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PIERRE

AND

HIS FAMILY;

OR,

A STORY OF THE WALDENSES.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold.—*Milton.*

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ROSARI

PREFACE

TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

By the Committee of Publication of the American Sunday School Union.

THE early American editions of this work having been disposed of with very great rapidity, the committee have taken this expression of public sentiment, as a guarantee for a still greater demand; and, anticipating the sale of repeated editions, have had the work stereotyped, and have added new engravings.

The committee present this little volume with renewed interest to the Christian world, as a work well fitted to illustrate and enforce the loveliest traits of Christian character; and

all fears respecting its reception are removed, for it has been extensively read and as generally approved.

The incidents of the narrative are so nearly historical, that we may consider them as absolutely so, a name being only given to one of the many families who have triumphantly endured such trials; and in this light, no apology is necessary, even from a society disavowing all sectarian distinctions. The state of public feeling in Great Britain allowing more license of expression on these subjects, than would be proper in this country, the language has, in some instances, been modified; but the general character of the work is highly approved; and, regarded, not as a horrid picture of the malignant spirit of persecution, but as a display of Christian virtues. Contrast, there necessarily is, between the children of the evil one and the people of God; the mind, however, dwells not on the dark and gloomy cloud, but on the bright light which glows throughout it. No revengeful feeling is kindled in the breast, while from the view

of such graces shining through such trials, the lustre of Christian virtue is made to appear more conspicuous.

The history of man through every age, has shown him to be the same selfish, despotic being; and where we see absolute power, especially in connexion with religious domination, there may we trace the grievous hand of oppression. It is not the reproach of a sect, but a stigma on the character of man, that even the mild religion of the Lamb of God has been made a cloak, under which to indulge the most detestable and destructive passions. Happily for our own country, religion here knows no political power; yet does it still continue true, that "those who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution;" and to such as are anxious to follow the Lord of Life, and to partake with him the glories of his kingdom, the interesting history of Pierre and his Family is recommended. Trials of various degrees of severity await the Christian throughout his warfare, and it is his high duty to meet them in the exercise of

holy principles, stern and unyielding in truth, meek and amiable in temper and in action. It is the exhibition of this character in its faithfulness and its loveliness, that is considered the principal object and chief merit of this work, which is cordially recommended to the reader.

Philadelphia, 1842.

INTRODUCTION.

"During the dark ages which succeeded the invasion of Europe by the barbarous nations, when feudal anarchy distracted the civil governments, and a flood of superstition had deluged the church, Christianity, banished from the seats of empire, and loathing the monkish abodes of indolence and vice, meekly retired into the sequestered valleys of Piedmont. Finding there a race of men unarrayed in hostile armour, uncontaminated by the doctrines and commandments of an apostate church, unambitious in their temper, and simple in their manners, she preferred their society, and among them took up her abode."*

This beautiful passage, from the elegant and eloquent historian of the Churches of the Waldenses, suggested the idea of the following story; in which an attempt is made to sketch the peace, industry, and homefelt hap-

* *History of the Waldenses, connected with a Sketch of the Christian Church: by William Jones*,—from which work the information contained in this chapter is derived nearly *verbatim*.

piness of a family in one of the villages of the valleys, and then very simply to exhibit the nature of the persecution to which, from generation to generation, the people of God have been exposed in almost every Catholic state of Europe.

It is, however, well known to every reader of history, that many Catholics, in every age, have exceedingly disapproved of the measures followed by the priesthood, in regard to the Waldenses, Albigenses, and other Protestant Churches; and the singular note which is quoted at the end of this volume shows how strong and how generous was the sympathy felt by many a noble, and by more than one royal Catholic, for the wrongs and sufferings of the early Christians of the valleys.

For the information of my readers, it may be necessary to state, that Piedmont, the place to which Christianity is said to have withdrawn, is a tract of country situated at the foot of the Alps, an immense range of mountains which divides Italy from France, Switzerland, and other countries: it consists of a number of beautiful valleys, embosomed in mountains, which are again encircled by

other mountains, and displays in its varied scenery, in most striking contrast, all the fertility and beauty of Eden, with lakes of ice and mountains covered with eternal snow. Many of the passes leading into Piedmont are strongly fortified, not by art, but by nature, which has so multiplied her bulwarks of rocks and rivers, forests and precipices, that "it appears," says Sir Thomas Moreland, "as if the All-wise Creator had, from the beginning, designed that place as a cabinet wherein to put some inestimable jewel,—or in which to reserve many thousand souls who should not bow the knee to Baal."

But Christianity was not always secure amid the valleys of the Alps: she had sometimes to escape for her life,—to leave the valleys behind her,—to cross the mountains in ice and snow,—and to seek shelter in Dauphiny, in Provence, and even in the recesses of the Pyrenees. There, also, beautiful valleys are to be found, rich in every thing that is sweet to the taste, or pleasant to the eye, —adorned with the flowers and fruit of the citron and the orange—the aloe and the

pomegranate—animated by herds of deer, and cheered by the song of the vintage.

Behold, then, in these valleys, the retreats of a most interesting people, who, in times of misrule and oppression in the State, and of bigotry and superstition in the Church, preserved, in simplicity and in purity, the "faith once delivered to the saints." Men that continued, from race to race, a separate people,—like the Hebrew fathers of old, who went from one nation to another, and from one kingdom to another people,—so the Christians of those early ages, "hunted as partridges on the mountains," and stigmatized as heretics by their enemies,—when persecuted in "one city, fled unto another;" and, when dislodged from the shelter of one lovely valley, retreated to the sequestered bosom of some other.

These interesting and persecuted people were called Waldenses. It is thought by some that the reason why they were so called, was from the Latin word *vallis*, from which the English word *valley*, and the ecclesiastical word *Valdenses*, are both derived; the latter simply signifies the inhabitants of valleys.

The Waldenses were exceedingly hated by

the monks and clergy of the church of Rome, who called them heretics. Their heresy consisted in the belief of the truth as set forth in the Bible, and in their contempt of many ceremonies and practices of the Roman Catholics. Among other things, the Waldenses affirmed, that the mass signified nothing; that the apostles knew nothing about it; that whatever was preached without scripture proof was no better than fables; and they would neither kiss the altar, the priest's hands, nor the pope's feet. They placed no value in absolution, saying, none could forgive sins but God only. They gave no credit to the legends of the saints; and despised alike their mock miracles and their relics. They dreaded all dedications and benedictions of candles, ashes, oil, fire, salt, water. They said that Christ never gave to his disciples either rockets or mitres; they dissuaded people from going on pilgrimage, and they denied the existence of purgatory, saying, "where the tree falls, there it lies." They considered once praying in the words and spirit of the Lord's prayer better than the ringing of ten bells or than the mass itself. They declared they saw no efficacy in

the priestly vestments, altars, ornaments, palls, corporals, chalices, and patins. The worship of images, and their presence in the churches, they affirmed to be idolatrous. But the very head and front of their offending was this—they could say great part of the BIBLE BY HEART!

But, while such were the sentiments held and expressed by the people of the valleys, and which must have been extremely offensive to the Catholics, it is but justice to both parties to state, that the Catholic historians of that day bear ample testimony to the excellence of the morality of these persecuted heretics, except, in some instances, where their accusations are so absurd and so extravagant as to carry with them their own contradiction.

"These heretics," writes an inquisitor of that age—"These heretics are known by their manners and conversation, for they are orderly and modest in their behaviour and deportment; they avoid all appearance of pride in their dress; they are chaste, temperate, and sober; they seek not to amass riches; they abstain from anger; and even, while at work, are either learning or teaching." A Catholic

prelate says of them—"Their heresy excepted, they generally live a purer life than other Christians. In their morals and lives they are perfect, irreprehensible, without reproach among men."—"They are true in words," says another inquisitor, "unanimous in brotherly love, but their faith is incorrigible and vile, as I have shown in my treatise."

This faith, however, which the Dominican anathematized as incorrigible and vile, was, notwithstanding his assertion, both divine and holy—the faith that purifieth the heart, worketh by love, and overcometh the world; the faith of the martyrs and confessors of the primitive church; the faith that supported the first martyr, who, in the exquisite agonies of an excruciating death, went, as it were, to sleep in peace and stillness amid all the tumult of his persecutors, saying—"Lord Jesus receive my spirit!"

One circumstance more might be added to this sketch of the character of these depositaries of truth,—these lights of the world in the days of darkness; I mean the zeal with which, as the missionaries of their age, they

sought to instruct the uninformed, and the simplicity with which they communicated to others their knowledge of that Bible which was withheld from the Roman Catholic laity, and of which many of the clergy knew nothing.

But as the following story is intended to convey this information to the juvenile reader, and to interest him in the truths of that Bible which the Waldenses, in some measure, preserved, and, through God's blessing, have handed down to us,—I shall not here anticipate what follows; but cast myself upon the generosity of my readers, praying that this little book may not pass through their hands without a blessing from Him who can alone make any means of instruction profitable; but who is sometimes pleased to magnify his own Omnipotence by the very weakness and feebleness of the instrument which he employs.

PIERRE

AND HIS FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

"Hark! the note,
"The natural music of the mountain reed—
"For here the patriarchal days are not
"A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
"Mix with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd."

In a secluded valley of the Alps, bordering on the confines of Piedmont and Dauphiny, on the margin of a little lake, which reflected on its limpid bosom the mountains that surrounded it, stood, some hundred years ago, the beautiful village of St. Madelaine-de-Belleville.

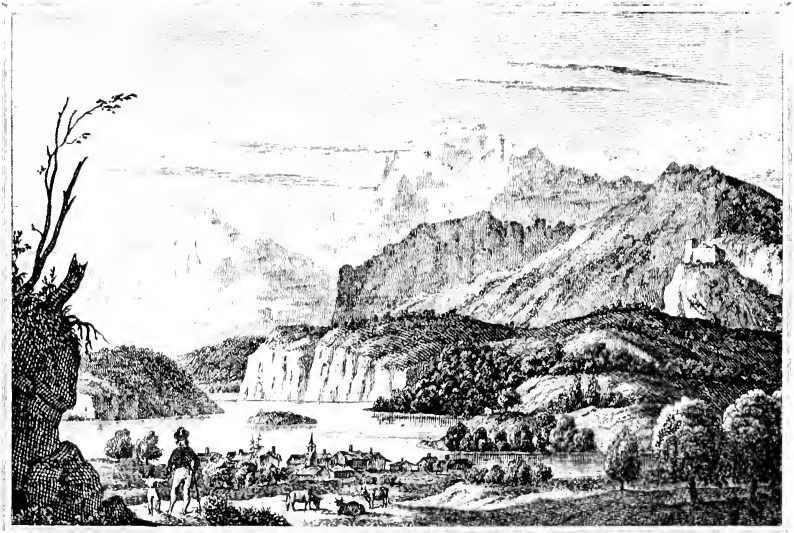
The approach to the village, from the side of France, was through a defile of the mountains, narrow and wild, along the banks of a river, so circumscribed in its course, that it had worn itself a passage fearfully profound in the rock that formed its bed. The foam it threw around it, the rapidity of its current, and the thundering noise with which it deafened the traveller, not unfrequently intimidated him; and he sought to escape from its

tumultuous and raging presence, as from the pursuit of some furious enemy.

As the road, on one side, wound along the edge of precipices which overhung the river, so on the other side it was bordered by masses of rocks covered on the top with earth and verdure, which, rising one above another, carried, from height to height, as on so many stages or platforms, the beautiful pines of the Alps; whose dark green hues appeared strongly contrasted with the silvery whiteness of the bark, and graceful branches of the birch trees, which hung their drooping foliage in a thousand forms below.

Among the rocks, in the woods, and along the sides of the road were seen, at every step, the beautiful flowers of the gentianella, and the blue bells of the campanella; sweet violets with yellow hearts, the wood-anemone with its white flowers, and the dark auricula of the Alps, which scattered, in rich profusion, upon that mountain air, the fragrance it refused to yield when transplanted to the gardens of the plain.

In coming out of this pass or defile, the valley and village of St. Madelaine gradually opened to the view, and presented in sweetest contrast, an aspect infinitely lovely,—its lake, its meadows, its vineyards, its groves of mulberry trees, its antique cottages mostly built of wood, with high chimneys running



up into the air like so many church steeples; while the mountains beyond, piled one above another,—the glaciers sparkling with the most dazzling whiteness,—pyramids and obelisks of granite, formed by nature, and covered with perpetual snow;—altogether formed a scene of greater contrast, beauty, splendour, and softness, than imagination can conceive, and which could not be beheld without inspiring emotions at once of terror and delight, such as might be felt, but which language is quite powerless to describe.

At a little distance from the village, beyond the mulberry trees at the end of the lake, stood the cottage of PIERRE DE BEAUVOISIN, its round roof and high chimney peeping out from among the boughs of a beautiful chataigner which shaded it from the powerful beams of the sun. Above the threshold of the cottage were carved the names of two ancestors of Pierre, who, driven by persecution from their native valley in the bosom of the Pyrenees, had here taken shelter, and, retaining their own language and their own customs, and bestowing them upon their descendants, had been the first to establish this little domicile: and, like the rest of the houses in the village, each of which bore some moral sentence or pious distich inscribed over the door, there was sculptured on the front of Pierre's little cot, the salutation of the hospi-

table Syrian of old, "Come in thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without."

Pierre, though the son of one of the pastors of the valleys, was nevertheless a soldier,—we should not say by profession, but by compulsion. He had been made so by one of those many and cruel acts of oppression to which the peaceful inhabitants of these secluded regions sometimes were exposed, and from which they had neither escape nor redress. Among the other reproaches and calumnies with which the Waldenses were loaded, disloyalty and disaffection to the princes under whom they lived, had often been attached to their character. One reason for this calumny arose from their repugnance to war, their distaste to the profession of arms, and their consequent refusal, so far as possible, to serve in the armies of the state. It was not always practicable, however, for their young men to elude the levies ordered by the government in the provinces; and it was on an occasion of emergency when it was necessary for the village of St. Madelaine to furnish its quota, that the lot had fallen upon Pierre, who, with an aching heart, saw himself enrolled in the army of the king; for at that time the valleys belonged to France.

Old de Beauvoisin, his father, bore with submission this sore stroke, which, at that time, he considered a grievous evil: but

Pierre, forgetting his own distress, comforted his father, by reminding him, that he had called his attention, when a boy, to the character of Cornelius the devout centurion;—that he had pointed to the Roman soldier, at the cross of Christ, as bearing a testimony to his divinity which priests and scribes refused to give; saying that religion belonged to no peculiar profession exclusively, but that men might glorify God in the camp and in the guard-room, as well as in the closet; and, though such a field of duty would never have been chosen by him for any of his family, yet, while the world continued constituted as it was, there were many things that ought to be silently submitted to from the powers that be; because, by that very submission, the Great Power above, that ordained them all, was more glorified than by resistance.

Pierre had accordingly been a soldier from the time of his first enrolment, which happened about two years after he was married. He had served in different countries,—after every campaign returning, for intervals of a month or two, to his native valley. Blanche, the beautiful wife of Pierre, never accompanied him to the wars, but remained at home to bring up her family, and to take care of the aged pastor, her father-in-law.

Old Beauvoisin was the father of a numerous family, on whom he had no inheritance to

bestow, but that of an example of pre-eminent piety, and an education such as few in those days even amongst the highest ranks of life could boast. By these advantages his children had happily profited; but, as St. Madelaine was too poor to support more than one pastor, the sons of the old man had wandered from valley to valley, and had become teachers, merchants, or artisans, in other places; one only having obtained the pastoral office, who, on the death of old de Beauvoisin, succeeded him in the charge of his beloved flock, being a man of the same mind and of the same heart, and taught by the same Spirit, as his father. From these circumstances Pierre had, even when at home, rarely seen any of his father's family, except the old pastor himself. He had now been dead some time, and Pierre was to see another occupying his place. For the war being finally ended, and a treaty of peace concluded at Naples with the different powers, they were about gradually to withdraw their forces; but Pierre, who had risen to a rank above that of a common soldier, having been wounded in the last encounter with the enemy, was, with others of the sick, returning, before the rest of the troops, an invalid to his beloved valley.

It was on a beautiful evening, succeeding a day of sultry heat, when, partially recovered from his wounds, but still languid and faint,

that Pierre de Beauvoisin, with others of his comrades, was put on board a polacca in the port of Naples, bound for Marseilles, for which destination they sailed at sunset. The air was calm and cool, and Pierre, coming from the heated atmosphere of a crowded hospital, felt revived and refreshed as he inhaled the softness of the zephyr—for breeze it could not be called—which came down loaded with fragrance from the groves of Posilipo and the gardens that bordered the lovely shore. He sat till a late hour upon the deck, gazing at the flaming mountain, which like a giant with a giant's torch, lighted them out of the bay. The fleecy clouds hovering in mid air, the sky, and the host of heaven, which appeared as if illuminated by its fires, were reflected on the bosom of the deep; and, as the waters became undulatory round the prow of the polacca, she seemed to be treading out a thousand stars.

During the tedious voyage—for at that time the Provençals were the worst sailors in the world—Pierre beguiled, or rather improved the time, by thinking of the many mercies of God which he had received, but especially praising him for the great blessing of peace to the nations; and that he should not again be called upon to resume the avocations in which he had now been so long engaged; and for the sweet hope which he enjoyed of soon

rejoining his beloved family, and of being again employed in the pastoral occupations of the valley. He also spent many an hour in reading and meditating on that precious book which his dear and venerable father had bequeathed to him as his dying legacy, and which he valued above all things in the world. Pierre would try sometimes to prevail on the soldiers to listen to him as he repeated to them portions of the Holy Bible; for he durst not venture to confess, among the Catholics, that the book, in which he so often read, was the Book of God, lest it should have been told to the monks and friars who were accustomed to frequent the camp to shrive* the dying men, and thereby have been taken from him.

While the soldiers and the Provençals would try to beguile the tedium of the voyage, by reciting to each other stories of chivalry or romance, or legends of their fabulous saints, with their trumpery miracles; Pierre would sometimes say to the soldier next to him, or to his comrades, as they loitered about the ship, "Come now, my friend, come now, comrades, it is my turn to speak, listen to me; I will tell you of that which is better than the legends of a thousand saints, and more precious than the spoil of a taken city. Listen, and you shall judge." He would then, offering

* To hear confessions.

up a silent prayer to God for his blessing on his own word, begin to repeat from memory, connecting fact by fact, and minutely detailing every sacred incident, without interruption to the regular narrative, the exquisitely simple relation of the nativity, life, sufferings, and death of Him who, though the Ancient of Days, humbled himself to become a little child, and who, though the Lord of Life, became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. And, whether it were the beauty of holiness, or the divine tenderness, or the unpitied anguish of the Man of Sorrows, that affected the hearts of these rude auditors,—or whether it were the power of the word of God that touched their softened souls,—Pierre could not tell; but many a time he saw a tear stand in the eye of the bandit by his side, who could have trod through fields of blood, unmoved and unrelenting: he also observed, with wonder and with joy, that often the seaman at the helm, as he raised his dark eye from the binnacle, to the weather-vane upon his topmast, would pass his hand across his iron face to dash away the gathering tear-drop from his cheek, and whistle a song the while to conceal from others his emotion.

It was thus, in reciting, from time to time, passages of Holy Writ to his untaught and superstitious companions, as they lay upon deck, either wrapt in their cloaks in the even-

ing, or under the awning in the heat of the day, that Pierre passed the period of his voyage. After the manner of his own people, most of whom had the greatest part of the Bible by heart, and who may be considered as the Missionaries of those days, Pierre commenced, whenever an opportunity permitted him, with some passage from the scripture, and, without pretending either to explain or to exhort, would give it in all its own sacred simplicity, saying, "And it came to pass in those days," or, "In the days of Herod the King," or, "In the sixth month, the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee named Nazareth." While, with the same singleness of heart, and artlessness of manner, he would introduce other parts of scripture, beginning with a silent petition to God for his blessing and grace, then adding, "A certain man had two sons,"—or, "There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple,"—or, "There was in a city a judge." At other times he would relate to the soldiers the battles of Joshua—of Gideon—of Jephthah—the defeat of Sisera, and the stratagem of Jael: and often, often was he called upon to recount again the combat of David and the giant, and to describe the armour of the champion of Gath. To the sailors Pierre would detail the voyage of Paul; his embarkation in the ship of Adramyttium; his arrival at the

Fair Havens; his perilous voyage and shipwreck; how the angel of the Lord stood by him in the night and encouraged him to proceed—or he would enter into all the interesting circumstances of the ship, and the terror of the mariners with whom the disobedient prophet sailed to Tarshish—describing the tempest, the raging of the sea, and "how it ceased from its raging."

It was in this manner that the pious soldier, obedient to the word of God which he venerated, and to the precepts of his father whose memory was so dear to him, endeavoured freely to impart that blessing to others which he had freely received of God; displaying, in all he did and said, the peculiar traits of character common to the interesting people to whom he belonged, and verifying, in an eminent degree, the charge of the enemies of the inhabitants of the valleys, "That they repeated great parts of the Bible by heart!"*

In those days navigation was not so well understood as it is now; the sailors were accustomed, except in fine weather or in moonlight, to make their vessel lay-to, or, where they were able, they would cast anchor every night: this made sailing very tedious. De Beauvoisin still finding his wound painful, and his health only partially restored, used

* See note at the end of the volume.

to long to be at home again, where he was sure Blanche would nurse him so well, and with so much tenderness, that he would soon recover. This made him look out anxiously, day by day, for the first peep of his native mountains; and you may judge of the delight with which, towards the close of their voyage, he beheld the Alps, covered with snow, appear to his desiring eyes, rising to a wonderful height out of the water,—for as yet the plain and the land were invisible. The sight revived his flagging spirits, and excited his pious gratitude: while the Swiss soldiers on board,—who had hitherto, during the voyage, kept singing those pensive songs of the valleys, by which its natives express their passionate love for their country, and their irrepressible desire to revisit it,—beheld these snowy summits with emotions little short of transport.

At length the polacca made her port, and all on board beheld with delight the waters of the Rhone, the galleys of France, the towers of Notre-Dame, and, in short, all those objects with which, whether as citizens or travellers, they were acquainted; and, as it was here that the soldiers on board had twice embarked, and as often, after seasons of absence, arrived on their return, it was just that spot with whose landmarks each of

them would probably be most affectingly familiar.

The soldiers, being obliged to proceed inland to the town, where they were to receive their official discharge before proceeding to their own homes, set out the next day at sunrise on their journey; and when all was finally settled at the depot, Pierre, accompanied by some of his comrades, who were going part of the same route with himself, commenced his journey homeward across the Alps. I shall not enter into any particular description of the places through which he passed, nor pause to expatiate on the mountains, the forests, the rocks, the torrents which he saw on every side as he slowly travelled along. Suffice it to say, that the spot on which Pierre at last parted with his companions, was just where he first came in view of that particular outline of his own mountains that rose beyond his native village, with which he had been familiar from childhood; which had often, on the midnight watch or in the silent camp, arisen to the eye of his mind; or in his morning dream had come before him with exquisite illusion.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of his native valley, as it opened to his view from the Pont-de-bois. Before him lay Sainte Madelaine-de-Belleville like a sleeping infant, surrounded by the everlasting mountains that seemed placed there for its protec-

tion, and which stood the immoveable guardians of its quiet and repose, their evening summits touched

"With the rose-tints, which summer's twilight leaves
"Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow."

The air, fresh and pure, the beautiful culture of the valley, the cottages that appeared at every step, a sky of sweetest light,—all presented to the mind of Pierre whatever his imagination could conceive of Eden, that happy place; and he descended the steep path before him amid a waste of fragrant weeds and flowers, giving glory to Him who had created all this loveliness, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are upon the earth, and who, in the tenderness of his compassions, had preserved a poor soldier in his going out, and had thus watched over him in his coming in.

When Pierre at last saw his own cottage under the leafy shade of the chataigner, his heart began to beat. Ah! what, thought he, if any thing has happened to Blanche! what if Hubert be sick—or the baby whom I have not yet seen, be never destined to receive its father's blessing! But oh! the joy to behold them all again.—"Help me!" added Pierre devoutly, "O my God, to sustain alike this dread of evil—and this strong expectation of happiness!"

When he arrived at the said Pierre, "and was more composed: he c is come upon me. its accustomed air of pecu ercy to have had noticed that the vine upon i s continue to be ed nearly over the roof, and themselves are two bee-hives now, instead much more pre- garden. who liveth for

As Pierre entered within make intercessure of palisadoes that ran may it be given and passed the cottage windo re, "more and wrapped in his military cloak many mercies!" light in the lattice, at which et blue eyes of a boy about twelve years of a p in his arms diligently reading his grand y thy blessing which had been lent to him by be faithful to an hour; for, in those days, to me. O! precious that they were alway se little ones lock and key. Hubert did not glory!" father was coming home; he y engaged in that he had been wounded, or t out feelings, been made by the king. He k t praise; he in short, of his father since he ed Blanche about a year and a half before, owards the was in the wars, and that his mo e to open cried when she saw a soldier. delight of

Hubert caught but a glimpse o er whom figure that darkened, as he passed, greater in the window; but recognizing the lanche: a cavalier, he ran out to see who it excesin a moment he was in his father's arm n had FATHER! MY FATHER!" was uttered

done for grief in his absence, no meeting ever was more happy on earth.

But happiness, my children, among all conditions of men, and in every situation of life, from the most splendid to the most humble, is never unmixed with some kind of alloy in this world of imperfection. When we shall be perfectly holy—then, and then only, shall we be perfectly happy. Pierre was happy in beholding his wife and infant, and his dear Hubert, but he inquired somewhat impatiently for the rest of his family. "Where was Antoine," he said, "and where was Gabrielle? Are they on the mountains with the shepherds, or is Antoine at his lessons; why do they not come to see their father?"

When Pierre began to inquire for Antoine and Gabrielle, Hubert stole out of the room, while Blanche rose and occupied herself as if in search of something which she could not find.

"My dear," said Pierre again, half smiling at his own impatience, and half alarmed at her silence, "Why do you not answer me, where are the children?"

"My love," replied Blanche, evading a question which she trembled to answer, "it is not yet sunset; the goats and herds do not come down so soon as this."

"They will be grown very much," said Pierre, fondly musing on the remembered

promise of beauty and strength which was given by his lovely daughter and playful boy. "They will be grown very tall; I shall not call her my petite Gabrielle now!"

"No, indeed," replied his wife, suppressing a sigh under a smiling countenance.—Then, after a little, she added, "Gabrielle, dear child, reaches almost to my shoulder."

Pierre then conversed about his brother, whom he had not seen for a great many years; but who was now pastor of St. Madelaine, and of the adjacent cottage and hamlets as far as the valley extended.

"Our pastor," said Blanche, "left us a week ago to visit the other cottages in the valley, where there has been much sickness of late; but Louise expects he will return tomorrow."

"It is a long time since I saw Pascal," said Pierre; "does he resemble my father?"

"Yes, he does resemble our beloved father," replied Blanche: "but is what our father would have been at forty years of age, or younger. Pascal has his countenance, but wants the bald though beautiful head, and the sightless eyeballs. Yet surely he has his spirit. O! what a heavenly spirit!—The villagers love him so much, he is almost an idol among them. Some of the sounds of his voice are so like our dear father's, that I sometimes think he speaks from the tomb. You

will be astonished when you hear Pascal speak to the people. He makes them tremble, smile, weep, and rejoice by turns. His voice, they say, comes into the heart, and when he pauses or ceases to speak, his eye continues the sermon. Yea, they say, his hand speaks. The little children love him as much as the old people. When he goes out to walk at home, or rides through the villages of the valley, the children follow him, and repeat to him their hymns, or they crowd around him to receive his blessing. Hubert says he will be a pastor like his uncle and grandfather, because they are so much beloved, and do so much good. Dear Hubert," continued the fond mother, "he is a sweet boy—he comes to me sometimes when he has done all the work I have for him to do in the garden or the dairy, and with his coaxing face, says, 'Now, my mother, you know what I should like so much to have the loan of just for one hour, or for half-an-hour, till Gabrielle comes in, and then I will help her with the goats;' and so he goes on to entreat me to lend him your father's precious Bible, my dear; which I do, as I know he will take good care of it. When he receives it, he is ready to embrace it. 'What a treasure!' he says. 'Oh mother, if all the world had a Bible, there would be no more cruel monks and priests.'—He then sits down by the lattice, and gets by heart a

great many verses. He is far before his cousin Albert, though he is a year older than Hubert. I dare say Hubert can now repeat more than half of the New Testament by heart, and a great many parts of the Old."

The pious father was not less thankful than delighted to hear so pleasing an account of his son, who was certainly an uncommon boy. Hubert had indeed possessed uncommon advantages; he was his grandfather's boy, he had been constantly with him; and, when he became blind, which he did some time before his death, Hubert used to read to him, to walk with him, and converse with him constantly. So that his knowledge was not only superior to his years, but far above that of his station in life; for the old pastor had been in a variety of situations, in which he had studied both men and manners, in his youth; for he was not then the serious man which he afterwards became.

"Dearest Hubert!" said Pierre, "I trust he shall one day be pastor of the valley, and be beloved like his uncle, and honoured to serve God in his day and generation, as so many of his fathers have done." Then after a while Pierre added, "Does he like Latin still, and can he write well?"

"The pastor," said Blanche, "continues to teach him Latin, and he writes better than the young Raymond, who often sends for him

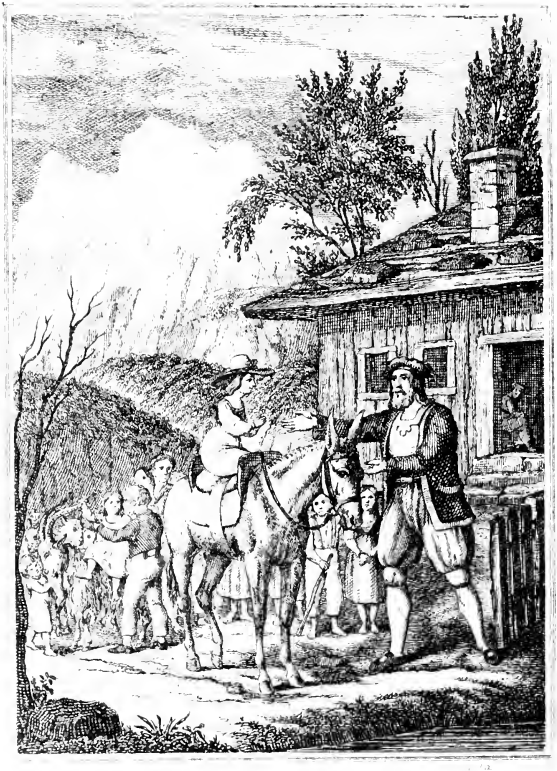
to the castle, and is very kind to Hubert." "What!" said Pierre, "does he write better than Raymond, who will one day be a pope or cardinal, perhaps?"

"The more the pity," said Blanche, "that any of that noble house should be so: especially young Raymond, for he is a sweet youth; and, notwithstanding Hubert writes better than he, yet he loves his learning, and is, like them that are gone, kind to the people of the valleys; and many a prayer is sent up to heaven for Godfrey de Raymond."

While Pierre and his wife were thus conversing together—he relating to her all that had happened to him since he left her—and she, as I have shown you, telling him about his children, and his relations,—they were interrupted by the sweet sound of a pastoral pipe in the village, and the tinkling of bells, which announced the return of the flocks from the mountains.

Pierre, impatient to embrace his dear boy and girl, whom he had not yet seen, ran out to meet them; but Blanche, wringing her hands and lifting up her meek eyes to the heavens, followed him at a distance, trying to attain courage to impart to her husband news which she knew would overwhelm him.

At the little gate in front of the cottage, Pierre saw old Benoit the mule, on which was seated his lovely Gabrielle, with her laughing



face, and sunny hair hanging out from under her broad-brimmed hat. When she saw her father, she clasped her hands with delight; while he, running forward, lifted her off the mule, and embracing her, said, "Where is your brother?"—Then looking round among the boys and girls, who, at that hour of the evening, came down into the village, he could nowhere see Antoine. "Where is your brother?" he again demanded. Gabrielle replying, "Here he is."—pointed to Hubert, who was seating little Blanche upon the back of an aged goat, the 'patriarch of the flock,' whose beautiful beard almost swept the ground, and who was carefully steadying his splendid horns lest they should hurt the baby while playing with the bell that tinkled from his neck.—"Where is your brother?" "Here he is," said Gabrielle, "he is giving baby Blanche a ride on old St. Gothard."

"No, no! That is Hubert," said the father, now becoming suspicious of some evil; "tell me at once where is my poor Antoine?"

Blanche, no longer able to conceal the fate of her husband's favourite child, covered her eyes with her hands, and, leading Pierre back into the cottage, told him, in short, that—Antoine was in heaven!

"Antoine dead!" said Beauvoisin, with a look of anguish that went to the heart of Blanche; "Antoine! Antoine!—Oh! my child!"

CHAPTER II.

" Domestic bliss, that like a harmless dove
" Can centre in a little quiet nest,
" All that desire would fly for thro' the world."

NOTWITHSTANDING this very sweet motto, my children, which I have put at the top of my chapter, I must repeat my assertion, that perfect happiness is not to be found on earth; or if ever one moment of unmingled enjoyment be possessed, the next moment takes it away. The reality, if it was real, is passed never to return; and if it was only illusive, it is dissolved for ever. In the former case, indeed, the memory of the past may be sweet,—but in the latter, we have not even the faint moonlight kind of pleasure, which reflection sometimes brings along with it.

It might have been thought, that the return of a wanderer to his home, in the circumstances I have related above, would have been to all parties a source of as pure enjoyment as most men are capable of tasting; and such as few ever behold within their reach. Yet the death of his favourite child was to Pierre de Beauvoisin, with all his piety, a cause of unspeakable grief; and he could by no effort, for some time, regain his usual composure of mind, and calm and thankful spirit. Antoine,

hitherto his youngest child, had been his plaything, his pet, as he called him; Hubert was his beloved son indeed—but Hubert was too grave, too wise, and in short too much occupied with all those studies which his father so much desired he should cultivate, and too old to sport and romp with him like dear little Antoine. But why should I repeat the doating excuses of a fond father for loving his boy so well. Who ever lost a child so amiable, that had not a thousand reasons to plead for indulging his grief.

When Blanche saw the despondency of her husband, she was grieved the pastor was not at home to console him; she attempted to do it herself, but she was a miserable comforter; her own sorrow being, though not so fresh nor so recent, yet quite as poignant and as deep as that of Pierre. When Hubert saw his father look so sad, and sit with his head leaning on his hand and quite silent; and when he saw his mother grieved because she could not comfort him, he would go to the place where his grandfather's Bible was locked up, and, bringing it out, he would read to his father those parts of the Holy Book which he had often heard the old pastor repeat to the villagers, when he used to accompany him in his visits to the house of mourning. By these kind and gentle means, the tender father felt his mind become more submissive and re-

signed. When Blanche saw that this method was blessed to her husband, and seemed to be bringing about some measure of cheerfulness into his words and countenance, she would say to him: "My dear Pierre, if I had fainted under the chastening of the Lord, with my weak faith and womanish fears, I might almost have been pardoned—but for thee, a Christian soldier, where is thy courage and thy faith, my love?" Thus, half chiding, half reasoning, Blanche would argue him out of his despondent feelings; and would call upon him rather to be grateful for the many precious blessings which yet remained to them, than to tempt the Lord to lessen them, by repining. Pierre's delicate health, certainly, was one cause of his apparent want of resignation under the loss of his boy; in addition to which, the recital of all the child's passionate expressions of affection for his absent father, when he found himself dying, touched his heart; and it was rather the tenderness of the father, than the faith of the Christian that felt so deeply under this bereavement. When Pierre, however, recovered his usual sedate and calm temper of mind, his language was that of gratitude only—saying he was thankful that, through the mercy of God, Gabrielle and Hubert still remained to him; "and if," said he, "the Lord hath taken away my dear, dear Antoine, he has spared me his be-

loved mother, and has given me two sweet Blanches," continued he, caressing the infant as she hung about his neck—"two, instead of one."

Thus this pious man, though not insensible to the heavy stroke of a chastening Father's hand, felt the blow severe, and almost staggered under it; yet, by a due consideration of his own demerit, and God's abundant and multiplied mercies; as well as the sinfulness and danger of provoking his heavenly Father to punish him, by taking away another of his little ones, he humbled himself under the mighty hand of God, and resigned himself to the painful dispensation, believing it to be ordered by infinite wisdom, and therefore better ordered than human tenderness possibly could have done, either for the happiness of the parent or the child. Like David the king, on the death of his dear baby, Pierre, when speaking of Antoine, was at last enabled, with sweet composure, to say, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me!"

Pascal de Beauvoisin, the brother of Pierre, had been called by the brethren and elders of the congregation of the valley of St. Madelaine, to succeed his father as pastor of the same beloved flock. The churches of the valleys, with little interruption, had now had rest for many years from the cruelty and fury

of persecution, and they were flourishing both in number and in respectability, and, above all, in spirituality and true religion. The old pastor, had, so to speak, closed his eyes, many years before his death, upon the outward beauty both of his own congregation, and the other congregations among his brethren—but to his mind's eye they appeared beautiful as the palm tree—as trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord. Many a root he had planted in his own day, and many a sapling he had trained. To many, the cause which he espoused came recommended by the worth alone of its advocate. His simple manners, his ardent love for his Saviour, his fervid zeal and active labours in his service, secured to him the devoted regard of his people; while his affection for them was evinced by his unwearied diligence in preaching among them Christ Jesus the Lord, and salvation through him; in leading his humble followers to the foot of the cross; in faithfully instructing the young of his flock; in being the guardian of their morals; their counsellor in time of need; and their friend in adversity. And, in the hour of sickness and of death, he was ever at hand to impart to the afflicted or to the dejected spirit, the consolations of the Gospel, of which he had himself so often felt the power. On his own death-bed, he left his people a testimony of the faithfulness of the

Master whom he had served, saying, like Moses, "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord had promised; all hath come to pass." Thus in a good old age, having served his generation, he fell asleep, and was gathered to his fathers.

Pascal, who had been the pastor of a distant church in Calabria, immediately obeyed the summons of the flock, who called him back to St. Madelaine, because he knew that his place among the shepherds of the Appennines would be supplied to their and to his own satisfaction; and because he had promised to his aged father, long before his death, that his people should be dear to him; and that he would watch for their souls when he was gone to his reward.

Pierre, on account of his brother's distance from his native place, and also on account of the war, had not seen Pascal for many years. Their meeting was tender and affectionate; and many an early recollection, and many a remembered enjoyment of youth and boyhood, with the cares and sorrows of later years, formed the subject of their interesting conversations when they met. When Pierre first saw his brother officiate in the church, he was struck with his appearance. His figure was tall and commanding, and the simple costume of a pastor of the valleys both gave to his person and received from it, a peculiar dignity

and sanctity. His head was fine, like the head of his father; and his features strikingly beautiful. His hair, divided on each side, with a line as it were, drawn through the centre—his black crisped locks, with a few gray hairs that had come before their time, covering his ears, and reaching down below the collar of his simple habit; gave to his physiognomy, the form and appearance of some of those interesting portraitures, which exhibit the countenance of the Jew in all its beauty; or that of the first Christians, the apostles, or disciples of our Lord. Pascal's eye was piercing; and his voice—I shall not attempt to describe it, except by saying that the finest harp touched by the most skilful hand, never exceeded it in sweetness, in richness, or in pathos; while his countenance, not less rich in expression than the tones of his voice, resembled the light and shadow on some mountain's brow, as clouds or sunshine prevail; as it varied from the smile, or beam of light that spoke unutterable things, to the veneration that laid its hand upon its mouth, and its mouth in the dust, and that durst not open its lips unto the Most High God.

Such was the striking appearance which the pastor Pascal presented to the gratified eyes of his affectionate brother. It is said, that when he began to speak of the Saviour, his countenance sometimes became irradiated,

"Jesus! Jesus!" he would say; then, as if he felt the present God too powerfully, the smile of rapture passed away—the deepest sense of awe covered his features:—he would utter a few words in prayer, and then proceed.

But it was not only the deep seriousness—for what is any minister of God who wants seriousness of spirit—neither was it the intense earnestness of his manner, nor the profound feeling visible in all he said, that affected the simple, and humble, and devout auditors of the pastor. No. His doctrine was sweeter than his voice, and more piercing than his eye; it dropped like the gentle rain from heaven, and distilled as the dew; but it also pierced to the "dividing asunder" of the motive and the action—the principle and the practice—the spirit and the form of devotion of the professors of the church of the valley. It showed the desperate peril in which all men are placed by nature and transgression; and the hopeless and cureless misery that await all who utterly reject the offer of salvation. The pastor also endeavoured to convince his beloved hearers of the worthlessness and uselessness, as well as of the presumption of assuming a form of godliness, while denying the power thereof; and he would pray that the Holy Spirit would, by the influence of his grace, enable them all to evince the reality of their faith by the purity of their life, and that

they might be examples of believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

Even little children,—who must, I am sorry to say, generally be classed among those hearers of the word, mentioned in the Bible as receiving the good seed on the way side, where the birds of the air no sooner perceive it to be scattered than they descend and pick it up;—even little children have listened to their revered pastor as if rivetted by the sound of his voice, and penetrated by his deep-searching look, anxious to understand his lessons of truth, and to apply their young hearts unto wisdom. When they heard their pastor describe the heart as deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, they felt that what he said was true, and they confessed to God that they had done many bad things. "Our hearts," said they, "are wicked and deceitful; may the Lord give us new hearts." How different is this language and this prayer, from the conduct of those foolish children and foolish nurses, who say that you have good hearts; or, to use their own general expression, even when young people are very naughty—"O! it is wrong to be sure, to be so bad or so ill-natured, or so disobedient, but she has a good heart for all that!" What presumption to say that is good which God hath declared to be "desperately wicked!"

But to continue my history: The children of the valley of St. Madelaine not only heard the pastor Pascal declare, as with the authority of an angel from heaven, and with a look at once of pity, of tenderness, and of firmness, as if constrained by some necessity so to do, that "The soul that sinneth it shall die!"—but they felt that they had sinned, and they believed that they must die, unless the Redeemer of men, who saveth his people from their sins, should have compassion on them and deliver them. Therefore they prayed sometimes in this manner: "Lord, we are sinners, pardon us for the Saviour's sake; teach us to believe and to worship; teach us to keep thy commandments." Again, these young people not only heard their minister denounce the wrath of God as due to every sin, but they felt—and trembled while they felt it—that it was due to them.

But if this good pastor, faithful to declare the whole counsel of God, uttered, with an awful seriousness, and with the profoundest sympathy for his dear fellow sinners, the great and fearful denunciations of the law of God, warning even the youngest of his flock, that—"Jehovah, out of Christ, was a consuming fire;"—O! with what tenderness, with what sweetness, did he represent to them the love of God in Christ—the love of the Saviour—the divine Saviour! and of the adorable Spirit

—of him who, when on earth, held out his arms to receive the little children, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Then these children of the valley, when they heard that, prayed—take notice, my beloved young reader—they prayed that they might be taught by the divine Spirit, and enabled to come, in the way of faith and holy obedience, to this adorable Saviour, who is the advocate with the Father, and who alone can take us to Heaven.

But why should I repeat any more of this. It was the same with them at all times: they tried to fasten some part of his discourse upon their heart, and to pray about it, both in the church and when they went home. Once the pastor spoke thus to them—"Say not, beloved lambs of my flock, that you are sorry for sin, as long as you continue to practice it: let not any of you, my children, who willingly disobey an earthly parent, vainly imagine that you are beheld with love by a Father in Heaven! —Let not any one who disregards and transgresses the commandments of God willingly, or habitually, think that he has received repentance unto life! Repentance, my dearly beloved, is the gift of God: pray for repentance. Except ye repent, ye shall all perish! You think this a hard sentence—hard, perhaps, if ye were not forewarned—I repeat it,

except ye repent ye shall perish!—Ah! to perish—to die—to be destroyed—to be lost for ever—to die, not once, but eternally! to be in a state of perpetual death, yet alive to all its horror! Oh! perish not. God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. O my beloved little ones, over your repentance—even yours—let there be joy in Heaven."

I need say no more, I hope, to convince you that a pastor who thus taught, and children who thus listened and prayed over what they heard, as I have shown you was the case at St. Madelaine, both received a blessing from above: and I trust what I have here related to you shall not be in vain—and that when I am gone to my account at the bar of my Judge, it shall not be laid to my charge, that I willingly set before you any example that would injure you; or that I ever exhibited to you any doctrine or precept of the Bible, that was not true and suited to make you better—or that I ever began, continued, or ended any such labour, humble and simple as it is, without praying to God that it might be blessed to you: which prayer may the Lord answer to many a dear child, and lead them to imitate the pious behaviour of the children of St. Madelaine, as I have described them above.

Thus blessed and made a blessing, the pastor Pascal de Beauvoisin resided among the

people of the valleys, devoting every talent with which the Master had intrusted him, to the glory of the Giver, occupying, and thereby increasing them fivefold.

The return of his dear brother, and his release from a profession which, as a man of God and a man of peace, the pastor could not love, afforded him the sincerest pleasure; while the rapid recovery of Pierre from his wound, and from the depression of spirits occasioned by the death of his darling boy, was a theme of grateful praise to the gracious Source from whence cometh down every temporal as well as spiritual benefit.

The pastor delighted to train up Hubert and Gabrielle along with his own family; and Louise, his wife, loved the children of Pierre and Blanche as if they were her own. The pastor taught Hubert and his own boys to read Latin and Greek, and to write as well as to read in their own language. But Gabrielle and the other girls were only taught to read in their native tongue, and to learn great part of the Bible by heart, because Bibles were so scarce in those days that not many people could procure them.

*But I must not deceive you with regard to these children, or the other children of the valleys. So far as they were under the in-

* See Note III.

fluence of religion and the fear of God, they were good; but whenever they gave way to their natural tempers, they differed not from others; but, like other young people, were sometimes peevish, self-willed, covetous, jealous—covetous of each other's little possessions—or, according to their age, of each other's little playthings—and jealous or envious of the imagined partiality of their parents and friends to one above another—if any appeared to be more caressed or more indulged than another. And these things were wrong; for we ought to rejoice in the gifts, graces, honours, and possessions of others; and, if so, how unbecoming to be covetous or envious of so much meaner things?

While these faults attached to many of the children of the village, it was not so with Hubert de Beauvoisin: he seemed to be a gracious boy from his earliest years; and when he observed, as he sometimes did, little quarrels either among his cousins or the other children of the village, he would pray to God to make them better, to give them a gentler spirit, and a kinder heart. Wise Hubert, as they sometimes called him, made this remark, that in his opinion, there were just two kinds of people:—One sort who loved one another, and were kind to one another, and to every body; and the other, who were hateful, and hating one another. As he read in his Bible, that

"God is love," he said, he was sure these were God's people who thus tenderly cared for, spoke of, and showed kindness to each other —it was impossible not to love these people; but the other class had all their pleasure in finding fault, in speaking evil, in taking up an ill report of a neighbour, or repeating a reproach against him—they smiled and looked pleased whenever they heard any thing to the disadvantage of another—but if any thing were said in praise of another, or to their honour, then they were dissatisfied, and they looked hateful, because they hated others.

This dear boy also observed, that young people seldom quarrelled when they were in the presence of their parents and elders, but only when at play among themselves. Hubert thought this very deceitful, and used to say it was neither honest nor sincere to behave well only before their superiors, or to have strifes when out of sight. He used to tell them, that though the eye of their father or mother was not on them, the eye of God saw them, and that God would never approve of the conduct of the boy who, because he was a little stronger than his fellow, would beat him or oppress him. God is the friend of the oppressed—he is the God of justice. In this way would Wise Hubert talk to the boys, if he saw any of them striving together, which was but a rare thing at St. Madelaine: nevertheless, it

would sometimes happen, for where is the place on earth where the children are all good? Hence, while the good boys loved Hubert, and used to call him the peace-maker, the bad boys, by way of ridicule, called him either Wise Hubert, or Hubert the Pastor.

I have thought it right to mention these things for this reason, that you may not imagine, because the inhabitants of the valleys were Waldenses, or protestants, that they were thereby necessarily, or naturally, all good and pious. O no: so far as the grace of God, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, are vouchsafed to any man or child, they are good —and so far as the means of this grace are enjoyed, either by old or young, the influences of the Divine Spirit may be expected to be communicated. It was thus in the village of St. Madelaine-de-Belleville.—The people possessed a pious, faithful, devoted pastor, truly a man of God. In the doctrines of the Bible they were instructed from their youth—a holy example was set before the young, and the prayers of their parents were offered up for them continually; there were therefore few, very few places in the world where the children were so good upon the whole. But, lest you should suppose an impossible thing, or at least all but impossible, and think that they were all good, or always good, I have thought it right to show you that this was not

the case; but that, in general, they were remarkable for brotherly love and kindness to an uncommon degree.

But you will, perhaps, like to know how these young people employed themselves besides learning to read, and write, and understand Latin, and so on. I will tell you: besides learning reading and writing, the girls were taught to knit and to sew, to plait bonnets of straw, and the boys to make osier baskets in the winter nights, or to help the girls to wind the silks for the tisserands, who wrought them into rich webs and tissues in the loom. The inhabitants of the valleys were not more remarkable for their piety, brotherly love, and kindness, and charity, than for their industry; and whether they laboured in the fields or at the loom, or whether they were mechanics or artisans, each diligently attended to his own business. As for the families of the pastor Pascal and his brother, they were occupied with herds and flocks. Gabrielle and Hubert used to go to the sides of the mountains with the goats and pretty kids, early in the morning, sometimes accompanied by their father, sometimes with their cousins, especially Albert and Marguerite. As they sat watching their flocks upon the mountain side, undisturbed by any sound except the gurgling torrent that wound its way through the recesses of the deep ravine

below, or overlooked only by the summer sky, or the solitary inmate of some cowherd's cabin, perched like an eagle on a rock above; with the beautiful plains of Piedmont spread out at their feet, watered by many a winding stream and river,—beyond them in the distance, the rising Appennines.—behind them the majestic Alps, whose giant heads, lost in the clouds, seemed to connect the scene with another world, even while they shut out all the world beside;—while thus seated, tending their flocks at feed, these dear children would repeat to each other the portions of scripture which they had learnt by heart; or they would sing together the beautiful hymns and psalms taught in the villages, making melody in their young hearts unto the Lord, while the echoes of the mountains rang to the sweet sound of their enchanting voices—I say enchanting; because thus to hear children praise the Lord betimes, is surely the sweetest of all earthly things, if it be not a heavenly thing.

These young people, habituated to hear of persecution among their own people, and taught to expect it, perhaps, in their own persons, were familiar with the tale of martyrdom, and their minds were early disciplined to suffer or to die in the cause of Christ, if he should account them worthy. They were, therefore, well acquainted with the hymns,

or rather triumphant lyrics of the living for the dead, who had died so gloriously. These formed the subject of many of the songs of the valleys; and many a time, when Hubert and Gabrielle, and the Pastor's children, used to be sitting as I have described, watching their goats, they would sing these wild and beautiful pieces.—One would begin in a sort of low recitative, saying,

"Sing to the Lord:"

Another would follow, raising the voice a little higher, and then all would join in together, and, with the embryo spirits of martyrs, swell the beautiful strain:—

"Sing to the Lord! let harp, and lute, and voice
Up to the expanding gates of heaven rejoice,
While the bright martyrs to their rest are borne;
Sing to the Lord! their blood-stain'd course is run,
And every head its diadem hath won,
Rich as the purple of the summer morn:
Sing the triumphant champions of their God,
While burn their mounting feet along their sky-ward road.

Sing to the Lord! it is not shed in vain,
The blood of martyrs! from its freshening rain
High springs the church, like some fount-shadowing palm;
The nations crowd beneath its branching shade,
Of its green leaves are kingly diadems made,
And, wrapt within its deep-embosoming calm,
Earth sinks to slumber like the breezeless deep,
And war's tempestuous vultures fold their wings and sleep.

Sing to the Lord! no more the dead are laid
In cold despair beneath the cypress shade,
To sleep the eternal sleep that knows no morn:
There, eager still to burst death's brazen bands,
The angel of the resurrection stands:
While, on its own immortal pinions borne

Following the breaker of the imprisoning tomb,
Forth springs the exulting soul, and shakes away its gloom

Sing to the Lord! the desert rocks break out,
And the throng'd cities in one gladdening shout;
The farthest shores by pilgrim step explored;
Spread all your wings, ye winds, and waft around,
Even to the starry cope's pale waning bound,
Earth's universal homage to the Lord.
Sing to the Lord! when time itself shall cease,
And final ruins, desolating peace,
Enwrap this wide and restless world of man;
When the judge rides upon the enthroning wind,
And o'er all generations of mankind
Eternal vengeance waves its winnowing fan;
To vast infinity's remotest space,
While ages run their everlasting race,
Shall all the beatific hosts prolong,
Wide as the glory of the Lamb—the Lamb's triumphant song."

I wish you could have heard these children, as their young voices swelled to the words "Sing to the Lord!"—Truly the desert rocks broke out, and an angel might have paused upon the wing to hear so sweet a song.

While pastoral occupations, such as I have described, engaged Pierre and his family in the summer, and led them to be much upon the mountains, Pierre, and Hubert, and Albert sometimes going so far out of sight as to be absent for many days at a time; the girls took charge of the goats and cows nearer home; driving them out in the morning, and bringing them back at mid-day and in the evening, to be milked by Blanche and Louise, who made their butter and cheese with their own hands, and sent it to market on old Benoit the mule; Gabrielle sometimes seated between the pan-

niers when the weather was so hot that she could not walk; Val, the old cowherd, trotting by her side. In the winter time the flocks were fed in the valley, and in the lower pasture grounds, by which means Pierre and his family were always at home at night. In the autumn, Gabrielle and Hubert assisted at the vintage, sometimes in gathering the grapes, separating them from the leaves and stalks; putting them into baskets, or conveying them to the press, where they were made into wine. Like the rest of their people, the family of Pierre, and their cousins, were early taught to set a very high value on habits of industry and activity: indeed, the Pastor Pascal used to speak of industry, as some people would speak of genius; he called it a talent—the excellent talent; and we do not speak of it too highly, when we consider it, either in its application to manual or to mental labour, as a talent of most eminent excellence, inasmuch as nothing excellent ever was attained without it. The children of Pierre, therefore, were always employed, busily occupied, never idle; for they knew in the valleys, as well as we do in the city,—

> "That Satan finds some mischief still,
> "For *idle* hands to do."

You would have admired Gabrielle, had you seen her sometimes, while intrusted with the

care of the little Blanche, carrying a basket-load of grapes upon her beautiful head, the tendrils twining themselves by "heedless hap" among the lovely ringlets of her hair—while, holding Blanche in one hand, she, with the other, supported her delicious burden, the little child calling out for a cluster to eat, or else looking up in her sister's face and saying, as well as she could, "Bon-bon! Gabrielle!"

In the proper season, also, Gabrielle would be as busy among the mulberry trees, as she was at other times among the vine-branches, or the grapes. She would watch to see when the mulberry trees at the end of the lake began to put forth their tender buds, when the little silk-worms burst from their shells; and, after a few months, she would go again to look for the small cones, or bundles of silk, which appear like spots of gold on every leaf. Gabrielle used often to say, it was cruel to destroy the poor aurelia for the sake of its little ball of silk; and when she and Marguerite were busy dipping the cones into water, for the purpose of disengaging the end of the threads that the tiny spinners had made with so much neatness, they would say to each other:—It is a poor thing for man to rob a worm—to rob our sister and mother—Job calls the worm his "sister and mother;" and is it not strange, Gabrielle would add, that,

without his little spoil, princes and kings would want those grand robes of which we have heard, and ladies their silken dresses. Thus would these girls talk to each other, while winding off eight or ten of those delicately-fine cobweb threads of gold, from the balls of the silk-worm; which, when twined into one thread, after all, looked no larger than a line of light, on which a gossamer might hardly balance itself.

It was in the routine of a life of virtuous industry and pious contemplation, as the several duties and ages of Pierre and Blanche, and their amiable family, called them to scenes of business in the village or the cottage; or to hours of uninterrupted solitude in the mountains, amid the bleating of the flock and lowing of the kine, that one season after another stole away, almost unperceived, in the village of St. Madelaine; so fraught was each with that portion of domestic happiness, which health, and industry, and piety, generally, by God's blessing, bring along with them. No incident, either particularly pleasing or distressing, had occurred to vary the quiet train of circumstances which I have described, till about the end of this year, when it pleased its Heavenly Father to take home the beloved little Blanche, who died of a fever then prevalent among the children of the valley; and shortly after her death, there happened the

welcome birth of another little baby in her stead, who comforted the afflicted parents under the loss of their departed darling. Their distress on her account was indeed great; yet, according to the views of Waldenses, their child had died so young as to be incapable of actual sin, and had not transgressed after the similitude of Adam's transgression. Their grief for her was, therefore, softened into a pensive regret on their own account; but, in respect of Blanche, they were able to think of her, with a sweet joy, as now in Heaven, mingling with thousands of little children,—perhaps with some of the infant martyrs of past ages from the valleys,

"Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
"Mother with infant down the rocks—their moans
"The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
"To heaven!"

or with those young children that were slain in Bethlehem and in the coasts thereof, at that time when their Lord himself was, for their sake, a little infant like them.

With reflections such as these, Pierre and his family tried to comfort themselves; and as, in the valleys, times of persecution often succeeded each other,—Blanche said to Pierre, "Who knows, my dear, but our sweet baby is taken away from the evil to come." And, in this respect, the words of Blanche were

truly ominous of evil. But I shall reserve what I have to say on this affecting subject, till I begin another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

" Children, intelligent,
" Above their years, mark all their father says,
" Look in his face, and cry ' Shan't we die too ?'—
" The father, in the slumbers of the night,
" Sees a bright angel wave him to the death,
" And cries, ' I come.' "

In the chapter introductory to this history, I told you, as you may recollect, that the peaceable and pious inhabitants of the valleys were sometimes under the hard necessity of changing their retreat, and that, when driven from the shelter of one lovely valley, they fled to the sequestered bosom of another.

I am now about to inform you, on what account these amiable and inoffensive people were thus cruelly expelled from their quiet homes, bereaved of all their comforts, and exposed alike to the pitiless storms of persecution and to the inclemency of the elements. The reason was their religion. The inhabitants of the valleys professed the religion of the Bible, in opposition to the superstition of

the pope and monks; or, as it is called, the Roman Catholic religion.

I shall not go back to trace the history of the first rise of the faith and profession of the churches of the valleys,—suffice it to say, that their religion was as old as the world. They believed in the same Saviour who was promised to our apostate father in the garden of Eden, and the same Gospel which was preached to Abraham in Haran and on Mount Moriah, was the object of their faith, and of their hope; while the "love of the truth, and of each other, for the truth's sake," was the sweet and sacred bond of their union.

The object of the catholic in persecuting his believing,—or as he accounted him—his unbelieving, and heretical brother, was probably twofold—To make him a proselyte to his own opinions, and to quench the light of truth. The Bible tells us why men like darkness: it also tells us why they hate the light. But God forbid that I should judge my brother.—I do not relate this history to condemn the catholic, but to exhibit the gentle virtues of the Waldenses; and though I might have recounted actions more atrocious, and described scenes more cruel than I am about to set before you—and though I might have reverted to the day, when children, in the words of our motto, taught to suffer and strong to endure, early anticipated the glory of the

martyr, saying, "Shan't we die too?"—or to the time when parents saw, in reality by day, and in vision by night, the instruments of cruelty, and the power to use them, in the hands of an infuriated enemy, who, ingenious in ferociousness, and meditative of vengeance, slept not till he had imagined some new form of torture, varying his engines of anguish from the gibbet to the rack, and from the bleeding rack to the consuming faggot;—All this I might have described, but, waving such a power, and foregoing the opportunity of exciting, in favour of my story, an interest the most intense, I prefer simply stating to you, first the most unexceptionable and dignified reasons, on the part of the churches of the valleys, for dissenting from that of Rome; and, having done so, will show you how, in the case of their refusal to renounce principles so high and holy, Pierre and his family suffered from their wrath—I say Pierre and his family; for, out of the multitude who were exposed to exile and death on this occasion, I take but a 'single captive.'

The reasons, then, which the inhabitants of the valleys assigned for their dissent from the church of Rome, or rather for their refusal to become members of its communion, were the following, among many others.

The Waldenses said, that the religion of the pope and the monks was not the religion

of the Bible. They affirmed that the catholic robbed the Saviour of his merits, ascribing salvation to the intercession of saints, the fire of purgatory, their own works, or a form of words; that they held baptism to be the same as regeneration—thus ascribing, to a rite or symbol, the virtue of the thing signified, denying the work of the Holy Spirit, by whom alone we are born again—that they placed the whole of religion and of holiness, in going to mass, or in certain multiplied and unmeaning ceremonies—that they permitted open sins, every sin being to be bought off, and pardoned; the pope's penitentiary having published the price of every crime, as it was rated in the tax-book of the Roman chancery;*—that they boasted of working miracles, even as the Bible prophesied they should, saying, of the man of sin, "Whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all miracles, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness;"—by their prayers, fasting, almsdeeds and watchings, they assumed that form of godliness, or outward show of holiness, of which the apostle testified long before, saying of these, "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away."

The Christians of the valleys abhorred

* Jones, p. 461.

alike the doctrines and the practice of such a church, though, for the souls of those who were joined to it, they felt deep compassion and the sincerest pity. The Waldenses had come out from among them centuries before, and still held themselves a separate people; many of their fathers had sealed their testimony to the truth of the doctrines of their own community with their blood; and their descendants were ready to do the same again, rather than connect themselves with those who held principles so false, and were in conduct so foul; offering divine worship not to the Creator, but to the creature; for unto the creatures, that is, the saints, they present "the worship of faith, hope, works, prayers, pilgrimages and alms; oblations and sacrifices of great price; honouring and adorning them in various ways, by hymns and songs, speeches and solemnities—celebration of masses, vespers, vigils, and feast-days, hoping thereby to obtain that grace which is in God alone, and which is obtained by faith in Christ through the Holy Ghost."

While the Christians of the valleys thus announced the obnoxious principles and doctrines of the papacy, to be things that they abhorred, and from communion with which, either in thought or profession, they shrunk as from a pestilence; they also openly, and most unreluctantly, avowed their own sentiments,

and pointed to the records of God for the proof of every doctrine they advanced. It is not in such a little book as this that I can say much upon subjects so solemn. It behoves every one, however, who knows the value of the true religion, to maintain, in all their purity, those articles of faith, to honour which, the martyrs and confessors of those early days counted not their own lives dear unto them. And who among us would not wish to have with them "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all?"

In reference to the idolatry of the pope and the monks who prayed to the saints and besought them to intercede for their salvation, the Christians of the valleys declared, that in Jesus alone they had hope. "Christ alone," said they, "has the prerogative of interceding for his guilty people. He is the only and sole Mediator between God and man,—the Advocate and Intercessor with the Father for sinners. No man cometh to the Father but by him."

They believed also in three adorable Persons in the Godhead, as "the Creator of all and Father of all," who is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, "on whom," said they, "we depend, to whom we ascribe praise for our life, health, sickness, prosperity, and adversity;"—praising him, you see, not less for sickness and adversity, than for health and

prosperity. "We also love him," they added, "as the source of all goodness; and reverence him as that sublime Being who searcheth the reins and trieth the hearts of the children of men." The Christians of the valleys taught their children that doctrine which we also learn from our Bible and catechism, that Jesus Christ is the son of the Father; that in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead; and that by him alone we know the Father—there being no other name given under Heaven whereby we can be saved. In like manner, these happy people avowed to the catholic, just what they taught to their children, that they believed in the Holy Spirit, as the Comforter, by "whose inspiration," they said, "they were taught to pray, being by him renewed in the spirit of their minds, created anew to good works, from whence they received the knowledge of the truth."

Now it was for such a faith as this, and for a practice of corresponding purity, humility, and holiness, that the inhabitants of the valleys of Piedmont and Dauphiny had been, from age to age, and generation after generation, at greater or shorter intervals, persecuted by the pope and his priests, subjected to every calumny that hatred, and malice, and falsehood could invent, and made odious in the sight of a too credulous world.

Unhappily for the inhabitants of the valleys,

their local situation had also subjected them, in the succession of wars and treaties, to a very frequent change of masters; for sometimes they were the subjects of France, sometimes of Sardinia; at other times they belonged to the Dukes of Savoy; and many of their brethren inhabited the marquisate of Saluces. They experienced much rigour at different times from the parliaments of Dauphiny and Aix; and, except Francis the First, who, with the caprice common to cruelty, at one time rebuked his parliaments for the severity of their measures against them, and at another time commanded them to be destroyed —except, in this instance, few of the kings of France showed them any favour. The Dukes of Savoy, however, seem generally to have treated them with a considerable degree of kindness. Hearing of the simplicity of their manners, their integrity, and their cheerful obedience to their governors in all matters but those which concerned their religion, the house of Savoy, for the long period of three hundred years, seemed, by the kind providence of God, to have loved and protected the Waldenses.

This, however, was not the case latterly; and, at the time of which I speak, the Waldenses were indebted solely to the influence of the good duchess of Savoy for that protection which her husband often afforded them.

This pious and virtuous princess was the sanctuary and place of refuge to the inhabitants of the valleys, whenever they were threatened with a storm of wrath from the duke or his counsellors; and, so long as she lived, her benevolent intercession was never wanting for the good of her husband's protestant subjects, who, by her influence, had preserved to them the continuance of their privileges; and she often had averted from them not only the indignation of his Highness, but the wrath of the whole Catholic party. Surely we ought to give thanks to God on account of this pious princess, who, in the language of the Holy Book, was thus a nursing mother to the church; for it is written, "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers." And oh! may those who possess similar, or even very inferior influence in the world, remember what a precious talent and gift of God it is, and seriously consider its immense worth, that they may use it in such a way as shall redound to the glory of the Giver, and to the benefit of the church of God.

But the good duchess, who had interfered so often and so successfully for the benefit of the amiable and pious Waldenses, both when her husband, instigated by the priests, at one time designed not only to persecute, but to exterminate his peaceful subjects; and, at

another time, when he harassed them by incursions from his troops, and when drawn into a league against his people, he gave indication by innumerable petty vexations, of the gathering of another storm:—this good lady, I say, who had interfered, at each repeated attempt, to ward off the blow from the inhabitants of the valleys, at last died, and her remains were no sooner consigned to the sepulchre of her fathers, than the popish party "came forth, like lions out of their dens," ravening for their prey, and desiring, by all means the destruction and extermination of the peaceable Christians of the valleys.

But the Lord's hand is not shortened by the death or absence of any creature-instrument whom he may hitherto have honoured to act as a peace-maker. No: the Lord raised up other friends to protect his beloved people. —Like Israel of old, he preserved them day and night, reproved kings for their sakes, and suffered no one to do them harm: and, so long as the husband of the good duchess continued on the throne, he treated his pious subjects with much gentleness and kindness; while they, on their part, religiously obeyed all the commands of his Highness, as far as conscience would permit. And it appears that their sovereign, though a Catholic prince, at last respected these humble and virtuous people, both on account of their fidelity to

himself and their faithfulness and piety to God.

But not to detain your attention too long on this part of my subject, I shall hasten to inform you, that this generous prince died also, and was succeeded by a person of a very different character, whose accession to the throne was marked by a line of policy totally dissimilar to that of the late sovereign. It was on this occasion, also, that the valley of St. Madelaine-de-Belleville, on account of some trifling territorial arrangement, passed into the immediate jurisdiction of Savoy.

The old pastor, Beauvoisin, had seen his sun go down amid the peace and calm of the churches of the valleys, as they walked with each other in the comfort of the Spirit and the fellowship of love. But it is with churches as with families and individuals: whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; and they have their days of darkness and persecution—days in which they are thrown like gold into the furnace, the Lord sitting by as a refiner, not suffering one grain of pure ore to be lost, but only "purging away the dross, and taking away the tin."

The family of Pierre was just in the circumstances in which I have described them to you in our preceding chapter; experiencing all the comfort and sweetness of a happy home, which the poet compares to the ring-

dove's nest, as containing all the bliss that unsatisfied and idle wishes would fly for through the world in vain. They were just in this happy state, when late in the evening of a quiet Sabbath day, a certain order came down from the governor of his Highness the duke, commanding all the inhabitants of the valleys, who professed the faith of the Waldenses, to withdraw and depart out of all the towns and villages of the valleys, in three days, "under pain of death and confiscation of houses and goods; provided, always, they did not make it appear to the governor, within twenty days following, that they were become Catholics." And the order further stated, that, even in the places to which they were to proceed, the mass was to be celebrated; and that whoever prevented or dissuaded any of their relations from becoming Catholics, should suffer the penalty of death.

This order came into the valleys in the month of February, a season of the year when it is quite impossible to travel in the mountains of that country. It came on the evening of a day which Pierre and Blanche with their little family had observed as a day of special thanksgiving to God for his recent mercies to them. The occasion had formed a sort of religious festival in the cottage of these humble peasants, and they were about to retire for the night, under a grateful

sense of the mercies of the day, when the family were disturbed and alarmed, by a sudden call for Pierre to attend a private consultation of the utmost importance, convoked by the authorities of the villages in the valley, who had arrived in haste at St. Madelaine, as the melancholy news of the edict had passed from hamlet to hamlet, bringing terror and despair along with it.

In this council, which lasted till midnight, it was resolved that the inhabitants of the valleys should endeavour, first, by means of a petition, and failing of success, then next by remonstrance, to avert or mitigate the cruel order of the governor. For this purpose an immediate appeal was made to his excellency, to wave the hard conditions of his edict—to consider the peaceableness of the Christians of the valleys—their obedience to his excellency—their quietness under his sway—and the kindness by which they had hitherto been treated by the house of the prince. But the inhuman governor, deaf alike to petition or to remonstrance, rejected all their supplications —refused to convey them to the ear of the duke —and, in short, he presented to the afflicted and agitated husbands and fathers of the poor Waldenses, no alternative but the mass!

The inhabitants of the valleys could consent to perish amid ice and snow, or to be in hunger, and nakedness, and peril in the moun

tains; but to forsake the gospel of their Redeemer—the faith of their fathers—the holy religion of their predecessors up to the remotest time—the religion of martyrs and confessors, apostles and prophets—O! *that* were to abjure their God himself!

Unhesitatingly, therefore, they went forth from their cottages and homes, their fields and vineyards, not knowing whither they went. Wives and children, helpless infants and aged parents—the halt, the lame, and the blind—the delicate female, and the new-born babe—all abandoned their houses in the depth of winter, to traverse mountains almost impassable, amid rain, and ice, and snow.

These were but the beginning of sorrows—for hardly had the women and children quitted their peaceful and cherished homes, when a licensed banditti broke into the villages; and, —after a day or two of pretended zeal to convert the Waldenses to the faith of the pontiff, on the part of the monks; and stubborn resistance to all papistical persuasion, on the part of the Waldenses,—the soldiers, together with the catholic population of the valleys, robbed, burned, and razed to the foundation the beautiful cottages of the persecuted—slew, with ferocious cruelty, the fathers and young men, who, remaining behind, endeavoured, for the sake of their families, to protect their property; and, when the torture

and the stake were not the weapons of their warfare, they, in one undistinguished massacre, poured death on every side, turning the fruitful field into a desert; and the villages of the valleys, which, before, had been spread out like the "tents and tabernacles of Israel, and which were beautiful as gardens by the river side," soon became one shapeless and monotonous scene of melancholy ruin.

To all this accumulated misery the pious inhabitants submitted, rather than deny the truth of the Bible, or renounce the faith of their fathers. The governor had commanded them to send away their pastors on pain of death, and to receive, in their stead, priests belonging to the catholic communion, to conduct their worship, and to sing masses in their churches. But the pastors chose to perish with their flocks; and, as to commanding the people to believe in the sacrifice of the altar, they plainly told the priests that the body of Christ was in Heaven, and that the mass was equally idolatrous and absurd. They had not so been taught, neither had they so learned Christ, as to shrink from suffering for his sake. He who loved them to the death—who, for their sake, gave his back to the smiters, and his sacred cheek to them that plucked off the hair,—was by them worshipped and adored with a love and truth that smiled at martyrdom, and with a devotion that sought to seal

its testimony in fire. But while, as Christians, these interesting people chose death rather than life, if to be purchased at the price of acknowledging doctrines which they abhorred, or professing belief in tenets which robbed their Master of his glory—yet, as men, they were susceptible of the tenderest sympathies of humanity; and, glowing with kind affections, they defended their homes and their hearths, with the boldness of fathers acting for their beloved and persecuted children; and withstood the ravenings of the wolf, even as the parent ewe protects her bleating lamb.

While suffering and death, even to extermination, became the final lot of those who remained in the villages, a show of justice, in some instances, accompanied, and thereby aggravated, the outrages which they endured at once from the armies of their own prince and from the priests of that apostate church, which had armed itself with a power no church on earth was ever authorised to wield. But, while havock and slaughter reigned in the valleys, and bigotry and superstition glutted themselves with blood—the sufferings sustained in the mountains, amid the snows and winds of the Alps, were hardly less deep and hardly less sacred; for the same spirit that gloried in the cross, and faced persecution in the valley, glowed in the bosom of those who met it in the natural storm and tempest.—

Yes; every way it was death—if not to all—to many. With the exiles, the first few days were nearly spent in prayer: they lingered on the heights, from whence they still beheld their villages; and loud was the cry that went up from the mountain's side, as the banished inhabitants, the mothers and their children, the aged and the sick, saw the smoke of their beloved homes rising in fearful columns into the air by day, or lighting all the sky with their blazing fires by night: loud was the cry that went up to heaven from the mountain's side, not for vengeance, indeed, but for mercy; for it was no part of the creed, or of the spirit of the gentle Waldense, to seek the destruction of his enemy. "How long, O Lord! holy and true, dost thou not pity and spare thy afflicted people—and bring to repentance the enemies of thy Christ?" Again their prayer rose for the husband, and for the father, and for the brave youths, who, standing by their sires, emulated the deeds, and purchased the honours of their ancestors, not only saying, "Shan't we die too?"—but remaining unshaken under the torture, and triumphant at the stake! For these, and such as these, went up the prayer of their afflicted relations, as from the towering distance, they looked down on the smoking vales beneath them—while even little children, unconscious that they did so, or ignorant of its meaning—

clasped their dimpled hands, and, with a holy look, pleaded for their fathers.

At other times the unhappy fugitives endeavoured to cheer each other with the hope of future glory, and of those blessings of the Gospel for which they suffered. Looking beyond the veil of life and time, the soul went forward to eternity; and, in moments such as these, the scattered bands would, with one simultaneous burst of hallowed song, break on the silence of the night or dawning day, till all the echoes of the mountains rang.

"What means yon blaze on high?" was a question which the dreadful scene frequently led them to utter—and, being associated in their memory with words dear and familiar to the pious exiles, it led them to sing that strain of rapt and fervid poetry which, in the language of the valleys, was called the Martyr's Song.

But, to narrate, a little more particularly, the distressing details of this day of trouble, I shall return to the history of Pierre and his family.

When the day arrived on which it had been fixed, by the simple authorities of these humble people, that their wives and children, aged and sick, should depart, and attempt by crossing the mountains, to avail themselves of that asylum which the hospitality of the Swiss and of the Waldenses on the other side of the

Alps, had offered them; Blanche, with Hubert and Gabrielle, and her infant, accompanied by the family of the Pastor Pascal, and others of the village of St. Madelaine, set out on their melancholy journey.

The old mule was loaded with as many necessaries as it was possible could be carried from the cottage; not for the purpose of preserving from destruction even what they might account valuable,—for that was not to be thought of in circumstances so afflicting,—but entirely with the view of supporting the dear children and their mother, in the fearful passage of the mountains. A sumpter mule was loaded with cloaks and blankets, and many other articles needful for such a journey, lest the women and children exposed to the night air, should have to encamp in the snow, or come to situations in which no shelter could be found. Every thing that a careful and tender husband and father could think of to alleviate the distress or mitigate the dreaded evils of such a heart-rending emigration, Pierre failed not to collect together. His family were among the last that left the village: he accompanied them about a league from the end of the valley, endeavouring to strengthen their minds and encourage their hearts;—to set before them the promises of the Gospel; to bid them be strong in the faith, and trust firmly in the Lord, saying, "No

one ever trusted in him and was forsaken." When about to part, he renewed all his directions with regard to the journey—repeated his injunctions that they should take care of each other by the way. Once and again he left them before he could remember all that he should enjoin them—repeating, a hundred times, that he hoped to meet them at La Fléchère; and returning once more, and for the last time, while Blanche nobly strove, with heroic firmness, to maintain the calmness necessary to conceal alike her fears and her tears, Pierre took the infant in his arms—looked on it with expressions of exquisite and agonizing tenderness: The rest of his family, he thought, might survive to meet his sight again—but the baby never! He restored the child to the arms of its mother—reminded her, with almost cruel anxiety, of the necessity of keeping up a proper degree of warmth about him; and then, afraid that Blanche would care so much for Henri as to leave caring for herself, he charged Hubert with the burden of the child, and not to let his mother walk too long at a time, but to seat her on the mule. "At every prospect of danger, Hubert, and in every step of difficulty, O! do not forget," said he, "that there is One nearer than thy father to give help to thee; and let thy cry be unto him. And now," added Pierre, "now, my beloved Blanche, farewell! We

shall meet again; and the churches of the valleys shall yet flourish. The Lord will not cast off for ever; though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies, and according to the tenderness of his loving-kindnesses, which are for ever of old.—Farewell!"

"Farewell!" said Blanche, raising her eyes to heaven, and taking thence, as it were, a blessing by violence—"Farewell, Pierre! If thou shouldst win the martyr's crown, we meet not here, but yonder," said the pious Waldense, with hand upraised to heaven—"We *shall* meet again in heaven or earth—farewell till then." Then, after a moment's weeping on the part of the children and their father, though not a visible tear was shed by this heroic wife and mother, she added: "Pierre, I have asked but one thing for thee—the Lord be *with* thee, and thou *for* him—Farewell!—thou must be gone—farewell!—O be steadfast!"—"As the mountain rock;" said Pierre—"Farewell!—Hubert, care for thy mother, boy—The Blessed bless you!"

As Pierre uttered these words, he disengaged himself from Gabrielle, who had twined her arms round her father's neck and would not let him go. And herein, it may be said, consisted the true martyrdom of these affectionate people. The wheel and the stake were gentle in their torture in comparison of

the passionate endearments of beloved children, and the snapping asunder of those tender chords on which hang all the harmonies of life.

Pierre ventured not to look behind him, but, descending the mountain side, returned to St. Madelaine. As he drew near the village, he was struck with the mournful silence that reigned throughout its once cheerful precincts. The noise of the shuttle had ceased; and the noise of the hammer on the anvil, though still heard at the forge across the lake, gave only a sort of presaging note of fear, as those, who determined to resist the oppressor, whetted their rusty weapons by the light of the flaring furnace, or others shod their horses, impatient to depart. There alone the village appeared to be inhabited; and Pierre passed round to his own cottage, without meeting any one to speak to, from whom he could learn the state of the valley. There was something in this loneliness and desolation that exceedingly affected him; and in coming into his own deserted paradise, from whence those that made it so were fled, he felt his heart flutter and his lip quiver; and when, on going further into the room, he perceived the litter of straw and osiers with which the children had been busy making bonnets and baskets a short time before, a tear sprung to his eye, and his fortitude almost forsook him.

While Pierre, with many a sad thought, was arranging his little affairs, and securing the few valuables which he possessed, the solitude that, a short time before, had reigned in the village, even to painfulness, was interrupted by the most discordant sounds; and laughter, and execrations, and the trampling of horses, too plainly announced the entrance of the troops, who were commissioned, together with the fathers of the Holy Office, and the monks, to enforce the edict of the governor, and convert men to the catholic faith by dint of the sabre.

The peaceful and pious Waldenses, who remained in the valleys to protect their property from pillage, and to bear their testimony to the truth, received the troops with a temper that might have won their esteem, and pacified their anger. They provided quarters for the squadron of Savoy;—they were the subjects of their own prince, and they met them in peace. They hoped by such means, to subdue irritation—to avert oppression—and they expected that the soldiers, when they found themselves not only unprovoked but treated with kindness, would forbear their outrages; and that, having gained the military, the pastors would, by argument and Scripture, endeavour to convince the priests. Their forbearance, however, was in the one case in vain; and, in the other, argument and Scripture,

instead of subduing the sanguinary purposes of the priests, only increased their thirst for the blood of the heretics, as they denominated the Lord's dear people; and the wisdom, grace, power, and eloquence with which, not only the pastors, but many of the simplest of their flock, overturned the wretched sophistries of the monks, chafed them more and more, and infuriated them beyond endurance. The undaunted courage, the inflexible integrity with which even the poorest of the people withstood every attempt to seduce them from the faith, exasperated their enemies, incapable of estimating such superior excellence; and when they found it equally impossible to corrupt or intimidate these pious people, the monks and friars adjourned the conference with the pastors and elders till another day.

Such was the resistance which the pious inhabitants hitherto had made to their enemies—a simple adherence to the truth of the Bible. This two-edged sword was the only weapon of their warfare. It was, however, a weapon with which their enemies could not cope. So they had recourse to another, or rather to many others; and every species of cruelty was employed to destroy the bodies of these men, whose spirits were found to be unconquerable.

It was finally resolved, in the mock consistory of the priests, to endeavour, once more, to bring over the heretics by argument: and

to all those who should, next day, assist at the celebration of the mass, pardon would be granted for the rebellion of which they had been guilty; and that they should not be denounced to the governor, nor have their property confiscated, but would be received into her bosom of holy mother church.

I need not say that few were found to accept the compromise. One or two apostates, alas! there were, who shrunk through terror, but who, some years afterwards, made their most humiliating recantation to the churches of the valleys, and were again received into their communion. Among those who this day witnessed a good confession was Pierre de Beauvoisin. Amid cruel mockings and revilings he stood unmoved. "Steadfast" was the purpose of his soul, and steadfast was the current of his thoughts, and steadfast was the tenor of his conduct. He came off exonerated from the charge of rebellion; and of heresy it was impossible to convict him, without convicting the prophets and apostles of the Bible of the same. All this, however, would have availed him nothing, had he not been protected by the noble house of Raymond, who, though catholics themselves, saw, and knew, and loved the worth and truth, and integrity of their humble peasantry in the valleys, and therefore withstood the arrogant and ferocious spirit which disgraced their own

priesthood and dishonoured their own religion, and, with a high hand and a loud voice, they had signified their determination to protect the person of Beauvoisin.

From the fiery trial, therefore, Pierre was happily exempted; and, as a spirit of conciliation seemed—but, better to secure the execution of their purposes, only seemed—to have succeeded to the anger and cruelty hitherto manifested by the monks, the little synod of fathers, who yet remained in the valley, directed Pierre to profit by this pause from persecution, and endeavour to proceed forthwith to the mountains, to succour the women and little ones, who, by the most distressing accounts that day received, appeared to be dying in hundreds by reason of the cold.

Pierre, after this day of rebuke and blasphemy, retired late at night, grateful to his God for granting to him the honour to be counted worthy to suffer shame for his sake, and to challenge the wheel or the stake rather that deny one sacred truth of all his Holy Word. Cheered with thoughts so sweet, and animated with the hope of rejoining his beloved family,—though long past the hoped-for time of meeting,—Pierre retired to his cottage, packed up a few articles in his knapsack for his children and suffering compatriots in the mountains, and having got all ready against the dawn, he took from its chamois

cover the precious Bible of his revered father, now in glory, and, trimming his little lamp, which contained but a scanty supply of oil, he prepared to engage in reading the Scriptures and prayer, till the return of the morning light should enable him to commence his journey.

As Pierre, seated on a chair by the dying embers of the cottage fire, his knapsack lying beside him all ready for his march, drew out his hoarded treasure, the pastor's Bible, from its cover,—remembering well the day, and the chase which the poor chamois from whom it had been taken, had led him in his youth—he thought with much tenderness of his aged father, whose last best legacy that book had been. As he sat with it in his hand, he remembered also how often he had opened its sacred pages in the bosom of his family, and he looked around his deserted cottage, in which nothing that had life or movement was to be seen, except his flickering shadow on the roof, thrown there by the low quivering light of his little lamp. All was silent, motionless, and solitary: his heart was touched with grief —the tears rushed to his eyes—and the thought of Blanche and her babe—of Hubert and Gabrielle, perishing perhaps in the snow —wrung his soul with an anguish which no human fortitude could sustain. He threw himself upon the floor in an agony of tears—

he cried unto the Lord for mercy—he made confession before him—he besought strength to suffer—strength to endure to the end—and while, with his own heart-piercing sorrows, he remembered the afflictions of his people, and all they might yet have to sustain, he pleaded for a martyr-spirit, that he might die a martyr's death—or bear, at least, with courage, a martyr's pangs. He had thought on retiring to his own cottage,—so long preserved to him amid the conflagrations which devoured the other villages of the valleys,—that he had cause only for joy. And true, he had much cause for gratitude, both on that account as well as for the honours he had gained in being buffeted and despised for his adorable Master's sake. These thoughts, together with the recollected words of Blanche, "Be steadfast," seemed to flow into his soul as he continued on his face in prayer; and, as he remembered her *one* petition, he said, "Surely the Lord *is* with me." He looked again round his solitary room, as he raised himself from his attitude of prostration—the sense of anguish, which had thrown him on the floor, was gone from his heart—he felt a strong returning confidence springing up from the act of renewed faith. His fears regarding his family were past; or if they still, in any measure pressed upon him, yet, even here, he was not without comfort; and one promise, which

had often been his solace in other afflictions, now came into his bosom with a message of peace—"All things shall work together for good to them that love God."—"O Lord!" said he, "surely I love thee!—Whom have I in heaven but thee? Is there any in all the earth whom I should value for one moment without thee?" The spirit of Pierre, as he thus rose from before the mercy-seat, came off like a trembling bird from the snare, delighted to spread abroad again its unfettered wings under the sweet heavens. Freed from all the anxieties which, a moment before, had agonized his heart as with the bitterness of death, he became calm and serene; and, lifting up his soul quite off the earth, he prepared to renew his communion with God, by reading a portion of his Holy Word.

He opened the blessed book at the seventh chapter of the Acts; and proceeded to peruse it. It was a passage which the pious Waldense had known by heart from his boyhood—it was a passage which had often been read in his hearing—it was one over which the fathers of the valley, and its martyrs, had often prayed and often pondered; and it met him now like the voice of one beloved, as, from verse to verse, he followed the so often told history of Abraham, the friend of God—and it comforted him, at every step of the patriarch's

progress, as he thought of God, the friend of man.

In the men by whom Pierre had now so long been surrounded, it was easy to trace a resemblance to the infuriated priesthood of Jerusalem. How dreadful the dominion of passion! thought Pierre: how fearful to be given up, an unresisting victim, to the rage of tempers so hideous as those which agitated the minds of the persecutors of Stephen! Such passions make men more terrible than lions, savage and fierce as beasts of prey! From viewing those "persecutors of the prophets" —those "betrayers and murderers of the Just One," Pierre turned to contemplate the character of Stephen; and, as he sat meditating over the open volume, the view of this scene came fully before his mind, the countenance of the martyr became attractive, not only from the exquisite heavenliness of the glory that beamed around it, and which, to the mind of Pierre, seemed as if he looked on the face of an angel, but still more attractive when viewed as opposed to the "stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart"—the Jews—who stood "gnashing on him with their teeth." It possessed all the beauty of contrast; and the contrast was soft and sweet beyond expression The features of the man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, presented a calmness—a repose—a total absence of all that could irritate,

in the least degree, the fury of the maniac mob; it was like the rainbow in the cloud—like the still, small voice after the tempest—sweet as an "atmosphere distilled from flowers." The pious Waldense did not indeed thus express himself—but he felt all this; and he gazed on the holy portraiture till he almost envied the blessedness of the martyred man, saying: "O Lord, give ME of the same spirit—give of the same faith;—then shall I count all things but loss for the joy of fulfilling all thy will concerning me—then shall I be more affected with the wretchedness of my poor persecuting brother than with my own danger—then shall I have courage to follow my Master to prison and to death—to the torture and to the stake. And oh! If thus it shall be mine to glorify thee, give me the spirit of this man, that I may say with him, of the murderers of my people, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!'"

As the solitary man went over this portion of sacred writ, which detailed many circumstances regarding the favourite people of God, for a long period of years—he, taught by the same Spirit which dictated the blessed record, pondered with delight on the views which his mind, simple in other matters, was happily enabled, at this moment, to take of the faithfulness and mercy of Jehovah. The tenderness, and manifold wisdom of God in provi-

dence particularly affected him; and, in the little history of Abraham and his children and grandchildren, as here related by the martyr, Pierre thought he could discern the counterpart of the experience of almost every true believer in the world. Like the patriarch, he himself and his little ones were now called to get them out of their country and from their kindred, and from their fathers, to go they knew not whither:—The thought of exile penetrated the heart of Pierre; for his delight was to say, after all his wanderings, "I dwell among mine own people." But touched, as his natural feelings were, with the thought of leaving his native valley, and seeing the flock of his father scattered as sheep without a shepherd, or led as the ox to the slaughter, yet remembering the prayer of Blanche, "The Lord be with thee,"—"If the Lord be with me, and mine," said Pierre, "that is all I want."—So far as faith was strong in the mind of Pierre, so far he had strong consolation. But no man is all grace: therefore, as the thoughts within him rested upon the afflictions of his people—the spoliation of their little property, the death of their fathers and brothers—the destitution of the women and children who had fled, and many of whom were dead,—then his spirit became sad, and his soul sank within him.

From the dejection of these feelings one part of this portion of the blessed Book re-

lieved him, and he paused and prayed over it repeatedly. It was that wherein the angel of the covenant is represented as speaking to Moses in the desert, at the foot of Horeb, alluding to the oppressions of Pharaoh and the reproach of his people—"I have seen, I have seen, the affliction of my people, and am come down to deliver them." The touching sympathy of the Friend of Sinners, as expressed by these words, deeply affected this pious man.—He repeated them again: "I have seen, I have seen, the affliction of my people, I have heard their groaning, and am come down to deliver them." O! how sweet were these words of pity and protection to the heart of poor Beauvoisin, even while he wept over them!——"O my Lord, and my God, we are thy people—behold our affliction, hear our groanings, come down and deliver us: O save us from the hand of the cruel; yet nevertheless if thy glory is to be accomplished by our sufferings, Lord, let thy glory be dearer to us than all the earth beside!—O give the spirit to endure!"

But that which chiefly consoled this devoted Christian, in the prospect which he by no means thought remote, either of his own death, or the utter destruction of his people, was the simple description here given of the death of Stephen.—"And when he had said this, he FELL ASLEEP."

It seemed as if one had said, of the placid slumbers of some darling infant, "When I had sung her a hushaby, she *fell asleep!*"—"There is, then," said Pierre, "no death to the believer; it is only falling asleep. 'He that believeth in me shall never die.' Temporal death is a separation of the soul from the body; but, to the believer, it is only a nearer and closer union of the soul to Christ. 'Nothing shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord.'"

In thoughts such as these, and in pouring out his soul in prayer, this pious man spent the silent watches of the night. His mind, refreshed, invigorated, and composed by the use of those means of grace which our heavenly Father has appointed for our comfort, as we go up through the wilderness, he was enabled calmly to rest upon his Maker, to confide in his promises, and to assure himself of his protection, should those men cowardly attempt to do that, by stealth, which the power of the house of Raymond had hitherto prevented them doing openly. Pierre knew well that the promises on which he most implicitly reposed, extended neither to the preservation of his life, nor to his continuance on earth, any farther than as these blessings should be for his own good and for his Maker's glory:—He had no promise of immunity from death, and he sought none. With

his mind thus stayed, and kept in perfect peace, he went to sleep on the seat on which he had been reading, his lamp, some time before, having gone out. In this state of darkness and repose the solitary Pierre had continued not much above an hour, when the partially-covered gleam of a lamp, which those who carried seemed anxious to conceal, streamed upon the white roof of the room where he lay, and awoke him. But how shall I relate, or describe the scene that followed! or indeed, what can I say at all upon a subject so dark and so mysterious. Alas! they who then entered that hitherto peaceful and blessed cottage, alone could tell their dreadful errand. Suffice it to say, they came with minds made up to accomplish that errand, and to achieve the purpose which brought them thither—To compel Beauvoisin to apostatize from the faith, to forsake his people and his God, or to take his life. The mass, or the dungeons of the Holy Office, or the poniard, were the weapons by which he was to be subdued. Alas! that Satan should prompt to deeds so foul, and that a man should not shudder to perform them! It is said that a peasant, passing near the cottage, as he escaped out of the village at midnight, heard the noise as of persons struggling together for the mastery;—and again the voice of one who seemed praying for the pardon of his mur-

derers;—and again a piercing cry, accompanied with the words, "My children! O my children!"—But whether Pierre, when he had uttered that cry, "fell asleep," or whether, as some believe, he was hurried away by the familiars of the Holy Office, and afterwards perished in its prisons,* is not known; that he was a martyr to the faith is well known, but by what unheard of cruelty he suffered, remains a secret I am unable to unravel. Whether this pious and holy man pined for months and years in the dungeons of the Inquisition, or was speedily delivered from the misery of such a situation, by means of torture, or of fire; or whether he met his death that same night, under the covert of his own roof, is still a mystery. All that was ever heard from the enemy regarding him, was their impudent as false assertion that Pierre de Beauvoisin, ashamed and afflicted by the dishonour he had on the preceding day thrown upon his holiness the pope and the reverend fathers of the Catholic church, had set fire to his own house, and perished amid its ruin. But while this report received the credit due to the consummate effrontery that framed it, no traces of Pierre could be found. True indeed it was, that, on that very night, or before the dawn of day, the cottage at the end

* See Note IV.

of the lake, hitherto preserved among the wreck of others, was observed to be on fire, and, from the combustible materials of which it was constructed, was soon reduced to ashes; but by whom the conflagration was kindled was never a matter of doubt. And while the crime perpetrated there, was inscribed in characters of blood, in the book of the record of men's deeds, let us hope that the unimprisoned spirit of the gentle and humble Waldense, was drinking in ineffable blessedness from the presence of his Lord in heaven!—— Or, if we must reverse the picture, and paint him alive—in fetters—in solitude—in silence —denied the sweet light of heaven—uncheered by the sound of a human voice—languishing out days, and months, and years—unvisited, unpitied, unheard of, undefended—the thoughts of his heart going towards his children so often that thought itself sickens at the task;—remembering her, who was dear to him as his own soul, as long as he could remember her,—as his playmate in boyhood—his first and only love—the wife of his youth—the mother of his children—then viewing her as a widow—her children orphans——But let us not pause over thoughts so excruciating.—Of this we may be assured, that no refinement in cruelty, no protraction of misery, no bribe, not even that of beholding again his beloved family—not the tremendous horrors of the

QUESTION, though repeated to the laceration of every joint and muscle of his emaciated frame, would induce Pierre to deny one iota of the truth for which he suffered, or to acknowledge one dogma of the superstition he abhorred; but that he would, with holy boldness, maintain, to the last, the faith of the churches of the valleys, the faith once delivered to the saints, and, by the saints, now delivered unto us. And if this humble but heroic Christian, honoured to avouch the truth, were also called upon to bear testimony against error, we may conceive of him with the same unshrinking courage, in the face of those who could kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul—declaring, what he had learned from his youth to believe, that the mass was an abomination, the host an idol, and purgatory the cruellest fable that ever deceived the wretched children of men!

Thus, while the fate of Pierre is wrapt in deep obscurity, the principles by which he was guided, are well known; their truth and power are immutable: and we can remain in no doubt about them, neither can we doubt of the strong consolation they would impart to the man under his afflictions, nor of his final happy issue out of all his sorrows.

But if what we have imagined in regard to this part of the history of Pierre de Beauvoisin, in the prison house, be as I have already

said, only conjectural, ah! of how many in those days was it true? Have there not been many, in every age of antichrist, who, could they speak from the dust into which their mortal forms have crumbled, might tell of deeper woes and sadder things than these? Who can tell the history of those whom the beloved disciple, in vision, beheld under the altar, slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held?—who cried, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge, and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" And, though silence seems to pervade the courts of heaven, as many of the judgments prefigured in that mystic book are related by the man who was himself an exile for the truth, and a companion in the tribulation of the saints,—yet, at the judgment denounced on those by whom such men as the Christians of the valleys had been persecuted in all ages, a voice is heard applauding the fiat of the Almighty; saying, "Thou art righteous, O Lord, which art, and wast, and shalt be, because thou hast judged thus: for they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink; for they are worthy:" and no sooner ceases, from the lips of one angel, the ascription of righteousness to the Everlasting,—than another angel out of the altar rejoins, in deep

response, Amen—"Even so, Lord God Almighty"——

Nothing now remains to mark the spot where the prettiest cottage of all St. Madelaine once stood, except the scorched and blighted boughs of the beautiful chestnut-tree, that used to spread its superb foliage, in delicious shade, over the happy group that often assembled there in the days that are gone for ever. The whole village is desolate. The cottages and hamlets which the traveller formerly met at every step, as he journeyed through the valley, are now nowhere to be seen. The bittern, that solitary and timid bird, has made her nest of reeds on the edge of the lake, where the dear boy Antoine used to sail his paper galley with its well-manned oars: you may hear her boom across the water, in the stillness of the noontide air; or you may see her, of an evening, rising up in her spiral ascent against the sky, till the eye aches with following her;—for St. Madelaine has become a "possession for the bittern, and for pools of water, and has been swept with the besom of destruction"——

Such is the ruin wrought by persecution. Yet God is love, and his law is love. Could, then, men using the name of religion, yet indulging the spirit of hatred armed with

weapons of cruelty—could they have possessed the religion either of the Law or of the Gospel?——

CHAPTER IV.

" Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter."
Matt. xxiv. 20.

——" O! the joy
To gaze upon thy face, and see thine eye
Beam once again with life! Yet this is death!
Beautiful death!"

But it is now time, my beloved children, that I should relate to you the fate of Blanche, the wife of Pierre, and of her dear family, whom we left in company with others of the valley of St. Madelaine, beginning the slippery ascent of Mount-Sapin.

In those days the roads across the mountains were not what they now are. Except the track of a mule, or the pathway made by the goatherd; the St. Gothard, the Brenner, —the Simplon—and the St. Bernard—stood in all their unapproachable majesty, circling the horizon with a chain which, though forged of icicles and snow, no iron or steel, however

tempered, or however ponderous, could unlock. This immense barrier seemed as if it could be surmounted only by the eagle, when, according to the fables of antiquity, taking his tenth year's flight against the sun, he goes up to shake off the weaknesses of age, and to renew the vigour of delightful youth. The pathway along which the unhappy exiles of the valleys were now seen ascending in scattered groups, attempting to scale the mountains, was no wider,—and that only for a short way, —than what would admit of a little car drawn by a couple of mules, placed one before the other; and even this accommodation could only be enjoyed for a few days' journey, short as a day's journey was at that season of the year. Surely, then, we may hereby see how these holy people loved the faith which they professed—and that, between their love to God, and their terror of the ferocious and brutal soldiery whom the catholic was about to let loose upon them, they were constrained to attempt what otherwise might have been considered utterly impracticable. Nor could husbands, and fathers, for any thing short of the honour of their God, and their inviolable devotion to his cause, have suffered their families to perish, in unpitied and unassisted misery, amid the horrors of an Alpine winter. So that, whether they died at the stake, or in the mountains, they died for their religion, and

they must ever be considered as the faithful martyrs of Jesus Christ.

The first day's journey of the exiles was not so uncomfortable as they had anticipated. The forests on every side, on the skirts of the mountains, sheltered them from the nipping air; and the brightness of the snow under the rays of the clearest sunshine, together with the purest possible atmosphere, cheered their spirits, and inspired them with hope. As the evening drew on, and the sun began to set, the coldness of the temperature became extreme, and each group of sufferers began to look out for shelter in the little scattered cabins which were still found upon the sides of Mount-Sapin. In the hospitable cottages of some simple goatherds, the Pastor and his family, with that of his brother Pierre, and some others of his flock, were accommodated. The Pastor had accompanied his family and some of his people thus far; but he was to return by the light of the moon, to St. Madelaine, where he was expected to treat, in the Council of the Province, with the priests and monks whom the wicked governor had signified his intention of sending to convert the Waldenses—to confute their pastors, and to enforce, in short, his own cruel law.

Before parting from his beloved family and people, and consigning them to the care of those appointed by the little synod of brethren

to protect them, the Pastor called all of them together into the largest apartment of their kind host; and, in the haste which the circumstances demanded, and with much of the agitation and tenderness which such circumstances were fitted to excite,—he prepared, with his people, to address the mercy-seat, and to commit the scattered sheep to the care of the Chief Shepherd—the Good Shepherd—who loved them to the death; and who, even then, had his eye of pity tenderly bent upon them.

To encourage ourselves in situations very painful or miserable, by reflecting how many others there are, or have been in the world, who do suffer, or have suffered more bitterly than we, is one of the means of attaining to comparative contentment with our own lot. But especially in the case of the people of God, suffering under the rod, whether it be that of chastisement, or discipline, or of correction, strong consolation may be drawn from the experience of others, whom the Lord, while he thus similarly chastened, yet declared, at the same time, that he loved them.

To topics of a nature such as I have hinted at, the Pastor Pascal, this sad night, directed the attention of his dejected auditors;—and reminding them of a subject familiar to them from infancy—of the sufferings of the church

in all ages—of the purpose of God in permitting his people to be tried with cruel mockings and scourgings—with bonds and imprisonment—to be stoned—sawn asunder—tempted—slain with the sword—to wander about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; or, as we are this night, my beloved people, wandering in the mountains; or, as you may yet, alas! desire to be—sheltering yourselves in dens and caves of the earth:—O! remember that, in all this, the will of your God concerning you is your sanctification. The voice of the Pastor sunk as he took this prospective view of the misery that awaited his children,—for all his people were dear to him as his children,—and when he paused to overcome the suffocating sensation which oppressed him, the whole of the little assembly indulged in tears. Gabrielle threw her arms around her mother's neck, and sobbed upon her bosom; but Hubert, remembering the words of his father, cried secretly unto the Lord, and, with a noble courage, resisted the despair that was ready to seize him.

After a pause of a few moments, in which nothing was to be heard but weeping—that sound which is the most painful to the ear, that is the channel to a human heart,—the Pastor, regaining strength, hastened to proceed, that he might crowd, into the few mo-

ments he had to spare, as much instruction and consolation as the time would admit of. While, therefore, he reminded his people of the permission which even the Holy Book of God, gave them to bewail their calamities, he would, nevertheless, he said, counsel them rather to call to remembrance the past mercies of the Lord—to think upon the multitude of his mercies—and their tenderness—and to cherish, in their bosom, that sweetest and loveliest of all the graces—the grace of hope. "Above all," he added, "let us deeply acknowledge the righteous and unimpeachable justice of God in all we suffer—that it is of his mercy alone we are not utterly consumed; and, because his compassions are as eternal as his love, let us also, while we are perfectly submissive to the rod, nevertheless cry for deliverance. A greater sufferer than we, said, 'If it be *possible*, let this cup pass from me.' Let us, therefore, not fear to cry for deliverance. His arm is not shortened that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear. It is, alas! my people—it is our iniquities that have separated between us and our God—it is our sins that have caused him to hide his face from us. O! Holy Father!" continued Pascal, raising his humid eyes and clasped hands to heaven, "O! Holy Father! whom the world knoweth not, but who hast revealed thyself unto babes and

sucklings, such as we, turn thee again unto us, and have mercy upon us! O hide not thy face from us! We have transgressed and rebelled —thou hast not pardoned—thou hast covered with anger and persecuted us—thou hast slain —thou hast not pitied—thou hast covered thyself with a cloud that our prayers should not pass through—thou hast made us as the offscouring and refuse in the midst of the people. Our enemies have opened their mouths against us—fear and a snare is come upon us —desolation and destruction: turn us unto thee, O Lord! Renew our days as of old. O reject us not utterly!—appear! arise! O thou that dwellest between the cherubim, deliver thy people as of old! How long, O Lord! for ever, shall thy wrath burn like fire?"

In words of passionate, and importunate, and vehement supplication, as well as in the deepest prostration of soul and spirit, the Pastor prayed with and for his people; and, after commending all, and many of them even by name, to the Father of Spirits, he embraced his beloved family, and accompanied by some of the elders of the people, they retraced, by the light of the moon, their steps through the snow towards the now desolated village of St. Madelaine-de-Belleville.

At the departure of the Pastor, his flock seemed to become alive, as it were for the first time, to a sense of all their misery; and

nothing but their total ignorance of the dreadful future before them, and their stronger terror of the banditti in the valleys, would have prevented them returning to the protection of their husbands, where, alas! had they gone, they would only have perished on the sword of the ferocious Piedmontese.

But the Lord hath a balm for every wo, if he see meet to bestow it. To many, in mercy, he this night sent that sweet "sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care;" and which brings with it, if not an oblivion, at least a cessation of pain, and of the anguish of thought, alike as it regards the memory of the past, or fears respecting the future.

Blanche also comforted herself with the hope that, ere long, she would be rejoined by her dear husband, and that, whatever might befall herself, the father of her children would be near to protect them. And when the bright rays of the sun illumined the dwelling they were next morning about to quit, she looked with cheerful spirits, and a gladdened heart, upon the scene; and though the village of St. Madelaine, seen from the heights, had diminished in appearance to a very minute object, and its pretty lake, in breadth and length, looked not much larger than the hand; yet the river that wound its way through the valley, and which, in comparison of the snows by which she was surrounded, resembled the

twisted ringlets of a riband of ashy blueness, pleased her eye, and she paused on its zigzag evolutions with delight. Then marking, as far as she could, in imagination, the route by which Beauvoisin would follow her, she traced his steps from the cottage to the Goat's Bridge —from the bridge to the ascent of Mount Sapin—then to the forest, "where," said she to herself, "he will pause for refreshments at the cottage of St. Marie; then he will cross the ravine—then, in a few days more, he shall take thee, my darling baby," continued Blanche, as she gazed on the sleeping cherub on her lap; "and covering thee from the piercing cold, he will carry thee in his arms; place Gabrielle and Hubert on faithful old Benoit, and make me walk with courage by his side."

This was the picture which, from time to time, hope painted in the morning to the mind of Blanche—which fancy fed on through the weary day; and over which disappointed feeling wept at night, and wept more bitterly, when, as sometimes happened, the exiles discovered that, after a day of cold, hunger, and toil, through wind and snow, they found themselves, at sunset, near to the spot from which they had departed in the morning. No Pierre arrived—no courier in view from the village. The first intelligence, obtained by the exiles, of those whom they had left behind, was that

which they received as they lingered on the last points of the mountains from whence they could perceive the valleys,—in the signs of conflagration which, rising against the deadly darkness of a clouded and moonless sky, told them that the distant villages towards the south were in flames; but St. Madelaine, lying more immediately under their feet, could not have been observed by them, even if it had, by that time, suffered the same fate. This was a night, indeed, of anguish to the exiles, who, notwithstanding their own misery, —some of them having already lost their aged parents and infant children, from cold, and fatigue, and privations of every kind, as well as unnumbered hardships,—yet spent the night in prayers to God, and in tears for their brethren. The cry that broke from their overcharged hearts, as, at different intervals, they saw the flames burst with sublime and fearful splendour against the sky, was a cry of excruciating and agonizing sympathy with the sorrows of those who were perishing in the ruin of their homes, with their dying thoughts, perhaps, fixed upon the exiles. But the Lord heard that cry; and, blessed be they who uttered it, the holy army of martyrs did not die in vain. Even then the Lord, in his inscrutable wisdom, was answering their own often repeated supplications, that his "way might be known upon earth;" and in their blood he

was sowing the seeds of a glorious church unto himself.

But why should I attempt to describe the anguish of those unhappy exiles who, this night, from the frozen regions of the unsheltered Alps, witnessed the awful and heart-rending view of their cottages and villages in flames, joined with the fearful thought that many, who were precious to them as their own souls, were perishing amid that destruction—or, to escape temporal death, were perhaps apostates from the faith?

To the anguish of this night's scene succeeded the misery of the next day's march The exiles had now lost sight of the whole of the valleys, and had plunged into a labyrinth among the mountains, from which every thing was excluded but the view of the sky above, and the snow beneath their feet. The last sign of human habitation had also disappeared, and death seemed to be the only object that presented itself whether they should attempt to proceed, or whether they should return.—Return indeed was impossible; for the provisions of those, who, as they came onward, had been liberally shared with them, were now exhausted; and at La Fléchère alone, could they arrive at it, they had hope of meeting with supplies.

The miseries of this afflicted people became not only every day,—for many of them saw

no more days,—but every hour, more deplorable. The snow, which hitherto had been hard, and partly beaten by the parties who first set out from the valleys—now presented only mountains of drift—or, falling in showers from heaven, or rising in whirlwinds from the scattered wreaths, not only overwhelmed the wretched travellers with terror, but, blocking up every trace of route or road, precipitated many into fathomless abysses, to arise no more—strewed the paths with the dying and the dead—and laid the young conductor or the helper of the aged, if he chanced to fall in attempting to assist his frozen grandsire,—laid him also, incapable of exertion, in a few hours dead at his feet.*

To such extreme distress were the fugitives from St. Madelaine reduced, that it is supposed none of them could have survived much longer, when a courier from the valleys, accompanied with persons carrying supplies of food and covering, overtook them. The intelligence of which he was possessed, so far as it regarded the destruction of his people, he endeavoured to mitigate or to conceal; and cheering the poor exiles, encouraged them to proceed to La Fléchère, where the inhabitants of De Belleville were directed to rendezvous; and where many of them would meet their re-

* See Note V.

lations and friends, these having crossed the mountains by another route.

This news served to give those who remained alive some hope; and, when they were informed that they might reach La Fléchère next day, their drooping spirits revived, and they made every effort to proceed; and those who were ready to perish, and who desired death rather than life, consented to support its burden a few hours longer. But no sooner had the courier proceeded onward to the succour of those who were before, than many, whom his presence had in a manner revived, again relapsed into languor, and, unable or too dejected to make any further endeavour to continue their journey, lay down and perished in the snow.

But my object in this little history was, to confine myself to what concerned Pierre and his family. The death of the pious father was carefully concealed from his wife and children, by the courier, and those who accompanied him; who, to all the anxious inquiries made by all, had directions to answer vaguely, and to say nothing to depress or afflict, but every thing to inspirit and comfort the exiles. Among the wretched, therefore, who were cheered by the hope of reaching La Fléchère on the morrow, and of their being rejoined by her husband, was Blanche, the wife of the martyred Pierre de Beauvoisin.

Her trials had been great, as well as those of the other exiles; but, till this day, all her children had been preserved to her alive; and therefore she had, as she said, something to suffer, but nothing to mourn for. The little babe, however, her darling Henri, no longer supplied with the nourishment which hitherto he had drawn from the "fountain of his mother's bosom," had for some days languished in her arms, and, becoming weaker and weaker, between excess of want and excess of cold, had that morning closed his stiffened eyelids to open them no more! When his wretched mother became conscious of this loss, her first impulse was to cry upon her companions to see and behold if their grief or any of their sorrows were half so bitter as her own. But, knowing that the moment she should discover to those around her the death of her child, they would, that moment perhaps, take him from her wearied bosom, and bury him in some fearful wreath of snow,—she concealed the maternal anguish which oppressed her; and, determined that, if Pierre could not see his family again alive, he should see them dead, she formed the resolution of carrying the lifeless infant in her arms, and attempted, by a false and fearful levity of spirit, to elude the discovery of the loss she had sustained.

Poor Blanche, by this means, succeeded,

in some measure, in imposing upon her companions in suffering. But Hubert and Gabrielle viewed, with alarm, the strangeness of manner and the extravagant cheerfulness of their mother. They had often wished, as usual, to relieve her of her burden, and to carry dear Henri by turns; but, at every attempt to raise the cloak that covered him, she placed her finger on her mouth, and, with a fearfully beautiful smile of intense entreaty that they would not awake him, whispered, "Hush! hush! he is asleep."

But the weight with which the dead child bore upon the already exhausted frame of his wretched mother, occasioned her, in despite of her utmost exertions and efforts to proceed, to fall behind the other sufferers in the path. Occupied with one desire of concealing his death, and of not relinquishing him to the people who had the charge of the exiles, and who would think it their duty immediately to consign the little corpse to its last abode, she became forgetful alike of what was due to the preservation of her other children and to her own protection and security. In this way she and they fell quite behind the rest of the party. The day indeed had been fine in comparison of the preceding; for it had been, though one of intense frost, yet bright and clear, and the sunbeams darting down upon them, and concentrated in the bottom of the

deep valley into which they had descended the day before, there were times when the air felt even warm. It was not, therefore, till the sun, which had shone brightly on their path, had gone down, and the moon began to rise with a red and ruddy light, that Blanche, feeling again the effects of cold, discovered, with alarm, that she and her children were left behind, and that they had utterly lost sight of their wretched companions—and that, unless strength were given her to quicken her pace, they would probably all perish before the dawn of another day. She therefore strained every nerve to pursue the path which she imagined the rest had followed; but, after continuing their weary and silent way some time, they discovered that they had lost their road, and that here all traces of footsteps ended, and that the covert of a forest was all the shelter they could hope for that night.—The agony which this separation from the rest of her people occasioned to the distracted mother cannot be conceived.—"The Lord hath forsaken me," she exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart, "and my God hath forgotten me;" and she was about to sit down in dumb despair; "But let us cry to him in time of trouble, mother;" said Hubert, "this is what the Lord bids us do." The mother raised her streaming eyes to heaven, and implored protection for herself and her children—entreated

the forgiveness of all her sins, and supplicated mercy for her afflicted people. Having paused, during these moments of prayer, on the edge of the forest, whose thickly matted boughs of birch and pine excluded at once the light and air above their heads, while the naked stems admitted and protected the wanderers below, —Blanche, when she had finished the strong cries of supplication with which she had importuned the throne of grace, rose from her knees, and began to attempt to find shelter for the night; but, stiff with cold, and exhausted with fatigue, she fell powerless to the earth.

Now was the time for Hubert, that dear boy, to remember the last words of his father, and to cry unto the Lord to preserve them, and to help him to take care of his mother. This he did, pious child, almost with a scream of agony. The cry aroused his mother from her lethargy, and Gabrielle, taking, by force, the poor baby from her mother's lap, discovered, to her exquisite grief, that Henri was dead!

Hubert learnt, with overpowering sorrow, the discovery of a secret which, poor anxious boy, he had suspected more than once during the day. He had observed the strangely altered looks and unaccountable demeanour of his distracted mother, and he imagined that her grief and sorrow had made her mad. The

boy turned aside to weep,—for he would not have his mother see his tears,—and truly his heart felt as if it would break, when he raised the darling baby in his arms, stiff with the chill of death: his pretty lips were still red—and the budding tooth, which had been shown to all a few days before, and which Gabrielle had called his first pearl, was seen in his lovely open mouth; for death had found him with a smile on his cherub face, and had left it there. "Sweet baby!" said Hubert, "no wonder that it almost broke mother's heart to see thee—DEAD!"

This kind boy would have taken the child from his mother, and made a little grave for it among the trees of the forest; but, at every attempt to rob her of her infant, a new energy of grief, and a new capacity of wretchedness returned to poor Blanche, and, with tears of anguish, she supplicated Hubert to forbear. And as the children saw it was to no purpose to ask their mother to part with Henri, but only made her fold the icy corpse closer to her breast, they were obliged to permit her to do in this matter rather what she wished than what was good for her; though, alas! by that means, she took death itself to her bosom.

Hubert, remembering his father's injunction—"Care for thy mother, boy,"—did not long indulge in grief. "We have lost our

little brother, darling Henri," said he to himself; "our father is far from us—he may already have won a martyr's crown—I know not—mother will not live long here in the open air, in the darkness of night—her grief and misery will make her die too, unless I can do something for her." Then, after a pause, he said, "But even this is better than the mass: our divine Saviour is near to us, though we do not see him—and, as the dear old Pastor, my grandfather, always said—'all things are for good.'"

While these thoughts were passing in the mind of Hubert, his hands were not idle: he desired Gabrielle to go and attend to his mother, and he himself went and unloaded Benoit the old mule, who was diving his nose into the snow to see if he could find a mouthful of grass, or a bit of furze, with which to appease his hunger; but, though the moon rose red and bright, and the smallest objects had each their separate shadow on the snow, yet nothing to the taste of Benoit was discoverable, except a few long spikes of reeds, which rose higher than the surface of the drifted wreaths around him. Hubert lifted from the mule all the cloaks and clothes with which he was laden, and which the party, while walking, having found too heavy to carry, had thrown across the panniers,—and going to work under the covert of the forest,

as he had seen the men do among the snow, he succeeded in rearing a little tent for his mother to protect her from the cold: he hung it all round with cloaks and blankets, and the ground he covered with as many clothes as he could collect from Benoit's back and his own; and of these he made a bed for her to lie down on. Then this active boy went a little farther into the dark forest, and brought plenty of wood, which, happily, lay scattered about in profusion upon the ground, and which, though very large, he lifted with all his strength,—and he made, in front of his tent, a place for a great fire to keep the air warm around his mother, and to keep away the wild beasts of the forest, which at night creep abroad to seek their food. When Hubert had got all his wood ready, he struck the flint of his tinder-box over a few dried leaves, lichens, and pieces of withered sedge which he found blowing about, and thereby kindled such a great blazing fire that in a short time they felt all more comfortable. The courier had supplied them with a little food and wine, and he gave some to his mother and to Gabrielle; but, as their ration was but scanty, and he was afraid it might not suffice to keep them alive, if they were to be long in rejoining the rest of the people,—he looked twice at the bread that remained for his own portion; and, though he was very hungry, yet he loved

his mother and Gabrielle so dearly, that he put all back into the wallet without tasting it, and, picking up some of the beech-mast, and acorns, which he found lying under the trees, he ate them secretly to satisfy his hunger, saying, "God who feedeth the young ravens when they cry unto him, will give us all food to eat." Blessed be his holy name, there is no lack to them that trust in him, as the dear old Pastor used to say:

> "The lions young may hungry be,
> And they may lack their food;
> But they that truly seek the Lord
> Shall surely want no good."

It was now late in the night; the moon, high as the summer sun, was standing across the heavens, sometimes obscured by a careering cloud, and sometimes seen in all her glorious light of beauty, smiling, like the countenance of a beloved friend, upon the uplifted face that gazed on her, and passing along the sky in undisputed and unrivalled pre-eminence amid all the host of heaven. The little tent, which Hubert had constructed for his mother, stood on the edge of the forest, and was only partially seen under the light of the moon: the rest was in deep shadow under the naked arms of an aged beech, whose branches reached almost to the ground. In the tent lay Gabrielle and her mother, in whose arms was

the lifeless baby; but there was no room for Hubert, who sat without, by the fire, wrapt in one of his father's watch-coats. Old Benoit, who seemed to perceive, either by instinct or observation, that things were not as they ought to be, or else liked the heat of the fire, laid himself down as near his young master as he could. He had been previously foraging for himself, and seemed to have got a pretty good supper, but where, Hubert cared not to inquire; though, if Hubert had known that a human habitation was so near him, it would have cheered his heart—for Benoit had discovered the back of a cottage, or goatherd's cabin, half hid in the snow, and, climbing up its lofty roof, had made his supper on the "short and musty straw" of its mouldering thatch.

As Hubert sat without, on the trunk of an aged pine, his mother called to him, and bade him come in within the shelter of their tent. She said that she could not sleep—she could not pray—she had a pain in her head, and in her heart—she feared she was not long for this world; and then, turning to the child, she addressed it with a half wild, half tender expression, something between the wanderings of delirium and the solemnity of devotion, saying—

"Sleep, little baby, sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

"Yes, with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be:
Oh! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

"Flee, little tender nursling,
Flee to thy grassy nest:
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast."——

"Hubert," she added, "do not let them bury us among the snow—No, no, boy; not among the snow—unless Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, the mother of Armoni and Mephibosheth, were here to watch us—for you know, Hubert—you know, she suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."

The children wept, as well they might, while their poor mother talked in this manner: but happy would it have been for them if she had continued to do so all night rather than have gone to sleep. For, to sleep in such a temperature, under the thin shelter of their

tent, was, though youth might sustain it, with its natural heat and animal spirits to support its warmth,—yet to the disconsolate and over-wearied mother, exhausted alike in mind and body,—to sleep, in such circumstances, how full of danger! but Hubert, out of kindness to his mother, besought her to compose her spirits; to think no more of Henri but as he was in heaven; and to bless God that he was gone to such a happy place—where he would see his divine Saviour, and know him better than even we, mother, who are so much older. This talk of pious Hubert's seemed to calm his beloved parent a little, and she began to speak with more composure.

"Mother," continued Hubert, "lie down again on your nice little couch that I have made for you, and I will pray to God to make you well, and to comfort you—for he is the God of comfort—and to bless you and preserve you long, long to us. You must not talk of dying,—and I will beseech him to bring us all to meet father to-morrow." An incredulous but affectionate smile passed across his mother's face, while the kind boy thus sought to cheer her: and he went on to say, "You and Gabrielle shall ride on Benoit, and I will walk by your side; it cannot be many leagues from La Flèchère now,—and we shall all be happy again."

"Do not speak of being happy, my dear,

on earth," said his mother;—"in heaven we shall be happy,—that is our home you know, Hubert,—your father will see both his boys there, you know."

"We shall have no sorrows there, mother," said Hubert,—"that is our real true home—St. Madelaine-de-Belleville will never be our home any more."

"Hubert," said Gabrielle, "I do not like to hear you talk so about heaven; we shall be happy yet on earth when we meet father again, and Albert, and Louise, and our dear Pastor who blesses us."

"My dear children," said Blanche, "I hope you will soon meet them all,—but I shall never, never see them any more."—As she said this, she threw her arms round both the children, and embracing them, shed a torrent of tears. Hubert, afraid that his mother would again cry as long as she had done before, and sob, and laugh so fearfully amid her tears, besought her, with the most insinuating tenderness, to try to obtain a little rest; saying, that if she and Gabrielle would lie down, he would watch without, and sing them a hushaby,—"Some of your own favourite hymns, dear mother." His mother at last consented, and, again embracing the children, she blessed them both. In her own simple way, commending them both to the Christ, as to their Saviour, God, Father, elder Brother,

she laid herself down to sleep, and Hubert, covering her and Gabrielle with all the cloaks he could collect, and drawing the curtain of the little tent closer around them, sat alone on the outside by the fire, or walked about to prevent himself from sleeping,—singing, from time to time, upon his midnight watch of love, the pious hymns of the valleys.

The following verses, as expressive of the feelings of his dear mother, were the first he sang to her—and O! it was sweet to hear this little fearless boy, keeping watch upon the mighty brow of an Alpine mountain, in the dead of night, and chaunting his sacred song, for such a sacred purpose:—

"O Zion, when I think of thee,
I wish for pinions like a dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

"An exile here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh,
Thither the ransom'd nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.

"While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,
Are like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

"But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

"The hope that such a day will come,
Makes even the exile's portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet."

As Hubert sang over these verses, his voice was sometimes almost choked with tears; but as he was afraid, lest, if his mother should discover that he was crying, it would distress her, he just raised his heart in secret, silent prayer to God, to give him courage and strength to support all his afflictions, and then he went on chaunting his hymns again. The following he had learned from a book of Martyrology; and he felt, while singing it, all that sweet forgiving love and pity, which its concluding words express, for those who, in other times, had perhaps driven the Waldenses, like Hubert and his family, from their happy homes:—

"Hallelujah, Lord our God,
Now our earthly path is trod;
Pass'd are now our cares and fears,
And we quit this vale of tears.

"Hallelujah! King of Kings!
Now our spirits spread their wings,
To the mansions of the blest,
To thy everlasting rest.

"Hallelujah! Lord of Lords!
Be our last and dying words,
Glory to our God above,
To our murderers peace and love."

The cold was now intense; but Hubert kept up an immense fire with great branches of pine which sparkled and crackled in the air, and roused the sleeping echoes from their frozen caverns to crackle, in their turn, with the noise of an hundred fires. The effect of the blaze of fire-light in such a spot as that now occupied by Hubert, was not less singular and striking, than the startling sounds which were heard on every side, coming down from the heights above, or rising from the deep ravines and glens below. The gigantic forms of the trees in the forest, the darkness of those in shadow, contrasted with the flaring red of those nearer the fire, were strangely and wildly beautiful: the drooping and springy boughs of the birch-trees, and the long needle-like spines of the fir-trees, covered as they were with snow and icicles, reflected the light as from a thousand prisms, and reminded Hubert of some story he had heard about an enchanted forest, whose trees were hung with lamps of diamonds.

While Hubert sat before the fire, sometimes musing on the objects around him, and sometimes lifting up his pious soul to the God of the spirits of all flesh, he felt comforted and peaceful, except when the thought of the dear baby crossed his mind, and then he was sad, and then he felt what a stroke his death would be to his dear father. Hubert, thus

keeping watch for his dear mother, gazed on the moon as she passed from one part of the heavens to the other; and he would sit and look on her lovely placid face, as he noted the time she took to cross from one star to another; or as he followed, with his eye, the flickering cloud that for a moment left him in darkness as it came between him and her silver beams. By and by the stars became brighter; and one of peculiar beauty and brilliancy rose far away on the eastern horizon, as if it had been some knot of icicles just lighted with a sunbeam on the mountain's top. As Hubert viewed it rise gradually above the horizon, and bend its course towards the south, he thought of that "star in the east" which guided the wise men to the cradle-bed of the infant Redeemer, and he sung to himself, dear boy. the morning hymn of the valleys:—

MORNING HYMN.

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

"Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall.
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

"Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

"Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration.
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!"

Thus the hours passed on; and, with no other company than Benoit, who nevertheless, in such a spot, and at such a time, was no contemptible companion, Hubert spent the night without sleeping, or, if inclined to sleep, he rose and walked about. The old mule slept soundly by the side of the blazing pines, except now and then when a spark of fire fell upon his shaggy coat, or crackled about his ears, and then he started to shake himself, but soon lay down again.

While Hubert sat thus,—sometimes patting the face of old Benoit, who looked wistfully in his eyes as if he thought things were not right, or else his dear little master would not be there sitting alone all night,—while Hubert sat thus, he thought he heard some one stir in the tent, and, drawing aside the watch-coat which he had made to answer the purpose of a door, he saw his mother, who had not yet been to sleep, on her knees with her hands raised to heaven, and heard her praying for himself and Gabrielle. Hubert did not think it proper to listen to what his mother said, so he walked

round to the other side of the fire; but when she lay down again, he went forward to the tent door to draw the coat closer, and looking in, he perceived that she had composed herself to sleep, and had drawn to its accustomed place on her bosom, her lifeless infant.—Hubert wept to see how doatingly his mother still embraced the frozen corpse; but remembering his father's grief, at the death of poor Antoine, he well knew his mother felt double sorrow for darling baby, because his father would so grieve about him. Alas! poor Hubert, thou little knewest, dear boy, that thy blessed father and the happy babe, were perhaps at that moment where even thy mother's sorrows could not pain them.

Hubert was thinking such thoughts as these, when, overpowered with fatigue, sorrow, and watching, he fell asleep under the shelter of old Benoit's back, and did not awake till long after sunrise, when Gabrielle heaping fresh logs upon the fire, their crackling noise reminded him where he was; and, with a sigh, this noble son of many a martyred ancestor arose to the consciousness of life and misery.

The beautiful serenity of the sky, and the bright and cheering sunshine which shed a dazzling brilliancy on the scene around them, revived the spirits of Hubert and Gabrielle, worn out as they were with witnessing the anguish of their dear mother; with the death

of their little brother, and the now long continued absence of their father. Hubert asked Gabrielle how long she had been awake, and if her mother was still asleep: and hearing that she was, he was glad, he said, for sleep would make her better. Then, when he began to think that Gabrielle had been up and awake so many hours, and had no food to eat but a small piece of bread, his heart was sad within him. But he took out the Bible which his father had given him to carry carefully away from the wreck of every thing else that would be lost at St. Madelaine, and he read a chapter, and then prayed to God. This chapter gave him comfort, and he called Gabrielle near to him, and read her a few verses from it, such as the following:—"And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake; but he that endureth to the end shall be saved. But when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another.—Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows. Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." ——"We are of more value than many sparrows," said Hubert, "and I am sure many a

time in winter I have fed the sparrows with crumbs at De Belleville; because I thought that, in serving them, when they came hopping to the lattice, I was just fulfilling the word and will of God, who brought them to me to be fed, to show me he would not have even his little birds forgotten. O surely, surely Gabrielle, the Lord will, by some way or other, though we do not know how—surely he will appear for our deliverance this day."

Gabrielle began to cry, poor girl; her heart was sad, and she was faint for hunger, for she would not even eat her allowance, and she could not bear to think that her mother's sleep should last so long—and she trembled to tell Hubert all the fears with which she was oppressed. At last, "Hubert," said she, "what may be the hour of the day? I cannot tell this mountain's shadow, it is not like our own mountain."

Hubert looked at the shadow, but neither could he tell the hour, because he did not know the place where they were; but he observed that the sun was far away to the south side of the range they occupied, and that it must be later in the day than he thought. "It is time we had begun our march," said he; "if we stay here much longer, we shall not be able to go two leagues before night. Call mother, dear Gabrielle." "Call her, dear Hubert, yourself," replied his sister hesitat-

ingly, "and I will go and put some more wood on the fire."

Hubert drew aside the cloak which formed the entry to the little booth or tent, and when he saw his mother lying sleeping, though very pale, yet with a most beautiful expression on her face, such as he never remembered to have seen on it before, he did not awake her, but looking round to Gabrielle, who stood trembling to know the result of the undrawing of the curtain, he said,—with a smile of joy and delight, and in a whispered voice,—"O Gabrielle! mother's happy now! Only come, and look how lovely she lies; and dear Henri has fallen from her arms—we might lift him away now perhaps, but that would make her angry —it might at least displease her."

Gabrielle did not know what to say. It was that very beauty, stillness, and calm loveliness of her mother's face, at which she had looked so often while Hubert was asleep, that had distressed her; and always seeing her in the same posture, with the same inexpressible sweetness of features, she did not know what to think. She well knew the effect which sleeping in the night air had produced on many of the unhappy exiles—she therefore trembled at she knew not what. To escape from her secret fears, she, therefore, said to her brother,

"Call her, dear Hubert—the sun gets fast

away—the shadows are all lengthening—we shall not have gone a quarter of a league before the moon be up."

Hubert accordingly called—"Mother! mother! you have had a nice long sleep; I would not willingly wake you—but I must, dear mother!"

His mother did not answer. The dear boy went nearer, and stooping down, he took her hand in his, and, feeling that it was very cold, he rubbed it with his own, and chafed it, saying again, "Mother! dear mother! we must go!"

Hubert had scarcely uttered these few words when a strange sensation ran through his frame, communicated, as in one instant, by the feeling of the hand he held in his. He dropped it hastily, as if he had touched something he ought not to have touched. As it fell from his grasp, so it lay—the fingers still compressed, just as they were when he breathed on them to warm them;—moreover his mother continued still asleep. He went nearer her face—he raised her head, half on his arm and half on his knees—he kissed her eyes and cheek, saying, "Mother! my beloved mother! O! answer me!—Will you not speak to your dear Hubert, my own blessed mother!" The countenance of Blanche retained the same fixedness of sweet and calm expression—unutterably sweet! Hubert re-

placed her hand on the lowly couch—looked at her once more—once more reiterated "Mother! mother!"—then uttered such a scream of terror and anguish as brought Gabrielle within the tent, and started the mountain echoes; but which,—though the voice of her beloved boy,—awoke no more, to consciousness, poor Blanche de Beauvoisin!——

CHAPTER V.

"What is't that thou dost see?"
——"A peasant of the Alps—
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, kind, and free:
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep—thy hopes
Of cheerful old age, and a quiet grave,
Mayhap with garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph:
This do I see."

"How dreadful!" you no doubt exclaim, on reading the affecting circumstances detailed at the conclusion of the last chapter. How dreadful indeed! Poor Blanche,—wearied, exhausted, alarmed for her children's safety, and her own—grieved beyond consolation for the loss of her dear baby, and quite over-

whelmed with the horrors of her situation,—sunk to sleep towards the dawn of that fatal morning which arose upon the unsheltered head of her boy-sentry, who had guarded her little tent all the night—This sleep proved to her the sleep of death. The intense cold of the atmosphere from which she was so partially protected, acting upon a frame that had previously suffered under so much fatigue and excitement, made her an easy prey to the King of Terrors. But the Lord giveth none account of any of his matters—his way is in the sea, and his path in the deep waters—and his footsteps are not known; and if any of us are disposed to say, "Can such things be, without exciting feelings of terror and wonder?" O! let us remember, while we wonder, also—to adore!

"How dreadful," my dear children, you exclaim, "the fate of poor Hubert and Gabrielle!—How desolate! how destitute!" Ah! you would perhaps think it sad to be left at home alone only for one day! But what would you think of being left alone in the wide world, my children, without any home, or any father or mother to take care of you? Alas! I cannot tell you all the sorrow and anguish that wrung the hearts of these two orphans, when they discovered to their utter despair, that the sleep of their beloved mother was the sleep

of death—and a sleep from which she would never again awake in this world!

These children made no effort, for a time, to comfort one another. They made no effort to sooth or to diminish the transports of grief by which they were both alike overwhelmed. Gabrielle wept, till her laughing eyes,—as her father used to call them,—were almost lost under their blistered eyelids; and when her tears ceased to flow, dear child! the sobbing at her heart continued in such painful and convulsive throbs as shook her shivering frame to pieces. Poor Hubert, whose filial love and devoted tenderness for his mother exceeded every other feeling of his kind and gracious heart, betrayed, in his manner, less of that outward despair and desolation of the whole soul by which his affectionate sister was oppressed. When capable of thinking, for a moment, of any thing but the loss of his dear, dear mother, and the grief it would occasion to his father, he began to pray to God. He knew that "trouble did not spring out of the dust, nor sorrow from the ground." In all their afflictions this youthful Christian traced the hand of God; and knowing that he doth according to his will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth—that his sovereignty is as much a part of his deity as his omnipotence or his truth—Hubert "laid his hand upon his mouth, and his mouth in the

dust," saying, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

In all this, Hubert never once, even in thought, accused the persecutor. No,

> "To our murderers peace and love,"

was the sentiment he had been taught to cherish, and which he strove to maintain. For the Catholic he felt a sentiment of pity far too deep to admit of wrath; and though, in the language of a martyr of old, he might have said—

> "I am too wretched to feel wrath;
> There is no violence in a broken spirit."

Yet peace toward this enemy was the habitual feeling of his mind: and though there were few people on earth,—nay, none,—to whom, had it been in his power, Hubert would not have done a kind service; yet, to a Catholic, he would have esteemed it a peculiar privilege to do good, because from infancy, it had been pressed upon his heart that they were the people for whom he was always to pray, and whom he was always to bless; and he seldom ever thought of them without remembering, that, among the very first Scriptures his grandfather had taught him, were the following; "I say unto you, love your enemies;

bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully hate you, and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father, which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." "Bless them which persecute you; bless and curse not." "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." O! let us, my children, cherish the same kind and heavenly sentiments towards our dear Catholic brethren and fellow citizens of our own day, as Hubert did in his. Let us bear them on our hearts in prayer; and, where we cannot prevail on them to hear, or to accept the Bible, let them see in each of us, a living epistle of that blessed book, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart!

The affliction which seemed now to deepen all the anguish already sustained by Hubert and his sister, was the sight of the unburied corpses of their beloved mother and her most beloved baby; and the thought which each felt, but neither dared express, of the impossibility of their being able, either to consign them to the earth, and not to the snow, as their mother had implored, or to carry them away,—wrung their soul with anguish.

Hubert, afraid that Gabrielle would perceive the pain that this thought occasioned

him, changed the subject as it were, and hastily said, "Perhaps it was not so much the cold, and the snow, and the weariness, that killed our dear mother, as the baby's death that broke her heart!"

"No, no!" said Gabrielle, who was not of so gentle or holy a spirit as Hubert; "it was the Catholic that chased us from our cottage —made us lose our way in the mountains, and"—"Hush!" said Hubert; "thy blessed mother would not have said so." "But," said Gabrielle, recovering from her resentment, for she also was a pious child, though of strong feelings and ardent attachment to her parents, especially to her father, on whom she doated; "But," said she, "it is better to be here, Hubert—even here," and she looked at Blanche and the infant, and her eyes ran down with tears, as she spoke—"Better to be here, than to deny the Lord that bought us with his own precious blood! Pastor, father, and all, would rather see us here, destitute and forsaken, than that we should forget or deny our divine Saviour." This she said with a peculiar sweetness of fervour and love, repeating the words—"Our divine Saviour!"

Hubert raised his eyes to heaven, and, wringing his hands, seemed engaged in silent prayer. At last he ejaculated, "O thou, in whom the fatherless and the helpless find mercy, in thee will we trust! Only show us

where we may bury our dead, and, by thy grace, we will never deny thee, nor forget thee. O forsake us not!"

While they were thus engaged in weeping, in praying to God, or in speaking to each other, Gabrielle, every now and then bursting into a fresh flood of sorrow, as her eye occasionally fell on the beautiful countenance of her beloved mother,—old Benoit, the mule, was heard neighing and snorting, and making a strange noise with his feet, at a little distance from the tent. Hubert, hearing the noise repeated, accompanied with the sound of voices, rose from his knees, and, going out, he discovered, at a little distance, down one of the avenues of the forest, an old peasant and a youth endeavouring to drag away Benoit by his bridle, who, with all the determined obstinacy of his nature, refused to go with them; but who, with much seeming address, appeared desirous of leading them nearer to the children: for, whenever the peasant turned towards that part of the forest where the tent was placed, Benoit followed like a lamb; but whenever an attempt was made to lead him any other way, he set his feet firmly in the snow, and persisted in maintaining his ground.

When the old peasant perceived Hubert, he started with surprise to find any one in so remote a part of the forest. Hubert immedi-

ately addressed him;—in a few words told him his sad story, and, taking him by the hand, led him up to the little tent, under whose shelter all that was dear—and O! how very dear was that all!—all that was dear to him on earth of his mother remained.

The old peasant, in whose heart the kindness, not only of nature, but of grace, had place, was deeply affected by Hubert's story: for he was himself a man of like sorrows with the exiles, having been necessitated, many years before, to take refuge, in that very forest, from the scourge of persecution—where, having escaped the storm, he had taken shelter with his wife and children; and having approved himself to the amiable possessor of the wide domain, he had been a peasant on her grounds ever since; and his children had been servants, both in her hall and in her nursery.

When Hubert drew aside the folds of the soldier's cloak that hung across the door of the tent, the sunbeams,—full of all that dazzling brilliancy peculiar to light only when passing through the fine ethereal medium of a clear, frosty, atmosphere,—darted into the tent, and the rays passing partly through the coloured drapery of the cloak, fell with an exquisite illusion of life, on the lovely, lowly form of the humble Blanche, who, in her little cap and cloak, red stays, and blue petticoats,

presented all the appearance of life without its vitality. The baby lay upon her outstretched arm, its own weight having disengaged it from its place on her bosom. Gabrielle sat at their feet, looking alternately at each, but most at her mother. When Hubert drew aside the curtain, the light flashed painfully on her swollen and tearful eyelids, and she put up her hand to shade them from the sun.——Such was the affecting scene which presented itself to the eye of the peasant of the Alps, as he looked within the tent door. Need I say, my children, it was one that wrung his heart?

The old man did not content himself with merely shedding tears with these afflicted children: Turning to the youth who accompanied him, and who was his grandson, he gave him certain orders, which he directed him to execute with despatch. In a short time, the youth returned, bringing with him some persons from the hamlet, who, with all kindness, decency, and silence, prepared to convey the remains of the HAPPY to the peasant's cottage, before paying to them those rites which every mortal man expects himself to receive, and therefore owes to his fellow.

The children followed, hand in hand.—There seemed to be some new bond, or tie, sprung up between them, such as they had never felt before. Gabrielle clung to her

brother, and would not let him go, even for a moment. The old man could not look on them without tears. He brought them to his cottage—presented them to his wife, who received them with the most affectionate hospitality. Both the orphans were touched by this unexpected kindness. But Gabrielle sunk under her distresses, and, for many weeks, was confined to bed. The remains of the relatives, after a certain number of days, were consigned to their mother earth, under an oak in the forest—and one would have thought the joy that Hubert felt, in having every thing done decently in regard to the sepulture of his mother, almost relieved him, of part at least, of the load of sorrow he felt for her loss; and he could not sufficiently express his gratitude to God, and his thankfulness to the pious peasants of La Cime, that her "bones" lay not "scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

The illness of Gabrielle continued for many weeks to the great distress of her brother, who began almost to indulge in despair, thinking there was to be no end to their troubles. By degrees, however, as the spring advanced, Gabrielle recovered, and by the care and attention, as well as skill, of her rustic physician and nurse; and, with the blessing of God, she began to get better. But her convalescence was long and tedious; and not-

withstanding old Marco knew every plant of the mountains,—and his wife knew all their properties, and how to mingle their various ingredients, so as to have a "balm for every wound,"—yet her recovery took more time than her sickness.

The kind service of the peasant and his family to the orphan children, was, in the estimation of Marco, repaid a thousand fold by the visit of Hubert and Gabrielle. As I already hinted, Marco himself was a brother in the faith, and hope, and bonds, and persecution of the Waldenses. To hear of the churches of the valleys, was to him like life from the dead; and, while he heard, and wept over the recital of their afflictions, he was, at the same time, comforted in conversing with such a boy as Hubert, whose knowledge of the Bible, whose learning and education, from his being the grandson and nephew of a pastor, were so superior to that of his illiterate host, that, for hours together, old Marco held him to the delightful task of repeating whole chapters from the Bible, not only to him and his wife, but to his children and grandchildren, and to the other peasants and goatherds of the hamlet. But, though Hubert, out of gratitude for kindness received, gladly, so far as any thing could make him glad, sat by the blazing fire, and wore out the crackling billets which Jaquet'e heaped upon the hearth to cheer their

winter's night—repeating to these unlettered men the words of inspiration;—yet his heart was over the mountains; and his impatience to reach La Fléchère, where, alas! the hope that cheers, even while it deceives, led him to expect to meet his father, made almost every moment of delay a pain too great for him to bear. But, till Gabrielle was better, it was impossible to depart from the shelter which the hospitable cottagers afforded them; and Hubert, conscious of all that generous love which had been shown to him, and which he never could repay, endeavoured at least to express his sense of it—by going out to work with his host every morning—assisting him in his rural labours; while Gabrielle, recovering from her illness and despair, though too unwell to venture abroad, busied herself in aiding the domestic labours of her kind hostess, or, with her needle, repaired her humble wardrobe, or assisted in any employment with her daughters, in which she could be useful in the cottage.

The history of the orphan boy and girl had spread from the cottage to the kitchen of the Castle, and from the kitchen, the interesting story had reached the drawing-room; and old Marco,—whose kindness to the poor children had not been forgotten by those domestics who repeated the story to their superiors,—had received orders, that, when the unhappy

fugitives were able to proceed to the place of their destination, La Fléchère, he should bring them to rest one day at Jeanvilliers,—of which castle, the lady, though a catholic, was kind, and abhorred alike the spirit of her infatuated confraternity, and the persecution of which they were guilty. The old Countess, also, had two orphan grandchildren, whom she loved exceedingly, and their desire to see the two young people at Marco's cottage, whose mother and baby brother had died in consequence of the persecution, was great. And they wondered what kind of a religion it could be, which one set of people thought so good that they were willing to die for it; and which another thought so bad, as to be ready to kill those who professed it.

When Gabrielle was quite restored to health, old Marco and his hospitable family at last consented to let their young guests depart. Their desire of rejoining, as they hoped, their only surviving parent, was, as may easily be imagined, great beyond expression,—and much as the good peasants of the Alps would have wished to detain the children till it could be ascertained where that beloved parent was, they nevertheless felt that they might perhaps appear cruel, in asking them to prolong their stay, now that the beautiful season of the year, and the state of the roads, admitted of

their travelling, not only with ease, but delight.

Accordingly, the day of their departure arrived, when, after a stay of nearly three months, in which time the Lord had caused the pious peasants to treat these orphans as their own children,—and in which, through the blessing of God upon the reading of Hubert's Bible, many youthful individuals of the hamlet were "asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward."—Hubert and Gabrielle took leave of Marco's wife, Jaquette, and all the inhabitants of the hospitable cabins of La Cime. Hubert was sorry he had no money to give to Marco for all his kindness to them. He had indeed a gold ducat, which he had received one day from young Raymond, the Count's son, for a little osier basket he had made for him as a present. The boy loved Raymond, and never would part with the piece of money, which he kept for his sake, and he had made a hole in it, and tied a piece of riband through it. But his gratitude to Marco, for his kindness to the dead, was stronger at this moment than his love to Raymond for the kindness of his house to the living; and, taking out the ducat from his pocket, he cut the string by which he had, sometimes in sport, worn it round his neck, and as he was about to go away, he gave it to the peasant. But, while old Marco was

pleased with this expression of the boy's gratitude, he would not accept the ducat. "No," said he; "you have received little more from me than a cup of cold water, but, little as that is, it has been given in the name of a disciple; and truly I think I have entertained angels unawares." The old hostess, then, blessed the children, and, accompanied by Marco, they departed from La Cime, Gabrielle seated on their own faithful, trusty Benoit, and Hubert walking by her side.

As they slowly proceeded, something like hope began to dawn upon the mind of Hubert, and he felt more cheerful, either from the circumstance of mere change of place, or because he imagined he was in the way to meet with his father. After the travellers came out of the forest, through which they passed with a strange feeling of horror, sorrow, and gratitude,—the scenes that opened upon them were so beautiful and so magnificent, that even they, poor children, with little taste either for the sublime or the lovely, felt an uncommon delight in looking around them. On one side, the road which they were traversing seemed supported by a species of natural pillars and parapet, so that they could look down with safety into the deep abyss below; at other times the road was hardly passable, even for the sure-footed Benoit, from the steepness and rapidity of the descent; now,

it was smooth and level, and, again, nearly blocked up by enormous masses of rocks, which the weight or melting of the snows had precipitated from above. As they continued their route, the country became more open, presenting a greater variety of objects; the plains in the distance, seen through the openings of the mountains, appeared rich in cultivation, and covered with flocks and herds of cattle. The snows, which had for some time disappeared from the valleys, were also melting on the mountains; and Gabrielle called to Hubert to gather her some of those flowers which Marco said he had seen blooming today, in the place where, perhaps yesterday, they had been covered with snow,—such as the crocus and soldanella; and as they descended into the valley, where the castle of Jeanvilliers was situated, they perceived the rhododendron, crowned with its purple flowers, which here exhale an odour as sweet as they are beautiful, while at its foot grew the auricula, the saxifrage, the polygala, and many other plants; and Marco said, he had sometimes seen it amid forests of pine and birch, growing on the very edges of the distant glaciers.

As the travellers continued their descent into the vale, they passed near a beautiful cascade of no great volume of water, but of the most limpid purity: Its perpendicular

height might not be above a hundred feet, perhaps; but, as they travelled along beneath it, the rays of the sun, falling at that moment upon the spray, formed the softest circle of coloured light which could possibly be imagined. And as they paused to look at it, old Marco, with pious feeling, and much sympathy for the peculiarly afflicting circumstances in which the dear children were placed, reminded them, for their consolation, of the promises of God to Noah, when he first beheld that beautiful thing on Ararat, telling them that the "Rainbow of the Covenant" was not more beautiful than the God of the Covenant was true—and bidding them, "trust in him for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

The children and their guide continued on their way, till at last they descried the noble and magnificent castle of Jeanvilliers, with its lofty turrets—whose outline looked sublime, as seen against the evening sky, and its high-arched windows were bright as gold, shining in the rays of the setting sun. As the party came nearer, they lost sight of the house, and crossing a narrow-pointed bridge, over a deep ravine, they entered an avenue of beeches, whose dry rustling leaves, now discarded for a greener foliage, littered all the ground, and rustled among their feet, as Benoit and the peasant, with their iron heels,

trod over them. When they arrived at the end of this avenue, a lofty gateway presented itself to the astonished view of the young travellers, who, having never before seen any thing grander than the château of Count Raymond, had imagined it could not be excelled by any edifice in the world. Two griffins, the crest of Jeanvilliers, carved in stone, raised their immense wings from a lofty pedestal on each side of the gate. The breadth of wing, —the granite feathers,—the lion's paws, and eyes of fire,—were all so strange, and so ill comported with each other, that Hubert, who, though happily a novice in fabulous history, was, for his years, a pretty good naturalist, could not imagine to what class of animals or genus of birds he could assign the creatures. Marco could neither assist him in the arrangement, nor solve his doubts; so they passed on —and, going round to the left of the great entrance, they stopped at a little gate, that opened into the apartments of the domestics, where Marco desired his youthful charge to wait till he should inquire for the housekeeper.

The housekeeper was engaged; but a person, who acted under her, came out to receive them. A lad took the mule round to the stables, and Marco and the children, tired and hungry, went into the hall, where they were kindly greeted by the servants, and where

they received refreshments from the young woman who had come out to meet them at the gate.

Some time after this, Madame La Beaume, the housekeeper, being informed of their arrival, came into the hall. She expressed great pleasure at seeing old Marco, who was a favourite with most of the household, and she received the dear children with much kindness. She did not choose to ask them many questions before the servants; and, observing that they were weary, and that it was too late an hour now for them to expect to see the Countess that evening, she proposed they should go to bed, and in the morning, when they had seen her lady, and she had received her orders, they should be sent onward in safety to La Flèchère. The old peasant was obliged to return on his way home, early in the morrow; he said he would therefore take leave of the children that night. Their parting was exceedingly affecting, for Marco had been a father to them since the day they had lost their dear mother. The old peasant wiped the tears from his weather-beaten cheek, as the children, caressing him, tried, in vain, to say—farewell! Gabrielle embraced him, and hid her face in his rough doublet, as the old man with many a blessing, confided them to the care of Him in whom the father-'ess findeth mercy; and who is, in an espe-

cial manner, the God of the helpless and the orphan. He then went aside and spoke to Madame La Beaume for some time, who gave him every assurance he could desire, in regard to the care that should be taken of the children—telling him that the kind dispositions of the Countess were too well known to permit him to dread any thing in regard to their safety, even if the young Count's tutor were at home, which he was not. Some other things were added, in a whisper,—after which Marco again embraced and blessed the children, who left the hall, following La Beaume.

The apartments to which Hubert and Gabrielle were conducted by the good housekeeper, were at a great distance from that part of the house where they had entered. They followed her up a number of stairs, and along two or three galleries, lighted up with beautiful large lights, making the whole house as bright as day. La Beaume then showed them where they were to sleep, namely, Gabrielle in a little bed, close to her own; and Hubert in a closet which opened through her room:—so that she said she would keep her word to Marco, and take good care of them.

When Hubert and Gabrielle separated for the night, the former to go into his little curious antique closet, and Gabrielle to her nice bed, close to the housekeeper's, in the outer chamber—they were no sooner apart, and had

began to pray to their Father in heaven, each kneeling down beside their own bed, than they began bitterly to weep, and to deplore their destitute condition. Both gave vent to the anguish of their hearts, in shedding those tears, which, except while parting with Marco, each had, with strong self-denial, and out of tenderness for the feeling of the other, suppressed during the day. And though, no doubt, they were comforted and supported in answer to their own prayers, and to the prayer which each offered for the other; yet still they were human creatures, suffering under no common afflictions, and their hearts were pierced with the tenderest sorrow which any child on earth can feel. Ah! give thanks to God, you that are so blessed, that you have still a father and mother! None can know the value of a mother's love till they have lost it. Who knows the yearnings of her heart over the objects of her tenderest affection?—And where,—or in whom, will the child ever meet again with the same gentleness—the same forbearance? Who will again behold her with the same complacency and delight—smile when she smiles, and weep when she weeps?—Ah! she can have but one mother: Let her never hope to experience such a love again on earth. It is no wonder, then, that these two orphan children this night wept till they fell asleep, with thoughts of

their mother, whose loss, though in part forgotten, was this night, on account of their leaving the spot where she was laid, and parting with Marco their friend, and coming into the house of strangers, and among the people whose priests and monks had been the cause of all their afflictions, brought in a peculiar manner, fresh before them. Poor Hubert, though accustomed to lay a greater restraint upon his feelings than Gabrielle, was this night not less affected than her. The form of the leafless oak in the forest, that bent its naked arms over the little mound of earth beneath, where lay the cold remains of his beloved mother and her sweet baby, presented itself perpetually to the mind of Hubert, as, in his restless and unrefreshing sleep, he tossed to and fro until the morning. Sometimes he thought he saw the tree with its naked boughs and branches waving and groaning in the winter blast:—Then he thought he saw the tree covered with budding leaves and the fullest foliage. A dove had built her nest in the midst of it, and there she reared and fed her young. She went out to seek food for her callow offspring, but when she returned her feathers were all ruffled—a flagging wing, and drops of blood upon her purple breast, showed that she had been wounded. Her plaintive cries seemed to afflict her unfledged brood beside her. "Poor birds,"

thought Hubert, "what will you do without your mother; her wing droops, she cannot now fly about to bring you food to eat." As Hubert seemed thus to speak to himself in his dream, another bird, but of a far more beautiful plumage than the dove, alighted among the branches, with a cluster of ivy berries in his mouth, which he dropt into the nest and the little birds began to eat. Then Hubert, addressing himself, in sleep, to the mother-bird, and saying,—"You see the little ones will always have somebody to take care of them, though you cannot,"—put out his hand to pat her lovely head and glossy back, when she, frightened and fluttering, again uttered her exquisitely plaintive cry, and the dreaming boy awoke.

When Hubert opened his eyes, and saw the sun shining brightly into his chamber, and heard the "swallow twittering" from its shed, where, all the morning, it had been busy building its nest, he was led, by the natural elasticity of youth, to entertain more cheerful thoughts than he had done the preceding evening, and could not help expecting, so apt are we to hope for what we wish, that, like the little birds in his dream, though he had lost the protection and tender affection of one parent, he should, ere long, enjoy the love and compassionate care of another; and he blessed his Father in heaven for such a hope.

After the children were up and dressed, Gabrielle went into Hubert's closet to hear him read a portion of his Testament; for this was the practice of these good children from their earliest youth, and ought to be that of every pious child, never to go out of the apartment in which they have slept, till they have engaged in prayer to God, and in reading his holy word.

When these pious exercises were over, and the children had talked about their father for some time, and expressed to each other their hope of seeing him, and had wondered whether Count Philippe, the lady's grandson, would be like the son of Count de Raymond,—and whether old Marco would ever forget them,—and many other similar conjectures; they thought they would like to go down stairs: but as they did not know how to find their way again to the hall where they had been the night before, they amused themselves in the room where they were till the housekeeper should call them.

It was a curious round tower in which Hubert had slept, with strangely shaped win dows, one of which opened like a door, and by a few steps, led down to a sort of balcony that seemed to run along the whole of that end of the building. Hubert did not venture to go out, or even to open the door; but he and Gabrielle looked through the casement,

and beheld, in the valley, a beautiful stream, whose waters sparkled in the sunbeam:—beyond the stream, a wood, whose trees were in their first sweet leaf, and whose outline, in the slanting light of the morning sun, was tinged with that lovely green that the eye delights so much to dwell upon. Above the wood appeared a pretty hill covered with herds of cattle; and, far beyond it, and lessening away to the verge of the western horizon, instead of the white range of the Alps, a long, flat distance, that looked like two pale lines drawn across the sky, terminated the view.

While these objects engaged the attention of the children, and each tried to conjecture which side of the valley would lead towards La Fléchère, the housekeeper herself came up to the chamber for them; and, instead of taking them into the hall among the servants, she brought them into her own room. There she set before them, for breakfast, some nice white bread, cakes of figs, and bunches of raisins, with milk from the cow, and Neufchattel cheese; telling them that, when they had finished their breakfast, she would present them to her lady the Countess, and to the young Count, who was impatient to see Hubert and his sister.

Hubert, though little more than a peasant boy, I may say,—except, indeed, his educa-

tion, which was very superior, should lead us to call him better,—Hubert, though a humble boy, possessed a peculiar gracefulness of speech and manner, which was not only becoming but insinuating. He bowed in reply to all this kindness of La Beaume, and politely thanked her, in behalf of himself and sister, for her goodness and condescension, and particularly for the honour she proposed to confer on them in bringing them into the presence of the young Count and his grandmother. When he had said this, they were about to begin breakfast; but, before seating themselves in the curious high raised chairs which were set for them at table, Hubert lifted his right hand, and, bending forward, implored the blessing of God on what they were about to partake of, and gave thanks for all his mercies. When he had finished, they sat down to table; and the housekeeper, who, perhaps, had never seen one pray thus before, or had perhaps observed something peculiar in the manner of the boy, inquired if what he had just done was a practice common to the Waldenses, and asked some other questions about it. Hubert told her it was the sacred duty of all to acknowledge the goodness of God in his gifts, and explained to her the reason why the Waldenses gave thanks before eating, saying they were taught so to do by the example of Christ and his disciples, as well as by the ex-

press precept,—"Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God:" and, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving,—for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer."

The good La Beaume liked to hear the boy talk. When I say good, I do not use it in a religious sense; I mean benevolent. For La Beaume, though professing the Catholic faith, had nevertheless, so far as her light would go, no love for its works of darkness. The whole household of the amiable Countess leaned, both in mind and deed, to the side of mercy; and not only abhorred the cruelty which they understood was practised against the poor Waldenses, but had openly expressed their pity for them, though these two children were the first of these people they had ventured to protect since the commencement of the last persecution; but the youth of the two Beauvoisins appeared to the Countess sufficient excuse for her exercising hospitality towards them; and, whatever the consequences might be, she was prepared to abide them. This kind feeling of the Countess toward the persecuted Waldenses, arose from a sentiment not only of natural benevolence in her, but of hereditary sympathy for this afflicted people. And so strongly had some of her ancestors, though of Spanish extraction, and who might

thereby have been expected to have been even more bigoted than other Catholics—so strongly had some of her family sympathized with these persecuted people in the earlier periods of their history, that, after a battle fought near the Garonne in Gascony, two of her ancestors, professing the papal faith, who were found among the slain, had, together with other noble Spaniards, also of the Catholic religion, been fighting on the side of the persecuted Waldenses!*

After breakfast, La Beaume took the children into the interior of the castle, which was peculiarly appropriated to its noble owners, and which was at some distance from that wing of the building occupied by her and the servants. The children gazed with wonder on what they saw, as they went along a wide and extensive gallery, one side of which was hung with pictures of knights and ladies, nuns and priests, the ancestors of the Count, or relations of his family. The other side was lighted by a range of high arched windows, each as large as the great window in the little church of St. Madelaine. At the end of the gallery they came to a staircase, whose curious balustrades and rich carpeting attracted the notice of the children. La Beaume desired them to follow her up stairs, and, put-

* See Note VI.

ting them into a little anti-room, bade them wait till she should return. She then called a servant, who, by her directions, entered through a folding door opposite, which led into the saloon, and who, returning a moment after, took the children into the same room, and repeating their names aloud, withdrew.

When Hubert ventured to lift up his eyes from the ground, after making his peasant's bow, which, even if it had wanted grace, which it did not, wanted none of that respect and reverence which he had early been taught both to feel and to pay to his superiors:—when Hubert lifted his eyes from the ground, he saw an elderly lady of great dignity and loveliness, seated by a table in the middle of the room, on which were some books and work, and over which depended a lamp of curious workmanship, composed of gold and crystal, which hung suspended by a chain from the talons of an eagle that was carved in the centre of the roof. Behind the lady was an antique mirror that reached almost to the ceiling, and which, doubling the length of an apartment, already of magnificent dimensions, presented, in long perspective, the figures of Hubert and Gabrielle making their humble entry at the door of the saloon. At the farther end of the apartment, and half within a recess formed by a window, a young girl about the age of Gabrielle, was sitting on a low seat

or cushion with a guitar on her lap, over which she was carelessly drawing her finger; now and then touching a string, but not playing. Beside her, with his back towards the door, stood an elegant boy, or rather indeed a youth, at least a boy about the age of Hubert, or a little younger, who was dressed in a rich suit of clothes, in the Spanish fashion, with a ruff round his neck, and beside him lay a velvet hat, with a fine feather in it, which he had just thrown off. He seemed as much older than the beautiful girl his sister, as he was perhaps younger than Hubert,—that is, about a year or so. This boy was Philippe, Count of Jeanvilliers; his father had been killed in a battle when he was a child, and his mother was so distressed at the death of her husband, that she died almost immediately after him, in giving birth to the lady Isabella. Philippe appeared just to have entered the room by the open sash, which led out upon a balcony, from which a flight of steps descended into a curious garden wherein were many rare things to be seen; as images cut out of cypress, juniper, and yew-trees—fountains of pure water running out of the mouths of lions and dolphins—a fair mount in the middle of the lawn, with ascents in circles, having bulwarks and embossments. Philippe, as he stood beside his sister, appeared to be explaining to her some lesson he had been learning in falconry;

for he held a hooded hawk on one hand, while, with the other, he pointed to the leaves of a book that lay open on a little table before him, from which he was reading aloud to her these words:—

"Having done this, ride out in a fair morning into some field unincumbered with trees or wood, with your hawk on your first: then whistle softly to provoke her to fly; unhood her, and let her fly with her head to the wind; after she has flown two or three turns, then lure her with your voice, and"—

"Philippe!" said the old lady: The youth paused as his grandmother spoke to him, and, turning round, he observed Hubert and Gabrielle—"Philippe," repeated the Countess, "I do not like you to bring your hawk into this room; let Renaud take her to her perch."

Renaud, who was pouring some water on two beautiful plants, whose flowers and foliage filled one entire window of the apartment, went up to his young master, and receiving the bird from his hand, carried her out upon the balcony, and from thence into the garden.

The Countess then directed Hubert to come near to where she sat, that she might converse with him. Gabrielle, who had already twice repeated her simple act of obeisance to this great lady, and who was alike afraid to remain alone where she stood, or to

advance, as well as Hubert, at last followed him up the room, but at a little distance, again making her timid curtsy, and fixing her eyes upon the ground. When Philippe and Isabella perceived the young strangers, they also approached the table where their grandmother was seated, and, standing at the back of her chair, seemed to look with much apparent interest at the poor boy and girl whose mother, with her little baby, had perished of hunger and cold in the snow.

The old lady felt a little uneasy as she conversed with Hubert and Gabrielle. Her natural humanity was great; but the fear of ecclesiastical censure,—though that censure was more contemned by her than by most of the Catholics,—gave to her a kind of timid dread, or superstitious sort of feeling, of she knew not what. She rallied her spirits, however, and could not help receiving strength from the recollection of such precepts of mercy as had reached her knowledge from the closed leaves of that sacred Book, which, as one of the laity, she durst not read herself. But, as her priest had often inculcated on her mind the duty of charity, she thought she could not be to blame in sheltering, for a night or two, these poor, helpless orphans, and then sending them on their way.

Hubert, therefore, encouraged by her sweet voice and kind manner, related to the

Countess the whole history of their afflictions, from the moment when the edict of the governor was proclaimed in the valleys, to the moment in which he then stood before her. The boy had wept at his own recital, and once or twice, from excess of grief, had made a momentary pause, in the course of his affecting story; while poor Gabrielle,—who, if nothing else had afflicted her, would have wept because Hubert was weeping,—afraid to speak or look up in such august company, covered her face with the corner of her peasant's apron, and thereby concealed alike her timidity and her tears. The young and generous Philippe betrayed much emotion as Hubert described the awful conflagrations in the valleys—the sufferings of the exiles in the mountains—and, above all, the cruelties practised by the monks in the villages, as detailed by the people who accompanied the courier. At last he exclaimed, with a noble indignation—"If this be my religion, I am ashamed of it. I would like a religion that would protect the Waldenses, and every injured person; and not one that would oppress any of them."

"My dear child," said the Countess, "you must not speak of matters too high for you or me to understand;—we must be silent."

"But," said Philippe, addressing himself to Hubert, "when you are a man, will you

not try to avenge yourself on your enemies?" "No," said Hubert:—"No, Sir; vengeance does not belong to us! 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.'" "What!" said the Count, "are you not taught to hate the Catholic—do not your pastors teach you so?" "No," replied Hubert; "our pastors only teach us to avoid their errors, and to pray for their conversion. We are taught to bless them that curse us; to do good to them that hate us; and to pray for them that despitefully use us and persecute us."

The old lady was affected at once by the simplicity and sublimity of this reply. Surely, thought she, that must be a pure faith, and gentle, and amiable, that teacheth so sweet a morality as this: While she spoke, she raised her eyes to a picture that hung against the wall, and which, perhaps, might be that of some saint: The expression of her countenance, as she did so, was strange and contradictory, between a smile and a sigh: The smile passed away in a moment, but the softness returned; and she raised her handkerchief to her face.

After a while she said to Hubert, "Your desire, then, is to proceed to La Flèchère to rejoin your father and the family of your uncle the pastor, who you believe are there; but how can you be assured of that? or how can I

permit you to continue a journey which may end in disappointment?"

Alas! the Countess had much reason to fear that the refugees at La Fléchère had met with too little kindness: report, however, exaggerates every thing—it might not be so. She therefore, after some further conversation, determined that the poor children should not proceed to the place of rendezvous, till she had made inquiry whether or not their relatives had ever arrived there; or whether, having done so, they still remained there. "The children," she said, "had been brought, at her own desire, from the protection of faithful Marco, who would have cherished and defended them while he had life; she, therefore, could not consent to their taking a step that might expose them to peril in such circumstances; but, as her steward was going to La Fléchère, on business, in a few days, she would direct him to make such inquiries as would lead to the information she wanted. And in the mean while," she added, with infinite condescension, "in the mean while, my dear children, you will remain under my protection till he return."

Hubert and Gabrielle made their simple and low obeisance to the lady and her children, as she said this, and were about to retire, when the Countess, wishing to entertain both them and her grandchildren, said, that

Philippe might take Hubert to see his hawks and hounds; and that Isabella would allow Gabrielle to assist her at the loom.

You smile, my dear children, to hear of a noble lady, like the sister of Jeanvilliers, engaging in the humble "labours of the loom." But it was the fashion, in those days, for females of the highest rank, like the princesses of eastern story, to be taught the arts of embroidery, of weaving tapestry, and of "needle-work sublime."

> 'Tapestry richly wrought,
> And woven close, or needle-work sublime,—
> Where you might see the piony spread wide,
> The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
> Lap-dog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
> And parrots with twin cherries in their beak."

——Philippe and his young companion had not been long together, before the former perceived that Hubert cared very little about either hounds or hawks, so he asked him if he would like Renaud to be sent for, and they would play a game at tennis? or would he like to go and see his Spanish jennet?—or what would he like? Hubert said he was at Philippe's service to do, or go where he pleased; but that he knew nothing about either tennis-balls, or Spanish jennets, and asked what kind of things they were? The young Count laughed good-naturedly at the

simplicity of this humble boy, and then said—"Come, I know what you would like best—books! Come then, I will show you my books." This pleased Hubert very much, for he delighted in books; and though his noble host would rather have played a game at tennis, or flown a hawk, or rode his Spanish jennet, than turned over the leaves of musty books and parchments; yet he had so much kindness of nature, as well as true politeness, that it gave him more pleasure to gratify his lowly companion than to follow his own sport.

Hubert's delight, in being brought into the library of the castle, was extreme. He had never seen so many books before; and hardly imagined there were so many in any one house in the world. A great part of them indeed were manuscripts; for, though the art of printing had been known at that time for about two hundred years, yet books were scarce and valuable, and accessible only to the rich. The Count took down some superb missals from the shelves and showed them to Hubert. They were beautifully written, and emblazoned with exquisite illuminations of the purest and most brilliant colours. These missals were esteemed the most valuable articles in the library, from having been in the possession of the family for a great many years, and from having been used by some of

the most illustrious persons, either of Philippe's own house, or that of his grandmother. He also showed Hubert some breviaries, and explained to him that they contained the daily service performed by the clergy, composed of "matins, lauds, first, third, sixth, and ninth vespers," &c. Hubert asked permission to look over one or two books, which he saw there, upon the subject of the Catholic religion, of which he had often heard his uncle the Pastor speak. The Count said he would order them to be carried to La Beaume's room, where he might read them at his leisure. Among the gilt letter and black letter titles that marked the subjects of each volume, Hubert looked in vain for a Bible. Alas! though Philippe had heard of such a book, he declared he never had seen one.

The heart of Hubert yearned over the young nobleman as he said this. Ah! thought Hubert, though I have no inheritance in this world, no, not so much as to set my foot on, I am yet richer than this noble boy—for noble he truly is. In Hubert's opinion, Philippe appeared to possess every thing that could constitute happiness, except that in which happiness alone could be found. Though this reflection of Hubert's, as I have expressed it, seems contradictory, it is nevertheless just. Every thing that this world could furnish to promote happiness, was abundantly

bestowed upon Jeanvilliers; but, being without the Bible, he seemed to Hubert to be without a key to open his treasures, or without a guide to direct him how to use them. Hubert was grieved, on this account, for this amiable and interesting youth; and, when they separated, and the humble peasant retired to his closet, he knelt down and prayed to God for him.

Gabrielle was as much delighted with the lady Isabella, as Hubert had been interested in the brother. She had taken her to the apartment appropriated to the labours of the females in the house, and had shown her some of the curious tapestry on which they were employed; also, the glittering embroidery in which others were occupied. These were exceedingly admired by Gabrielle, particularly the latter, which was beautiful, and might be considered works such as the mother of Sisera desired for her son, when she said—"To Sisera a prey of divers colours; of divers colours of needle-work; of divers colours of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil;" Judges v. 30. The little peasant girl, with the simplicity natural to her age, and the naïveté peculiar to her education, and to her retired and humble lot in life, delighted and amused Isabella and her grandmamma's maidens, who asked her a great many ques-

tions about her own people in the valleys, and if all the stories they had heard of the Waldenses were true. Gabrielle answered them civilly, though many of their questions were, she thought, very strange, if not very impertinent. She was often surprised to see how they crossed themselves, and invoked the saints by name, as she affirmed many things to be false, which their priests had told them were true. They also wondered to hear that there were no images in the churches of the valleys,—that they kept no saints' days, nor vigils,—and that they had no breviaries; for, when they asked her to show them her breviary, Gabrielle did not so much as know what they meant: however, when it was explained to her, she told them, in her own simple and sweetly serious manner, how her beloved people were instructed in the duties of their holy religion, reciting to them great parts of the Bible, repeating also many of the doctrines taught in the catechism of her church, confirming every truth she had learnt either from her father or the pastor, by passages from Scripture; and, with much simplicity and affectionate earnestness, entreating those who heard her to believe in them—to trust, and to pray. When the maids asked her what book she had learnt all these things from, and when she told them it was from the Bible, which is the book or word of

God, they were surprised—they did not know that there was such a book in the world, or else they had a very indistinct idea of it, or how it had been given to man. When Isabella was at dinner with her grandmamma, she repeated much of what she had heard from Gabrielle, by which her curiosity also was excited, and she desired Hubert and Gabrielle to come into the drawing-room in the evening, for the purpose of explaining some things that Isabella had said.

When the children came into the drawing-room, Hubert, who was much more learned than his sister, answered all the questions put to him by the Countess; and he recited, in the course of that evening, as well as many other evenings, to her, and her beloved grandchildren, a great part of the contents of the Holy Book. With many things that the boy said, this excellent lady seemed much affected; and indeed, there were few people in that house to whom his words were not matter either of meditation or conversation: and the good seed of the word, thus sown by these persecuted children of God, was known, in several cases, to spring up after many days. La Beaume, as well as her lady, loved to hear Hubert speak of good things; and she often made others of the servants come into her room and hear him talk of these things; and Hubert had no greater pleasure than to

obey La Beaume in this matter, for he could have repeated chapters from the Bible from morning till midnight, without exhausting his well-stored memory; for Hubert did not choose to let the Catholics see his Bible, lest the priest, when he came home, should take it from him. Surely, we ought to learn, from this boy's conduct, dearly to prize our Bibles, and to be ready, at all times, as suitable opportunities present themselves, to impart our knowledge to our ignorant fellow creatures, as well as to give a scriptural reason for the blessed hope that is in us.

Young minds generally desire to possess that which seems to procure esteem or respect for others. Every person in the castle of Jeanvilliers was full of the praises of Hubert de Beauvoisin. La Beaume said, she loved the sweet boy as her own son;—Renaud could speak of nobody else to his young master;—and the amiable Countess, in giving her usual benediction to the children, had, for the last two or three nights, passed over every saint in her bead-roll, and, with a tenderness and piety that no false religion ever excited, had invoked for them the blessing of the God of the Waldenses, the only Saviour of man!

Philippe, penetrated with admiration of Hubert's learning, and feeling a strong desire to inspire the same respect, and to secure the same regard from all around him, which he

enjoyed, and which Philippe attributed to his knowledge of the Bible, requested him to come every day into the library to instruct him in the knowledge of his faith; for, while his tutor was from home, which was the case at present, he had no other studies to occupy him. And here, as has often happened in the dispensations of Him who in his sovereign wisdom maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and who overruleth the moral whirlwind and the storm, for the promotion of purposes of unutterable goodness, both to individuals and nations,—here was doubtless laid, by this simple boy, by means of the word of truth, the foundation of those Christian principles which afterwards shone forth in the character of Jeanvilliers; and which led him to be the protector of the people of the valleys, as well as the benefactor of thousands of his fellow creatures beside, whose civil rights he asserted in the senate of his country, and of the worth of whose religious sentiments, as well as of the purity and excellence of their conduct, he was at once the bright example and the pledge.

Hubert, dear boy, expecting no such grand results from his poor instructions, yet, above the false humility that would have shrunk from the honour of having so noble a pupil, gladly obeyed the request of Philippe, and, day after day, while he remained at Jeanvil-

liers, these two interesting boys devoted themselves to the study of the Bible—for Hubert showed his Bible to the Count;—and though it did not, like his grandfather's, contain the whole of the scriptures, but only detached books of them, yet Hubert was enabled to illustrate what was wanting, by many a text, promise, precept, and prophecy, from a memory richly stored with the sacred contents of the word of God.

With you, my dear children, who each possess a Bible of your own, I need not go over the subjects discussed by Hubert and his scholar on these occasions. Suffice it to say, that to both the matter was deeply interesting, as Hubert, beginning at "Moses and the Prophets," went through the doctrines of that Holy Book, presenting, to the mind of the young Catholic, such views of divine truth, and of the love of the Saviour, as he sometimes wept to hear; and explaining all with a simplicity, and occasionally with a degree of pathos, that touched the heart not only of the noble pupil, but of the humble instructor, though he had heard the same truths a hundred times before. As Hubert knew that nothing was so important, as the fact, that the Bible is a revelation from God to man, so he early endeavoured to impress it on the mind of Philippe, warning and exhorting him on this subject; assuring

him that "all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."—2 Tim. iii. 16, 17. And to convince him that nothing is to be diminished from the scriptures, nor added to them, he read to him this verse—"I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book; if any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things that are written in this book."—Rev. xxii. 18, 19.—And the more to impress the authority of the scriptures on the mind of Philippe, and to weaken his superstitious reverence for tradition, Hubert told him that, if even an angel from heaven were to alight upon our earth, and attempt to preach any other gospel, or any other way of salvation than that revealed in the Bible, he is to be accursed. "For though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you—let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel

unto you, than that ye have received—let him be accursed."—Gal. i. 8, 9. All this Hubert particularly pressed upon the notice of the Count, because of the foolish legends and traditions which he had seen among the books in the library, and because of the importance which the Count and others seemed to attach to their contents. Hubert, therefore, when enforcing upon the mind of his pupil the importance of valuing no book as a guide in religious matters, that was not built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, concluded by reminding him of the first lesson with which he had set out—That the Bible is the only infallible rule of faith and life—teaching us what we are to "believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man."

While Hubert thus spoke to Philippe of the doctrines and religion of his own people, you may believe he sometimes asked the young Catholic to tell him about his; and I must do them the justice to say, that the subjects, in both cases, were treated with great gravity by these two young reasoners. Philippe, however, seemed to be rather ignorant, or possessed of very crude and indistinct notions, both of what he professed to believe, and what he believed not; and if proselytism had been the object of Hubert in his instructions, he would doubtless have had little diffi-

culty in bringing over his young and noble friend to his opinions; but Hubert wished only to promulgate the truth, knowing that whenever it was savingly believed, it would soon be accompanied by correspondent actions. His object, therefore, in questioning Philippe about his religion, was merely for the sake of deriving some information on the subject; but Philippe seemed to have little to impart. He could, indeed, describe the nature of its forms, and tell the number of its sacraments, for his tutor was considered as a man of singular devotion among his own people, and had well instructed his pupil in the formulary of his creed; the mass, the saints, the images, purgatory, penance, indulgences, were therefore topics familiar to the boy, though of their spiritual meaning, if they had any, he seemed entirely ignorant.

Hubert was very much shocked by many things which the young Catholic represented to him, as the objects of his faith and worship, —or at least which he was directed to believe, and offer homage to, or pray before, which seems to be the same thing. Hubert would gladly have argued away all these absurdities from the mind of Philippe, but he did not know how to do it, except by showing him how contradictory they were to Scripture;— and this plan he adopted, though not with any marked, or even apparent success, at that

time,—yet the good seed, as I have already said, did spring up afterwards, and brought forth fruit an hundred fold.

One day, Hubert asked Philippe, "if it was true that he confessed his sins to the priest?" To which Philippe replied—"Certainly, when I have any sins to confess." When he answered thus, Hubert was greatly grieved for him; and told him, with much affection and earnestness, that no priest on earth could absolve him from the guilt, or avert from him the punishment due to sin:—saying, "who can forgive sins but God only?" And, as to his having sins to confess, he explained to him the utter depravity of man by nature; and how every thought of his heart is evil, and only evil in the sight of a holy God; and that he was, by nature, a child of wrath as well as others,—and that there was no moment of his life, in which he could be said to have no sins to confess to God. When Philippe heard this, he said "the saint of Jeanvilliers would intercede for him, for he had been saint to his family for three hundred years and more." When Hubert heard these words, he uttered a groan of horror and despair, to think that his beloved Philippe should entertain sentiments so full of blasphemy and absurdity as these. He, therefore, with tears, urged him to give up so shocking an article of his faith, and to believe that there is but

"one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." This verse he read to him from the Bible, adding "Him the Father heareth always." "Wherefore, he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

But none of you are Catholics, my dear readers, therefore I need not repeat any more of Hubert's arguments with the Count, at this time, which touched on many other topics of no importance to you. As they were about to part, Philippe, who had been particularly struck by something Hubert had said, regarding the second commandment—of which he affirmed, as of every other it might be said, "I give thee charge, that thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable;"—Philippe, who had been alarmed by some strong argument used by Hubert, on the subject of worshipping pictures and images, asked him to accompany him to view some pictures and statues, which, he thought, would overcome Hubert's very strong aversion to this part of the Roman ritual. Hubert, therefore, followed him to an apartment in the Castle, which he had never seen before. It was a kind of chapel, or place for prayer; and there were many things in it of which Hubert knew neither the names nor the use. Philippe, going up to the top of the room, drew aside a

green curtain which was hanging in front of a splendid piece of painting, that covered the whole end of the room, and disclosed to the eyes of Hubert a work of art, of the eminent merit of which, he, poor boy, could know nothing, though, by its illusion, he was almost entranced.

In one moment, Hubert felt himself in the presence of a number of persons whom he had never seen before, but with whose names, as Philippe repeated some of them, he was sacredly familiar. "There!" said the young Catholic, with feelings at once chastened by superstitious reverence, and half triumphing in the expression of astonishment and delight with which Hubert gazed on the painting.—"There! my dear Hubert, tell me if there be sin in coming here to pray—or, as you call it, to worship?"

Hubert looked sternly at Philippe, as he asked him that question—for he was now just beginning to collect the meaning of the picture,—which, in its first appearance, was not offensive, Philippe having reserved those pictures to which Hubert's objections would probably be strongest, to show him at last.—As Hubert began to gather the meaning of the picture, he turned away his head, but Philippe entreated him to look again, as he stood holding the string of the curtain in one hand, and beckoning Hubert with the

other to approach nearer; but Hubert maintained his station at the bottom of the room, while Philippe named in succession the different persons represented in the piece, as he had heard the subject explained by his tutor.

"These figures which you name disciples and apostles," said Hubert, "I may innocently look at. And these boys on the stairs of the temple, who seem to be crying Hosanna; and that girl with the basket of doves on her head—these I may gaze on—and may even look at the twilight lustre of that seven-branched candlestick, which I see far down the inside of the temple; but, at that figure with the shining circle of light around his head, I must not look—for, you say, it presumptuously dares to represent Him, who hath said—'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image; or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.'—Then after a pause he added—'Take ye good heed unto yourselves, for ye saw no manner of similitude on the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb, out of the midst of the fire, lest ye corrupt yourselves, and make you a graven image, the similitude of any figure, the likeness of male or female.'—'Forasmuch, then,

as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.' Let us beware of the iniquity of changing the 'glory of the incorruptible God, into an image made like to corruptible men.'"

Notwithstanding the energy and fervour with which the pious Waldense recited these Scriptures, in the hearing of Philippe, he still imagined that Hubert was not quite sincere. "How," said he, "I thought you were struck with delight, Hubert, my friend, as I drew aside the curtain,—you really seemed not less pleased than astonished with the picture!" "True," replied Hubert, "I was taken by surprise—I imagined the thing was real.—I thought if I had proceeded one step further into the room, I should have interrupted the healing of that sick man."

In these expressions of unsophisticated feeling, this boy proved, more than the most learned arguments could have done, the fascination in which the senses are held by the visible representation of invisible things; and, consequently, the sin and danger of such a practice. "If I were of your religion," added Hubert, "I should not worship with my spirit. How could I attach to that image any of the attributes of my God. Like the idols of the heathen, 'blue and purple is their clothing, and they are the works of cun-

ning men.'—'They are upright as the palm tree, but speak not; they must needs be borne because they cannot go:—Be not afraid of them, for they cannot do evil, neither also is it in them to do good.'"

Philippe appeared thoughtful as his young friend expressed, first his horrors of the worship of images, and then his contempt of the images themselves; he never in his life before, imagined that such a practice was not accordant with true holiness—nay, a proof of it—he had been taught to venerate these objects—he had never approached them without some such veneration;—in short, he had experienced, in his own young heart and ardent imagination, all that idolatrous attachment to these sensible objects, which, whatever may be said to the contrary, this specious form, or means of worship, is so perniciously fitted to create. Philippe remained thoughtful awhile, and then begged Hubert to instruct him in the nature of what he called spiritual worship, and to tell him again why he spoke with such an utter abhorrence and contempt of objects which filled his mind only with sentiments of reverence and holy awe. Hubert gladly availed himself of Philippe's question, to give him all the instruction in his power upon these interesting subjects; showing him that "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must

worship him in spirit and in truth, for such the Father seeketh to worship him." It is the homage of the heart which God requires of us.—"My son give me thine heart." "Turn ye unto me with all your heart." Hubert also showed him, from his Bible, how express the command of God was against all idolatry; and "as to my own catechism," said Hubert, "it teaches me to abhor the making any representation of the Deity either inwardly in my mind, or outwardly in any kind of image, or likeness of any creature whatsoever; all worshipping of it, or of God in it, or God by it."

"If I had a Bible," said Philippe, "I would learn all these things that you speak of, dear Hubert. When Le Maitre goes to Paris, I will direct him to buy me a Bible, if it can be had for money."

Hubert's eyes sparkled with delight as the Catholic said he was determined to have a Bible. "My dear lord," said Hubert, "that is all I want for you, and all I wish for you—a Bible, and the teaching of the Holy Spirit. When you have these, you will soon give your idols to the 'moles and to the bats.'" Isaiah ii. 20. Thus saying, they left the apartment, in which there were several other paintings and images, as well as statues in niches in the walls, but all were covered up to preserve them from the light and dust. Something at

the east end of the room, perhaps from its pre-eminence, had a richer covering than any of the others, being hung with a drapery of crimson velvet, and placed within a space railed off from the rest of the chapel. Within this space was an altar-piece, between pillars, which, together with the railing, were richly gilt. On one side stood a baptismal font, composed of bronze and gold, and lined with white marble. The steps leading up to the altar were richly carpeted, and the chairs in front were covered with crimson velvet the same as the drapery. It was, however, merely the outside of these things which Hubert beheld; for Philippe, having witnessed his strong aversion to images and pictures, did not venture to ask him to look at the immense crucifix which was here concealed under the drapery, and to which mortal hands had dared to affix the image of a human figure as large as life, before which, multitudes had, for many a year, been called to bow down and worship. Hubert, therefore, left the chapel without seeing either the decorations of the altar or the altar-piece; he saw, however, enough of the tinsel—the trumpery—the meagreness—and the absurdities of this superstition to enable him to place it in contrast with the naked majesty—the exquisite proportion—the noble symmetry—the dignity, and perfect fulness of

that system of divine truth which the gospel of our Lord reveals to man. Meditating such thoughts as these, Hubert and Philippe crossed the hall—at the end of which, they separated; the one to dress for dinner, the other to seek for Gabrielle, and to indulge again his grief, his anguish, and despair, at being so long separated from his father and his people.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

"The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away."

Henry Kirk White.

The time for Le Maitre, the steward, proceeding to La Fléchère, had extended far beyond the few days at first specified by his mistress. At length the evening arrived previous to the day on which he was to set out. Hubert busied himself all the preceding day in writing letters to his dear father; for he tried

two or three before he could satisfy himself which he ought to send. To tell his father first that Henri only was dead, he thought would be best, and leave the other part of his melancholy news till they should meet. But no sooner had he written thus, than he remembered how much his father had afflicted himself for the death of Antoine. So he changed his mind, and thought he would not tell him that they had suffered any bereavement at all. Then again, it occurred to him, that neither he nor Gabrielle would be able, after all they had suffered, to sustain the view of their father's despair, when he should see them without either their beloved mother or her baby; and therefore he wrote another letter in which he communicated the death of both; but hardly had he finished this, than he was persuaded the bare perusal of it would kill his father at once,—so he tore it to atoms, and, in his fourth and last attempt, which was to be general and concise, he wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR, DEAR FATHER,

"I ARDENTLY desire to see you. I do not know whether you are really at La Fléchère: but Monsieur Le Maitre has given us his faithful promise that he will endeavour to find you out. We have suffered much grief since we left our own dear valley. I will tell you

the cause of our sorrow when we meet. The God of our fathers has tenderly cared for us, and every body is our friend, especially the Countess and Philippe: I love and respect them very much; and Gabrielle has the same regard for the Lady Isabella, who is as kind to her as if she were dear Marguerite, and the same almost as her sister, only she is noble and rich, and Gabrielle is poor. Every body in the house, particularly La Beaume and Renaud, treat us with compassion. I will tell you all, dearest father, when we meet. Gabrielle weeps to embrace you once more, O my beloved father!—Make haste to write a letter to us. We will come to you the instant Le Maitre returns. Accept the affection and reverence of

"Your loving son,
"HUBERT DE BEAUVOISIN."

"*Castle of Jeanvilliers, Friday Eve.*"

During the absence of Monsieur Le Maitre, the young orphans continued to receive the same marks of kindness as before, from the inhabitants of Jeanvilliers. The same Lord who caused Israel to be pitied of those that carried him away captive, caused the hearts of this family to pity and protect the children of his people; so that even those of the household, who would, either from prejudice or superstition, have been rather inimical to

these Waldenses, and jealous,—from a mistaken zeal perhaps,—of the favour they obtained from their mistress, were, on this occasion, prevented from showing their dislike, insomuch that it might be said, in regard to the kindness they met with both from high and low, that "the hairs of their head were all numbered."

Hubert was almost constantly in the company of Philippe, either in the library, in the manège, or in the guard room, where the Count was taught the accomplishments common to his age and rank. Sometimes he rode out with him into the fields, and sometimes they spent a day in the mountains; from whence, though the castle of Jeanvilliers was situated at the opening of the plain, and at the descent of the last of the hills, they were not more than a day's journey distant. On these occasions Hubert showed that he possessed accomplishments fully as valuable as riding or fencing; for there was hardly a plant that adorned the sward beneath their feet, or a bird that spread its pinions over their head, or even an insect that danced in the sunbeam, from the pale green grasshopper to the brilliant dragon fly, that Hubert did not know by name;—while of many he knew both the habits, and the uses.

But though Hubert was thus honoured to attend the young Jeanvilliers on such occa-

sions as these, he was not admitted to sit at the same table with the Count. Gabrielle and he lived at La Beaume's table, who was kind to them, not merely because her lady desired it, but because she really loved these children; so much had their piety and their afflictions, as well as that amiableness which ever accompanies the true child of God, endeared them to her heart. Once, when she had occasion to remark the self-denial and courtesy of Hubert to an inferior of the castle, she asked him if he learnt good manners from his Bible, as well as every other virtue? He said, "Yes; it not only taught him to do unto others as he would that they should do unto him,—to be true, just, and honest—meek, patient, and gentle,—it also taught him to be courteous, and not merely to think of and practice every thing that was pure, and worthy of praise, and of good report, but every thing that was lovely. The attainment of all that was implied in this word *lovely*, my grandfather, the dear old Pastor, used to say, was the last refinement of the Christian; he called it the perfect fruit, with its bloom—freshness—fragrance—and sweetness; like natural fruit gathered in the very dew of the morning."

Hubert and Gabrielle, who had counted first the hours, and then the days, from the time of Le Maitre's departure, waited his re-

turn with a degree of impatience which almost threw Gabrielle into a fever. The steward's errand to La Flèchère was connected with business of the Count's which he could not get accomplished so speedily as he wished. At the end of another week, however, he was enabled to return to Jeanvilliers; but, to the utter despair of Hubert and his sister, he brought back the unopened letter which the boy had written to his father, together with the overwhelming intelligence that Pierre had perished in the destruction of the village of St. Madelaine-de-Belleville!

But the Pastor Pascal was still alive. Having escaped the massacre which took place in the valley, and having ascertained—so far as it was possible to ascertain it—the fate of his brother Pierre, he had collected together as many of his beloved flock as survived the wreck of property and the loss of kindred and friends, and, departing from the valley, had, by a long and circuitous route, crossed the mountains, and succeeded in rejoining his family and conveying them to a temporary asylum. The Pastor had made the most anxious inquiries and most unwearied search for the wife and children of his brother, whose unfortunate departure from the rest of the party in the mountains had not been observed till too late to be remedied. All the Pastor's endeavours to find the children had hitherto

been fruitless. He had, however, obtained the assistance of a kind friend, an inhabitant of La Fléchère, who had promised not to give up the search; but to endeavour, by every means in his power, to bring the uncle and children into communication with each other. To this person Le Maitre had addressed himself, and, through his instrumentality, the children were now to be conducted in safety to the distant valley where the Pastor Pascal, with such of his family and flock, and other exiles, as had outlived the miseries of the persecution, were about to unite, and form themselves into a Christian community.

Need I tell you that the grief of Hubert and Gabrielle, on hearing of the death of their beloved father, was bitter? Ah! it was indeed bitter—deep—impassioned! But the Lord tempered it to them by a thousand kindnesses and condescensions on the part of the amiable Countess and her dear family. And when the time arrived for them to depart for La Fléchère to Monsieur Roland's, through whose kindness they were to be conveyed in safety to the Valley of Hope, as the fugitive flock had, in the gratitude of their heart to God for a place of shelter, denominated their new abode;—when the time arrived for their departure, the Countess and Philippe loaded Hubert and Gabrielle with presents for themselves, and with presents for the Pastor their

uncle, and for his good Louise. The Countess not only sent her own servant and mules with them to Monsieur Roland's, but directed him to accompany them after they should leave La Fléchère, till he saw them safe under the protection of their relatives. This excellent lady assured these young orphans that they might depend upon her protection at all times, and made them promise that, if either deserted or persecuted, they would take refuge with her.

After many days' journey Hubert and Gabrielle arrived at the valley. Their meeting with such of the fugitives from St. Madelaine as yet remained alive, was deeply affecting. Pascal and his good Louise wept over them in silence—embraced them—and then wept again,—nor was it for many days after their reunion, that the name of their beloved mother or her affecting history could be touched upon; while, on the other side, the same silence was maintained in regard to their father. "He is blest,"—or "they are happy;"—these were the only words uttered by the Pastor.

But time, if it do not erase, at least sooths our sorrows, softens the acuteness of agonizing thought, and takes away much of the bitterness of our reflections. In the course of years the new valley was as much beloved by the young Waldense, as the valley of St.

Madelaine had been by the old. Hubert became the assistant of his uncle the Pastor, till a situation among his own people, in some other district, should open up to him a wider sphere of Christian usefulness. Trained in the school of affliction, and educated under a preceptor of the purest principles, and of the most devoted consecration of his whole being to his Master's service, Hubert early became a workman that needed not to be ashamed. Gabrielle, retaining all her artlessness of character, her simplicity of manner, and regaining much of her playful vivacity, became the wife of her cousin Albert, and met a happier lot on earth than had been cast for her beloved mother.

The fury of persecution, which had scattered the Waldenses, had also scattered wide the seeds of truth. And while the Lord's people had, by his blessing, gained all that is to be gained in the furnace of affliction, many who had not, with them, "sown in tears," were, nevertheless, in consequence of their distresses, now "reaping in joy."

Among those who had been benefited by the wide sowing of the good seed of the word, on that occasion, was the noble boy Jeanvilliers. Philippe, according to his promise given at parting with Hubert, had purchased a Bible for himself—had read it for himself—"without note or comment," and, agre ably

to the advice of his humble instructor, had asked, in prayer, for the aid of that other Teacher, even the Holy One, who alone teacheth savingly, and to profit. Under the guidance of Him who is the Spirit of Truth, and who guides into all truth, none can err. Jeanvilliers had much to combat with, before he was enabled to shake off the trammels of those forms of religion, or rather of superstition, in which he had been educated. Each new conviction of the truth upon his mind, however, he was happily enabled to follow up by correspondent firmness of action; till he finally renounced all the errors of Popery, and allied himself to that church which in those days began to take to itself, for the first time, the name of Protestant. Thus, through the instrumentality of Hubert the peasant boy, this noble Catholic became by inquiry,—from conviction,—and in the use of proper means, —a most valuable and interesting Christian. By nature, perhaps, Jeanvilliers would have been a philanthropist, and would have laboured for the moral improvement and temporal happiness of mankind. But, as a Christian, he took a higher aim; and to guard from the encroachments of power, the religious privileges of his people, and to promote the spiritual benefit of his fellow creatures, were labours to which he bent himself with all the

weight of his wealth, his worth, his influence, and his talents. United also to one, every way worthy of being the wife of such a man —they both, in their domestic, as well as in their public characters, exhibited to all around them, the beauty—the holiness—the sanctity —and blessedness of that religion, which springs up in the heart, and blossoms in the life of all those who savingly believe in "Him of whom the Scriptures testify," and who prize, above all things, the precious, precious BIBLE.

Happily for the Count, his religious sentiments, were not peculiar to himself;—they were shared by his family; for his excellent parent, the only mother at least he had ever known, had long leaned—secretly, for fear of the priest—to the doctrines of the Waldenses. The lady Isabella also, once too gentle and humble almost to venture to express an opinion of her own, or to question any sentiment uttered by another, was now, not only from conviction and by conversion, a sincere and devoted professor of the true religion, but, animated by zeal and guided by love, she sought to impart to others the precious truths she herself believed; truths which had filled her with so much comfort, peace, and hope, and by which she had been delivered from a yoke of forms and ceremo

nies, without worth, and even without meaning, which only served cruelly to lull the conscience asleep, that the soul might thereby fall a more easy prey to the merciless wiles of the Devil.

The grateful Philippe no sooner found himself in circumstances to promote the dissemination of the word of God, and the knowledge of the true religion, among the peasantry on his wide estates, and among the artizans and mechanics in the neighbouring villages, than he despatched a messenger to Hubert, his friend, the honourable name by which he always distinguished the humble Waldense—entreating him to add to the early benefits he had conferred on him, and all his house, by consenting to become the Pastor of a church in the valley of Jeanvilliers, and preaching the same gospel to the people of the cottages that he had once preached to the inhabitants of the castle.

Hubert received this call with joy, and soon became the Pastor of a most interesting flock, and was honoured to gather in many a wanderer to the fold of the Chief Shepherd. Hither also resorted many of his persecuted brethren from the "places where they had been scattered in the cloudy and dark day." By the blessing from above, and under the protection of the house of Jeanvilliers, the

churches of the valleys were again seen green and flourishing, having lost nothing by being transplanted to another soil: The promise made to the dispersed flock of old, seemed now to be fulfilled to this hitherto "tossed and afflicted" people. "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick;"—for the lost and the scattered, and the broken-hearted, and the sick, now met in health, in cheerfulness, and in hope; and of those happy people, you would have said, "Behold! how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." For as, after the natural storm and tempest, calm is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun—so, after the whirlwind of persecution, thus to meet again in the bond of Christian fellowship, in the stillness and repose of peace, was, to these holy, simple people, sweet and soft as the dropping of the gentle dew from heaven—as the "dew of Hermon or of Zion; for there the Lord commandeth the blessing,—even life for evermore."

And here, my beloved readers, I might add one or two sentences of solemn admonition, before concluding my history. But I trust

you have been enabled to see that the lesson it is chiefly intended to impart, is to lead you to the perusal of that BOOK which contains all the treasures of wisdom; and not only to prize your Bible above all things yourself, but to dispose you to communicate the knowledge of it to your less favoured brethren around you, or to those at a distance, who, like Philippe and his family, in the day of their ignorance, may not know that there is such a blessed book as the Word of God in the world.

The Bible is the charter both of the religion and of the liberty of the Christian. The religion of the Bible is a religion of love. It abhors persecution—it knits human beings to each other—it sanctifies the affections—it gives to character a species of heroism, which enables man—as in the case of the Waldenses—to sustain oppression, cruelty, and contumely, with the dignity of an immortal creature, and with a constancy of endurance which shows that its origin is from Heaven.

The religion of the Bible also teaches the subject not only to respect his sovereign, but, with an interchange of feeling which the Gospel alone can inspire, teaches the sovereign to respect his subject.

If, then, we have seen, in the history of Pierre and his Family, the evils arising from

a false religion and a despotic government,—let us give thanks to God for the purer dispensation of truth which we enjoy, and for that happier government with which he hath blessed our country, where every "man may sit under his own vine, and under his own fig-tree, with none to make him afraid."

NOTES.

Page 25.

Among a great many other charges brought against the Waldenses, by the Roman Catholic writers of those days, the following are mentioned by Jones, in his *History of the Waldenses*, page 361.

"Whatsoever is preached without scripture proof, the Waldenses account no better than fables. They hold that the Holy Scripture is of the same efficacy in the vulgar tongue as in Latin, and accordingly they communicate and administer the sacraments in the vulgar tongue. They can say a great part of the Old and New Testament by heart."

Another author, quoted by the same historian, acknowledges that the Waldenses were "so well instructed in the Holy Scriptures, that he had seen peasants who could recite the whole book of Job *verbatim*, and several others who could perfectly repeat the *whole* of the New Testament."—*Jones*, p. 385.

The following account of the proficiency of *Little Children* is exceedingly interesting:—"In the time of a great persecution of the Waldenses of Merindol and Provence, a certain monk was deputed, by the bishop

of Cavaillon, to hold a conference with them, that they might be convinced of their errors, and the effusion of blood prevented. But the monk returned in confusion, owning that in his whole life he had never known so much of the scriptures as he had learned during those few days that he had been conversing with the heretics. The bishop, however, sent among them a number of doctors, young men, who had lately come from the Sorbonne, which, at that time, was the very centre of theological subtilty at Paris. One of these publicly owned that he had understood more of the doctrine of salvation from the answers of the *little children* in their catechisms, than by all the disputations which he had ever before heard."—*Ibid.* p. 385.

The manner in which these pious and zealous Christians endeavoured to spread the savour of that knowledge which they possessed, for the instruction and conversion of others, is both simple and striking, and may well deserve the attention of missionaries of the present day :—

"It seems to have been a common practice with their teachers, the more readily to gain access for their doctrine among persons in the higher ranks of life, to carry with them a small box of trinkets, or articles of dress, something like the hawkers or pedlars of our day, and Reinerius thus describes the manner in which they were wont to introduce themselves :—

"Sir,—Will you please to buy any rings, or seals, or trinkets?—Madam, will you look at any handker-

chiefs, or pieces of needle-work, for veils? I can afford them cheap."—If, after a purchase, the company ask, "Have you any thing more?" the salesman would reply, "O yes, I have commodities far more valuable than these, and I will make you a present of them, if you will protect me from the clergy." Security being promised, he would go on to say, "The inestimable jewel I spoke of, is the word of God, by which he communicates his mind to men, and which inflames their hearts with love to him." 'In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee named Nazareth'—and so he would proceed to repeat the remaining part of the first chapter of Luke. Or, he would begin with the thirteenth of John, and repeat the last discourse of Jesus to his disciples. If the company should seem pleased, he would proceed to repeat the twenty-third of Matthew: 'The scribes and pharisees sit in Moses' seat——Wo unto you; ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering, to go in. Wo unto you, ye devour widows' houses.'—"And pray," should one of the company say, "against whom are these woes denounced, think you?" he would reply, "Against the clergy and the monks. The doctors of the Roman church are pompous, both in their habits and their manners—they love the uppermost rooms, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and to be called Rabbi, Rabbi. For our parts, we desire no such Rabbies. They are the rich

and avaricious, of whom the Lord says,—'Wo unto you, ye rich, for ye have received your consolation:' but we, 'having food and raiment, are therewith content.' They are voluptuous, and devour widows' houses: we only eat to be refreshed and supported.—They fight and encourage wars, and command the poor to be killed and burnt, in defiance of the saying, 'He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword.' For our parts, they persecute us for righteousness' sake. *They* do nothing, but eat the bread of idleness: we work with our hands. They monopolize the giving of instruction, and 'wo be to them that take away the key of knowledge:' but, among us, one disciple, as soon as he is informed himself, teaches another.—Among them, you can hardly find a doctor who can repeat three chapters of the New Testament by heart; but of us there is scarcely man or woman who doth not retain the whole. And because we are sincere believers in Christ, and all teach and enforce a holy life and conversation, these Scribes and Pharisees persecute us to death, as their predecessors did Jesus Christ." *Ibid.* p. 390, 391.

Note II. page 42.

"Against the Waldenses," says Thuanus, "when exquisite punishments availed little, and the evil was exasperated by the remedy which had been unseasonably applied, and their number increased daily, com-

plete armies were at length raised, and a war of no less weight than what our people had before waged against the Saracens, was determined against them. The result was, that they were rather slain, put to flight, spoiled every where of their goods and possessions, and dispersed abroad, than convinced of their error and brought to repentance. So that they who at first had defended themselves by arms, fled into Provence, and the neighbouring Alps of the French territory, and found a shelter for their life and doctrine in those places. Part of them withdrew into Calabria, and continued there a long while."—*Ibid.* p. 448.

Note III. page 50.

"They," that is, the Waldenses, "can *all read* and *write*. They know French sufficiently for the understanding of the Bible and the singing of Psalms. You can scarcely find a boy among them, who cannot give you an intelligible account of the faith which they profess. In this, they resemble their brethren of the other valleys."—*Ibid.* p. 388.

Note IV. page 97.

The Holy Office is the name given to the Court of Inquisition,—a tribunal which, in the days of the Waldenses, as in later times, charged itself with the punishment of heretics. In this court it was customary to extort confession by means of torture. Hence, to be

put to the *question*, was another word for undergoing the anguish of the rack. But such of my readers as wish for information on this subject, may consult the "Book of Martyrs," page 151, in which there is a full account of this dreadful tribunal.

Note V. page 113.

"About the year 1400, a violent outrage was committed by the Catholic party residing in that neighbourhood, upon the Waldenses who inhabited the valley of Pragela, in Piedmont. The Waldenses fled to one of the highest mountains of the Alps, with their wives and children,—the unhappy mothers carrying the cradle in one hand, and in the other leading such of their offspring as were able to walk. Their inhuman invaders, whose feet were swift to shed blood, pursued them in their flight, until night came on, and slew a great number of them before they could reach the mountains. Those that escaped, were, however, reserved to experience a fate not more enviable. Overtaken by the night, they wandered up and down the mountains, covered with snow, without the means of shelter from the inclemencies of the weather, or of supporting themselves under it by any of the blessings which Providence has granted for that purpose. Benumbed with cold, they fell easy martyrs to the severity of the climate; and, when the shades of night had passed away, there were found in their *cradles or lying*

upon the snow, fourscore of their infants, destitute of life, many of their mothers also lying dead by their side, and others just upon the point of expiring."—*Jones*, p. 463.

The description given of the state of the Waldenses who survived the persecution of 1686, at the time the order came for their release, is truly afflicting. The following account is given of those who came out of the prisons on the proclamation of the Duke:—

"The proclamation was made at the Castle of Mondovi, for example, and at five o'clock *the same evening* they were to begin a march of four or five leagues! Before the morning more than a hundred and fifty of them sunk under the burden of their maladies and fatigues, and died. The same thing happened to the prisoners at Fossan. A company of them halted one night at the foot of Mount Cenis. When they were about to march the next morning, they pointed the officer, who conducted them, to a terrible tempest upon the top of the mountain, beseeching him to allow them to stay till it had passed away. The inhuman officer, deaf to the voice of pity, insisted on their marching; the consequence of which was, that eighty-six of their number died, and were buried in that horrible tempest of snow. Some merchants that afterwards crossed the mountains, saw the bodies of these miserable people extended on the snow, the *mothers clasping their children* in their arms."—*Ibid.* p. 576.

Note VI. page 164.

The feelings of the Catholics towards the persecuted Christians of those days, may be learned from the following circumstance, related by the author already so often quoted; it occurred after a battle fought in Gascony, between the armies of the popish party and the unhappy Albigenses:—

"A singular disclosure was made after this battle; and as the circumstance tends to throw a ray of light upon the *secret* history of these times, it deserves to be recorded. When the battle of Muret was over, there was found among the slain belonging to the Albigenses, a knight in black armour. On examination, behold it was found to be none other than Peter, king of Aragon. There also lay one of his sons, and many of the Aragonian gentlemen and vassals, who, while ostensibly supporting the Roman church, had, in disguise, been fighting in defence of the Albigenses!!"—*Ibid.* p. 440.

THE END