

holy bishop who then governed the Church in that city. Something of similarity existed between the early history of these two men. Lambert, like Hubert, had known the sorrows and trials of a long and unjust exile. For when he was still young he had been raised to the episcopal throne of Maestricht, from which the cabals and jealousy of King Childeric's courtiers had succeeded in driving him. After wandering about for some time as a homeless and houseless stranger, he at length entered a monastery of the country, and lived there for some years, happy in the resignation of a dignity for which his humility persuaded him he was unfit. This humility was evinced on many occasions, one of which is thus related in his legend. One night, it is said, as he rose to pray, he unintentionally made a slight noise on the pavement of the cloister. The abbot of the monastery was disturbed by the noise, and gave orders that whoever was moving at that unseasonable hour should out of penance go to the cross out of doors, and remain there for a certain space. Lambert meekly obeyed; nor did he venture to return till he should be sent for. It was a cold winter night; the snow lay deep around him, and fell on his person in heavy flakes; his feet and head were bare, and were pierced by the bitter frost, yet he remained patient and in prayer. Meanwhile the brethren rose to matins; and when the office was finished, according to custom they assembled before the fire, to warm themselves before again retiring to rest. The abbot looked around him, and missed one of the number. "Where is the Bishop Lambert," he said; for his dignity was always acknowledged by the brethren, to whom the history of his misfortunes and exile were well known.

"May it please you, my lord," said one of them, "he is praying by the cross outside; though, as I think, the snow is falling heavily, and the frost is sharp."

Then the abbot bade them quickly call him in; and when he was come, he fell at his feet, and besought his pardon for what he had done; but the saint smiled sweetly at him, and said without the smallest appearance of anger. "My father, one learns patience at the foot of the cross yonder." Such was the man to whom Hubert now applied for instruction in the faith. It need hardly be said that, together with the rudiments of Christian doctrine, he received from his hands the teaching and direction which tended to lead him on to the highest paths of perfection; so that he soon became divested of all love of the world, and all care for his riches and lands, and the empty toys of honor which had hitherto seemed good and desirable in his eyes, and sought only to adhere closely to Christ in the way of poverty and mortification.

He came back to his castle and lands in Aquitaine only to bid them farewell for ever. Calling his people about him, he declared to them all things that had passed, and how that he had resolved to answer the strange call which had been sent to him, by an entire abandonment of the world. His bondmen were set at liberty, his retainers dismissed with generous presents, his goods and lands sold, and the price distributed to the poor;

and when all this was done, and Hubert saw himself reduced from the state and condition of a powerful count to that of a poor and nameless beggar, he turned his back with a light heart on the county where but a short time before he had ruled and been honored as its lord.

The next thing was to choose out a solitude for his future home, where he might apply himself with greater diligence to the life which he had resolved to follow. This was soon done: the broad valleys of France and Flanders were not wanting in spots whose loneliness presented him with all he required. In one of the most savage of these deserts he chose his abode; scooping out of the hard rock his little cell and chapel, where he spent some time in a life of prayer and penance, which offered a strange contrast to the gay and gallant days he had been wont to pass in his noble castle of Aquitan.

Now, he had no comrades save the wild beasts of the forests, whom he no longer pursued as game, but tamed and made his friends, so that they grew familiar with his form, and ranged fearlessly about his cell; the timid deer, too, were especially dear to him, in memory of that "milk-white doe" who had been made the ambassador of his salvation: they would come around him and feed out of his hand, and perhaps it was not the least singular part of the transformation which had taken place in Hubert's nature, that the bold and ardent sportsman was now turned into the protector of all the dumb creatures of his solitude.

His only food was the wild fruit of the forest, and the crystal stream that flowed over its rocky bed beside his hermitage: he slept on the stone floor, and was clad in a rough sheepskin; and yet, despite his hard and penitential life, Hubert felt that he had never known happiness before. And yet there were not wanting enemies to disturb his quiet, for the demons assaulted him day and night, and strove to trouble and tempt him with their darkest suggestions; but he met them stoutly, like a brave and valiant knight, and drove them from him with contempt; and thus sixteen years glided rapidly away.

Now one night, as he lay on his hard bed, he was awakened by a bright and shining light, which streamed through the rocky cavern, and seemed to turn its darkness into day. He looked up, and saw a beautiful and heavenly form bending over his couch: the lovely head was crowned with a diadem that seemed rather of glory than of gold, wings of dazzling lustre and many colors floated from the shoulders, and the soft friendly eyes looked down on him with a brother's love. Hubert knew that his guardian-angel was beside him. "Arise," said the sweet and musical voice of the celestial visitor: "arise, for thou hast tarried long enough in this solitude; and henceforth God hath other ways for thee to walk in: arise, and go to Rome, it is there His will shall be declared to thee."

Hubert scarcely knew what to think; for the deceits and frauds of the devil had taught him to mistrust even the fairest visions, lest perchance they should but conceal diabolic and dangerous delusions. He determined, therefore, to lay the whole matter before his

spiritual master St. Lambert; and setting out towards Utrecht, he soon arrived in his presence, and narrated all that had occurred. The venerable bishop listened to his tale with attention, and when he had finished, he laid his hand on his disciple's head, and affectionately blessed him. "Go now," he said, "son of my adoption and of my old age, for this thing is from the hands of God; go, and fear nothing, for verily I know that great things lie before thee, and that the burden which weighs too heavily on weak and aged shoulders shall pass to them that are fitter to bear it." Hubert arose, wondering at the Bishop's words, whose meaning, however, he did not devise; and in obedience to the command he had received, he set out for the city of Rome, where St. Sergius I then filled the pontifical chair.

Whilst Hubert was pursuing his long and painful journey, a terrible tragedy was taking place in the city he had left behind him. The bold and fearless simplicity with which the holy Bishop Lambert was wont to reprove sin wheresoever he met with it, could scarcely fail to raise him many enemies. Two of the most unprincipled men of Utrecht, who had suffered from the sharp reproof of the Bishop, excited a tumult against him, which ended in the loss of their own life. A relation of these two men, named Dodo, and an officer of Pepin's household, swore to revenge their death, and the opportunity of gratifying his revenge soon presented itself. Pepin subjected himself by the license of his life to the reprimands of his Bishop, who, in the exercise of his apostolic functions, never spared rank or dignity; but dealt his censures to all, without respect of persons.

Taking advantage, therefore, of the disgust which his boldness had caused in the prince's mind, Dodo persuaded him to give him the command of a body of men, at whose head he proceeded to the Bishop's palace, and bade him prepare for death. St. Lambert's death was worthy of his life: whilst the ruffians were battering at the palace-doors, he called his attendants about him, and bade them confess their sins and prepare for death; and having given them his blessing, he himself knelt down, and awaited the blows of his murderers in prayer. His body was buried in his own cathedral amid the tears and lamentations of his people.

Meanwhile, we must carry our reader to the city of Rome, where the first streak of early dawn was just breaking its golden bars on the night's horizon, when Pope Sergius was aroused from his sleep by a hand that lightly touched his shoulder; he awoke, and started as he beheld an angel standing by his bed. "Sleepest thou, O Sergius?" said the messenger of God: "mark well the words I say, and forget them not. This night there hath been a bloody deed done in Utrecht, and the Church of God hath lost a faithful and true pastor; for the holy Bishop Lambert is gone to God. The sword of the ruffian Dodo is even now reeking with his blood, and the widowed Church of Utrecht is bewailing him in her tears. And even as I speak, his son and beloved disciple Hubert is entering Rome, not knowing wherefore he hath been led hither, save that the hand of God is guiding him. He it is, O Sergius, whom thou must name to the