreat you, let us banish the practice universally, and speak only things that are becoming. ‘For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, or what communion hath light with darkness? (2 Cor. vi. 14.) Happy will it be for us, if we have kept ourselves aloof from such enormities; for the man who will play the jester, will soon go on to be a railer, and the railer will go on to heap ten thousand other mischiefs on himself. When shall we have disciplined those two faculties of the soul, desire and anger, and have put them like well-broken horses under the yoke of reason? To this God grant that we may all attain, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom, together with the Holy Spirit, be unto the Father, glory, might, and honour, now, and for evermore. Amen.

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 CHRISTMAS.

[Among other evidences of St. Chrysostom’s zeal were his successful endeavours in promoting the general celebration of the festival of Christmas, lately introduced into the Church of Antioch [in 376.] At the same period of the year, when, under various symbols, whose concealed sense a few only penetrated, the heathen celebrated the remembrance of their golden age; the festival of

Christmas announced the true golden age, the reconciliation of God with man, and opposed to the licentious rejoicings of the heathen, the holy joy attendant upon a renewed state of innocence, of pardon and regeneration through Christ.]

The festival approacheth, the most to be revered, the most awful, and which we might justly term the centre of all festivals,—that of the birth and manifestation of Christ in the flesh. Hence the festivals of Epiphany, of holy Easter, of Ascension, and of Pentecost, derive their origin and signification. Had Christ not been born a man, he would not have been baptized, and we should not have observed the festival of Epiphany; he would not have been crucified, and we should not have solemnized the festival of Easter; he would not have sent down the Holy Ghost, and we should not have celebrated the day of Pentecost. Therefore from this one festival all other festivals arise, as various streams flow from the same fountain. But not from this reason alone, should this day be pre-eminent, but because the event, which occurred upon it, was of all events the most stupendous. For that Christ should die, was the natural consequence of his having become man; because although he had committed no sin, he had assumed a mortal body. But that being God, he should have condescended to become man, and should have endured to humble himself to a degree surpassing human understanding, is of all miracles the most awful and astonishing. It was at this, that Paul wondered and exclaimed: ‘Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness!’ What did he say was great? ‘that God was manifest in the flesh.’ And again: ‘Verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of

Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behooveth him to be made like unto his brethren.' Therefore I love and honor this day beyond all others, and I hold up this my love in the midst of you, that ye may likewise become participators in it. Therefore I beseech you on this day to leave your houses with zeal and alacrity, and to be here present, that we may together behold our Lord wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in the manger. For what excuse, what pardon can there be for us, if we will not so much as come hither from our houses to seek Him, who for our sakes descended from heaven? The Magi, although they were strangers and barbarians, hastened from Persia, that they might behold the Saviour lying in the manger; and shall not we, who are Christians, endure to measure so short a distance for the enjoyment of this blessed sight? For if we approach with faith we shall surely behold him lying in a manger. His holy table will supply the place of a manger. For there will be spread the body of our Lord, not wrapped in swaddling clothes as then, but on all sides surrounded by his Holy Spirit. Approach then, and make the offering of thy gifts, not such as were presented by the Magi, but gifts infinitely more precious. They brought gold; do thou bring temperance and virtue: they offered frankincense; do thou offer the prayer of a pure heart, which is spiritual frankincense: they presented myrrh; do thou present humility, meekness, and charity. If thou draw near with these gifts, thou mayest with much confidence partake of the Holy Supper.—*Hom. VI., De beato Philogon.*

## ON RURAL CHURCHES AND PASTORS.

[The zeal of St. Chrysostom was not restricted to the imperial city; it extended also to the country churches and pastors of his Diocese. We have a beautiful exhortation of his to the landed proprietors, calling upon them to appoint spiritual pastors, and found churches upon their estates.]

We ought to undertake journeys as the apostles did; but wherefore do I speak of journeys? Many have villages and lands, and take no care of them. They are eager to erect baths, to increase their rents, to construct courts and dwellings, but take no care that the souls of their dependants should be improved. Ought not each believer to build a church, to appoint a teacher, to work together with him, and before every other thing, to see that all are Christians? Tell me, how is the peasant to become a Christian, if he see you thus neglectful of his salvation? ye can work no miracle and thereby convert him. Work for his conversion with the means in your power, by humanity, by your protection, by mildness, by soothing, and by all such things. Most men build market-places and baths, but no one buildeth churches,—anything rather than a church. Therefore I exhort you, beseech you, I ask you as a favor, nay, I prescribe it to you as a law, that no land-owner be without a church. Tell me not, that there is a church in the neighborhood, that the erection of a new one will cost much, and that your income is small. If ye have aught to spend on the

poor, employ it in the erection of a church. It is better employed in the latter than in the former purpose. As when ye marry wives, or portion daughters, so be ye affected towards the Church. Give her a dower; so shall your estate be filled with blessings. Tell me, is it a little thing that your wine-presses be blest,—a little thing that God receive the first fruits of your land? \* The laborers till your ground; do ye till their souls. They bring to you the fruits of the earth; do ye guide them to heaven. He, who maketh the beginning, is the cause of all that followeth. Ye will then be the cause of your own peasantry and those of the neighborhood being instructed in Christianity. The baths render the laborers effeminate, the taverns lead them into excess; yet ye erect such places for the sake of vanity. The markets and the fairs render them bold and rude. Here, however, all is different. How glorious a sight to behold the Pastor approach, after the manner of Abraham, his hairs grey, his loins girded, digging the ground and working with his own hands! What land so beautiful as his! Debauchery and drunkenness are banished thence,—vanity quenched. Benevolence shineth forth the brighter, on account of the simplicity by

\* The first fruits of the corn and grapes, or of the wine, were usually presented at the altar, as marks of gratitude for all the gifts of nature, and as proofs that the donors were ready to offer every thing they possessed to the service of God. Out of these gifts the elements for the Holy Sacrifice were taken. We find in Chrysostom, in a discourse held on the Festival of the Ascension, mention made of the custom of sending to the Church a bundle of ears of corn, and a blessing having been pronounced over them, the whole field was considered to be blessed.—*Savil. Tom. V. f. 597.*



which it is surrounded. How sweet it is to betread the house of God, when we know that we ourselves have built it, to lay down upon our beds, and after the refreshment of our bodies, to take a part in the Evening and Morning Hymns,\* to have the priest a guest at our table, to go about and converse with him, to receive his blessing, and to see others resort hither from the neighboring villages. Let such be the walls and defence of your field. Let it smell as a 'field, which the Lord hath blessed.' If the country be so beautiful on account of its repose, and freedom from care, what will it not be when a Church shall be added thereunto? The land which hath a Church is like unto the Paradise of God. There is neither noise, nor discord, nor strife, nor heresies. We behold all living in friendship one with another, and joined together by the same faith. Such rest leadeth you to wisdom, and when ye are thus prepared by meditation, the Priest will easily heal you. For, the things which we say here, are driven from your minds by the noise of the Forum; but the things, which ye hear there, will remain fixed in your souls. By means of a Pastor ye will become quite different beings in the country. He will watch over the laborers by his presence and by his influence. And say, what will be the expense? Raise at first a small house for a Church. Your successor will build a Porch, the succeeding owner will add something else, and the whole will be ascribed to you. Exhort one another, and contend

\* In the morning was sung Psalm LXIII.: "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee." And in the evening, Psalm CXLI.: "Lord, I call upon thee, haste thee unto me."

together to this end. Now indeed ye erect buildings, where ye may keep your straw, corn, and all such things; but ye care not, whether there be a place wherein the fruits of souls may be gathered. Your people must go many miles to reach a Church. How good a thing it is, for the Priest in all stillness daily to enter the Church, draw near to God, and pray for the whole village and its possessor! Is it a little thing, that *thy name is always mentioned in the Church-Prayer at the celebration of the Holy Supper?* not to speak of the gain thou derivest hence in all other matters! Can there be a greater gain than to gather souls into the granary of heaven? Alas, that ye know not how great a thing it is to win souls! Hear what Christ saith to Peter; 'If thou love me, feed my lambs.' If God did not hold the salvation of one soul so precious, the ruin of one would not so greatly have excited his wrath. Knowing then these things, let us begin this spiritual work. Let any one call upon me, and we will together use our utmost exertion. If there be three owners to one estate, let them contribute jointly. If there be only one, let him persuade his neighbors to assist.—*Hom. XVIII. on Acts. Apost.*

## THE EUNOMIANS.

## ST. CHRYSOSTOM'S CONDUCT TOWARDS THEM.

[We would beg leave to invite the attention of those who are fond,—too fond, perhaps, of high-seasoned controversy, to the conduct of St. Chrysostom to the Eunomians, as thus described by himself, in his Homily “On the Incomprehensible.”]

The Eunomians were a sect transplanted to Antioch at an early period. They combatted the doctrine of the true Divinity of Christ, denying that the Son was of the same substance with the Father.

Soon after he had entered upon his ministry, St. Chrysostom felt himself compelled to defend in his discourses this important doctrine against the objections disseminated by members of this sect among his congregation. But for some time he purposely refrained from attacking them, because he observed, that many of their party frequented the church for the sake of hearing him, and he was desirous not to scare them away, trusting, that, if he could obtain their confidence, his instruction might win a more easy access to their hearts. He was successful in the attainment of his object, being in the first years of his ministry called upon by the sectarians themselves to state the opinions he held in opposition to their tenets. We learn this fact from his own words given in the first of a series of sermons, which he preached upon this subject.]

[I have long since purposed to speak to you these words, but I forbore and deferred, because I beheld

many who are tainted with this heresy lend us a willing ear; and being unwilling to scare away those, whom I hoped to gain, I withheld my tongue from these disputations for a season, that when I had a sure hold over their minds, I might engage in the strife. But since, by the grace of God, I have heard themselves summon me to the lists, I have at length with boldness stripped me for the fight, and I have seized those arms, which enlighten the understanding, and abase every high thought, which is lifted up against the knowledge of God. I have seized these weapons, not to strike down our adversaries, but to raise the fallen. For such is their power, that while they smite those, who delight in strife, they heal with great love those, who hearken with singleness of heart: they give not wounds, but they cure them. Let us not then rage against the heretics, nor furiously assail them, but let us reason with them in gentleness. No arms are mightier, than are gentleness and love. Wherefore Paul commanded us to observe these things with all diligence, saying: 'The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men.' He saith not only unto the brethren, but unto all men. And again: 'Let your moderation be known,' not unto the brethren, but 'unto all men.' 'For if ye love them, which love you, what reward have ye?' If their friendship be hurtful to you, and if they allure you to a communion with iniquity, depart from them, although they were your parents; for it is written: 'if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out;' but if they shake not your faith, strive to draw them over unto us. If, on the other hand, ye cannot help them, but they harm you, avoid communication with them, shun them only; strive not, war not against them. Thus likewise Paul exhort-

eth us : ' If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.' Ye are the servants of the God of Peace. When he cast out the evil spirits, and performed countless good offices for man, they said unto him : ' thou hast a devil.' He hurled not his lightning down upon them ; he crushed not the blasphemers ; he consumed not with fire their shameless and unthankful tongues, and yet all those things he had the power to do ; but he repelled the accusation with these words alone : ' I have not a devil, but I honour my Father.' And when the servant of the high priest struck him, what spake he ? ' If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil : but if well, why smitest thou me ?' If then the Lord of angels justify himself and render an account to a servant, what need have we of further speech ? Only turn these words over in your mind, heed them without ceasing, and say : ' If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil, but if well, why smitest thou me ?' and think who it was who spoke these words, to whom and wherefore they were spoken, and they will be to thee as some heavenly and never ending strain, able to calm every passion of thy soul. Consider the glory of Him, who was blasphemed, the meanness of the blasphemer, the greatness of the blasphemy, yet He endured all these things, that from the riches of his example, ye might learn to be wise. Let us not only ponder these sayings here, but let us be mindful of them in their due season.

[In another of his Homilies, he exhorts Christians to observe gentleness and charity towards the heathen, and he earnestly warns them against indulgence in indiscreet warmth, by which zeal, originally pure, is too easily corrupted, and instead of a

means of good, is perverted into a source of incalculable evil.]

Let us, then, be affectionate towards the heathen, and gain their good-will; and in this we shall succeed, if we not only refrain from doing them an injury, but be even ready to suffer wrong from them. As fathers converse with their children, so let us converse with the heathen. Know this that he who loveth can never hate, be circumstances what they may; for love is his most precious possession. How then, say ye, if they be enemies or heathen, shall we not hate them? Hate not them, but hate their doctrines;—not the man but his evil works, and the corruption of his mind. For man is the work of God; but error is the work of Satan. Mingle not, therefore, the works of God with the works of Satan. Tell me, if ye hate the erring man, how can ye convert him? How can ye pray for the unbeliever? For that it is needful to pray for him, we are taught by the words of Paul, who saith: ‘I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men;’ but that all men were not at that period believers must be clear to every one. Again, he saith: ‘for kings and for all that are in authority;’ but that these were idolaters and unbelievers is also manifest. Paul then mentioneth the cause of the prayer and subjoineth: ‘for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.’ If we hate idolaters and unbelievers, we shall go further, and likewise hate sinners, and thus we shall become separated from the greater part, or rather from all of our brethren; for there is none, no not one, without sin. . . . See

ye not, then, that he hath enjoined us to hate the evil deed, but not the doer? For it is the work of Satan to separate us from each other; and he is ever zealous to destroy love, that he may cut off the erring man from the way of amendment; that he may detain him in his error, and thyself in enmity towards him; and, finally, that he may shut him out from the path of salvation. If the physician hate the sick man, and fly from him; and if the sick man turn away from the physician, when will the sick man be whole? Wherefore, tell me, do ye turn away, and fly, from him? Because he is ungodly? On that very account, ye should draw near, and seek to heal him; that the sick man may be restored to health. . . . Be not therefore weary. For if, notwithstanding great zeal on your part, ye free him not from his impiety, God will still reward you, as though ye had delivered him; ye will call forth from the heathen admiration of your charity; and thus will all things fall out to the glory of God. For though ye should work miracles: raise the dead; or do aught besides; the heathen will never so greatly admire you, as when they shall behold you meek and gentle, and find in you a heart rich in love. Thereby shall your labors have much success; for nought attracteth so greatly as love. On account of your miracles, they will envy you; on account of your love, they will love and admire you: but loving you, they will go farther, and receive the truth. If the heathen become not a believer instantly, be not astonished, nor in haste. Seek not all things at once. Suffer him awhile to praise you, —love you;—and in this way, by degrees, he will be in the end converted. And, that this may be made manifest to you, hear how Paul defended

himself before an unbelieving judge: 'I think myself happy, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee.' He said not this to flatter him,—that was far from his intention; but because he would gain him by gentleness; and in part he gained him; and he, who, till then, was deemed a criminal, made captive the judge, who himself confessed the victory with a loud voice, saying: 'almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' What then did Paul? He spread out his net wider, and said: 'I would, that not only thou, but also all, that hear me, were such as I am, except these bonds.' . . . We must, therefore, lower ourselves to men's understanding. Thus did he proceed step by step. No one, who leadeth another to an imperial palace, would urge him to look into its interior, while he stood without, and before he had surveyed the court of entrance. The stranger would not deem it worthy of his admiration, if he entered not into the interior of the palace, and inspected not everything. In like manner, let us treat the heathen with condescension and with love. For love is the great instructress; she has power to free men from error; to form their minds; to take them by the hand, and lead them on to wisdom; yea, out of stones to make men. Would ye know her power? Bring me a man cowardly, terrified at a noise, and trembling at a shadow; let him be violent and rude,—more brute than man,—wanton and lustful,—deliver him into the hands of love; lead him into her school; and ye shall soon behold the coward transformed into a man of high spirit, and a fearless heart. Call not the Gentile fool without a cause, nor revile him. Should he question you concerning his religion, answer him, that it is a wicked and impious religion.



But should no one question you, nor compel you to speak, it were foolish wantonly to draw down enmity upon yourselves. Again, if ye instruct any one concerning your faith, say what the subject requireth, and no more. If a heathen seek you, and becometh your friend, discourse not with him concerning your religion, until his friendship for you be confirmed; and then, do it with gentleness. . . . If we dispute with the Gentiles, let us silence them without anger, without harshness. For if we dispute with anger, we seem no longer to have confidence, but to be led by passion; but if we do so with gentleness, we manifest a true confidence.—Where anger is, the Holy Spirit dwelleth not.—*Hom. xxiii. on 1 Cor.*

But some will say: We ought to bring more in, even against their will. Away with the idea! Christ did not use violence, nor compel men to come; for who that bid to honours, and crowns, and banquets, and festivals, drag people unwilling and bound? No one. For this is the part of one inflicting an insult. To the place of punishment He sends men against their will, but to his kingdom He calls willing minds. To the fire He brings men bound and bemoaning themselves: to the endless store of blessings, not so. Else it would be a reproach to the very blessings themselves, if their nature be not such as that men should run to them of their own accord, and count it a great favour.—*Hom. ii. Corinth.*

## RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES.

Long before sunrise the Religious leave their pallets of straw; they arise healthy, vigilant, and sober, and uniting themselves in a quire, they sing with joyful countenance and conscience, as out of one mouth, a hymn to the praise of God, thanking him for the good which he hath granted them in common, and for that which he hath bestowed upon each individual. They then on bended knees implore that God, whose praise they have sung, for things understood by few, for they seek not the things of this world, they offer up but one petition—that they may be able to stand with confidence before that dreadful tribunal, when the only Son of God shall come to judge the living and the dead; that they may never hear those dreadful words, ‘I know you not;’ and that with a pure conscience and many good works, they may pass through this troublous life. Their father and director beginneth the prayer. This devotion fulfilled, with the rising sun each proceedeth to his work, by which they earn much to distribute among the poor.” And again he says: “After they have sung the morning hymn, and concluded the morning prayer, they read the Holy Scriptures. For the third hour, (9 A. M.) the sixth, (midday,) the ninth, (3 P. M.) and the evening,—for these four portions of the day, various prayers and hymns are appointed. When they have finished their daily work, they seat themselves at table, and truly they have not many dishes; some eat only

bread and salt, others take oil besides, the weaker add herbs and vegetables. Having closed their meal with hymns, they lay themselves down upon straw. No complaints are heard among them : they accompany the departed with songs. They call this an attendance, not a burial. They say not : ‘ he is dead : ’ but : ‘ he is perfected. ’ They all then thank God, and each man prayeth for such an end, thus to have come through the struggle of life, thus to have reposed from strife and toil, thus to have attained to the beholding of Christ. Should one of them become sick, there followeth not lamentation, but prayer. Not the hand of the physician, but faith alone hath oftentimes healed the sick. But should any one need a physician, neither skill nor patience will be found wanting. The soul of the sick man, free from all earthly cares, dwelleth unto his latest breath upon one thing alone, that he may leave this world, having found favor in the sight of God. ” He introduces the following prayer, which they offered up after a repast. “ Blessed God, who hast nourished us from our youth up, and givest food to all flesh, fill our hearts with joy and gladness, in that having always a sufficiency, we may abound in every good work, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be glory, honour, and power, for ever and ever. Amen. Glory be to thee, O Lord ; glory be to thee, O Holy One ; glory be to thee, O King, for having rejoiced us with food. Fill us with the Holy Spirit, that we may be found well pleasing in thy sight, and not ashamed, when thou shalt reward each man according to his works.—In another place he says :

Let us strip ourselves of our riches, that we may not be stripped of our righteousness. Let us ‘ put

on the new man.' Let us keep nothing old, nothing outward, nothing that can corrupt. Virtue is not toilsome, she is not difficult to attain. Dost thou not see them that are in the mountains? They forsake both house, and family, and preeminence, and shut themselves from the world, clothe themselves in sackcloth, strew ashes beneath them, and pen themselves up in a narrow cell. Did I enjoin you to do the like, would ye not start away? Would ye not say it was more than you could bear? But no; I say not that we must needs do any thing like this:—I would fain indeed it were so, but still I lay down no law.

Tell me not that those of whom I spoke were strong; for many far weaker, and richer, and more luxurious than thou art, have taken upon them that austere and rugged life. And why speak I of men? Damsels not yet twenty, who have spent their whole time in inner chambers, full of sweet ointments and perfumes, reclining on soft tapestry, themselves soft in their nature, and rendered yet more tender by over indulgence; who, all the day long, have had no other business than to adorn themselves, to wear jewels, and to enjoy every luxury; who never waited on themselves, but had numerous handmaids to stand beside them, who wore soft raiment, and revelled continually in roses. Yet, these, seized in a moment with the love for a heavenly spouse, have put off that indolence and pride—have forgotten their delicateness and youth, and like so many noble wrestlers, have divested themselves of their soft clothing, and rushed into the midst of the arena.—Perhaps I shall appear to be saying things incredible, yet nevertheless they are true. These then, these very tender damsels, have brought themselves

to such hardness of living, that they will wrap the coarsest hair-cloth about their bodies, will go with their tender feet unsandaled, and will lie upon a bed of rushes. Nay more, they will watch the greater part of the night, take no heed of perfumes, nor any other of their old delights, but will even let their hair, once so carefully dressed, go dishevelled, with their tresses plainly and carelessly bound up, so as not to fall into unseemliness. Their only meal is in the evening, a meal not even of herbs or bread, but of flour, and beans, and vetches, and olives, and figs. They spin without intermission, and labour far harder than their handmaids at home. What more? They will take upon them to wait upon women who are sick, carrying their beds, and washing their feet. Nay, many of them even prepare and dress the food. So great is the power of the love of Christ; so far does their zeal surpass their very nature.\* But do I demand any thing like this of you? No, forsooth; seeing that ye are well content to be outstripped by women! Yet, at least, if there be any tasks not too laborious, at least perform them; restrain the rude hand and the incontinent eye. What is there, tell me, so hard, what so difficult? Is the struggle here spoken of too great, and the rock too lofty, and its top too nigh unto heaven, and art thou unable to attain to such a height? At least then lay hold on less things, and aim at those which are lower. Hast thou not

\* We here see that, so far back as the days of Chrysostom, the good Sisters of Charity had a prototype; and surely their ministration in the midst of disease and death, is the most perfect representation of the days of primitive piety, described in the text.

courage to disencumber thyself of thy riches? At least forbear to seize on the things of others, and to do them wrong. Art thou unable to fast? At least then give not thyself up to self-indulgence.— Art thou unable to lie upon a bed of rushes? Still, prepare not couches inlaid with silver; but use a couch and coverings formed not for display, but for refreshment; not couches of ivory, but a bed for needful rest. Make thyself small. Why fill thy little bark with an overwhelming cargo? Be lightly equipped, and thou shalt have nothing to fear, no envy, no robbers, nor them that lie in ambush. For, in truth, thou art not so rich in money as thou art in cares. Thou aboundest not so much in possessions, as in anxieties and perils. I say not to thee, minister unto the sick; yet, at least, see that others do so. And is it then so toilsome a task? Yea, forsooth, some tender damsels can perform it, leaving us at so vast a distance behind them. I ask you, have we not reason to be ashamed of ourselves? In worldly matters we should blush to acknowledge them our equals; but as competitors in spiritual things they have the full advantage over us.

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#### THE SOLITARIES OF EGYPT.

Transport yourselves in imagination into Egypt; you will see there a new paradise, more brilliant than the richest gardens; innumerable troops of angels in human form; entire nations of martyrs and virgins; the tyranny of Satan overturned, and the kingdom of Jesus Christ every where flourishing. You will see that country, the ancient cradle

of the arts, sciences, and philosophy, formerly so proud of the superstitions it disseminated through the world, now proud only of being the faithful disciple of a few fishermen; renouncing all the false wisdom of the philosophers, to acknowledge no other than that preached by a publican or a tent-maker, and resting all its glory on the cross of Christ Jesus here displayed in triumph to all eyes. It is not only in cities that we are called upon to admire so astonishing a revolution; if we go to the deserts, a still more wonderful spectacle will be offered to our eyes. This vast country is no longer any thing but an immense camp, where soldiers exercise themselves under the banner of Jesus Christ, in all the Christian virtues, and where they lead a life altogether celestial. There the weaker sex rival the most fervent solitaries in their virtues. A holy phalanx of pious Amazons, though not armed with bucklers and javelins, as formerly in the Greek republics, keep themselves continually on their guard to repulse the attacks of an enemy the most subtle and dangerous of any—an enemy who makes truce with no one, who spares neither age nor sex; and it is not rare there to see even women, superior in courage to the most robust men, carry off from the common enemy the most dazzling victories. The stars in the firmament are not so numerous as the solitaries in Egypt.

Compare the Egypt of former times, so estranged from God, so grossly plunged into the most extravagant superstitions, with what it is at the present moment, and fall at the feet of Jesus Christ, to acknowledge his power; there is now no other philosophy relished there, but that which treats of the things connected with the true religion; and the

inhabitants only speak of the gods their fathers worshipped, to deplore their errors, and express their abhorrence of the false science of the pretended philosophers who so long led them astray. Every where they render homage to the true wisdom our fishermen from Judea have introduced among them. The consequences of it are seen in the faith they profess ; and in proportion to the purity of their belief, their manners are innocent and uniform. They are not contented with renouncing earthly things, and being crucified to the world ; with them contemplation is not idleness ; they exercise their bodies during the practice of it, in laborious occupations, the produce of which, distributed by the hands of charity, contributes to the support of the poor.— Such is the employment they make of their time. In the night they watch, and sing praises to the Lord ; in the day they pray, and labour with their hands, after the example of the great apostle ; for if, indeed, a St. Paul, occupied as he was with the government of all the churches, could yet find time for manual labour, to which he consecrated the repose of the night, in order that he might have something wherewith to solace the miseries of the indigent, how much more are men, removed from the tumult and distraction of cities, called upon to occupy their leisure with every thing that may be useful, as well to others as to themselves. Such is the manner in which these virtuous solitaries argue. Let us apply the same reasoning to ourselves, whatever we may be, whether rich or poor ; let us imitate these men, who, having no other possession than their hands and arms, devote themselves to the service of the unfortunate. Let us blush at the contrast which such conduct offers to



us—we, who are wallowing in superfluities, and still are unwilling to make the smallest sacrifice for those who are in want of every thing. What excuse can we make for our hard-heartedness? what pardon can we hope to obtain? Yet these very men, who now lead such holy and industrious lives, were once exactly the same as we are now, given up to all sorts of intemperance, making a god of their belly; nevertheless they were converted, because they were willing to be so—and now, faithfully keeping ~~up~~ in their hearts the fire of divine love, and directing their sublime flight towards heaven, they are become angels upon the earth. . . .

At break of day, even before it has dawned, anticipating the orb of light, they are already on their feet. Their heads clear, and free from all outward anxieties, they commence every day with canticles and sacred hymns, which they sing together in praise of the Sovereign of the Universe, offering up to Him the homage of their gratitude, for all the favours universal and individual with which he loads the human race. More fortunate than even Adam himself in his terrestrial paradise, and comparable to the angels alone, they sing with them, ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men.’

When the sacred canticles are concluded, they bend themselves to the earth, they call upon the Lord, and pray to Him, not as worldly men pray, for the riches of this life, which they hold in contempt, but for the true riches, with which they will not be afraid to appear at the awful tribunal of the Sovereign Judge of the quick and the dead; imploring him that no one among them may ever hear the appalling words, “I know you not,” but that with

pure consciences, and in the performance of good works, they may safely accomplish their passage across the stormy ocean of this life. He who by his excellence takes the precedence among them, and whom they look up to as a father, directs these holy exercises, which are every day repeated. Their prayer finished, they each begin to occupy themselves, and the produce of their labour is given to the poor.

It is not only by the simplicity of their singing, and the fervour of their prayers, that they edify all who come to see them, but likewise by the ardour with which they are always found delivering themselves up to the study of the Holy Scriptures.— Apart from the places where they meet together, each one separately takes a book of the Sacred Writings, whether it may be Isaiah, or one of the Apostles, or any other;—sometimes meditating on the divine nature, sometimes on the wonders of creation: on what strikes our senses, or what escapes them; upon the fragility of this life, upon the hopes of that to come, and upon the happiness of the future. They feed on this spiritual nourishment, more strengthening to the soul than is the flesh of animals to the body; sweeter than honey, —a honey surpassingly fragrant, more excellent than that with which John the Baptist sustained himself in the desert. Like bees they hover over and rest upon the divine books, to extract from them the most precious treasures, those lively impressions which the Holy Spirit delights to shed abroad in their hearts, as in vessels prepared for their reception, and where they are changed and transformed into the essence of those who thus receive them.—  
*Homily on St. Matthew.*

St. Chrysostom gives us the following anecdotes: There was a young man, of distinguished family, whose father held a high military rank, and who, being destitute himself of any just views upon religion, and indifferent to the spiritual welfare of his son, was solely desirous of raising him to offices of distinction and honour. His mother, on the other hand, a zealous Christian, cared not for the worldly advancement of her son, and had set her heart upon educating him for a vocation heavenly and eternal. She believed that the most certain means of obtaining this object was to place him in a monastery; but she well knew, that this plan was opposed to the views of his father, and that if it came to his knowledge, he would use every exertion to frustrate her wishes. She therefore applied to a venerable monk, and confided to him the education of her son. The monk laid aside his habit, and assuming that of a pedagogue accompanied the youth to Antioch, where it had been decided that he was to pursue his studies, and by constant instruction he imparted to the young man's mind an earnest faith, which distinguished him above all his fellow students.

The children were sent to the monks from the cities to receive their blessings, and on these occasions their minds were strewed with the seeds of Christian truth, which took deep root. Thus Theodoret says of the monk Peter: "He often placed me on his knees, and fed me with bread and grapes; for my mother having had experience of his spiritual grace, sent me to him once every week to receive his blessing." In speaking of Macedonius he also says: "Often have I benefited by his blessing and instruction; often hath he said to me with much exhortation: 'My son, many a night, before

thou wert born, have I prayed to God, that thou mightest be granted unto thy parents. Repay my toil by a good life. Before thy birth thou wert dedicated by a vow to God ; but that which is dedicated to God must be honoured by all, and preserved from contact with uncleanness.

The monk Abraham, dwelling in the province of Cyrrestica, heard that a large village, upon Mount Lebanon, was still obscured by the night of heathenism. Accompanied by some of his brethren, he betook himself thither, disguised in the habit of a merchant. Under this character, he hired a house, and, after some days of repose, commenced with his companions the celebration of divine service.— Their spiritual songs betrayed them, and the heathens, both men and women, hastened to the spot ; barricaded the doors of the house ; and poured down upon them, from the uncovered roof, all kinds of refuse collected for the purpose. But as the monks remained unmoved, and continued in prayer, their rage at length abated. The inhabitants however required of them to leave the village without delay. At that very moment the imperial tax-gatherers arrived, who endeavoured to extort from the villagers the payment of duties, greatly beyond their means. Then Abraham, forgetful of the treatment he had received, and imitating our blessed Lord, who, when nailed to the cross, prayed for his persecutors, espoused their cause ; admonished the tax-gatherers to conduct themselves with moderation ; and promised to pay them a considerable sum in behalf of the inhabitants of the village. He hastened to the neighbouring city, Emesa, and raised the sum among his acquaintance. By this charitable act he gained the entire confidence of the heathen,

who had been hitherto so greatly incensed against him. He was allowed to build a church, having been led by them to the places in the neighbourhood, and been pointed out the spots, which were most convenient for its site. They chose him for their guide, both in spiritual and worldly affairs; and within the space of three years, which he passed among them, he completed their conversion.

The following anecdotes of the great St. Anthony, founder of the Monastic Life, will not be misplaced here.

Being desirous of convincing two Grecian philosophers, that, a true knowledge of God was to be acquired rather through faith, than through logical reasoning, he said to them: "Faith proceedeth from a certain condition of the mind. Logic is the result of human ingenuity. To those therefore, who have a direct perception through faith, a demonstration upon the grounds of reason is not necessary, perhaps superfluous; for that, which we behold through faith, ye seek to prove by argument; and oftentimes ye cannot so much as express in words that, which to us is visible." To a scholar, who asked him, how he could endure to live without books, he replied: "My book is the book of nature; therein, when it pleaseth me, I can read the word of God.

## ON THE MARTYR BABYLAS.

[The occasion of St. Chrysostom's excellent work on the Martyr Babylas, was the following.—The grove of Daphne, situated in one of the suburbs of Antioch, and famed for its temple of Apollo, was one of the most delightful spots in the world.—Bathed by delicious fountains, which in those countries cooled the oppressive heat of summer, adorned by cypress and majestic trees, whose interwoven branches afforded shade in the most sultry weather, enamelled with a thousand fragrant flowers, this spot was rendered by its very charms the seat of voluptuousness, which the vicinity of the great heathen sanctuary in no wise tended to suppress.—For the Pagan religion into which the Spirit of holiness entered not, and which appealed to the senses through the refinement of art, gave by its forms of worship, and its mythical tales, an increased stimulus to the passions, instead of teaching mankind the way to subdue them. Gallus Cæsar, therefore, during his government over this part of the East, had been induced by the zeal of the Christians, to remove thither the bones of Babylas, bishop of Antioch, who had suffered martyrdom in the Decian persecution, and to erect on the spot a chapel consecrated to his memory, in order to counteract the idolatry and vice, which had there so long exercised undisputed dominion. The recollections called forth by the tombs of holy men, and their powerful influence on the mind, St. Chrysostom describes in these words.]

Next to the good which holy men have effected by their words, is the emulation awakened by their tombs in the souls of those, who contemplate them. He who standeth by the coffin of a martyr faileth not to experience this influence ; a remembrance of the departed taketh possession of his soul, and raiseth it to such a tone, as if the saint himself stood there and prayed with him. Filled with pious zeal, he departeth an altered man. [In allusion to the impression created by the Martyr's chapel, on whose site every excess had formerly been committed, he says :] He, who proceeding to the Daphnean grove, from the suburb, beholdeth the Martyr's chapel, is filled with religious thoughts by the sight, and the image of the saint hovereth before him. He hasteneth to the Martyr's coffin ; when he arriveth there, feelings of veneration overpower him ; and, laying aside every idle thought, he departeth with a new and regenerate Spirit. Those, who come forth from the city in this serious mood, the Martyr sendeth to the refreshment of the Daphnean grove ; all but calling to them in the words of the Psalmist : ' Rejoice with trembling ;' or in those of St. Paul : ' Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' Should any be betrayed into excess, the Martyr permitteth them not to return thus degraded home ; but receiveth them within his habitation, and leadeth them back to sobriety through the sacred awe instilled into their minds. For an ether seemeth to float around those who are within the Martyr-chapel ; no earthly air, but one which penetrateth the inmost soul ; emancipateth it from the sin which bears it down to earth ; and guideth it to a true rest.

[When the Emperor Julian, animated by fanatic

zeal in the cause of heathenism, endeavoured in the year A. D. 362, to re-establish the worship of the Daphnean Apollo, and inquired of the priests, Wherefore the oracle was silent? Whether deceived themselves, or seeking to deceive, they answered: "On account of the vicinity of the dead." This reply induced the superstitious emperor to disinter the bones of the Martyr, which were borne in triumph by the Christians amid songs of praise to another spot. The Temple of Apollo being shortly after burnt to the ground, it was looked upon by many Christians to be a divine punishment, and a victory of the displaced Martyr.

These events, which drew the attention of the Antiochians still more towards Babylas, caused Chrysostom to compose his work upon the martyr. Therein he justly comments upon the impotency of every attack from the enemies of Christianity, who, like Celsus, employed against the sacred cause the arms of wit and talent, in an age when the church had to sustain the heaviest assaults from without, and when the learning of later times stood not arrayed in its defence: "Vain," says he, "is every effort to defend a cause in itself corrupt and false; but if the cause be good and true, vain shall be all the inventions of its enemies to overthrow it: for the power of truth needeth no aid. Should even thousands seek to extinguish it, not only will it not be extinguished, but deriding the vain strife and rage of its foes, it will rise more glorious and sublime through the very efforts of those, who attempt its destruction; for our religion, which ye call a fable, kings and emperors, unvanquished orators, philosophers, and evil spirits have sought to destroy, and their attacks have been like the darts of children.—



The writings of ingenious philosophers and eloquent rhetoricians against Christianity have for the most part perished in their birth, or if any one of them yet remain, they have been preserved by the Christians themselves. But as far as your religion is concerned, no one hath fought against it; for to put down false creeds by external power is not permitted to the Christians: by persuasion, by conviction, and by love alone, may they work towards the salvation of mankind.

Among those, who, in this age, raised the voice of truth upon this point was Isidorus of Pelusium. He thus writes to a bishop, (*lib. iii. ep. 363.*) "Since it seemeth not good forcibly to draw over to the faith those, who are gifted with a free will, employ at the proper time conviction, and by thy life enlighten those, who are in darkness." And in another letter, (*lib. iii. ep. 370.*) he complains, that those, who boast themselves to be the disciples of the meek one, and soldiers of the Heavenly King, frightened away by their overbearing demeanour persons, whom the first champions of the Gospel would have overcome by their gentleness, and would have known how to bring over to a willing obedience.

## USE AND ABUSE OF RICHES.

O ye rich people, ye, like the ecclesiastics, are only the depositories and distributors of money ; that which the clergy receive from your liberality is only given to them for the use of the poor. They are not authorized to scatter it about, at their own will or caprice ; no more are you. It is a rigorous duty on your part, to make your treasures subservient to the solace of the indigent. You have nothing which belongs to yourself alone. Riches, the gift of speech, your existence itself, you owe all to God, for from Him alone is every thing derived. He has made you rich, as he could have made you poor. It only remains with him whether you may not, in a moment, be plunged into wretchedness. If He does not do so, it is only because he is willing to give you the opportunity of earning your reward. The riches that he has bestowed upon you, He can in an instant take away. He leaves them in your hands, in order that you may be associated with Him, by their means, in His Divine Providence. To pretend that they are so far exclusively your own, that you have a right to make an arbitrary and absolute use of them, is to be wanting in gratitude towards Him to whom it is due. Nature and religion equally teach you your dependance on Him. Your very existence is not your own ; how is it then that your riches are ? They belong rather to those for whom God has given them into your keeping. Riches are a common property, like the light of the sun, the air, or the productions

of the earth. Riches are to society, what food is to the body; should any one of the members wish to absorb the nutriment which is intended for the support of all, the body would perish entirely; it is held together only by the requisite distribution of nourishment to the different parts. In the same manner, general harmony is maintained only by the interchange of services betwixt the rich and the poor. To give and to receive, is the basis and theory of all human society.—*Hom. X. on First Epis. to Cor.*

Paul, when exhorting the rich not to be high-minded, taught them the way to guard against it. They were to examine the uncertain and treacherous nature of riches. Wherefore he said: 'nor trust in uncertain riches.' He is not rich, who possesseth much; but he who distributeth much. Abraham was rich, but loved not his wealth: he regarded not the house of this man, nor the substance of that man; but, going forth, he looked around for the stranger and the needy, that he might succour poverty; that he might entertain the wayfarer. He covered not his ceilings with gold, but, fixing his tent near the oak, he was contented with the shade of its leaves. Yet so bright was his dwelling, that angels were not ashamed to tarry with him; for they sought not splendor of abode, but purity of soul. Let us, my beloved, imitate Abraham, and dispense our goods to those, who are in need. Rudely prepared was his habitation, but more splendid than the halls of kings. No king ever entertained angels; but Abraham sitting under the oak, and having his tent pitched, was accounted worthy of that honor. Neither was he thus distinguished on account of the lowliness of his dwelling;

but he enjoyed this gift because of the purity of his soul, and the treasures therein deposited. Let us not then adorn our houses, but rather our souls. Is it not a disgrace thoughtlessly to adorn our walls with marble, but to neglect the necessities of our Christian brethren? Of what use to thee, O man! is thy palace? Canst thou take it up and depart with it? But thy soul thou canst take up entire, and carry along with thee. Lo! now, that so great peril hath come upon us, let our palaces aid us; let them deliver us from the impending danger: but they cannot. And ye are my witnesses, who, leaving your palaces desolate and flying to the wilderness, shun them as snares and nets. Let riches now assist us; but the present is no season for them. If the influence of riches be insufficient to appease the anger of man, much less will be their power before the divine and implacable seat of judgment. If gold now availeth us nothing against an irritated and wrathful man, its power will entirely vanish before the displeasure of God, who needeth not gold. Let us build houses to dwell in, not to make of them a vain display. That which exceedeth our necessities is superfluous and useless. Bind on a sandal larger than thy foot, and thou wilt not be able to endure it. It will impede thy walking. Thus also a house greater than is necessary impede thy passage to heaven. Wouldst thou raise vast and splendid habitations? I forbid them not; but let them not be on earth. Build tabernacles in heaven,—tabernacles imperishable. Why ravest thou about transitory things, things which remain on earth. Nothing is more deceitful than wealth; to-day with thee, to-morrow against thee. It armeth on all sides the eyes of the envious. It is a box-

tile warrior in thine own tent; an enemy in thine own house; and ye, who possess it, are my witnesses, who in every mode are burying and concealing it. For wealth now rendereth your danger more imminent. Thou beholdest the poor ready and well girded, prepared for all things; but the wealthy contending with great difficulties,—running to and fro,—seeking where they may bury their gold, or with whom they may deposit it. Whom seekest thou, O man? Thy fellow slave. Christ standeth ready to receive the trust, and preserve it for thee; and not only to preserve it, but to add to it, and restore it to thee with much increase. Out of his hand can no one wrest it. He requireth not thanks of thee, as men do; but He himself giveth thee a recompense. Thou art a stranger and pilgrim upon earth. Thou hast thy father-land in heaven. Deposit everything there, that thou mayst taste the recompense here below, before its full enjoyment above. For he, who is nourished by good hopes, and confideth in the things to come, hath already a foretaste here of the kingdom of heaven. For nothing is so fitted to renew, and to amend the soul, as the good hope of futurity, if thou deposit thy wealth above, and provide for thy soul with a becoming diligence. For they who exhaust all their care in the embellishment of their houses, who are rich in outward, but neglect the inward goods, leave their souls desolate and unclean, full of spider's webs. But they, who neglect outward things, and who devote all their attention to their spiritual welfare, and seek every opportunity of edification, the souls of such men will become a dwelling for Christ. But what greater blessing can there be, than to have Christ dwell within us?—

Wouldst thou be rich ? make God thy friend ; and thou shalt be wealthier than all other men. Wouldst thou be rich ? be not high-minded ;—to be so is neither profitable for things future, nor for things present : for no one is so envied as a rich man. And if to wealth be added pride, a two-fold precipice is prepared, and the war on all sides becometh more perilous. But if thou conduct thyself modestly, thou disarmest by humility the tyranny of envy, and retainest thy possessions in security. For such is the nature of virtue, that it not only aideth us in things to come, but it giveth us already a recompense here. Let us not then be high-minded, because of our wealth or aught beside. For if he fall and be lost, who is high-minded in spiritual things, much more shall he, who is high-minded in carnal things. Let us be mindful of our nature ; let us review our sins ; let us learn what we are ; and this will be to us an adequate cause for all humility. Tell me not, that thou hast treasured up the revenues of so many years,—countless talents of gold,—gains added unto every day. All thy reasonings will be vain. Oftentimes in one hour, in one decisive moment, as when the wind rusheth down from above upon the loose dust, all such things are borne away from thy dwelling. Life is full of such examples ; the scripture of such lessons. To-day rich ; to-morrow poor. Wherefore I have often laughed, when reading in wills, that one man should have the propriety of an estate or house or houses, another the usufruct thereof. Any one may have the usufruct, but no one can have the propriety of a possession. For though wealth, without undergoing any change, remain with us all the days of our lives, in the end we must, whether we

will or not, cede it to others, having indeed enjoyed the use of it, but finding ourselves naked and destitute, on departing to another life. Whence it is manifest, that they alone have the propriety of possessions, who have despised their usufruct, and derided their enjoyment, as far as concerned themselves. For he, who rejecteth his goods, and giveth them to the poor, useth them as was fit, and departeth retaining a lordship over them; neither cedeth he them in death itself; but in the hour of the day of judgment, when he shall most need succour, and shall have to render an account of his deeds, he shall receive them all and many more besides. If then any man desire to have the lordship and use of his goods, let him free himself from them all. For if he do not this, he will in death be separated from them altogether; yea! oftentimes before death he shall lose them, amid perils and innumerable misfortunes. Nor is the suddenness of the change the only evil; the rich man cometh likewise unprepared to the endurance of property. Not so the poor man. He hath not trusted in his gold and silver,—in lifeless blocks;—‘but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.’ Value not riches then, but rather the fear of God and piety. Lo! were now a righteous man among us,—one, who had a stedfast trust in God,—were he even the poorest of men,—he would have the power to free us from our present sufferings. He needed only to raise his hands to heaven, and invoke God, and these clouds would pass away.

*Hom. II. to People of Antioch.*

Therefore, not in your conduct only, but in your very estimation of things, let there be no contradiction. Why do ye gape after superfluities, and hear-

ing the truth, pursue all sorts of shadows, and unsubstantiated dreams? Are not all present things a shadow, a dream; nay, more unsubstantial than a dream? Ere they have scarcely met the eye, they vanish; ere they are flown, the trouble they give is much, and far exceeding the pleasure. Let us acquire abundance of wealth, and for safety dig in the earth and bury it; yet when the day is past, and the night cometh, naked shall we depart hence, as naked we came. As they who are rich but in a dream, on rising from their couch, find nothing of what they seemed to hold in their hands, so also are the greedy of gain: or rather not so, but in a much worse condition. For he that dreams of being rich, neither hath the money which he fancied he had, nor is any other mischief found to have accrued to him from the phantasy when he arises. But this man is both deprived of his riches, and hath also to depart, filled with the sins of which they have been the active cause. He has enjoyed his wealth but in phantasy, and the evils resulting from his wealth he no longer beholds in fancy, but in the naked reality. The enjoyment he had of them was a dream, but the punishment ensuing on that pleasure, is no dream, but a matter of bitter experience. Yea, rather, even before that punishment, even here he pays the heaviest penalty, the very gathering together of his wealth wearing him down with innumerable sadnesses, anxieties, accusations, calumnies, tumults, perturbations.

In order, therefore, that we may be delivered both from the dreams, and from the evils that are not dreams, instead of covetousness let us choose almsgiving; instead of rapine, mercy to mankind. For why art thou cast down, and why dost thou grieve?



That thou hast lost thy money? Nay, think of those that have not even bread to eat, and the thought of thy loss will cease to grieve thee. And in such things as are grievous to thee, mourn not the things that have happened; but for the disasters that have not happened give thanks. Hadst thou riches, and didst thou lose them? Weep not for the loss, but give thanks for the time thou didst enjoy them. Say with Job, 'Have we not received good things at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?' Bear in mind those who have suffered more than thyself. Then only sigh and weep, when thou hast committed sin; though even then with moderation, remembering that where there is relapse there is return, and where offence there reconciliation. But seest thou others in luxury, and thyself in poverty, thyself in homespun garments and others in costly robes? Look not on these things alone, but also on the miseries that rise out of them. In thy poverty, consider not the wretchedness alone, but also the advantages which attend it. For wealth has indeed a cheerful mask, but its inside is full of gloom. Now poverty is the reverse of this. Wert thou to pierce the foldings of each man's conscience, in the soul of the poor thou wouldst see great security and freedom; but in that of the rich, confusion, disorder, tempests. Dost thou grieve to see him rich? Remember that he is much more annoyed than thyself, when he beholds one richer than he. As thou enviest him, even so doth he another; in this he has no advantage over thee. Thou art aggrieved to see him in office, and thyself in a private station, and among the governed. Reflect that the day of his resignation will also come. And even before that day, remember the tumult, the

trials, the fatigues, the flatteries, the toilsome days and the sleepless nights he has to endure.

When, therefore, thou seest one that is rich, think of one that is richer than he, and thou wilt find him in the same condition as thyself. After that, look on him that is poorer than thyself, and consider how many pine in dungeons and pray for death, day by day. Poverty in itself breeds not sadness, nor wealth, pleasure; both the one and the other bear their origin in the manner we receive them. Begin with the lowest grade of humanity; the scavenger is grieved and vexed, that he cannot be rid of a business so much beneath him; but if thou rid him of this, and place him in a position where he has abundance, he will grieve again that he has not more than he wants; grant him more, and he will wish to double it, nor torment himself and thee less than before; grant two or three-fold, and he will be out of heart again, because he has no part in state affairs; provide him with this also, and he will account himself a wretched man that he has not one of the highest offices of the state. When he hath obtained this honor, he will mourn that he is not ruler; and when ruler, that he is not so of a whole nation; and when of a whole nation, that he is not of many nations, and then of the whole world. And so, his course of thought going on without end, permits him not to take real pleasure in any thing. Seest thou not, then, that though from a mean and abject wretch thou make a man king, thou canst not remove his restlessness of heart, without first correcting his turn of thought, enamoured as he is of vanity and ambition.

Now, look at the reverse of the picture. Suppose thou shouldst bring down from a lofty station, one

who hath consideration in the world, thou wilt not cast him into dejection. Let us descend the same ladder; bring down the Satrap from his throne, and pretend to deprive him of that dignity. I say, that he will not on this account vex himself, should he bear in mind the things of which I have spoken. He will not so much reckon up the things of which he has been deprived, but what he hath still,—the glory arising from his office. Take away this, and he will reckon up them who are in private stations, and have never ascended to such sway, and his riches will suffice to console him; cast him from this, and he will look to those who have a moderate estate; deprive him of this, and he will think of those who have to wrestle with hunger, and endure the horrors of a prison; bring him into the prison-house, and his mind will turn to those who writhe under pain and miserable diseases, compared to which his situation will appear tolerable. I therefore repeat it, that neither is wealth the foundation of pleasure, nor poverty, of pain; they are only so, as seen by the eyes of the mind. Neither in honors, nor even in a diadem, can the mean-spirited find satisfaction; while the self-denying, even in bonds and fetters and poverty, will enjoy a pleasure lofty and pure.

There is, indeed, another consolation, but in a high strain of morality, far transcending the gross conceptions of the multitude. And what is this? That wealth is nothing, poverty nothing, disgrace nothing, honor nothing; that, in the end, all these things differ but in mere words. And along with this, there is another consideration, greater still: the wholesome and soothing consideration of the things to come, as well evil as good, the things

which alone are really evil, and really good. Let us, then, taking all this into account, by every means frame ourselves aright: so shall we never greatly afflict ourselves concerning the casualties of human life. When we see rich men portrayed in a picture, do we feel disposed to envy them, any more than as seeing poor men represented there, we should call them wretched and pitiable? And yet these figures are surely more abiding than those whom we term rich and poor. The rich man endures in the picture longer than in the reality of things; for the picture may reach to hundreds of years, but the other may be suddenly cut off in the midst of his possessions. Meditating, then, on all these things, let us from all quarters build up cheerfulness of mind, as a bulwark against irrational care and excessive sorrow. Thus may we pass the present life in peace of heart, and obtain the only enduring good things, the blessings of the life to come; through the grace and mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, to Whom, together with the Father and the Holy Spirit, be all glory, honor, dominion, and power, now and for ever, world without end. Amen.

**PROVIDENCE.**

The ungrateful and unfeeling say, that the Almighty, in order to prove his wisdom and goodness, should have established an equality and compensation among men. Tell me, ungrateful mortal, what sort of things they are which thou deemst to be of God's goodness, and what equality thou meanest? 'Such a one,' thou wilt say, 'has been a cripple from his childhood; another is mad, and is possessed; another has arrived at extreme old age, and has spent his whole life in poverty; another in the most painful diseases,—are these the works of Providence? One man is deaf, another poor, while another impious, yea, utterly impious, and full of ten thousand vices, enjoys wealth, entertains courtezans and parasites, is owner of a splendid mansion, and lives an idle life.' And many instances of this kind they string together, and weave a long reckoning of complaint against the Providence of God. What then? do these things take place without a presiding Providence? What are we to say to them? If to the Greeks, who tell us that the universe is governed by some presiding power, we would say, in return, 'What, then, are the things in question, which are without a providence? How is it, then, that ye reverence Gods, and worship genii and horses? For if there is a Providence, some one or other superintends the whole? But if any, whether Christians or Heathen, should be impatient at this, and be wavering, what shall we say to them? 'Tell me, could so many things be

produced by accident? The daily return of light? The beautiful order that exists in all things? The mazy dances of the stars? The equable course of nights and days? The regular gradation of nature in vegetables, and animals, and men? Tell me, who is it that ordereth these things? Were there no superintending Being, but were all things brought together by accident, who then was it that made this system revolve, who set that beautiful vault of the sky over the earth and the waters? Who is it that gives the fruitful seasons? Who implanted so great a power in seeds and vegetables? For that which is accidental is necessarily disorderly, whereas that which is orderly implies art, and design. In a word, were we to follow out the argument for a providence, both generally and in detail, time itself would fail us. Much more, then, is it thy duty not to question, not to be over curious. And why not? Because if thou art ignorant of the skill and contrivance visible in His providence, in the things which concern thyself; how shalt thou be able to fathom the reasons of things, of which He is the subject? Be wise, then; and learn that in matters like these, silence is wisdom.—*Hom. II. to People of Antioch.*

## NIGHTLY MEDITATION.

What can we oppose to our painful conviction of the miseries of life? Let us constantly bear in mind the mercies of the Lord: the memory stored with his benefits, will no longer lay itself open to impressions from the misfortunes that may have befallen us. Such was the method adopted by the prophet-king. "I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches."—"Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." Not but that we ought at all times to keep God continually in our remembrance: but it is during the night, especially, that we are more particularly called to it, when the stillness all around, and the repose of the mind, lead the memory to consider what may be our individual state, and what will be our doom at the final judgment. If the thoughts endeavor to dwell upon these things during the day, a thousand things intervene, to divert and interrupt them. But the night comes, and then those dissipations are at an end. The quietness that surrounds us seems as a tranquil port for the soul. "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still," says David: and when we do so, we shall find ourselves all the better fitted, the next day, to resume the direction of our domestic affairs. By prayers like these it is that we obtain the aid and blessing of the Lord. . . . The night was not made to be spent *entirely* in sleep. Why did Jesus Christ pass *whole nights* upon the mountain, if not to instruct

us by His example? It is during the night that all the plants respire; and it is then, also, that the soul of man is more penetrated, than they are with the dews of heaven; every thing that has been scorched up and exhausted during the day by the burning ardor of the sun, is refreshed and renewed during the night; the tears that are then shed extinguish the fire of the passions, damp our guilty desires, heal the wounds of the soul, and calm our griefs.—  
*Hom. on Psalm VI.*

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## THE SPIRITUAL CONFLICT.

[The following remarkable extract is from the 6th Book of St. Chrysostom's great masterpiece, the "Book on the Priesthood." This work, as already mentioned, is in the form of a dialogue between St. Chrysostom, and his friend Basil. St. Chrysostom is describing to his friend his feelings in reference to the solemn responsibilities and awful character of the Sacerdotal office. He describes the spiritual conflict as the most severe of all trials. St. Chrysostom speaks.]

The time has now come for me to communicate to you a circumstance I have hitherto kept secret. Perhaps it will seem incredible to many, but I will not, on that account, forbear to lay it open. And if what I have to mention be a proof of an evil conscience, and of innumerable sins, as God, who shall judge us, well knoweth all things, what advantage can result to me from man's being kept ignorant of the same? What then is this secret? From the day in which you gave me cause to suspect your in-



tentions, I have often wished for the dissolution of my body, so great was the fear, so great the confusion which fell on my soul.

When I reflected upon the glory of the bride of Christ, her purity, her spiritual beauty, her prudence, her glorious adorning, and thought of my own imperfections, I ceased not to mourn and afflict myself, and in anguish and doubt, I thus communed with my own heart: who can have counselled such a step? Of what sin has the Church of God been guilty? What has so incensed her Lord, that she should be given up into such wretched hands as mine, and suffer such disgrace? Meditating on these things, and unable to endure the reflection of such indignity, I remained like a man deprived of sense, fixed in silent astonishment, and capable neither of sight nor hearing. When this state of feeling had passed away,—for it did pass away,—tears and sorrow succeeded; but after a gush of tears, fear again resumed its place, creating emotions and tumults within me, and unsettling my power of reflection. Such is the state of uneasiness, in which I once lived, and have since lived, though you were ignorant of it, and thought that I passed my time in tranquillity. I will now endeavour to disclose to you the sufferings of my soul, and then, perhaps, you may forgive, and cease to condemn me. But how, and in what manner shall I disclose it? It were impossible for you clearly to discern it, otherwise than by my laying bare to you my heart; but, since this cannot be, I will attempt as well as I can, by some faint representation, to portray the cloud of sorrow which enveloped my soul, and from that representation, you may form to yourself some idea of my grief.

Figure to yourself the daughter of a monarch, bearing rule over all beneath the sun. Suppose the virgin possessed of a beauty altogether extraordinary, that her nature far surpasses the human, that, in consequence, she places at an immeasurable distance the whole female sex, and that such is her purity of soul, as to leave far behind her all the race of mankind that ever have been, or ever shall be; that she exceeds all the limits of philosophy, by the splendour of her accomplishments, and that she puts in the shade all other personal beauty, by the loveliness of her countenance. Suppose that her betrothed lover, is not only for these reasons inflamed with love towards the maid, but that independently of such attractions, he feels the most ardent attachment to her; nay, a violence of affection, exceeding that of the most passionate lovers. Suppose that in the height of his love, he hears from some quarter, that one of the most mean and abject of men, a man of low birth, deformed in his person, and the basest of mortals, is about to be united to this loved and wonderful woman.

Have I represented to you some small part of my grief, and would it suffice to stay the picture here? As far as regards my personal distress, I think it might; but to paint to you my fear and astonishment, I will employ another image, and let it be that of a warlike array, of infantry, and cavalry, and seamen. Imagine the sea covered with a multitude of three-oared galleys, and the wide extent of the plain with phalanxes of foot and horse; behold their armour of brass glittering in the sun, the splendour of their helmets and shields *dazzling the eye with their reflected rays, and the clangor of their arms and the neighing of their horses borne*

to the very skies. Let neither sea nor land appear, but in their stead on all sides, an array of iron and brass. Behold the enemy drawn up in order of battle, men of aspect stern and fierce, and panting for the onset. Then take at hazard some rustic youth, ignorant of aught else than the musical instruments of his native vale, arm him with brazen armour, conduct him through all the host, point out to him the regiments and their officers, the bowmen, the slingers, the centurions, the generals, the armed knights, the spearmen, the rowers, the three-oared galleys and their commanders, the masses of men set in battle array, and the multitude of naval engines.— Exhibit before him the extended lines of warriors, their fierce and formidable aspect, the collected and diversified preparation of arms, the countless multitudes; the valleys, the precipices, the rugged mountains. Show him, on the side of the enemy, the horses winged by a sort of magic, the armed warriors flying, as it were, through the air, exhibiting the powers and appearance of enchantment. Recount the calamities of war, describe the clouds of missiles, the showers of darts, resembling the appearance of falling snow, the thick darkness, the night-like obscurity caused by the flight of innumerable arrows, intercepting the beams of the sun, the clouds of dust blinding the eyes, the torrents of blood, the groans of those who fall, the shouts of those who press forward, the piles of the slain, the chariot wheels bathed in blood, the horses borne headlong with their riders, the multitude of prostrate dead, the whole earth strewn with carnage and with disorder; mingled heaps of blood, bows and arrows; *the hoofs* of horses lying in contact with the heads of men, their arms, their neck, thighs, and breast

transpierced; swords embedded to the hilt, and broken points of spears, besmeared with gore.— Paint to him the sufferings of the seamen, the galleys, some on fire in the midst of the sea, others engulfed with their armed troops; the roaring of waters, the clamour of the sailors, the shouts of the soldiers, the mingled foam of billows and of blood, breaking at the same time over the ship; dead bodies scattered over the decks, some immersed under the waves, others floating on the surface, others thrown by the tide on the shore, others lying in masses under the water, so as to obstruct the very passage of the ships. When you have pictured to him these tragedies of war, represent to him the miseries of captivity, and bondage more intolerable than death itself. After all this display, tell him to mount his horse, and take the command of all this host.— Think you that the youth would bear so astounding a sight? Would he not be dismayed at the first glance?

Do not imagine my description exaggerated, nor suppose that because shut up as we are in these bodies, as in a prison-house, we are unable to discern aught of invisible things. You might behold a greater and more awful contest than this, could you see with these mortal eyes of yours Satan's dark array of battle, and his malicious machinations.— It is true that no brass or iron, no horses, chariots, wheels, fire, or javelins are seen; no such visible objects of war, meet the eye, but other instruments far more terrible. To oppose such adversaries there is no need of breastplate, of shield, of sword, or of spear; the mere sight alone of so terrible an array is sufficient to paralyze the soul; unless its strength be derived from the protection and providence of God. And were it possible to lay aside this body

or even in the body to behold plainly and fearlessly, with our naked eyes, Satan's array of battle, and the warfare waged against us, we should witness not torrents of blood, and bodies without life, but such destruction of souls, wounds so deadly and so deep, that the picture I have just laid before you, would appear the pastime of boys, and a pageant, rather than a battle. When the soul receives its wound and falls, it lies not, like the body, in a state of insensibility, but is tormented by the pangs of an evil conscience while in this world, and after death at the day of judgment, is delivered over to eternal punishment. By any one neglecting the wounds inflicted by the Enemy of man, they are rendered greater. He that feels not the first wound given, soon receives a second, and then a third.— That malicious spirit ceases not to smite, till the last breath of life, when he finds the soul careless and negligent of former wounds. Would you know the nature of the conflict? You will find it far more fiery and full of more varied terrors, than that I have described. None know such various forms of cunning and deceit as that malicious one. Herein lies his greatest power. None can bear such implacable enmity to their bitterest foe, as that evil spirit to the human race. Would you know with what persevering fury he wages war? Any comparison drawn from men, would convey no adequate idea. Select the most fierce and savage of wild beasts to compare with his fury; you will find them, in comparison, the most gentle of creatures. Such is the rage which he breathes forth and levels at our souls. In conflicts between man and man, the time of the *combat is short*, and in that short time there are *many intermissions*. The intervention of night,

the fatigue of slaughter, the hour of refreshment, and many other things, afford some breathing time to the soldier ; he has a moment of his own to lay aside his armour, to rest a little, to refresh himself with food and drink, and recover his strength. In contending with the Evil One, there is no opportunity afforded to the man who would remain uninjured, to lay aside his arms or take a moment's repose. There is no other alternative, than to fall defenceless and be destroyed, or to be constantly armed and on guard. He ever stands ready on the watch to observe and take advantage of our indolence, exerting more zeal for our destruction than we for our salvation. Our enemy is invisible, and rushes unexpectedly upon those off their guard.— In this, alas ! lies the greatness of the evil ; this it is that renders such warfare so much more difficult than that between man and man. On such a field, would you have me take the command of the soldiery of Christ ? Would it not rather be siding with Satan ? For when he who ought to put in order of battle and arm the rest, is himself of all the weakest and most unskilled, does he not through his ignorance betray those committed to his trust, and command rather for the devil than for Christ ? Why do you sigh ? Why do you weep ? My present condition is not a subject for tears, but rather for joy and thankfulness.

BASIL.—So is not mine, my friend ; but rather deserving of the deepest pity. Scarcely did I perceive till now, into what a perilous condition you have led me. I came to you desirous of learning what apology I should offer on your account ; but you leave me labouring under a greater anxiety than *that with which I came*. I no longer desire to know

what excuse I shall offer on your behalf to others, but what I shall plead with God upon my own account, and on account of my transgressions. I beseech you, then, and conjure you, if you have any regard for me, if 'any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any bowels and mercies,' (Phil. ii. 1.) (for you know it was yourself who brought me into this perilous situation) stretch forth your hand, by your advice and assistance correct my faults, nor suffer me to be left to myself a moment; but now, more than ever, afford me your countenance and friendly assistance.

CHRYSOSTOM.—To this, smiling, I replied: And how, Basil, can I counsel you; what assistance can I render you, in a situation of such perplexity?—But as such is your pleasure, my dearest friend, take courage; whenever it is permitted you to pause from your cares and labours, I will be present with you, comfort you, and as far as my ability goes, be wanting to you in no respect. At this his tears flowed the faster; but I, embracing him and kissing his forehead, led him away, exhorting him to bear firmly what had occurred; for I trust in Christ, said I, who has called you and placed you over his sheep, that you will worthily discharge the ministry entrusted to you, so worthily as to have the credit to receive your anxious friend into the eternal tabernacles.

## COMMENTARIES ON SCRIPTURE.

[Of the sound and practical character of St. Chrysostom's Commentaries on the Books of the Sacred Scripture, we have already had occasion to speak. In the words of an eminent Critic; "He expounded the Holy Scriptures easily, because naturally, and according to their plain and obvious sense,—a happy talent, almost peculiar to himself: the predominant taste, if we do not call it *perversion*, of that age, being to wire-draw Scripture into allegory, and to hunt for mystical and far-fetched allusions, which when found were of no practical value. St. Chrysostom takes the plain sense as it offers itself, carrying it out, and illustrating it by some short but pregnant remarks, and concluding with some exhortation adapted to the exigency of the time and the wants of his auditory. We give one or two short examples of his manner.]

## CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

' And Jesus entering into the ship, his disciples followed him. . And behold, a great tempest arose in the sea, so that the ship was covered with waves: and He was asleep. And his disciples came to him, and awaked him, saying: Lord, save us, we perish!' (*Matt.* viii. 23, &c.) Before exerting his power in calming the tempest, he rebukes their want of faith. This storm was but a trial permitted by Him, as a proof of their virtue. It was to forewarn them of the temptations to which they would be exposed.



and to teach them a lesson as to the spirit with which they should encounter them. Desirous of teaching his disciples how they were to cast themselves upon His providence, at the moment the waves raged with the greatest fury, and that all was but part and portion of the divine economy, He begins by rebuking their want of faith. When the waves were raging with the greatest fury, and their fears were at the greatest height, He exhibits a striking testimony of his Omnipotence, calculated to produce an indelible impression upon their minds. It was only at the moment they were abandoning themselves to despair that he comes to their rescue. He did so, that they might feel more sensibly the benefit of their deliverance contrasted with the fearful peril they had escaped.

‘ And Jesus saith to them : Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith ?’ Let it not surprise you to see his disciples in need of such a rebuke ; many will be the miraeles performed by their Divine master, ere He obtain this last triumph over their weakness. On more than one occasion is He obliged to reprove them for a want of understanding. The words they now utter, if a proof of their admiration, also bespeak their little faith : ‘ What manner of man is this ; for even the winds and the sea obey Him ?’ They see Him enter into the ship, and fall asleep like any other man ; and they might have come to the conclusion that He was nothing more. But on beholding Him command with such authority the angry sea, and calm the waves by a single word, they could do no other than conclude that *he was God.*

*They might have compared the miracles of Jesus Christ to those of Moses ; but, unlike the Jewish law-*

giver, He has no need of stretching forth his rod, or of raising his hands to heaven in prayer. He speaks as a Sovereign intimating his will to his subject, as a Creator exacting obedience from his creature. At a word of His, the angry sea is appeased, and there is a great calm. It was said of the Eternal Father, to mark his omnipotence: 'He said the word, and there arose a storm, and the waves were lifted up.' The power manifested by the Son of God, is not less striking.

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## CHRIST AND THE CANAANITISH WOMAN.

If we ourselves be indolent, we cannot obtain salvation through the aid of others; but if we be watchful, we may obtain it, and through ourselves rather than through others. For God had rather bestow his grace upon ourselves, than upon others for us; that we, being desirous to appease his wrath, may have confidence in Him, and become amended. Thus had he compassion upon the woman of Canaan; thus did he forgive the sins of the woman, who washed his feet with her tears, thus did he accord salvation to the thief upon the cross, without any mediator or patron. I do not say these things, to prevent your supplicating the saints, but that ye may be neither negligent nor faint-hearted, nor, falling asleep, entrust to others the things which belong only to yourselves.'—In another discourse he says: "Ye need no mediator, with God; ye need not to run to and fro and flatter others. *If ye even be deserted and have no intercessor, and only through yourselves call upon God, ye will b*

surely heard. God is not wont to hear so readily, when He is invoked for us by others, as when ourselves invoke Him, though we should be weighed down by a heavy burden of sins. For though we should have wronged men ever so much, we easily soften their displeasure by appearing before them morning, noon, and evening; how much more then should we not act thus towards God? Ye say, that ye are unworthy; then become worthy by constant prayer. For that the unworthy man may by constant prayer become worthy; that God heareth sooner, when he is called upon by ourselves, than when he is called upon by others for us; and that he often delayeth the gift, not to make us despair, and to dismiss us with empty hands, but to accord to us still greater gifts;—these three points I will endeavor to explain to you by the history of the Canaanitish woman, which has this day been read to you. A certain woman of Canaan came unto Christ, beseeching him to have compassion upon her daughter, crying aloud unto him: ‘Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.’ Behold a strange woman, a barbarian, without the kingdom of the Jews: and yet by her continued entreaties she was made worthy. Christ not only bestowed upon her the kingdom of the children of God, after having shortly before likened her to a dog, but he dismissed her with much praise: ‘Oh woman, great is thy faith! be it unto thee even as thou wilt.’ But if Christ say: ‘Great is thy faith;’ seek no other proof of the greatness of her soul. Secondly, let us learn hence, that we can effect more by prayer through ourselves, than through others. When she had cried out, the Apostles came and besought him

saying: 'Send her away; for she crieth after us.' But he answered and said: 'I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the House of Israel.' But when she herself came, and persevered, saying: 'Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table,' then he granted her request and said: 'Oh! woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' And, thirdly, he replied not to her request at first; but when she came a second and a third time, he granted her request, and thereby taught us, that he postponed the gift, not in order to refuse it her, but that the perseverance of the woman should be made known to us all. Ye only hear the words of Christ; I read his thoughts. I know what He might have said: I will not that the treasure within her soul be concealed. I wait and am silent, that it may be revealed, and made manifest to every one."

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EXTRACTS FROM ST. CHRYSOSTOM'S LETTERS.

*To Theodorus, Governor of Syria.*

A good father, far from taking it amiss that his son applies his mind to the study of true wisdom, is filled with joy at beholding it. Far from regretting that your son is no longer under your eyes, that he is far from his country, and from the roof of his fathers, you have taught yourself to consider him as drawing nigher to you, in proportion as he advances in knowledge and virtue. You have my best acknowledgements for this. And yet I cannot withhold my surprise, that, after having presented

me with such a gift, as that of your son, you should have been at the trouble of sending me any other present. Content with the honor intended me, I beg to return the presents, not through any want of good feeling,—that is impossible in regard to one whom I love so sincerely, but because I think it useless to retain them, having no need at the present moment of what your goodness has sent me. I could have much wished to retain your gentle Theodorus; but as nothing is witnessed here but horrors and bloodshed; as those savage Isaurians desolate these regions with fire and sword, and as I am continually obliged to shift my place of abode, I feel compelled, however unwillingly, to send him back to you. I need not impress upon you the necessity of completing your son's education; you are too well convinced of its importance, and will take it seriously in hand.

*To Studius, Prefect of Constantinople.*

Knowing, as I do, your good sense and virtue, there is no need of any letter of mine to exhort you to bear with patience, the departure—death I will not call it—of your good and much beloved brother. But as I am called upon by every good feeling to contribute my mite of consolation amidst your sorrows for such a bereavement, allow me to remind you not to forget your usual firmness of mind. I am not so unreasonable as to ask you not to grieve for your loss; that were to demand impossibility; you have the feelings of a man, and he whom you have lost, is worthy of every regret: all I require of you, *is to set bounds to your grief.* You know the frailty of all human things; that it is folly to fix our

affections on objects that elude our grasp, and fleet so rapidly away. Happy are they who quit existence with well-grounded hopes in that state of things which passeth not away. They go not to death, but to the true life; having braved a stormy sea, they enter the haven of rest; having fought the good fight, they go to receive their crown. Cheered by these considerations, do you take comfort. Afflicted as I am, and that not slightly, at the death of your illustrious brother, I find a sweet consolation in the recollection of his virtues. This is greatly calculated to soothe our regrets. Had he whom we lament, been of the number of those who laugh religion and morality to scorn, then, indeed, we should have had reason to bewail his fate. But as his life was irreproachable, as the whole city can bear testimony; as his deportment was gentle and modest, as he was known for his love of justice, for frankness, manly bearing, and a generous contempt of present things, which made him rise superior to the follies and temptations of the age, we ought to rejoice and felicitate his passage to that land where his virtues will be rewarded. You also have reason to congratulate yourself in having a brother who has gone before you, and such a brother. Placed as he is in the sure asylum of peace and happiness, he will not forget the brother whom he has left behind him. Do not, then, respected Sir, do not cherish a feeling unworthy yourself or your brother. The visitation is severe, but bear up manfully under the same, nor cherish one feeling unworthy of you. Let me hear that my letter has produced a salutary impression upon your mind; so that, notwithstanding the wide space by which we are separated, I may rejoice at the thought of having by a single let-

ter, dissipated a part of the grief that preyed upon your heart.

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#### ST. CHRYSOSTOM'S TALENT AT PREACHING.

Of the freedom with which St. Chrysostom reproved the vices and follies of his day, innumerable instances might be adduced. Some of his passing touches will serve to convey an idea of his manner. Complaining that his rich hearers, when the choice lay between the theatre, the race-course, or the Temple of the Lord, preferred the former, alledging the heat and crowded state of the Church, he exclaims: "Is my discourse wearisome to you? I see that it is; I am aware that it has not the quality to please you; nay more, it never shall have, unless it can please by such topics, as are available to humble and chasten the soul. If attended to, my discourse will have this advantage: and this will be to you and to myself the ground-work of blessings here, and reward hereafter." (*Hom. VI. Ephes.*)

He says in another place: "I see by your looks that you consider me as a very troublesome sort of person, as disagreeable and morose, and needlessly curtailing life of its pleasures, in giving you these friendly warnings. Nay, it is for the very reason that these practices of yours, though the devil hedges them in with the plea of 'custom,' are so dangerous to your everlasting welfare, that I am thus earnest."

In another place, enumerating the notorious sinners of his day, he adds,—“The covetous, too, I was going to say—but I am unwilling to name

them, fearful lest I should hurt the feelings of some who are standing here." (*Hom. VI. Ephes.*)

He thus apologizes to his people for having detained them too long in a discourse the evening previous. "Never before do I recollect having been so unreasonably prolix. I confess I was not master of the ardour that hurried me away, and which seemed to kindle as I proceeded, finding fresh aliment in the ready words that presented themselves. But who are to blame for this but yourselves? Your plaudits and ill-timed acclamations were the cause. When fire is applied to light wood, it takes but gradually at first, but having once gained ground, blazes forth with irresistible fury. In the same manner, kindling as my hearers kindled, I overpassed every reasonable limit, and was hurried impetuously along by the torrent of my subject. Learn, then, to be more discreet in your applause, which befits the theatre, not the church."

We learn from one of his Homilies on the Acts that he preached twice in the week, and occasionally at day-break, an hour which was perhaps chosen to avoid the heat of the day. Some of his sermons he composed with care, but varied according to circumstances, and others again he delivered unprepared, availing himself of any event of the moment. We find an instance of the latter, when on a winter-day, as he bent his steps towards the church, being deeply affected by the sight of a number of beggars, lying in a miserable state upon the ground, he was moved to commence his discourse by the following address: "I have risen to-day to advocate a cause, just, useful, and worthy of you. I have been deputed by the mendicants of your city. They have called upon me,—not by words,—not by votes."



nor by any common resolve ; but by their frightful and wretched appearance. For in hastening to this assembly, as I crossed the forum, and passed through the narrow streets, and saw many of them lying in the midst of the ways, of whom some were deprived of their hands and eyes, others covered with incurable sores, and exposing painful wounds which needed concealment, I held it to be the most cruel insensibility not to appeal to your charity in their behalf ; and still more, as the season itself demanded it of me. It is indeed necessary to exhort men at all seasons to have pity upon their brethren, as we ourselves need it so much from our merciful Lord, but now especially during the severe cold."

He was apt at instantly perceiving and taking advantage of the impression made either by his words, or by any sudden occurrence in the church ;—thus upon remarking, that the attention of his hearers was attracted by the lighting of the lamps in the church, he exclaimed : "Awake from your inattention ; lay aside your sloth. While I am explaining to you the Holy Scripture, ye have turned your eyes to the lamps, and to him, by whom they are lighted. How great an indifference ! I also kindle for you a light, the light of the Holy Scriptures ; upon my tongue burneth the light of instruction, a better and a greater light, than that upon which ye gaze." It may likewise be observed, that he suffered himself in a great degree to be impelled by the feeling of the moment, when, according to his own confession, the mention of a favorite theme exercised such power over his mind, that, in the remainder of his homily, he occupied himself with the new subject *to the entire exclusion* of that, with which he had *commenced* ; and on another occasion when he had

intended to preach a shorter discourse,—upon observing, that notwithstanding the length at which he had spoken, the sympathy of his flock, instead of decreasing, continued to augment,—he was induced, contrary to his original design, still further to enlarge upon the subject.

Had St. Chrysostom's aim in preaching been to obtain the praise of the world, the plaudits lavished upon him would have been gratifying indeed; but his sole desire was to gain an influence over the lives of men. The loud theatrical tokens of applause, which had found their way from the theatre and from the saloons of the declamatory sophists into the church, were regarded by him, as a proof, that his hearers were more pleased with the eloquence of his sermons, than that they applied the truths contained in them to their hearts and lives. Wherefore he said in one of his sermons: "Of what avail to me is this applause and tumult? one thing only I require of you,—that ye prove to me your approbation and obedience by your works. That will be praise for me,—gain for yourselves; that will be to me a greater honor, than the imperial crown." Again: "Many testify their delight at our discourses by loud tokens of applause, and afterwards hasten to the circus, and bestow still greater applause upon the charioteers." And again: "I desire not your applause and clamor. I have but one wish, that ye hear me with calmness and attention, and that ye practice my precepts. For this is not a theatre; ye sit not here to behold actors, and to confer upon such men your applause. Here is the place to learn the things of God." (See more on the same subject, p. 161.)

*How striking these words of his on merely fine*

speaking : "As in war, success is not for those who talk much, but who effect much ; so also, in the announcement of Christian truth, not speakers, but doers, have the victory. But, these are proud of their fine speaking ! Well, if it were a contest, and a time for orators, thou mightest reasonably be elated thereat : but if of Apostles preaching the truth, and by deeds confirming the same, why art thou puffed up by a thing superfluous and unreal, and for the present purpose utterly insufficient ? For what would a display of words avail towards raising the dead, or expelling evil spirits, or working any other deed of power : ' for the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.' By deeds of power, and not by fine speaking, we have prevailed. Then let us not seek to shelter ourselves behind a pomp of words ; such artifice is nothing."

There is no more effective way of producing a deep and lasting impression upon an audience, than the address which can avail itself of passing circumstances, or local occurrences of interest, and render them subservient to the spiritual interest of a people. In this rare tact our Saint was surpassed by no orator of antiquity, sacred or profane. "Remember," he would say to his hearers, "remember that it is not an old story I am recounting to you, but a circumstance to which the very time present bears witness." Among many evidences that might be adduced, the reader will dwell with pleasure upon those memorable instances,—the "Homily on the Disgrace of Eutropius," and the "Homilies on the Statues."

St. Chrysostom was impressed with another *important truth*. He knew that a preacher should *never grow weary of bearing witness to its truth,*

and of rebuking sin, though he see not before him the desired result in the lives of men. Being told, that he always repeated the same exhortations, he answered: "We, to whom the ministry of the word hath been committed, have been commanded by the gracious God never to be wanting on our part, and whether hearkened unto or not, never to be silent. Hear the words of Jeremiah himself, who, when he was scoffed at by his hearers, and held daily in derision, because he threatened the Jews, and foreshewed their desolation, thought at one moment of resigning his prophetic office, for human weakness overcame him, and he could not endure derision and reproach. Hear his declaration: 'I was in derision daily. I said, I will not speak, nor name the name of the Lord. But there was in me, as it were, a burning fire raging in my bones. I was sinking on every side and I could not stay.' He saith: I desire to desist from my ministry, because the Jews hearkened not; and while I was pondering this thing in my heart, the power of the Spirit rushed as fire upon my soul, kindled a flame in all my inmost parts, consuming and eating up my bones, so that I could not endure the burning. If then one, who was daily derided, mocked and reviled, incurred so severe a punishment, because he purposed to be silent, of what pardon should we, who have experienced no such sufferings, be deserving, were we to become faint-hearted, and desist from our preaching on account of the indifference of a few, whilst so many attend to our exhortations. I speak not this to my own consolation or encouragement; for it is the firm resolve of my soul, as long as I breathe, and so long as it pleaseth God to continue me in this present life, to perform

**this service, and, whether I am listened to or not, to do that, which the Lord hath commanded me."**

Some of St. Chrysostom's illustrations are remarkably happy. Speaking of the link which connects the Mosaic writings with the books of the New Testament, he observes: "Christianity struck its roots in the books of the Old Testament; it blossomed in the Gospels of the New."

Gibbon, in spite of his prejudices, pronounced a warm eulogium on St. Chrysostom. "His was a free command of an elegant and copious language, and judgment to conceal the advantages which he derived from the knowledge of rhetoric and philosophy. He possessed an inexhaustible fund of metaphors and similitudes, of ideas and images, to vary and illustrate the most familiar topics; the happy art of engaging the passions in the service of virtue, and of exposing the folly, as well as the turpitude, of vice, almost with the truth and spirit of a dramatic representation."

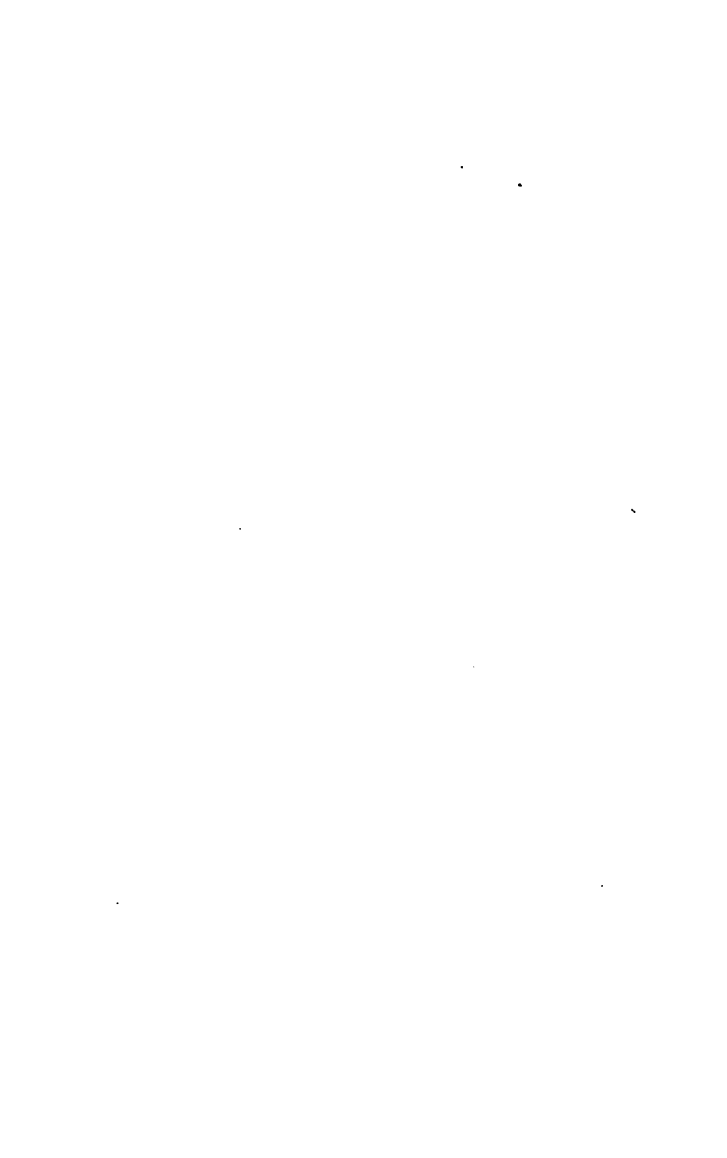
This dramatic effect, together with that rapid and sententious manner, by which St. Chrysostom so forcibly reminds us of the great Athenian orator, it has been the endeavour of the translator as faithfully as possible to preserve; a want of attention to which has failed to identify some versions with the spirit and character of the great original. But where is the art that can convey to the English reader that freshness which breathes from the original, and which seems redolent of the fourth century of the Christian Church? Whose are the words that can transfuse the unction, altogether St. Chrysostom's own, which breathes in every page of his writings; and which, to use his own remarkable words in speaking of the martyr Babylas, "seems like a

hallowed ether floating around us ; no earthly air, but one that penetrateth to the inmost soul. We no longer hear the tongue of the Teacher, but we hear the voice of the Saint, calling to us from the tomb."

It may be proper to observe, that the foregoing "Selections" have not been taken from the works of the Saint at random, but that regard has been had to something like symmetry in the grouping of the subjects selected. This will best be seen by a reference to the table of contents.

THE END.







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