tery, and to retire ; though the good monk would have us see everything, and stopped us in the last corridor to call our attention to the little cannon standing on its head, which is brought out on fête days, that the fathers may blaze away to the glory of all the saints!

And so we took our leave of the kind old man, thanking him again and again for his courtesy to strangers (he would receive nothing but thanks). It was not without sadness and pity that we said good-bye, knowing that while we came out into the living world again, he, as soon as he had shut the door behind us, would go back to his solitary cell.

As we came out from that Convent door, and stood once more upon the broad steps of the church, we were in a very reflective turn of mind, and the scene around us took a new interest from its association with the great life that was here begun. The statue of Loyola in the plaza seemed more majestic as we passed it now, and a new light rested on the hills. Azpeitia is set in the lap of mountains. Before us was the scene on which the eyes of Ignatius rested when first they were opened on this world. In yonder parish church he was baptized, at the font which still serves the Spanish mothers, who come in great numbers, with their infants in their arms, feeling that its waters have a special grace. When a boy, he roamed among these hills, perhaps even then dreaming of greatness, but with no possible dream which could approach the stupendous reality. Before we vanish from the scene, I cannot but add some reflections on the life and character of one who was in some respects the greatest man that Spain has given to the world.

Ignatius Loyola was thirty years old when, in the words inscribed over the door of his house, he "gave himself to God." Beneath the same roof under which he was born,

he was born again. The story of his conversion is as strange as anything in his wonderful history.

When in that old castle in the Pyrenees it was told in chamber and hall that a man-child was born into the world, no seer or diviner could forecast what his future was to be. As a child he was of a singular beauty, which no doubt, combined with his rank, led to his being chosen as a page in the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, in which his grace of person and gaiety of manners made him an universal favorite. But he soon developed higher qualities. Those were the days when every man of position in Spain was trained as a soldier. The war of the Spaniard and the Moor, which had lasted for nearly eight hundred years, was but just coming to an end: for it was only the very year after Ignatius was born that Granada was taken, and the Cross floated in place of the Crescent above the towers of the Alhambra. But Spain had other enemies at home and abroad, and the profession of arms was still the pathway to glory. Into this path entered the young Ignatius, and soon showed a courage and skill beyond his years, which might in time have made him the "Grand Captain" of Spain, if the course of events had not turned him into a far different career. But while he was a soldier, such was the confidence in his military ability that he was chosen for the defence of Pampeluna—a city in the North of Spain which was besieged by the French. He defended it bravely, but without success, and was taken prisoner. To the chagrin felt at the loss of the city, was added a mortifying disaster to himself: for he was wounded, and though he might not die, the mark of his wound would remain. So keenly did he feel the injury to his handsome person, that he had himself stretched upon the rack that his shapely limbs might be restored to their former proportions. But this heroic treatment was not more successful

than his defence of Pampeluna, and the dashing Spanish soldier, whose manly physique had made him an object of admiration in camp and court, had before him the prospect of being a cripple for life. Thus deformed as well as stung by defeat, he was carried back to the old baronial mansion which we have visited to-day.

Man proposes, but God disposes. The disaster which seemed to put a sudden end to a brilliant career, only turned the young soldier into one that was far greater. For months he lay upon his couch. The time was long. To beguile the weary hours, he took to the reading of books of knight-errantry, which were for the most part harrowing tales of ladies shut up by Bluebeards in grim castles, from which they were rescued by the prowess of gallant knights—tales which, however childish they may seem to us, formed no small part of the literature of that day, and took the fancy of many a youth whose highest ambition was to be a hero of romance.

At length these were exhausted, and as in those days the library even of a Spanish castle was somewhat meagre, nothing could be found to entertain the wounded soldier but the dullest of all reading, the Lives of the Saints! Ignatius, we can imagine, took them in hand with but a languid interest; but as he turned the pages, something caught his eye, which began to brighten, and he soon found in these "Acta Sanctorum" a fascination greater than in all the tales of chivalry. Knights gave place to saints and martyrs, who in their lives of self-denial had given proof of a far more splendid courage than was ever shown by a soldier on the field of battle. Often, as he read, his hand dropped by his side, and as he leaned back upon his pillow, and looked up at the canopy over his couch (the same which is still shown in the ancient house), he saw things in a new light: the life of a soldier, which

he had wished to live, seemed poor and pitiful in a world where there was so much serious work to be done, and where it was a thousand times better to be saving men than to be killing them. Besides, if he would still be a warrior, there were other fields of conflict and victory. Those were days in which there were wars in the Church as well as in the State ; and not only Spain, but Rome, had need of brave defenders. So ran his thoughts. While he was musing the fire burned, and he dreamed of what might be wrought for the Faith. With such an inspiration of hope, he renounced his former life, and chose a religious in place of a military career.

Having thus taken a new field for his activity, he set himself to prepare for it by a rigid course of discipline. He who would conquer others must first conquer himself. In a Spaniard the last thing to be subdued is "Castilian pride," and of this no man had more than Loyola, which he now set himself to "bring under" in the same heroic temper with which he had once had his body stretched upon the rack. He subjected himself to all sorts of humiliations : he wore the vilest raiment, changing clothes with a beggar ; and ate the most loathsome food, and even this he, the proud Spaniard that he was, did not shrink from begging from door to door.

When he had so far subdued his pride that he could stoop to any depth of humiliation, he made a pilgrimage to Monserrat, a serrated ridge of mountains near Barcelona, where on a dizzy height stands a convent built in honor of a famous image of the Virgin. Within sight of this he lived for a year in a cave, where he lay upon the ground, as if he were indeed but a worm of the dust, that could not be too abject before his Maker. It was during this long period of solitary meditation that he wrote the "Spiritual Exercises," which were at once the reflection of

his own experience, and were to be the guide to his followers to all generations.

Having thus prepared himself for the vows which he wished to take, he repaired to the shrine of the Virgin at Monserrat, before which he spent a whole night in prayer. Here he placed his sword reverently upon the altar, in token that he laid aside all his military dreams and ambitions. And then, not only bending on his knees and bowing his head, but casting himself with his face to the earth, he devoted himself to the service of the Blessed Virgin. This is something which a Protestant (who knows nothing of the feeling of a devout Catholic) cannot understand. He cannot help a suspicion that in this devotion there was a little of the same feeling which entered into the heart of a Spanish knight for the high-born lady who was the object of his adoration. It was devotion to a woman, which always kindles a certain ardor in a manly breast. This may be true, but beyond this there was something more. The Virgin was not only a woman, but the type of womanhood, the emblem of all purity and spiritual grace, the one perfect being to be presented to human devotion. And further still, she was the link between divinity and humanity—the mother of God, and yet a human mother, with all the tenderness that is locked up in the maternal breast. A suffering mother, too, she had been, the Mater Dolorosa, and was therefore the most sympathetic of all that ever bent over suffering childhood, or any form of human weakness, on which she looked down with her great, tender eyes, in whose depths there was an infinite love, an infinite pity. And yet she who was so human, was enthroned above, the Queen of Heaven. To this exalted being, *purissima, sanctissima,* Ignatius, bending in lowly prostration, offered all that he had to give—the devotion of his heart and life. As he laid his sword upon her altar, he vowed to be a sol-

dier in her cause, her champion and defender. However the feeling may be analyzed, it was most real and powerful, and never was there a more determined act of the human will. Loyola was a man of iron, yet this awful vow ruled him with absolute dominion through the whole of life, to its very last hour.

That this act of devotion might not be mere sentiment, but serve in an effective way, Ignatius had been meditating great projects. He had conceived the idea of a new Order that should be more efficient than any ever before enlisted in the service of the Church, composed of men who should be trained by the severest discipline, till there was nothing which they could not attempt or endure. While brooding over his plans, he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there, says Stephens, they "assumed a coherent form as he knelt on the Mount of Olives, and traced the last indelible imprint of the ascending Redeemer of Mankind. At that hallowed spot had ended the weary way of Him who had bowed the heavens, and come down to execute on earth a mission of unutterable love and matchless self-denial; and there was revealed to the prophetic gaze of the future Founder of the Order of Jesus the long line of missionaries who, animated by his example and guided by his instructions, should proclaim that holy name from the rising to the setting sun."

It was in the design of Loyola to establish his new Order at Jerusalem, that its members might go forth from the same spot from which our Lord sent forth His disciples; but to this he found unexpected obstacles, not so much in Moslem fanaticism, in the intolerance of the Turk, as in the jealousy of his own brethren, the Franciscan monks, who, being already in the Holy City, assumed the right, by priority of possession, to exclude all rivals or intruders. He therefore returned to Spain, and began his

studies in the University of Alcala, near Madrid, where the singularity of his opinions and the rigidness of his discipline subjected him to a suspicion of heresy. In those days it was not a light thing in Spain to be suspected, for suspicion was quickly followed by arrest. The accused, whether guilty or innocent, might be seized at midnight and thrown into a dungeon, from which to pass to the stake. This would have been a strange reversion of the course of things, which might have changed the history of Europe, if the man to whom the Church of Rome was to owe its deliverance from the dangers which threatened it in the middle of the sixteenth century, had himself perished by the Inquisition! Such might have been the case had he not left Alcala for Paris, the city which is hospitable to men of all countries and all opinions, where he pursued his studies unmolested, and was brought in contact with the men whom he was to recruit as the first members of his Order. It was here that he met Francis Xavier, a young and brilliant scholar, who, though a Spaniard by birth, was a Frenchman in his love of gaiety and pleasure, which he could not willingly surrender to the solicitations of his stern and almost gloomy countryman. But gradually this gay scholar, a lover of letters and yet a lover of the world, began to feel the power of "impressions which he could neither welcome nor avoid." The issue is thus told:

"Whether he partook of the frivolities in which he delighted, or in the disquisitions in which he excelled, or traced the windings of the Seine through the forests which then lined its banks, Ignatius was still at hand to discuss with him the charms of society, of learning, or of nature; but whatever had been the theme, it was still closed by the awful inquiry, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' . . . 'In the unrelaxing grasp of the strong man, Xavier gradually yielded to the fascination.'"

The same influence drew to Loyola a few other kindred spirits, not more than half a dozen in all, who bound themselves by vows to devote their lives to the service of the Church, though it was not till 1537 that either he or Xavier received priest's orders. Even then their little company had increased to but thirteen, when they went to Rome to ask permission of the Holy Father to found a new Order for the defence of the Church and the propagation of the faith. The petition was for a long time refused. But the dangers of the Church were pressing; the Reformation had spread over one-half of Europe, and might soon sweep over the other; and at last, in 1541, the bull was issued which authorized the establishment of the most powerful religious Order that has ever existed on the earth.

Loyola was now fifty years old. Three-fourths of his life was gone, but the object for which he had wrought for twenty years was attained: he had founded an Order which should be a power in the world for more than twenty generations. And now as he stood on life's summit, he might well feel that his work was done. But it was only begun: all the past was but the preparation for that which was to come. No sooner was the Order established than he was chosen its General. Twice he refused, but was at last compelled to accept the place of which no one else was worthy. From that moment he was an uncrowned king. And when he took the power, he took it with no trembling hand: he was as absolute as the Sultan or the Czar. For sixteen years he wrought in it with the tireless energy of Napoleon. Few kings had so wide a dominion: for as the Order spread rapidly, it soon had branches in every civilized, and in almost every uncivilized, country, with all which he was in constant correspondence; so that it might almost be said of him in his Monastery in Rome, as of Philip II. in the Escorial, that from it he ruled two

hemispheres, and ruled them not in name, but in reality, for of all that vast organization he was the centre and the soul. There was not a Jesuit missionary, however far away—in India or China or Thibet, among the mountains of Asia or on the Eastern or Western Coast of South America—who did not feel the impress of that powerful hand.

In laying the foundation of the Society of Jesus, Loyola found the invaluable benefit of his military education. To men of high spirit, impatient of control, there is no training so effective as that of the profession of arms. It curbs the most fiery energy, as it bids even courage wait upon the word of command, and thus compresses the explosive power of human passion, making it all the more terrible and destructive when it bursts forth. What Ignatius had learned as a Spanish soldier, he introduced as the first principle of a religious Order. Though its object was religious, its organization was military, as much as that of any regiment in the armies of the King of Spain. Its head was not a mere priest who gave fatherly counsel, but a General, who issued his commands, and the first duty of every member of the Order was absolute obedience. A body organized on this principle had in it all the elements of tremendous power. It was an absolute despotism, directed by one imperious will.

By reason of this military organization, there was an *esprit de corps* running through it as through the rank and file of an army. This kindled the enthusiasm of those who had been trained to arms, who saw that in it there was room for feats of daring as stirring as those in war. Europe was already plunged in a great conflict of religions. A movement from the North, which was likened to that of the barbarians who overwhelmed the Roman Empire, threatened to sweep away the ancient faith. Not in hundreds of years had the Church been in such danger.

A cry of alarm rose from the foot of the Apennines, which was echoed back from the Alps and the Pyrenees, and roused every loyal Catholic to arms. Such men found in the Order of Jesuits the organization in which they could unite their ardor with the greatest effect. It drew into it men of all ranks, from princes and nobles to the men of the middle class; and even peasants, with the smallest possible education, were admitted to serve as lay brothers, and thus help to rally the common people to allegiance to the faith.

While thus efficient at home, the Order of Jesuits was to be a vast Propaganda abroad. It was to furnish the apostles that should carry the banner of the Cross to the ends of the earth. Here again the military discipline was the secret of power. It anticipated the hesitation which paralyzes great designs. If a member received orders to start to-morrow morning for the most distant part of the globe, he had not to deliberate a moment:

> "Not his to ask the reason why;
> His but to do or die."

This giving up of one's self to such extent as forbade even clinging to his home or country, was the nurse of all the virtues that are born of self-denial. The love that was shut up in one direction, flowed in another; and he who seemed almost without natural affection, might prove the truest and tenderest of friends and brothers. Never was there a deeper well-spring of goodness than in the heart of Francis Xavier, of whom Sir James Stephens says:

"No man, however abject his condition, disgusting his maladies, or hateful his crimes, ever turned to Xavier without learning that there was at least one human heart on which he could repose with all the confidence of a brother's love. To his eye the meanest and the lowest reflected the image of Him whom he followed and adored; nor did he suppose that he could ever serve

the Saviour of Mankind so acceptably as by ministering to their sorrows, and recalling them into the way of peace."

While these virtues of individuals are fully recognized, yet to the Order itself its very success was its peril, as it nursed a passion for power, which quickly became unscrupulous in the means to its end. Assuming as a first principle that its object was holy, it reasoned that every means to carry it out was legitimate. From being a power in the Church, it aspired to be a power in the State, in political affairs; and while it sent out missionaries to preach the Gospel, it sent agents of a very different character to every court in Europe, where they were deep in plotting, intriguing, and persecuting. The zeal of the Order was greatest in the extermination of heretics. It lighted the fires of the autos-da-fé, and was the main support of the Inquisition. It soon became recognized as the most deadly enemy of liberty. Not content to oppose it by priestly influence, it did not hesitate to take part in conspiracies, in massacres and assassinations. If it did not instigate, there is every reason to believe that it connived at, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; while the evidence is still stronger that it aimed the dagger at the heart of Henry IV., the best of the kings of France, and fired the shot that ended the life of William of Orange.

What the Order of Jesuits was in the Sixteenth Century, it was in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth. It is but little more than a hundred years ago that a Pope—Clement XIV.—who issued a bull to suppress it, perished by poison. With such a record of crime, we can hardly condemn as too strong the language of Castelar, when, standing before the house in which Ignatius Loyola was born, he said that "beneath that roof had come into existence the man whose influence had been more fatal (funesta) than that of any other man who had ever lived on the earth!"

But influence is one thing, and character is another. The motive may be good, even though the result be evil. In many of the elements of greatness, Ignatius Loyola was one of the greatest of men. His commanding presence was but the outward indication of a nature that was born to rule mankind. His power came in part from his unquestioning faith. The Spaniards are strong believers, and he was of the strongest. The greatest mysteries did not perplex him. Even the doctrine of Transubstantiation was made clear to him, not only by faith, but by sight, for in one of his ecstacies of devotion he *saw* the change of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ! After this nothing could stagger him. The mystery of the Trinity was as clear as any mathematical proposition. Indeed the greater the natural improbability of any article of the creed, the greater the exercise of faith, and the more undoubtingly he believed.

However unreasonable may be such a faith, no one can fail to see with what prodigious "motive power" such a man is endowed. Instead of living in an atmosphere of vagueness and uncertainty, he has solid ground under his feet, and moves forward with the firm tread of a soldier. Such was the power of Loyola over those around him, who, whatever degree of ability or learning they possessed, were over-borne by his unquestioning faith and his tremendous will.

Another element of power was the self-discipline which he never relaxed. However rigid was that which he exacted of others, to the same he subjected himself. Like a true soldier, he led the way where he wished them to follow, and thus gave them not only the authority of his command, but the inspiration of his example.

These self denials he carried (as we believe) beyond the bounds alike of reason and religion. He denied himself

not only every indulgence, but even the ordinary pleasures of human society. It is affirmed—incredible as it may seem—that "for thirty years he never once looked upon the female countenance." A man thus deprived of every form of domestic life, never looking in the face of mother or sister, must become to some extent dehumanized. Not so did our Divine Master, who—lonely as He was, apart from other men as He was above them—still felt all the sweet tenderness of home, which drew Him to Bethany to comfort Mary and Martha concerning their brother; and who, so far from shrinking from the face of woman, did not turn away from her in any depth of sorrow or of sin; who suffered the penitent Magdalen to kneel at His feet; and, instead of crushing her, raised her up with the words, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

And so the rule of implicit obedience, which is the cornerstone of the Order, may be carried to an extent that destroys a man's individuality, till he is no longer a separate being, with the power of free will and free action, but is simply an infinitesimal part of a tremendous machine, which goes on with its terrible work, grinding and crushing at once human intellect and human affection. So much as this indeed is avowed in the famous maxim "Perinde ac cadaver" [that one may become like a dead body], a principle which reverses the order of nature and of God, who "is not the God of the dead but of the living," and demands for His service not dead bodies but living souls.

While we thus dissent from the principles of the Order of Jesuits, we have no wish to detract from the real greatness of its founder, or to cast a shadow on his immortal name. Never do we visit Rome without going to the Church of the Gésu, built in his honor, where his bones rest under an altar with the simple inscription *Ad majoram Dei gloriam*—words which express with simple majesty the

one object for which he lived and died. A noble epitaph indeed, but one which belongs not to him alone, but which might be inscribed with equal fitness on the tablet in Westminster Abbey which rests above all that is mortal of David Livingstone; or on the headstone that marks the grave of many a humble missionary, who has chosen the part of an exile that he might do good to his poor and suffering fellow-beings whom he never knew. All these, and thousands of others, seen only by the Omniscient eye, are truly devoting their lives "to the greater glory of God."

And so we turn away from this majestic figure of the Sixteenth Century, with admiration for all that was heroic in that life and character, yet feeling that, after all, the Order founded by Ignatius Loyola is based on false principles, which make it far more potent for evil than for good. The Jesuit system is founded on the Jesuit creed, both of which are, we will not say inhuman, but certainly *un*human without being divine. From this soldier-priest we turn to the Man of Galilee, "who went about doing good," as the true type of that moral greatness to which all, from the highest to the humblest, may aspire.

When we left Azpeitia, it was the middle of the afternoon of the short Winter day, and we had yet a four hours' drive before us. The darkness fell as we were crossing the mountains. We stopped but once, in a little Spanish village, for a change of horses, and it was far in the evening when we saw the lights of San Sebastian.

A long day's work to see the spot in which a man was born nearly four hundred years ago! And yet I have seldom made a pilgrimage to any shrine of saint or martyr which left on me a deeper impression. The end of the Fifteenth century, and the beginning of the Sixteenth, was a period of great events, marked by many illustrious char-

acters; but among them all there appeared no grander figure than this. Loyola was born in 1491, and the very next year Columbus discovered America. Among the actors in history, few have a higher place than the discoverer of the New World. And yet even the brief review here given of a life as different from that of the great navigator as any two lives could be, may lead us to doubt which of these two men—Columbus or Loyola—had the greater influence on the destinies of mankind.

CHAPTER V.

BURGOS—THE CATHEDRAL AND MONASTERY.

Although we had had our first glimpses of Spain, it was only just enough to excite our appetites for more. We had ridden a few miles along the coast, but the vast interior was still an undiscovered country, hidden from us by a wall of mountains that lay along the southern horizon. We were now to pass the barrier, and penetrate into the heart of the kingdom.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon that the train from Paris, having crossed the border at Irun, thundered into the station at San Sebastian, where I had been walking up and down for half an hour with the grandest old Spaniard whom I met in all Spain, who had come to meet his friend Castelar, who had been spending some weeks in Paris (where of course he was a great lion), and was now on his return. As he spends his Summers at San Sebastian, his face is familiar to everybody, and the family whose guest he is were there to welcome their beloved "Don Emilio." But he did not come till the next day. I shared their disappointment, for there was nobody in Spain whom I so much wished to see. However, it was all made right when we got to Madrid, where I saw him many times, both in

the Cortes and in his own house. And just now we were to have occupation for our eyes, which would make it almost "a sinful diversion" to turn them aside even to gaze at the greatest of living orators.

The ride of this afternoon was a disappointment, but a disappointment of the right kind. Somehow I had got it into my head that the scenery of Spain was very monotonous, and so in many places it is; there are vast treeless plains, which are wastes of desolation; but to-day we were to cross the mountains, in which I was constantly reminded of the passage of the Alps. In all my experience as a traveller, I find nothing so fascinating as to have the exhilaration of an Alpine climb, without the fatigue. If the ascent be gradual, so much the greater is the enjoyment, as both the eye and the mind are "keyed up" to it. When I see a train preparing to storm a mountain pass, it seems as if the huge monster of an engine were a living thing, which knew what was before it, and was snorting like a war-horse that smells the battle from afar; that "paweth the ground as he goeth forth to meet the armed men." The traveller who comes across the continent feels this keenly as he climbs the Sierra Nevada, and sweeps round "Cape Horn," and passes through the cañons of the Rocky Mountains. And now watch our iron steed as the engineer "lets her go"; how gracefully she moves, with the long train behind her, gliding like a serpent in constant curves; now winding along the green banks of rivers, hearing the voice of streams; mounting by slow degrees till we get *where we look down.* In the Spanish mountains man has fought against nature: every spot of earth is cultivated, and vines are trailed along the sides of the hills. As we climb higher and higher, we feel at every moment the exhilaration of being raised up to a greater altitude, of breathing a purer air, and looking round on a wider