

A Man of
Good Zeal

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A Man of Good Zeal

*A Novel Based on the
Life of Saint Francis de Sales*

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*To the memory of my uncle and
good friend*

John F. Mcfadden

Now it came to pass, when the days had come for Him to be taken up, that He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem, and sent messengers before Him. And they went and entered a Samaritan town to make ready for Him; and they did not receive Him, because His face was set for Jerusalem. But when His disciples, James and John, saw this, they said, "Lord, wilt Thou that we bid fire come down from heaven and consume them?"

But He turned and rebuked them, saying, "You do not know of what manner of spirit you are: for the Son of Man did not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." And they went to another village.

Luke 9:51–56

PROLOGUE

MANY who knew my cousin, Francis, being desirous of retaining him with them longer than life permitted, have asked that I record his history. Let it be said that their importunities attest more their love for him than respect for me, for I have never demonstrated aptitude for such a work. I have practiced the art of writing only by composition of those letters required of me as secretary to Francis.

When first urged to this task, immediately after his death, I excused myself and, in so doing, conveyed unwittingly the impression that I could not bear the added sorrow of recalling my many years of intimate companionship with him. The truth is that my love for him was a greater incentive than the requests of others, and I had begun, long before his death, to recall and record events and circumstances of his life.

In the course of these labors, however, I became aware that his visible achievements, great as they were, became insignificant when compared with his invisible and interior achievements. True, his external life would inspire and edify all who wish to imitate his prodigious efforts for the glory of God, the glory of God's Church, and the salvation of souls; but these would necessarily be the few whom God might bless with talent equalling his. His invisible and

interior achievements, on the contrary, marked his progress toward the true goal of his life; more important, all can imitate them—prince, peasant, rich, poor, clergy, laity.

“During this mortal life,” Francis wrote in the final chapter of his *Treatise on the Love of God*, “we must choose eternal love or eternal death; there is no middle choice. O Eternal Love, my soul desires and chooses Thee eternally!” This was his choice, this his goal; and I determined that my history must record his progress toward it even while recounting the external incidents of his life.

Presumptuous?

I will admit the charge. “Man’s life,” wrote St. Thomas Aquinas, “is exterior and interior. His exterior life is concerned with sensitive and corporeal nature, not with God or the angels. His interior life is concerned with intellectual and spiritual life and, thus, with God and the angels. But a man is competent to judge only of the exterior actions of another while God alone can know interior movements and affections.”

Were I motivated by mere curiosity or, worse, that vanity which examines others to their detriment, I should proceed no further; but I view Francis’ interior life, to such extent as I can penetrate it, as a model for myself and all others. I see, in this material which I have compiled, evidences of progress toward the Eternal Love—progress that entailed the surmounting of many obstacles, conquering of many temptations, correcting of many mistakes, as such progress will be marked in the life of any who seek the same goal.

My evidence is necessarily incomplete; but where it fails, I shall resort to probability founded on the writings of many holy men who have pointed the path toward heaven,

firmly believing that, as we form the science of sanctity from examination of many saintly lives, so may we apply the principles of this science when necessary to illuminate aspects of a particular life.

I do not wish to anticipate nor to oppose judgment by the Church. When I finish the work, I shall entrust it to a monastery for such disposition as the abbot or his successors may decide. If the many petitions now directed to Rome should prompt examination into the holiness of Francis' life, this work may contribute something to final decision; but should there be no investigation, this work may well remain hidden or be destroyed. Only if Holy Mother Church infallibly decrees the sanctity of Francis may this work be revealed to the world.

Another consideration increases my caution. The work necessitates revealing or emphasizing incidents which certain individuals would prefer be concealed. I could not cause them pain or embarrassment; for I am mindful of Francis' unflinching consideration for the sentiments of others and will not dishonor his memory by violating his principles. To my knowledge, all whose names shall appear are now dead; but some of their relations and descendants might be dismayed by disclosures pertaining to their ancestors. Therefore, I enjoin those entrusted with this manuscript to withhold it from publication until the years shall minimize all possibility of offense, though I leave to their wisdom and good will the decision as to an appropriate time.

Conceivably, many years may intervene between composition and publication of this work; readers far removed by time or space may be puzzled by conditions and circumstances in an obscure corner of Europe, references to a country daily threatened with extinction, and events

hardly noticed in their own time because of much greater events occurring elsewhere. Since I must write my account of Francis for readers presently acquainted with current affairs, I shall offer a short explanation for the information of others.

Our country of Savoy borders on France. It extends from the shore of Lake Geneva, southward across the Alps, includes the district of Piedmont in Italy, and ends on the shore of the Mediterranean at Nice. Our sovereign, the Duke, maintains his principal home in Turin, Italy, and a lesser home at Chambéry in the country north of the Alps.

At one time, the city of Geneva was part of Savoy; but in 1534, Genevans engaged in dispute with both their resident bishop and the distant Duke. They caused the bishop to move to Annecy, some twenty-two miles southward, which remains the site of his residence, and declared their independence of the Duke.

Two years later, the city granted sanctuary to M. Jean Calvin and subscribed en masse to his religious tenets when he was exiled from France. By this action, Geneva became the center of Calvinist Protestantism and confirmed its separation from Catholic Savoy. By the year 1567, when Francis and I were born, Calvinist Protestantism had spread eastward through the Savoyard province of Chablais bordering on Lake Geneva, and westward into the French province of Gex; it penetrated southward by inducing a noticeable decline of devotion among Catholics. Thus it formed an inverted pyramid, its base a line drawn east and west through Geneva and its apex at Annecy.

Francis' external life consisted in his efforts to supplant Calvinist Protestant influence with Catholic. It is in the telling of his methods, his successes and failures that I

shall endeavor also to disclose his interior life. I trust, as he, in the assistance of our Lord Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother that the completed work be of fair and pleasing composition but, more, that it entice and beguile the hearts of readers, as would Francis himself, to the life of devotion he exemplified.

A Man of
Good Zeal

BOOK ONE

THE BEGINNER

PART 1

THE FORMATIVE YEARS

ACCORDING to my father, he and his younger brother, Monsieur François, who became the father of Francis, received a negligible inheritance from my grandfather. My father received as his portion the Château de Brens and attached lands which sufficed for the needs of my parents and brothers. M. François received the dilapidated Château de Sales with attached lands that were exhausted; fortunately, when he was only twelve, he entered into the service of the Duke of Mercoeur in France, which enabled him to live in a manner proper to his lineage rather than his resources.

As page in the household, M. François merited great favor with the Duchess by his manners, piety and rigid honor. Indeed, when he attained the proper age to serve as an officer in the Duke's military ventures, he obtained her agreement only after repeated requests aided by the insistence of the Duke.

From the beginning of his military career, he proved himself brave and capable, and thus secured favor of the Duke and rapid advancement. He won such distinction in one series of battles that the Duke, aware that M. François desired to

return to his homeland, released him from service and gave him an extraordinary reward. With this, M. François returned to Savoy with the hope of repairing the ancient buildings of his patrimony and reviving the lands.

My uncle was thirty when he returned. He had become a stranger to the country through his long absence and had with him a single servant to whom the country was equally unfamiliar. Thus it happened that he followed the road from Annecy to Pringy but there failed to turn into the road that led to Sales and continued on the road to Geneva.

They had progressed a short distance when a snowstorm swept down on them, and my uncle, remembering from childhood the depth and fury of our mountain storms in the spring, very wisely sought refuge in the first establishment they encountered. They were admitted by an armed servant into a château whose construction and furnishings bespoke the ample wealth of the owner. The armed servant summoned others to lead my uncle's servant to proper quarters and to care for the horses, after which he conducted my uncle into the presence of his mistress.

Madame Louisa—or Madame de Monthoux as she preferred to be known by the name of this, her principal château—was civil and hospitable, but she was also cautious. She initiated a conversation which was a penetrating interrogation, the while she retained the armed servant in the room.

M. François understood the lady's reserve and attributed it to her age, which was perhaps ten years more than his, and her widowed status; but, accustomed as he was to the adroit questioners he had encountered in France, he found some amusement in her unskilled efforts. Grateful to her, however, he endeavored to inform and reassure her.

My father could never refer to Mme. de Monthoux without a small laugh, a habit which puzzled me until I was sufficiently grown to learn that the lady had married but outlived four husbands, each of whom had enriched her until she became one of the wealthiest persons in Upper Savoy. In addition to Monthoux, she owned the château of Chevron-Vilette, the village and lands of Groisy, Boisy, La Thuile and Sonnaz, and some isolated tracts not identified by name.

Because her material good fortune contrasted so extremely with her matrimonial bad fortune, many others, especially less-fortunate widows, made her an object of derision and mockery. When Francis wrote his *Introduction to the Devout Life* he inserted particular advice to widows, discouraged them from marrying again but warned that they “ought never to blame nor censure those who pass to a second, or even a third or a fourth marriage; for in some cases God so disposes them for His greater glory.” Certainly this was a direct reference to Mme. de Monthoux, the lady destined to be his grandmother, for the greater glory of God was accomplished when her fourth marriage resulted in her one child, a daughter to whom M. François was presented at the supper hour.

M. François knew of this daughter from his servant—that she was half his own thirty years in age, personable if not beautiful, potentially the wealthiest and therefore the most sought young lady in the district. He considered as significant and illuminating the information that this young lady had rejected every suitor; the few others he had encountered of such disposition had been young ladies extremely enamored of themselves or desirous of entering a convent. While he prepared for supper, he looked several

times from the window of his room with the hope that the snow would cease and he could continue the journey to Château de Sales.

He was greatly astonished when the young Mlle. Françoise proved most unlike his expectations and most unlike her mother. She possessed that innocent and gay temperament which confers a beauty of its own. From the moment of meeting, he became aware that he had encountered, in our mountains, a young lady who firmly seized his heart but whose wealth lofted her far beyond his most extreme hopes.

Mlle. Françoise increased his discomfort by her unconcealed admiration for his appearance, his soldierly carriage and strength, and her delight with the stories she extracted from him of life in the house of the Duke of Mercoeur and among the great of France. When my uncle returned to his room, he went again to the window and saw jubilantly that the snow continued.

As happens often at that season, the snow continued for three days before giving way to a thaw that brought water cascading down the steep slopes to turn the valley into a quagmire and constrain my uncle to extend his visit to the Château de Monthoux. At the end of a week, his relationships with Madame and Mademoiselle clarified.

He became hopeful, even certain, that Mlle. Françoise was becoming more interested in him as an individual than as a chance traveller who had lived in the exciting surroundings of a great French house; and he interpreted favorably a sudden alteration of her mother's attitude from reserved civility to evident displeasure at his enforced presence. On the ninth day, he gave Madame reason for greater displeasure by volunteering his conviction, formed in him

by his years of service with the Duke, that all Protestants should be suppressed or even exterminated.

Mme. de Monthoux differed emphatically. Some of her relatives, many friends, and many of the common people of the district adhered to the views propounded by M. Calvin and disseminated from Geneva, headquarters of the Protestants since their expulsion from France. In defense of them, she uttered many allegations against the popes and Roman hierarchy, justified some of M. Calvin's tenets, derided the lowly origin of Roman priests in our province, and extolled the aristocracy and gentlemanliness of those Genevans who propagated M. Calvin's doctrines. Their followers, she alleged, were simply "Christians who openly rejected the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion—no different from those who profess adherence to the Catholic Faith but do not avail themselves of the same two sacraments."

My uncle became so angry that he determined to leave Monthoux despite the weather and despite his mounting affection for Mlle. Françoise. Very early on the following morning, therefore, he informed Madame that the earth had dried sufficiently for continuation of his journey; she assisted his departure by deputing a groom to guide him through a little-known mountain pass to the village at the base of the slope on which stood his own Château de Sales. He bore with him a sadness that his impoverished circumstances prevented him from speaking his heart to Mlle. Françoise, but he countered this with virulent resentment against Mme. de Monthoux, who professed to be a loyal Catholic but did not hesitate to defend those who were not.

M. François began immediately the work of restoration, impelled by the need of driving from heart and memory

his affection of Mlle. Françoise. "He was a stubbornly determined man," my father said admiringly. To the villagers, he proved himself a strong and energetic man—he repaired the château, supervised the planting of his lands and obtained cattle, all within two months. So well did he crush his affection for Mademoiselle that, when a servant brought a verbal invitation to visit Monthoux, he rejected it because he thought it had been sent without knowledge of Madame. A day later, he realized his error when there arrived at the Château de Sales a priest who identified himself as the pastor of Madame's parish church, sent by her to begin discussions preliminary to the marriage of M. François and Mlle. Françoise.

* * * * *

Occasionally my father took us to visit the Château de Sales, or my uncle and aunt visited our château at Brens. The visits were infrequent because in those seasons of the year most suitable for such journeys, bands of Genevans invaded our district. These marauders sought adventure by intercepting travellers, examining them with regard to their religious beliefs and, if they admitted themselves to be Catholics, demanding their rosaries or medals, which they would spit upon and trample into the dirt. Such Genevans were as belligerently hostile to Catholics as was M. François toward Protestants.

I do not remember particular visits but I do remember that the manner of life imposed on Francis, who was the same age as I, was much different from that permitted me and my brothers. He was forbidden to enter the kitchen and other sections of the château habituated by the servants; he was

forbidden to associate indiscriminately with other children.

Strangely, these two prohibitions were supported jointly and severally by his mother, father and grandmother, though for different reasons. His father desired to shield him from the doctrines of M. Calvin, his mother from the injuries common to childrens' games; while his grandmother considered such associations unseemly to a child of wealth and aristocratic lineage.

Francis once violated the rule against entry into the kitchen, being attracted by the aroma of baking pastries, to ask a pie of the cook. This woman, thinking to impress on him a knowledge of his wrong-doing, callously drew a small pie from the hot oven and put it on his outstretched hand. The searing pain forced him to drop the pie, but some of the juices and pastry clung to his hand and continued to burn him, so that he ran crying to his mother. His mother might have permitted the matter to rest, but his grandmother, indignant at the effrontery of the servant, herself applied three lashes to the woman's buttocks.

As he grew older, the prescribed manner of his life infused into him an attitude of supremacy to all others. I remember vividly our resentment against his assumed superiority over us, his cousins, whose father had not married as fortunately as his.

In the course of time, other children were born to my uncle and aunt, of whom seven survived infancy. They might have afforded companionship to Francis and effected some change of attitude in him, but he was separated from them at an early age. Those who did influence his life in later years will be noted at the proper time.

In the year 1574, when Francis and I were seven, we were enrolled in the school at La Roche, partly because it

was the school proper for children of minor nobles, who were so numerous in our part of Savoy, and partly because La Roche was conveniently near the Château de Sales and our Château de Brens.

My older brother was already a student, fully accepted by the other boys, and I was admitted readily into the company. Francis, however, arrived at the school accompanied by a young chaplain, Abbé Déage, who was assigned to this duty by the bishop in deference to Mme. de Monthoux. This set him apart immediately from all others in the school, and he isolated himself even more by his cultivated aversion to our games. When the rest of us arranged outings, we invited him as was required of us but were always relieved when he declined. His two years at La Roche were extremely lonely; he must have been sustained by the aristocratic disdain firmly implanted in him.

Even among the townspeople, where we found many friends, Francis aroused dislike because of his manner toward all lesser people, as he had been trained to regard them. When Abbé Déage and a tradesman engaged one day in a bargaining session, the usual procedure in our country, Francis abruptly terminated their conversation by directing the priest to pay what the tradesman asked. On another occasion, when Abbé Déage opposed a bridge-keeper's demand for a toll by asserting the right of nobles to cross without payment, Francis loftily ordered the chaplain to pay the required amount. Tales of these and like incidents irritated the townspeople and boys of the school. Eventually his manner led him to a pinnacle of rashness.

Near the end of our second year at school, we were subjected to a new master who believed that boys were

possessed by devils which could be exorcised only by severe whippings. Within two months, he indulged his unhappy temper by whipping six of the boys and imbuing the rest of us, excepting Francis, with a pervading terror of him.

For some misdeed, I was selected as the seventh victim but, when summoned, had not strength to rise from my bench, being reduced to tears and wailings. Infuriated the more by this display of weakness, the master fumed and roared so that my wailings increased and some of the other boys joined their cries to mine. Above the tumult, my cousin, Francis, called out, "Master, please, I shall substitute for my cousin."

Even now, in my old age, I shudder again and my eyes fill as I remember that incident. Completely maddened by Francis' effrontery, perhaps hating his manner, the master whipped Francis savagely. Francis' face paled as the branch rose and fell, and the pain multiplied with each lash. Tears flowed down his face. But, throughout, the aristocratic pride which was so much a part of him held his lips tightly sealed.

Our mounting cries, or perhaps the failing strength of the master, brought an end at last to the torment. Francis limped away from the master and, holding himself as erect as he could, walked silently to the door and out of the school. He was as "stubbornly determined" as his father.

An echo of the two cruel punishments he suffered appears in his *Devout Life*, where he wrote, "We must correct the evil and restrain the vices of those that are subject to our authority, but always with meekness and compassion. As long as reason rules and directs chastisement, everyone approves it; but when it is exercised with anger

and passionate rage, it is feared, and he who applies it is the greater sufferer.”

The angry master was indeed the greater sufferer, for Abbé Déage immediately lodged a complaint with the town council. Two councilmen, assigned to investigate the matter, were appalled and angered when they examined Francis, who was confined to bed. Then the whole council, having ascertained the relevant facts and discussed the matter, ordered that the master be flogged, banished from the district, and all schools warned against him. Their efforts, however, did not profit the town because Abbé Déage also communicated a full report to the bishop, to M. François, and to Mme. de Monthoux. Our bishop summarily ordered the school suppressed as penalty for failure of the council to supervise it properly.

* * * * *

To continue our education, Francis, my brothers and I, with most of the other boys, were transferred to the school at Annecy where the bishop himself resided.

Our attitude towards Francis became radically different at Annecy from what it had been at La Roche. I do not believe that admiration for his sacrificial action was the sole reason; I believe we were more deeply affected by the utter silence he had maintained. It was as though we accepted his performance as proof of his aristocratic stature. Certainly, from that time, we deferred to him as one of proved superiority; from that time we planned no outings without insisting that he accompany us. (From that time, also, I date my own submission to him which, thanks to divine providence, never changed.)

Outwardly his attitude toward us was as it had been but, enlightened by events, we perceived more in his attitude than we had been willing to observe previously. We saw, as before, condescension toward us but were now willing to perceive a certain graciousness which accompanied it. We accepted his refusal to join in our games by recognizing that the dirt, noise and disorderliness incident to these were incompatible with one destined for high place in the world.

Most important of all changes, however, was a subtle readjustment within Francis. His action at La Roche, though spontaneous in itself, seemed to awaken or vivify a realization that superiority over others is a responsibility rather than a privilege—that good masters, like good princes, attend to the welfare of their subordinates with confidence of receiving loyalty and acclaim, yet without seeking that as their principal end.

He had responded intuitively to the situation at La Roche. Looking upon others, and especially me, as his subordinates, he was correspondingly constrained to act for our welfare. As an aftermath, he gained knowledge that he inflicted pain on us by his manner as effectively as others had inflicted it on him by force. He began at Annecy to cultivate a new characteristic of interest in our activities and welfare.

In studies, he had always been foremost among us, absorbing learning without difficulty, answering questions accurately and promptly. While many of us labored to learn and even studied assigned subjects in hours after classes, Francis was able to enjoy himself by reading books borrowed from the masters. Now he began to offer his assistance to us and in such excellent manner that we accepted readily.

By no means did he abandon his spirit of superiority. He changed the exercise of it as regards the rest of us in the school but changed it not at all as regards the ordinary people of the town.

He must have realized even then that he was born to greatness—indeed, Aristotle implies in his treatise on Ethics that the great become aware, while quite young, of their destiny. He must then have begun to envision himself in a role of greatness where he would exert mind and heart for the good of all, for he began tending toward all which would make him worthy of his destiny.

During our six years at Annecy, he fixed upon the practice of law as the vocation in which he could exercise his greatness and assist his lesser fellowmen. In that exalted profession, he would gain admission to our Senate, where he would participate in formulation and execution of our laws; he would advance upward from the Senate to become an advisor to our Duke. Eventually he disclosed his ambitions to Abbé Déage.

Abbé Déage relayed to Francis' parents and grandmother this news of his vocation, adding his own approval and recommendation. He had sent them regular reports of Francis' progress since his first days at La Roche and had phrased them in such glowing terms that all were predisposed to favor continued education. Well before we completed our schooling at Annecy, arrangements were concluded for Francis and me to continue our studies at the University of Paris—Francis because of his achievements and I because we had become inseparable, and he demanded my continued companionship.

In their accustomed manner, M. François and Mme. de Monthoux disagreed as to details. Madame, who would

finance this extended education, demanded that Francis attend the College of Navarre, live in quarters apart from other students, and thus become accustomed to the life of a gentleman.

To M. François, the word “Navarre” was anathema, linked as it was with King Henry of Navarre, ruler of a Protestant kingdom and acknowledged political leader of Protestants in France and Geneva. It was during battles against the forces of this king that M. François had distinguished himself. At this very time, his former master, the Duke of Moncouer, was conspicuous for his enmity against this same king. M. François also opposed the plan that Francis and I live apart from other students because he knew the physical and moral danger of such freedom.

Ultimately, after much bickering and many concessions, the two compromised as they invariably did in matters pertaining to Francis. They agreed we should attend the College of Clermont, conducted by the Jesuit priests; they agreed that we should live as young gentlemen in quarters apart from other students; they agreed that we would be accompanied by Abbé Déage to protect us against dangers to morality and by an armed servant, Georges Rolland, to protect us against dangers to our physical well-being.

* * * * *

Francis and I were fifteen, an age more impressed by the presence of young and powerful Georges Rolland than by that of Abbé Déage. Indeed there was in Paris equal need of both, for that city was in great physical and moral disorder. Ten years had passed since the famous day of St. Bartholomew when armed Catholics fell upon

the Protestants and killed many of them, but the enmity between the two had not diminished with the passage of time. The springs of hatred opened that day had swelled into torrents by the time of our arrival in 1582. Murder and other violent actions occurred daily, and crime was alternately justified or condemned by conflicting leaders only according to whether it benefited or injured their differing interests.

The King of France dared not enter this capital of his kingdom, for neither Catholics nor Protestants tendered him their allegiance. Catholics gave their allegiance to the leader of the Catholic party, even hailing him as “King of Paris”; Protestants gave their allegiance to King Henry of Navarre in his kingdom far to the south.

Our sympathies differed greatly. Abbé Déage accepted the attitude, prevailing among the clergy with whom he associated, that conditions demanded complete support of the Catholic party. Initially, I found refuge in clinging to the attitude prevalent in our own country, where Catholics and Protestants had, in general, learned to live peacefully together by adopting a tepid attitude toward all religious matters; gradually, however, I was influenced by the masters at the College to greater sympathy with the Catholic cause, as my aspirations to the priesthood seemed to require of me.

Francis wavered uncertainly for a time. He could not countenance the crimes and violence done by both sides in the name of religion. The two cruelties he had suffered during his more impressionable years had implanted within him a revulsion against physical harm. He heard the story of each new outrage in Paris with evident pain as though each inflicted some injury on him. At last he determined on

cynical condemnation of both parties; for it is in cynicism that youth invariably seeks protection from blows which it can neither understand nor prevent. For a time thereafter, he greatly annoyed Abbé Déage by his scolding utterances against the excesses of the Catholic party. "They should learn to be angels," he once said, "before presuming to be avenging angels."

Abbé Déage quartered us at the White Rose in the Rue St. Jacques. This was directly opposite the College, where Francis and I enrolled for literature and mathematics, preparatory to the study of the various divisions of philosophy. It was also adjacent to the Sorbonne proper, where Abbé Déage enrolled for the study of theology which, until then, he had acquired haphazardly from books and older priests. We were also close to the church of St. Etienne des Grés, a center of the Capuchin group of Franciscans.

Francis absorbed advanced studies as readily as he had elementary knowledge. He could have contented himself, as did most students regardless of the ultimate profession to which they aspired, with the studies in which we engaged; but he understood intuitively that knowledge alone would not lift him to a position of eminence. When we had been at the College nearly two years and were well engaged in our studies of philosophy, Francis requested Abbé Déage to enroll him, during his leisure hours, in one of the academies which instructed young gentlemen in dancing, riding and fencing.

Abbé Déage disapproved of all three activities: of fencing, because of its relationship to duelling; of riding, because Francis could most certainly ride and would only learn the Parisian mode of riding, which he dismissed as an affectation; and especially of dancing, which many of the

clergy denounced as sinful in itself or at least an occasion of sin. "St. Raymond of Pennafort became a great lawyer without recourse to any of these," he summarized his objections.

"St. Raymond was a Dominican," Francis retorted.

Because my vocation prevented me from joining Francis in these new activities which he proposed, I was inclined to join Abbé Déage in an effort to discourage them and saw the opportunity in Francis' inaccurate statement. "He was a man of fifty before entering religious life," I injected, "and there is no record that he was frivolous during any of those fifty years."

Francis lifted his shoulders unconcernedly. "He was a teacher of law—not a lawyer practicing before the courts. I am a layman and must live as a layman among other laymen."

"You wish to live in the world and be of the world," Abbé Déage scolded. He was visibly angry—much angrier than the occasion warranted. I suppose he had endured much by reason of Francis' manner in the years since he had first been assigned as his chaplain, but had restrained himself while we were in Savoy and close to Château de Sales. Now in Paris, hundreds of miles from Francis' family, he expected to exercise a greater degree of authority. "You are a boy," he continued scathingly, "pretending to the privileges of a man. I am your superior; you will obey my directions."

Abbé Déage had miscalculated. No youth approaching eighteen submits readily to unrelieved domination by another. They will acknowledge and submit to the authority of those who win their confidence by exchange of affection; they will resist stubbornly every indication of force. I could not have expressed this thought at the time but I was

aware of it, and Abbé Déage's undisguised aggressiveness alienated my support.

Francis' resistance was greater because of the privileged position he had always enjoyed, the manner of superiority he had been taught from childhood and had actively cultivated. He would not retreat from his position. "If I am to be welcomed into the Court of our Duke, whether as a lawyer or in some higher position, I must conduct myself as do others. Of what value will be my legal training if I offend the Duchess or her ladies by clumsiness in the ballroom, or if I ride in the manner we learned in our mountains when I participate in some parade of state? And how may others laugh at my affectation of wearing a sword, as my position demands, if I do not know how to draw or use it?" He won his request, as he invariably did, much to the chagrin and damage of the self-esteem of Abbé Déage.

Francis' alleged reason for interest in fencing was not entirely accurate. He had no desire to inflict physical harm, but he had become aware of his aversion to physical violence and, considering it an unmanly trait, sought to correct it by instruction in the use of this weapon.

His interest in dancing would be of little consequence and unworthy of notice in his history were it not for the importance it assumed many years later when he wrote in the *Devout Life*, "Although balls and dancing are morally indifferent of their natures, attendant circumstances may introduce some degree of evil and thus make them extremely dangerous." But he would not condemn them nor forbid faithful souls to attend and participate. "Dance and play, when obliged by the civil request of your companions, according to the dictates of prudence and discretion. Condescension to the wishes of others is a derivative of

charity which makes indifferent things good and dangerous things permissible.”

Lest some accuse me of unduly emphasizing Francis’ approval of social graces and customs, let me add that Francis, as a spiritual director in later life, was less concerned about individual and isolated affairs of daily life than about the goal toward which the human heart tends with some constancy. He subscribed to that principle of St. Thomas Aquinas that a man’s final goal in life automatically governs his affections and regulates his conduct; he encouraged penitents to enshrine God as the final goal of their hearts, confident that this would draw them to those particular actions by which they would achieve their goal while, at the same time, turning them from sin and its occasions.

“Whoever,” he wrote, “frequently receives Holy Communion with devotion, confirms the health of his soul so effectually that it is almost impossible for him to be poisoned by any kind of evil affection; for we cannot be nourished with this flesh of life and at the same time live with the affections of death.”

He himself, from early life, attended Holy Mass daily and received Holy Communion frequently—in Paris, he and I went together each morning to the church of St. Etienne des Grés. And in his *Devout Life*, he admonished his readers, “Endeavor to assist at Mass every day, that you may offer up the Holy Sacrifice of your Redeemer with the priest to God the Father for yourself and all the faithful. Should anything prevent you from assisting in person at the celebration of Holy Mass, endeavor to assist at it by a spiritual presence, uniting your intention with that of all the faithful.”

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Francis, who had never displayed interest in games, manifested an extraordinary aptitude for his three new activities of riding, dancing and fencing. He was straight and slender, two qualities conducive to that grace which is essential to proficiency in these arts.

Occasionally I accompanied him to his fencing instructor, not to participate, but to delight in watching his quick thrusts and parries against his instructor or, more frequently, against other pupils whom he rapidly surpassed. I was more proud than he when the instructor praised him one day with the comment, "With little more training and practice, Monsieur, you need not fear the blade of any man."

Since neither Abbé Déage nor I could join in his new activities by reason of our vocation, nor Georges Rolland by reason of his position as servant, Francis naturally acquired new friends among his fellow pupils. He was astonishingly popular among them, for his well-developed manner of superiority, which had been objectionable to others, was the accepted manner among his new associates who were all scions of wealth and nobility.

Among these new companions, he formed a particular friendship with another much like himself in handsomeness and gentlemanliness, Claude of Montbard, second son of a wealthy baron of Burgundy. Their friendship was further strengthened by their mutual interest in law as a vocation. I was surprised, after I had formed some admiration for M. Claude, as a result of several visits to our quarters, to learn that he was a Protestant and a student at the College of Navarre. I had not known that Calvinist Protestantism had penetrated so deeply into France, for Montbard lay midway

between Geneva and Paris. Too, I had never considered the possibility of Francis' entering into friendship with a Protestant youth, however personable.

Abbé Déage was more indignant than astonished and remonstrated heatedly with Francis. I joined him in this, though more temperately, for I was motivated by interest in Francis' spiritual welfare rather than by desire to impose my views on him.

Francis dismissed our objections and warnings. "Both of you seem to think my faith very weak. My mind will be turned! my heart drawn to vanity! my will subverted!" he mocked our accusations. "You know me very well and Claude very little, yet you view him as a tower of Protestant strength and me as the most inept and weakest of Catholics." He was pitying us rather than angry. "If I were to meet Claude on a battlefield and run him through, you would applaud and praise. Why? Because I would have proved the validity of the Church, or because I proved the greater skillfulness of my Catholic arm?" He looked at each of us as though to measure our littleness of mind and spirit. "I shall bring Claude into the Church," he announced confidently, "both for the sake of his soul and to show you a better way of converting heretics than by the point of a sword or mouth of a cannon."

"Or he will take you out of it," Abbé Déage retorted.

"I shall bring him into the Church," Francis continued heedlessly, "by persuasion."

"He has already agreed to hear you," Abbé Déage ridiculed.

"We have agreed that each of us will listen courteously to the other as gentlemen should. He has agreed to join me some mornings and attend Mass. He has agreed to hear

an explanation of the principal articles of Faith and tell me which of them he considers wrong. He has agreed to explain the principal tenets of M. Calvin so that I can tell him of the errors contained in them.”

Abbé Déage seemed stricken by Francis’ calm assertion that he would listen to heresy. “I will report all this to your father,” he threatened.

Francis’ eyes lighted with amusement. “If you do, he will probably order us to return immediately to Savoy.”

Abbé Déage abandoned the contest and retired to his own room. For a time thereafter he must have endured a period of turmoil and indecisiveness. He struggled between his fears for Francis’ continuing adherence to the Faith and his own desire to continue his studies at Paris. He did not write to M. François. He effected a kind of mental compromise by arranging to be absent when M. Claude visited or leaving as soon as that gentleman arrived. This soon forced Francis to explain his strange conduct to M. Claude.

The young Monsieur was visibly annoyed. “I should think a Roman priest would welcome an opportunity to subvert my mind.”

Under other circumstances, Abbé Déage might have welcomed an opportunity, not to subvert, but to inform. He was, however, more interested in executing the compromise of remaining in Paris while protecting Francis than he was in converting M. Claude. He pursued, therefore, a course by which he hoped to discourage this friendship but which had the unfortunate effect of imposing on Francis the full burden of discussions with his well-informed friend.

Francis later admitted the rashness of his action, which was not countered by the goodness of his purpose. He was himself well informed, but the principal tenets of M. Calvin

and his adherents arise from a common inability of men to comprehend the eternal knowledge of God.

Francis was eighteen and had never encountered the fact that some truths are incomprehensible to the human mind though not contrary to human reason. Gradually, he realized that a few minds such as St. Thomas' and St. Augustine's seemed capable of understanding eternal knowledge, but he could not. The discovery plunged him into the same quandary from which M. Calvin emerged to oppose the ancient faith. Francis confronted the necessity of accepting truth on the authority of Holy Mother Church or abandoning that Church.

Compounding his difficulty was association with Protestant families to whom M. Claude introduced him. They were excellent and good-living people; their divergence from Catholic doctrine had not caused diversion from good morals. Among them Francis was subjected to a subtle influence, for their conversation always seemed to progress from current topics to discussions of their theological principles.

Had Abbé Déage considered Francis' approach to maturity and his extraordinary facility of learning, then adjusted his manner accordingly, Francis might have submitted his difficulty to him. But our chaplain continued to alienate Francis' confidence by his brusque dictation, which was more befitting the guidance of children. He continued to demand obedience long after he should have persuaded Francis to voluntary conformity.

Undoubtedly this personal experience, combined with later observation, prompted that advice in the *Devout Life* which amazed and even angered some. "It is necessary," Francis wrote, "that we should submit ourselves to the direction of a faithful friend who, by prudent and wise

counsels, may guide our actions and protect us from the deceits of the Devil. 'For this role, choose one in a thousand,' says St. Teresa of Avila; but I say choose one in ten thousand because those capable of this office are fewer than might be imagined."

Without such a friend, Francis was reduced to his own devices in struggling against forces whose strength he underestimated.

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He was not completely bereft of assistance during this time. As though God arranged designedly, there occurred an event which astonished all Paris and strengthened Francis.

During the preceding year, Duke Henry of Joyeuse married Princess Catherine, sister of the French king. The Duke was wealthy, son of a prominent Catholic leader, member of a most powerful family, and destined to high place at court. Unknown to many, both Duke Henry and his bride were sincerely devout and, from the first days of their marriage, entered into that compact by which many married persons confirm their complete fidelity to each other: young husband and wife mutually promised that, when either died, the survivor would abandon the world and enter into religious life.

Princess Catherine did not live to complete the first year of married life. When she died, Duke Henry diverted his heart from sorrow by beginning, almost immediately, the task of disposing of worldly possessions and responsibilities. At the very time when Francis struggled with his trial, Duke Henry concluded the last of his worldly matters and entered the Capuchin monastery to which the church of St. Etienne was attached.

Some admired the Duke, some ridiculed, some attributed his action to an unbalanced condition caused by the great weight of his sorrow; each judged the action according to his own inclinations and spiritual standards.

Francis admired without restraint but with considerable bewilderment. He could measure the extent of the Duke's sacrifice—title, power, wealth and position—without minimizing it as did so many others. Soon he announced a preference for attending those Masses at which this new religious appeared in the humble role of altar server. I know he studied every action of the great noble, every change of expression, every mannerism, as though wishing but unable to understand this man who, with one stroke, had cast aside all that most men struggle arduously through life to obtain.

Duke Henry's example was not sufficient in itself—were good example sufficient to influence others, every man in Paris would have responded. But efficacy of good example requires a good will in the spectator—there had to be in Francis a certain goodness of heart and mind making him apt to benefit from the example of the Duke. Certainly he had disposed himself to derive that benefit by regular attendance at Mass, frequent reception of Holy Communion and attendance at other devotions. He did indeed benefit to the extent of seizing on the Duke's action as a counter to the subtle influence of his Protestant friends. He balanced precariously between the two opposites.

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We were at Paris three years when the war between Catholics and Protestants intensified in the provinces, forcing many of the great nobles identified with the Catholic

party to move their families into Paris as into their citadel. Paris was the most secure refuge for them at that time; the leader of the Catholic party—the “King of Paris”—directed all affairs of the city as he willed and without referral to the French king residing in the suburbs outside the walls.

Among these refugees was the Duchess of Mercoeur, in whose household Francis’ father had served as page and whose husband he had served so illustriously on the battlefield. The Duke of Mercoeur was then among the foremost leaders of the Catholic armies in the field and, because of his prominence, considered Paris a safer residence for his family than his own estate.

By right of his father’s distinguished service to this family (and certainly to advance himself by their favor), Francis presented himself at the house of Madame, was received by her because of his father, and proceeded so to charm her by his manners, personableness and wit that she extended the audience for a full hour.

We were eighteen, and Francis had become a handsome young man, so graceful of carriage and speech that even the greatest houses would have welcomed his presence. Less gifted classmates mocked him as an ambitious courtier, but he was never that. He matched his outward bow of respect with an inner disposition of deference; he spoke compliments only of those persons and things meriting them; in all that he did he was sincere. His only resemblance to a courtier was his unfailing effort to discern what was truly praiseworthy.

After that first interview, Mme. de Mercoeur never failed to include Francis among her guests, whether for large or small dinners, balls or games; and he increased steadily in her favor. At the same time, others of the great families, to

whom Madame presented Francis, found him as charming and attractive as did she; in a short time, all made him their particular favorite and regular guest at their assemblies. He was so overwhelmed by invitations that he had to choose among them and sometimes resorted to making brief appearances at several functions in the course of an afternoon.

Francis delighted in these social activities, his delight increased his personableness, increased personableness increased his success, and his success delighted Madame de Mercoeur. Because of her delight in him (which was even greater than her satisfaction with his father), Madame very considerably arranged some small dinner parties to which she invited Abbé Déage and me with other members of the clergy and some masters from the University.

Francis wished that he might obtain an invitation to these for M. Claude but refrained from mentioning his friend because of deference to Madame's husband. He may also have considered the probability that M. Claude would have declined an invitation to the house of Mercoeur, whose head was actively fighting Protestant armies in which his father and brothers served.

About a year after the arrival of Madame, M. Michel de Montaigne, whose book of essays made him a celebrated personage, visited Paris; being invited into the houses and social activities of the great, he used these occasions to express his disapproval of the hatred existing between Catholics and Protestants. Some accused him of entertaining a secret sympathy for Protestants and the tenets of M. Calvin, but he denied this. He believed firmly in the validity of the ancient Church as the true Church founded by Christ but deplored the futility of proving it by means of war. He gave greater proof of his loyalty by his regular

attendance at Holy Mass and frequent reception of Holy Communion.

At first Catholic nobles indignantly defended recourse to war and scoffed at the statements of the great author. M. Michel answered softly and calmly all objections and personal affronts and, by his manner, caused a revision of opinions. Many began to soften their views; others hardened theirs and attached themselves the more firmly to the leader of the Catholics in Paris.

Fortunately, Madame de Mercoeur was favorably impressed by M. Michel's conduct and evident devotion to the Church. Perhaps she noted the contrast between his behavior and the regrettable actions of some others who claimed leadership among the militant Catholics; perhaps she merely desired that the war might end and permit her husband to rejoin the family. She did not expressly approve M. Michel; neither did she contradict those who opposed him. She did, however, invite him to every social gathering over which she presided and, in this quiet manner, indicated her satisfaction with him.

Francis observed the evidences of Madame's favor and, when quite confident of her attitude, told of his friendship with M. Claude and his hopes that he might influence his friend to embrace the ancient faith; then, he candidly asked her assistance. Her answer was to invite M. Claude to her house for the express purpose of meeting M. Michel, certain that the young man could not decline an opportunity of meeting such a famous gentleman, and certain that M. Michel would favorably influence him.

M. Claude accepted the invitation reluctantly but listened attentively to M. Michel with every indication of respect. Yet, when they took their leave and walked along the Rue

St. Jacques, he volunteered the observation that he had found M. Michel and the entire afternoon extremely boring. "He and Madame and you spoke of nothing but your Church through the entire period," he said irritably.

The disagreeable comment surprised Francis, who thought his friend had been most interested in the discussion. "Haven't your friends done the same when you took me into their homes?" he asked.

"But we have modern ideas!" M. Claude exclaimed. "We are not mouthing and repeating the same ridiculous statements of centuries past. Francis, I thought that when you heard our new thoughts and new ideas, your own intelligence would discover the fantasy of what you call articles of faith when compared to the hard logic of M. Calvin's tenets."

Francis felt a surge of anger but stifled it quickly. He knew instinctively he would gain nothing by passionate denunciation of his friend's presumption. "Isn't it possible, Claude, that God set His truths above all human logic?" he suggested.

"You are reverting again to childishness," M. Claude answered impatiently. "Your Church preaches something which neither your churchmen nor you nor any of your people understand. So you dethrone intelligence and substitute mere belief."

"That's the very beauty of God's wisdom," Francis exclaimed. "None of us ever agrees in those matters which we can understand, because all of us understand this thing or that in a different light according to our individual understanding. The ancient philosophers of Greece did not agree in their philosophies. A hundred years ago, men did not agree that the world was round. If Christianity depended on

our intellects and understanding, we should have as many Christianities as there are human intellects.”

“You are using extremes,” M. Claude objected.

“I am merely illustrating the beauty of God’s wisdom in that He provided we should not be able to make His truths into subjects of argument or disagreement. He gave us truths which are not contrary to our intelligence but are above our intelligence—sufficiently above it that men can do no more than accept or reject them. Then He gave us His Church to interpret His truths to us and show us how to apply them to our individual lives.”

“I hold,” said M. Claude firmly, “that God is the highest truth, that He gave us an intellect for the purpose of perceiving truth, that He intended necessarily that we should understand Him and His truths by means of our intellect rather than that we should subscribe to pronouncements of your churchmen.”

“But each individual would be his own theologian,” Francis objected, “and even Monsieur Calvin would not admit that.”

M. Claude flushed angrily, for M. Calvin’s impatient persecution of those who objected to any of his tenets was a matter of regret even among his most devoted followers. “You are using extremes again,” he exclaimed.

Francis abandoned the matter. He understood for the first time, in a vague and obscure manner, that the mind will not accept what the will rejects—that his friend would not agree to principles until first moved by affection. To continue the discussion would only serve to strengthen his friend’s willful opposition. He had told us very confidently that he would bring M. Claude into the Church; to do that, he must find a means for inspiring affection rather than conviction.

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Information from the Château de Sales that his grandmother had died caused Francis to withdraw for a proper time from social activities. He continued to visit Mme. de Mercoeur, of course, but privately and as a friend, and continued his association with M. Claude though he was able to excuse himself from visiting the homes of M. Claude's Protestant friends. As a result, he had much leisure time.

He employed some of this time by visiting one or another church each afternoon, though most often he went to St. Etienne nearby; and he began idly to read the books of theology used by Abbé Déage. Finding pleasure in this latter activity, he began to read more seriously as he discovered the depths of this science which St. Thomas terms "wisdom above all human wisdom, not merely in a particular order, but absolutely." Such pleasure did he derive that, when he resumed social life, he reserved a part of each day for continuation of his study and expansion of it by borrowing treatises from others.

Consciously or not, he was seeking a key that would admit him to M. Claude's heart and will, though I saw nothing more than interest in the subject generally. Among the treatises he borrowed, he found one that interested him much more than others. Perhaps to obtain a better understanding of it, he introduced it one evening at supper by reading from it this one paragraph.

"Most heresies, whatever their origin, eventually and rapidly concentrate their strength against the true presence of our Savior in the Blessed Eucharist. It is as though any who turn against the Church of God are driven to repeat the actions of those who turned from Christ Himself when

He first announced this sacrament.”

I realized immediately the reason for Francis’ interest. Perhaps Abbé Déage did also, but his existing antipathy to Francis’ friendship with M. Claude inclined him to view unfavorably everything pertaining to it. “Who wrote that?” he asked.

“The author’s name is not given,” Francis answered. He waited, as though expecting our chaplain to say something more, but Abbé Déage seemed to lose interest in the matter. “If this is so,” Francis continued, “then we may gain a better understanding of M. Calvin’s followers from Sacred Scripture itself. If I had some better understanding . . .”

Abbé Déage glanced at him unpleasantly. “I don’t care to hear laymen preach theology,” he said slowly, emphasizing the word “laymen.”

“But I am not preaching,” Francis protested. “And theology is an intellectual science.”

“It is a science proper only to the clergy,” Abbé Déage retorted.

Francis flushed but said nothing more. Our supper became a period of complete silence, and I was glad when it ended so that we could retire to our own room.

“If laymen were better instructed in theology,” Francis grumbled, “fewer of them would attempt to invent their own.”

“Abbé Déage doesn’t object to the study of theology,” I said in an effort to calm him. “He only objects to laymen preaching theology.”

“He would roll back the tide,” Francis commented cryptically.

“I don’t understand.”

“I mean,” Francis explained, “that what a man believes will issue from that man—if not in words, then certainly in

his conduct. Every man preaches theology in some manner. The important consideration is the particular theology he preaches—whether he preaches truth or error.”

“You want to preach to Monsieur Claude?” I asked resignedly.

He nodded stubbornly, then told me of the conversation with his friend after the interview with M. Michel de Montaigne. “I began wondering after that what induced him, the Genevans, the Bernese and some French to adopt the tenets of M. Calvin while their neighbors remained loyal to the Church.

“I recalled the conversations I had heard in the houses of Claude’s friends here in Paris. Each family had a different reason, or alleged reason, for adhering to M. Calvin’s tenets, but within the families, each individual held different reasons. The only item on which all of them agree is their antipathy to the Church.”

I remained very quiet while he talked. I wanted only to listen and relieve the resentment aroused in him during supper.

“Then I came upon that paragraph that I read at supper, relating these people with those who had followed our Lord but had turned from Him when He told them they must eat His Flesh and drink His Blood. Why did they turn from Him?” he demanded.

I could answer that readily. “Because they wanted a worldly kingdom, but He preached disdain for worldly things.”

He became tense from the force of his own enthusiasm. “He preached poverty of spirit, meekness, mercy and the other beatitudes. They were His first requirements of those who would follow Him.”

“He didn’t say they were requirements,” I said

doubtfully.

“No,” Francis agreed, “and those following Him did not immediately understand them to be requirements because they didn’t want to understand them in that way. They showed a little later what they wanted when He fed thousands of them from five loaves and two fishes. When He did that, they wanted to take Him by force and make Him king.

“He showed his disapproval of their intention by escaping; but next day He reproved them and warned them against their excessive interest in worldly things. He told them to ‘labor for the food which endures unto life everlasting.’

“They understood His meaning. He was exemplifying poverty of spirit, meekness and the other beatitudes by His manner of life. Then He subjected them to the great test of faith by telling them that they must eat His Flesh and drink His Blood. In other words, the life of the beatitudes is preparatory to eating His Flesh and drinking His Blood.”

I could not accept his enthusiastic analysis silently. “You are overemphasizing the difficult aspects of Christianity,” I objected.

He shook his head quickly in disagreement. “I didn’t say we are required actually to be poor, or meek to the extent of cowardice, nor to be extremists in our daily lives. I would be a hypocrite to hold such ideas when I am neither poor nor meek myself. I do mean that those who will not ‘labor’ to detach themselves from wealth, from power, from pleasures and the rest of worldly things cannot cultivate love for the Blessed Eucharist, and may even join those who oppose Christ’s doctrine.”

Until then I had felt a certain reluctance concerning our conversation, but I realized, at that point, that Francis was presenting his thoughts in order to clarify them, hear my

objections and revise his views as he proceeded. I entered more willingly into the discussion. "The people who adhere to Calvinism are not vicious nor sordid," I prompted.

"Neither were the Jews who turned away from Christ," he answered quickly. "The difference is one of emphasis. We can strive for eternal life as a goal of temporal living, or we can strive for a worldly kingdom."

We continued the discussion for some hours and resumed it during following days. Shortly after, and despite Abbé Déage's admonition, Francis did "preach" to M. Claude but, as a result of our discussions, was able to accomplish his purpose subtly, endeavoring to attract rather than to persuade.

He must have found it very difficult to be patient, for the time remaining to him in which he could succeed was rapidly diminishing. We had been at Paris nearly six years and were approaching our twenty-first birthdays, when our attendance at the College of Clermont would end. I would have enjoyed remaining during the years necessary for my studies of theology but, since Francis could study law only at Padua or Bologna, I was content to transfer.

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In actual fact, the time remaining to us in Paris was less than we anticipated. Early in our final year, which was 1588, the Catholic leader or "King of Paris" left the city to examine conditions in the provinces. The French king seized upon his absence as an opportune time for transferring his residence from the suburbs into the city itself.

Parisians might have tolerated the presence of their king, for he was a Catholic, though opposed to the war between his subjects which had served in effect to weaken his rule.

They became wrathful, however, when they learned that this Catholic king had quartered 4,000 Protestant troops from Geneva in a suburb where they would be readily available if needed to protect him. Their wrath mounted when they learned of an order he sent to the Catholic leader forbidding him to return to the city.

We restricted our movements severely during that time, for men bent upon violence do not always pause to distinguish between friend and enemy. Roving groups began to assault the homes of known Protestants but sometimes erred and damaged the homes of Catholics; they quickened their efforts when news spread through the city that the Catholic leader was returning and would ignore the injunction of the King.

When we learned of this, Francis took Georges Rolland, hurried to the quarters of M. Claude and persuaded him against the folly of remaining longer. Young Monsieur wasted considerable time while he stood at a window from which he could look down on the street and watch the various groups. "The typical method of your people, Francis," he taunted.

Francis pointed indignantly to the distant wall of the city. "Just beyond that wall are 4,000 of your people's soldiers. If they were not there, these groups might not be roving about the streets. And if violence were typical of us, I should not be here attempting to conduct you safely from the city." Deliberately he reduced his sharpness and resumed his pleading to such good effect that, in mid-afternoon, M. Claude rode through the city gate into the quiet provinces.

Francis was quiet and depressed for some days, obviously saddened by the departure of his friend and disappointed that he had been unable to achieve his own

objective. Other developments in the city, however, soon distracted him. Early in May, the Catholic leader returned to Paris to be greeted by cheering, rejoicing citizens and conducted by them to his residence. The crowd continued to the Louvre, before they dispersed, to demonstrate their contempt for the King.

We were awakened at dawn, three days later, by the sounds of distant gunfire. We did not venture from our quarters but watched the street below where men rushed by singly and in groups. The King had summoned the Genevan soldiers into the city! Throughout Paris, men hastily improvised barricades, then waited behind them to fire on the advancing soldiers and prevent them from joining the King at the Louvre.

So great was the disorder of the time that all normal activities ceased, the University and its member colleges closed, the masters departed to seek positions elsewhere. Abbé Déage and I wished to quit Paris immediately, but Francis considered himself bound in honor to remain until assured of the safety of Mme. de Mercoeur. He went repeatedly to the Catholic leader until he obtained from him a declaration warning all against harm to Madame, her house or servants. Only after he had affixed this to Madame's door and taken leave of her did he agree to leave the city.

For long periods he rode without joining in our conversation and seemingly without interest in the countryside, which was most pleasant after six years in the narrow streets of Paris. He was depressed by the scenes we had witnessed. Even then, he was forming an aversion to warfare between alleged Christians in the name of Jesus, which brought dishonor to His holy name and disrepute upon religion itself.