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exercise our faith, rather than facts to be faced in a manly fashion. 'Let everything, say such, be done by the people and self-help; there is no need meddling with social arrangements which are apt to rectify themselves if sufficient time is permitted to elapse. It is of no use quarrelling with Providence and the nature of things. To this we reply that it is the intention of Providence that by means of human effort and energizing enthusiasm improvements should be effected. Given conditions cannot be altered, but other elements may be introduced, modifying and sometimes entirely transforming them. Spiritual destitution is thus provided for by extraordinary special spiritual agencies and machinery. Social defects must be capable of similar treatment. The example of our Lord, combining the humane and spiritual acts of healing, feeding, and comforting those suffering in the body with acts of teaching, preaching, revealing, in His appeals to the higher spiritual nature of man, should teach all such to do likewise. It is in this way of fulfilling her social as well as her spiritual mission that Christianity triumphed in the past; in the same way more splendid triumphs still are reserved for her in the future. "If Christianity," says Cabet somewhere—and Cabet himself was an earnest, single-minded Socialist of the old type—"had been interpreted and applied in the spirit of Jesus Christ; if it had been well known and faithfully practised by a vast majority of Christians, imbued with sincere piety, who only need to know the truth to follow it—a Christianity such as this, with its morals, its philosophy, its precepts, would have been sufficient, and will still prove sufficient, for the establishment of a perfect social and political organization to deliver humanity from the ills which afflict it, and to assure the happiness of the human race on the globe. In that case no one could refuse to call himself Christian."

M. KAUFMANN.

ART. II.—AMONG THE VAUDOIS AT THE BICENTENARY.

IN the summer of this year I had the privilege of receiving an invitation to be present at the bicentenary celebration of the most remarkable event in a very remarkable history—the "Glorieuse Rentrée" of the Vaudois.

Now, who were these Vaudois? They have been a good deal heard of in this country at different times. They were the peasant inhabitants of a few parishes in the Italian Alps; but they have a history which for interest surpasses every other, except that

of the Jews. The story of their heroism and their sufferings has more than once excited the admiration or stirred the indignation of Europe, and in particular of this country. For them Cromwell spoke in his wrath, and saved them from an extermination which even the heroic Janavel could hardly have staved off. They were Vaudois of whom Milton wrote his sonnet:

> "Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

It was our William III. who gave the pastor-peasant, the great Arnaud, his colonelcy.

Some sixty years ago two Englishmen, whose monuments now stand facing one another in the college at La Tour, renewed the bonds between the English and the Vaudois. By the aid of these two men much was done to relieve this interesting people from the effects of the various cruel disabilities under which they laboured—disabilities which lasted till, in the year 1848, these poor people obtained the privilege, if it may be so called, of being treated on an equality with their neighbours.

It might be supposed that the treatment which for so long a period they received from their princes had made them regard the House of Savoy with feelings not exactly of affection. So far from any such effect being produced, one of the most remarkable phenomena in their history is the steady, unwavering loyalty with which they have served their dukes. They have always recognised the fact that whatever cruelties were inflicted on them were always due to evil counsellors. Thus, at one time they served in the army of their duke without pay; at another time Duke Amadeo, driven out of all the rest of his dominions, took refuge in Val Luserne, and was so sore bested that he had nothing wherewith to reward his brave protectors except his drinking cup. Over and over again, by some gallant feat of arms, they have won the commendation of their prince, and some temporary relaxation of the penal laws against them, to be retracted, however, with a fatal regularity, as soon as the crisis was past.

What was it, then, that was the cause of all this trouble? Religion. Nothing else.

What religion? Well, this is the remarkable point. These Vaudois, or Waldenses, were, in fact, Protestants before the word "Protestant" was invented. They existed in these valleys, as Protestants, from, at all events, as early as the end of the twelfth century; that is, at least four centuries before Luther, and nearly two before Wiclif. Whether they existed previously is a question still agitated. They themselves generally believe that they date from at least the time of Claudius, Bishop of Turin in the ninth century. It is true that this

cannot be proved; but neither can it be disproved. The principal argument against it is the absence of positive evidence one way or the other; but the weight of this argument is not very great if the extreme insignificance of these people and the inaccessibility of their mountain retreat be borne in mind.

They inhabit three small valleys on the Italian side of the Alps which separate France from Italy, north of Monte Viso and south of Mont Genevre. Of these valleys the principal was formerly known as Val Luserne, but now takes its name from the Pelice. Another—that of S. Martino—is drained by the Germanasca; the third—the Angrogna Valley—is called after the torrent of that name, and lies between the other two. A good walker could walk from one end to the other of the whole territory in a day. There have been times when the Waldenses have extended beyond these limits, particularly on the French slopes. They had also colonies in Calabria and Apulia in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the history of which is most curious; but from all these places they have now disappeared,[1] extinguished in the blood and flames of the Inquisition or the Propaganda. How can it be expected that a people so insignificant, and harassed so long with continual persecution, should possess and preserve written records of their previous existence? In fact, we know very little about them, except from the records of their enemies, until we come down to the time of the general Reformation in Europe. That their annals would be interesting enough if we had them, we may well believe. In a thirteenth-century account of the capture of Mauriliacum we read: "Ibi invenimus septem hereticos, de secta illa quæ Valdensium dicebatur, qui ad legatum adducti suam incredulitatem plenius sunt confessi quos nostri arripientes peregrini cum ingenti gaudio combusserunt."[2]

Who were these seven constant martyrs? We know not. "Omnes illacrymabiles urgentur ignotique longa nocte carent quia vate sacro."

It must be borne in mind that, though the persecutions undergone by the Vaudois during so many centuries were of religious origin, the fault was not that of their Roman Catholic neighbours—with whom, indeed, they lived on remarkably friendly terms—but solely that of the Roman ecclesiastics. Thus in the persecution of 1560-61, when the valleys were attacked by

[1] The history of these colonies, and of the Vaudois generally, will be found in Muston's "L'Israel des Alpes," which, however, was written before the discovery by Bradshaw of the long-missing Morland MSS.

[2] Pierre de Val Cernay, ed. 1615, p. 274: "There we found seven heretics of the sect called Vaudois. They were brought before the Legate, and there stood fully to their heresy. Our foreigners took them, and with great delight burned them."

troops under Philippe de Savoie and the Comte de la Trinita, their Roman Catholic neighbours actually entrusted their women to the Vaudois for preservation. They were placed in the natural fortress called Pra del Tor, at the head of the Angrogna Valley, and there successfully defended by the poor heretics. Similarly, at the time of the great massacre of 1655, under the legate Guastaldo, it was a Catholic who gave warning to the Vaudois of S. Martino, and thereby enabled them to escape.

Such, then, is the general character of the Waldensian story. At all events, for six centuries they have justified their motto, "Lux lucet in tenebris,"[1] upholding the private rights of conscience and the authority of the Bible, and rejecting the worship of the Virgin and the Saints.

It will now be proper to give a short account of the events which they have been commemorating this summer, and of what led up to them.

The year 1685 was remarkable for the revocation by Louis XIV. of the Edict of Nantes—a step by which the "Grand Monarque" expected to compound with the Almighty for the number of his mistresses. His zeal for religion was so ardent that he could not be content without compelling the Duke of Savoy, over whom he had at the time considerable powers of persuasion of a material kind, to join him in extirpating the Vaudois. In April, 1686, the combined armies succeeded by stratagem in inducing the Vaudois to lay down their arms in detail. The Vaudois had been in vain warned by Janavel, the hero of 1655, to make no terms with their religious persecutors. How rightly he judged, the poor Vaudois found out when it was too late. According to the letter of a French officer, "Toutes les vallées sont exterminées." Fourteen thousand prisoners were distributed among the prisons of Piedmont, out of whom only three thousand survived when, in the middle of the following winter, the prison-doors were opened on condition of perpetual banishment. How the miserable survivors were received by the Swiss will never be forgotten by the Vaudois, who justly gave the Swiss delegate the premier place in last summer's celebrations. Settlements were found for the exiles in Wurtemberg, Brandenburg, and other places. But their hearts always turned to their mountain valleys, and after two abortive attempts, about nine hundred men managed to evade the Swiss authorities. They embarked at a place called Prangins, near Nyon, on Friday, August 16, 1689, crossed the Lake of Geneva, and set forth through the mountains of Savoy with the intention of forcing their way back to their old

[1] The Vaudois device is an unprotected light, surrounded by the motto above mentioned, which belonged to the old Counts of Luserne.

home. The crossing of the lake was effected in the night. Some two hundred missed the rendezvous, and were detained. On the south side of the lake the expedition organized itself in companies. A pastor, Henri Arnaud, was the directing and animating spirit, but the command was given to a foreigner named Turrel, who, however, afterwards deserted them, despairing of success. Favoured by the bad weather, they made their way through the most mountainous parts of Savoy, evading or fighting the troops which had been sent to intercept them. They forced the passage of the Dora at Salabertran, carrying the bridge with a rush against the enemy in front, while a small detachment held in check another force which had been pursuing them. After incredible hardships, they arrived on the eleventh day (Tuesday, August 27) at the Balsille, at the head of the valley of S. Martino. Here they were at last in their own land again. On Wednesday, the 28th, they descended to Prali, and found their church there still standing. Here they held a service, and as the building was not large enough to hold them all, Arnaud preached from a plank set in the doorway. On Sunday, September 1, they were at Bobi, in Val Luserne; and at a place called Sibaoud, just above the village of Bobi, the men and officers took a solemn vow under the chestnut-trees to be faithful to their cause and to one another.

It is unnecessary to detail their various exploits during the remainder of that summer. Gradually they were pressed back by the united forces of France and Savoy, making, however, their final stand at the Balsille, where with desperate bravery they maintained themselves until the approach of winter compelled General Catinat to raise the siege. His armies retired, scoffingly bidding the Vaudois wait till Easter, when they should be revisited.

The Vaudois passed the winter in their stronghold suffering extreme privation. The rock was supplied with fresh water from a spring, and they had laid by a stock of chestnuts. From time to time, as the weather allowed, they made foraging excursions. The neighbourhood was bare enough; the few Roman Catholic settlers who had been brought in to occupy the deserted lands during the past three years had fled on the arrival of the Vaudois. When things had come almost to the last extremity, the wind suddenly and unexpectedly went round to the south and melted a portion of the snow, which covered a field of rye, from which the new settlers had fled without stopping to reap it. An early fall of snow had covered up the rye the previous autumn and preserved it, to be discovered in this way by the Vaudois. The millstones of the little mill were recovered from the bed of the torrent, into which the miller had thrown them three years before for concealment.

After Easter Catinat, true to his promise, returned. A grand attack was made on April 30, 1690; it was repulsed with great slaughter. A second attack a fortnight later was more successful. Feuquières, to whom its conduct was entrusted, perhaps in fear of the result, by Catinat, brought up cannon, which rapidly destroyed Arnaud's fortifications. The Vaudois were driven to the summit of the rock, the troops moved up; the Vaudois, now reduced to about four hundred, were entirely surrounded; and when night fell on the 14th May everything was in readiness for the final assault, which was ordered for daybreak the following morning. Ropes were ordered from Pignerol, and a proclamation was made to the inhabitants to come out to see the Vaudois hung. On the morning of the 15th not a Vaudois was to be found at the Balsille. One can imagine the vexation with which Feuquières cried, "Les Barbets se sont sauvés!" as he perceived them far away on a neighbouring mountain. A thick fog had come down during the night, by means of which the Vaudois had managed to creep through the lines of their enemies by a path so precipitous that they themselves could afterwards hardly believe what they had done. At one point a Vaudois had disturbed a stone; the noise was immediately challenged by the nearest sentinel, but the dead silence that followed had reassured him, and the Vaudois had got through.

Truly, however, the aspect of affairs was desperate. It would not take very long to hunt down the famished remnant now that they had been turned out of their stronghold. These gallant men, however, were, at all events, not minded to be hung for the amusement of orthodox Pignerol. On the 17th they made a descent upon Pramol and captured a certain M. Vignaux, from whom they learnt the surprising intelligence that the duke was wavering in his alliance with the French; and on the 18th they heard for certain that he had decided to join the league formed by our William III. against France.

And so the Vaudois were saved. The exiles returned; and though this was by no means the end of their persecutions, yet the flickering light on the Alps has never, either before or since, been so near to extinction.

Now, it may be safely said that if any one of the following things had happened otherwise than as they did—viz., (1) if either of the two earlier attempts made by the Vaudois to cross the Lake of Geneva had succeeded; (2) if that field of rye had either been not covered prematurely by the snow, or not uncovered prematurely by the south wind; (3) if the sentinel had been more suspicious; (4) if the fog had not fallen so thick on the night of May 14, 1690; or (5) if William III. had not succeeded in persuading the Duke of Savoy in the nick of time

to change sides (and, in fact, he went over again to France in 1696)—if any one of these things had happened, there would certainly, as far as one can see, be now no Waldensian Valleys. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the Vaudois recognised, and still recognise, in all this the direct interposition of a higher power.

Such, then, was the "Glorieuse Rentrée," of which the Vaudois determined to celebrate the bicentenary anniversary; and by a curious coincidence the days of the week this year fell on the same days of the month as in the year 1689.[1] Invitations were sent in the most hospitable profusion to the various Protestant Churches, and were largely responded to. Delegates came from all parts of Europe, and, indeed, of the world. On the 16th August a monument was to be inaugurated at Prangins, at the spot where Arnaud embarked; on the 27th we were to assemble at the Balsille, on the 28th at Prali, and on the 1st September at Sibaoud.

It was, then, to scenes of extraordinary interest, and under circumstances altogether exceptional, that I was travelling on Saturday, the 24th of last August, by the railway from Turin, which now carries one as far as Latour, at the mouth of the Val Pelice.

We found Latour gay with bunting. By the same train as ourselves many other guests arrived, who were duly captured and carried off to their houses by different hospitable entertainers. Our own kind hostess was also providing for an energetic and amusing Scotch professor and his sister, the London secretary for the Waldensian Missions,[2] and an Edinburgh minister.

The following day, being Sunday, we attended service at the church in Latour, which included an extremely eloquent sermon from Dr. Turino. This service was in French; the evening service was in Italian. On our expressing our admiration of Dr. Turino's sermon, we were told that he is supposed to be more at home in Italian. The excellence of the oratory of these Vaudois pastors, whether on religious or secular subjects, is most remarkable. It must, however, be admitted that the occasion was one which could hardly fail to produce eloquence.

On Monday my wife and I transferred ourselves to Pomaret, by the hospitable invitation of Dr. Lantaret, in order to start

[1] The learned professor, E. Comba, whose "History of the Waldenses of Italy" (translated into English, 1889) contains much learning on the various interesting points still in controversy in connection with the Vaudois, and who therein fulfils to a large extent the functions of *advocatus diaboli*, has pointed out that Arnaud's dates are old style.

[2] Major Frobisher, 118, Pall Mall, S.W., who will always readily give all information to those who are interested in this work, which, indeed, is surprisingly successful.

from his house for the Balsille Expedition. He has been pastor at Pomaret for over fifty years, but has now sent in his resignation, and is to be succeeded there by his son, who has hitherto served the still more remote village of Prali. There is a tramway from Pignerol to Perosa, where the Germanasca torrent, coming from the valley of San Martino, joins the Cluson, which comes down from Fenestrelle. Perosa, like all other places in Val Cluson, is Roman Catholic; but Pomaret and the San Martino Valley are Protestant. In the evening the village was illuminated, and bonfires blazed from the hills around, but an early retirement was imperative, in view of the next day's early start.

On Tuesday we were up at two o'clock in the morning, and after a hurried breakfast started before three for our five hours' march up to the Balsille. It was quite dark, but the stars were shining clearly in so much of the sky as the mountains allowed us to see. Two hours brought us to Pereira, where a short halt was made, and the approach of dawn enabled us to recognise one another. We were a fairly large party at starting, and others had joined on the road. Many more had slept at Pereira, and were now starting for the same destination. During the two hours between Pereira and Macel the number of travellers continually increased. The route here was by a mere mountain path, and by the time it was broad daylight we perceived that we had become part of an apparently endless procession, which we could see winding up the path both before and behind us. It seemed as if the whole population had turned out. Even children were trudging along, each carrying the provisions for the day. Where had they all been sleeping? Some had slept at Pereira, others in some of the cottages on the route or in barns or outhouses. Many people had gone up the preceding evening, and we were told that a certain granary at Macel had made two splendid bedrooms for twenty-five men below and twenty-five women above, of those who were thought to require extra comfort. Our lively Scotch professor and his sister had found a hospitable pastor somewhere to take them in. Another short halt at Macel, and then we arrived at the Balsille about eight o'clock, where our party became reunited, ready to discuss the contents of our hampers.

We had hardly finished our second breakfast when a wild shout of welcome announced the appearance over the brow of a hill to the north-west of the party from Prangins. These were a half-dozen or so of young men who had determined to make the eleven days' march from the Lake of Geneva in the very footsteps of Arnaud and his band, making each day's journey as he had made it, and following his exact track. It turned out,

however, that they had not been able to adhere exactly to their programme.

Shortly before ten the proceedings commenced with a service after which we had an eloquent description of the events which took place on that spot two hundred years before. The platform for the speakers was erected on a knoll, which broke the descent of the hill towards the torrent. The audience listened on the mountain side, tier above tier. It was calculated that there were some four thousand persons present, all attentive and appreciative; for people do not march five hours into the mountains for nothing. To our left were the traces of Arnaud's fortifications; in front the stream from which the concealed millstones were recovered, and the mill itself; not far off was the field of rye, so providentially discovered under the snow. By that path came the Cambreçin regiment to the attack; on that hill were those of the Vexin; to our right was the position of the cannon, which finally made the intrenchments indefensible; and far away above us, on the crest of the mountain, was the route by which the four hundred were descried escaping, far out of the reach of their pursuers, when the fog cleared off which had enabled them to escape unperceived.

It is impossible for me to describe the rapt attention with which the audience followed the speaker. It was the exploits of their own ancestors they were listening to, recounted in most felicitous language, and on the very spot where the events happened. By virtue of those exploits we were sitting there, listening to their narration, under the national flag; now no longer the Savoy cross, but the Italian tricolour—a change which aptly symbolized the larger life opened to the Waldensian people under their present enlightened Government.

The afternoon had made considerable progress before we set out on the return journey to Pomaret, which we did not reach till dark, having enjoyed a most interesting, but somewhat fatiguing, expedition. The next day—Wednesday—there was a celebration, much the same in character, but with less exciting associations, at Prali, which, however, I did not attend, as it would not have been possible to do so without delaying for another day my return to Latour.

Latour is overhung by the rock of Casteluzzo, at the top of which is a cave which has served as a retreat for the Vaudois in time of persecution. But the roof has now fallen in to a certain extent, so that the cave itself can only be approached from the face of the cliff. A climb to this spot is, however, splendidly rewarded by the view over the plain to the east, extending over Mount Cavour, the patrimonial property of the statesman of that name, to Turin and the Superga, and occasionally, as we were told, even to the Apennines. Monte Viso,

of course, is the principal object on the south side; while to the north we could see to Mont Cenis and the snow mountains. We extended our climb to the Vandalin Alp, skirting the southern barrier of the Angrogna Valley, and obtaining a capital view of the fastness of Pra del Tor, which has in times past often served as an impregnable refuge. Our guide on this expedition was a fine fellow who had served as sergeant of artillery with the Italian contingent under Garibaldi in 1859, and had been decorated for his bravery. His account of that campaign was most interesting.

The celebration at Sibaoud on Sunday, September 1, was of the same character as that at the Balsille, and was attended by even greater crowds. But the place was much more accessible, and many were present who had been prevented by age or occupations from going to the Balsille. The service was held under the same grove of magnificent chestnut-trees which had been the scene of the "oath of Sibaoud." A somewhat artificial note was struck by one of the speakers, who called on the audience to renew the oath with a view to spiritual edification. Such an attempt might have sounded differently at the Balsille, where the feelings of the assembly were much more highly strung.

The following day a ceremony of a different character took place at Latour. This was the formal opening of the Maison Vaudoise, a building which the people have managed to erect for business purposes connected with their organization, and which includes a small museum and a library. To this ceremony the King of Italy, who had given a munificent contribution of £200 to the work, sent as his representative the Prefect of Turin, Count Lovera de Maria, a most noble Catholic gentleman, who, if he carried away with him impressions as agreeable as those he left behind him, must have had every reason to be satisfied with his visit. On this occasion the Italian aspirations of the Vaudois found expression; at the Balsille the heroic deeds of their ancestors had been more particularly the subject of our thoughts, and at Sibaoud their religious history. The prefect was most enthusiastically received, and the proceedings, of course, were all in Italian. The principal event of the day was a splendid speech by M. William Meille, the pastor of a Vaudois church in Turin. At its conclusion the prefect walked across the platform to the speaker and shook him warmly by the hand. In the evening Latour was illuminated, and there were bonfires on all the hills. We strolled through the little town, into the street of which the whole population had turned out, accompanied by the venerable Professor Rollier, who himself had set light to one of the bonfires which celebrated the emancipation of 1848. This fact brought home to us how short

was the interval of time, so far as these valleys are concerned, which separated them from the Middle Ages. I was told that M. Geymonat, who presided at the Balsille ceremony, had been dragged in handcuffs through the street of Latour. The historian Muston, who is only just dead, was condemned to exile for the publication of part of his work.

We stopped before a small structure, elaborately illuminated. It bore the inscription: "Il Re Carlo Alberto al popolo che l'accoglieva con tanto affetto. MDCCCXLV." It was a fountain erected by the gallant but unfortunate Charles Albert, after a visit he paid to the valleys in 1845. His memory is most affectionately cherished by the Vaudois. Hard by was a large building in total darkness. "Tenebræ in luce," remarked one of our party. This was the Roman Catholic Church, so that there was considerable justification for its obscurity. Not that there is now, any more than in old times, any difficulty with the Roman Catholic inhabitants; there were very few of their dwelling-houses which were not illuminated like the rest.

There was a subsequent meeting at Pra del Tor; but I was unfortunately unable to stay for it. I hear that it was as successful as its predecessors; and, further, that the king has conferred decorations on M. William Meille and on the Syndic of Latour. Every Vaudois will congratulate them, and will almost take their decorations as a personal favour to himself. Certainly the king has no more loyal and attached subjects than the inhabitants of the Waldensian Valleys.

A. Layman.

Art. III.—THE LAW OF THE SABBATH.

ONE of the accidents of time, to which eternity will not be liable, is the necessity of its division into portions to which various conditions of being are proper. Night, alternating with day, supplies opportunities of diurnal rest. Sunday, recurring after each interval of six days' labour, supplies its weekly rest. Such divisions are a concession to the imperfections of our present existence. We cannot work without waste of energy, nor rest completely without ceasing from work. In sleep we repair the strength spent in previous toil. Disregard of Nature's demands in this particular brings upon us sooner or later Nature's inevitable revenge. A general breakdown is the certain sequel to the overtaxing of our powers, mental or physical. Our stock-in-trade is quickly disposed of, and we have little or no capital from which to recoup ourselves for an overdraft upon our current resources. Setting aside thoughts of a future and a higher life for man, these imperfections might well cause us surprise.