

The Waldenses.

After the great massacre of 1655, the church in the Waldensian valleys had comparative rest for thirty years. In 1660 persecution was renewed. Louis XIV. compelled Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, to deal with the Waldenses by the sword. For a time the Waldenses successfully resisted the combined armies of France and Savoy, twenty thousand strong; but, being deceived by false promises, they surrendered. The remainder of the people were consigned to the prisons and fortresses of Piedmont. "When they entered these dungeons," says Henri Arnaud, "they counted fourteen thousand healthy mountaineers; but when, at the moment of their departure, their prisons were opened, three thousand skeletons only crawled out. They were thrust out of prison to be immediately driven into exile. The sufferings endured by these poor captives, emaciated by sickness, weakened through hunger, and shivering from insufficient clothing, as they crossed the Alps in the depth of winter, can hardly be imagined than described. Hundreds perished on the way, and were buried by the snow. The surviving remnant were welcomed by their countrymen in Switzerland and Germany. During the two and a half years they were in exile, they never ceased to think of their return to their native valleys. The Swiss Protestants showed them great kindness, but they longed to return to their homes on the other side of the Alps. The difficulties in the way of their return seemed insurmountable. Moreover, the Swiss were bound by treaty to prevent—even by force of arms—any attempt to leave their territory. A first attempt failed, a second was likewise frustrated by the Swiss authorities, and the result was that their return became, to all human appearance, impossible. The fear of a third attempt led the Duke of Savoy to strengthen his garrisons on the Swiss frontier. And the Swiss, afraid of getting into trouble if the Waldenses did escape, ordered hundreds of them into Germany. But those precautions were of no avail. The love of their native land had turned them into men; and, though they were well received and kindly treated wherever they went, and pecuniary help was sent to them from England and Holland, they could not rest until they found a leader to conduct them to their valleys. The brave veteran, Giannet, was too old and infirm to undertake the task, but God had provided the fit leader in the person of Henri Arnaud, and had given him the necessary training. When a student, Arnaud had taken military service under William of Orange, who treated him in the most friendly way, and raised him to the rank of captain. He returned, however, to his studies, was ordained to the ministry at the age of twenty-nine, and labored in the valleys until 1655, when, after having taken part with his countrymen in resisting their persecutors, he was compelled to take refuge in Switzerland. At Neuchâtel he and a few others drew up the plan for the return, which he submitted in person to William of Orange. Encouraged by that prince he returned to Switzerland to carry out the daring enterprise. Orders had been issued to the authorities in the various cantons where the refugees were quartered to watch their movements; but Arnaud gave his orders with such precision, and made his preparations with such alacrity, that in spite of all the watchfulness he succeeded in carrying out his plan. The place of rendezvous was the wood of Prangins, near the little town of Nyde, on the north or Swiss shore of the Lake of Geneva—a locality admirably suited to conceal the gathering of the army, and which was equally safe from all quarters. The time was equally well chosen, for the 15th of August was a general fast, which kept the people in the towns and villages, and to a great extent, in the churches. Arnaud divided his nine hundred men into three divisions, the first of which were composed of Waldenses, grouped according to their parishes, six of French Protestants of Dauphine and Languedoc, and one of volunteers, and these formed three bodies—an advanced guard, a center and a rear guard. Thus organized, the little army again began their march before the Lord, and invoked his all-powerful aid. After seven days' march, during which they endured the greatest sufferings, often having nothing to sustain them except a little milk and cheese, and the snow water of the mountains, they ascended Mount Cenin, where they learned that the French were prepared to meet them. Arnaud's intention was to cross the river Dora at the bridge of Salaberrand. With great difficulty the little army descended the southern side of the mountain, avoiding the forts and entrenchments of the enemy. Night fell before they came in sight of the bridge. A halt was called, and for two hours the trumpets sounded to gather in the scattered companies. Over seventy had been taken, and had been taken prisoners. The critical hour on which the success or failure of the expedition depended was now come. Under cover of the night the bridge must be forced. The gleam of six hundred torches on the snowy side of it were sufficient indication of the strength of the enemy. In fact, twenty-five hundred men were strongly entrenched there. The Waldenses knelt in prayer, and then advanced to the charge. To the sentinel's challenge, "Who goes there?" the valiant reply: "Friends, if you give us free passage, Arnaud ordered his men to lie down, and for a quarter of an hour, the tremendous fire that was opened on them did no harm. But a division of the enemy that had followed the Waldenses came up on their rear, and placed them between two fires. "Courage! the bridge is won," cried some who felt that they must risk everything. With fixed bayonets the eight hundred Waldenses rushed forward, took the bridge, and so suspiciously attacked the entrenchments that they drove the French from them in a perfect panic. After a two hours' struggle, the Waldenses sang: "Thanks be to the Lord of hosts, who hath given us the victory over our enemies." Their loss was fourteen killed and ten or twelve wounded, while the French sustained a loss of twelve captains, beside many other officers and about six hundred soldiers. The Waldenses provided themselves with such ammunition and stores as they could carry away, and set fire to the rest. They begged for repose, but permission delayed their immediate departure, lest they be surrounded by the numerous troops that held the Lora Valley. The order was given to march across the next range of mountains into the valley of Pragel, but not without a full and careful consideration of the ground to be traversed. The march was made about eight o'clock, and the prisoners were taken prisoners. When morning dawned, the ninth day since they started, Arnaud pointed out to his brave men the tops of their native mountains, and humbling himself with them before the Eternal, solemnly blessed him for their deliverance. Two days after this, on Tuesday, Aug. 27, 1659, the valiant band that had crossed the Lake of Geneva eleven days before, and surmounted immense obstacles, took on their native soil, at the first Waldensian village, Balaille, at the northwestern extremity of the valley of San Martino. Their number was already reduced to about seven hundred, owing to the desertion of many to the French, as well as to their losses in their encounters with the enemy, and through the effects of exhaustion. Crossing their valleys by Prall, they assembled in a chestnut wood, called Siband, on September 1, and here they took a solemn oath, with hands uplifted to heaven, binding themselves to union, and fidelity to the catholic cause, and to their re-establishment in the heritage of their fathers, with the practice of their holy religion. They also swore that they would labor to recover their brethren from the thralldom of cruel Babylon. They had reached their native land, but it was in the hands of enemies, hundreds of times more numerous than they, and it had to be reconquered foot by foot. Not Self, but Christ. BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D. Paul, in his letter to Philemon, which is a model of courtesy and delicacy, says to him: "Thou hast sent me thy own self besides." His true self, his new spiritual life, he owed to the instrumentality of the great apostle who led him to Christ. But if Paul could use this expression to his Colossian convert, how much more may our Lord and Saviour apply it to all of us who claim to be Christians. "His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." With a perfect right, therefore, may the crucified Redeemer lay his pierced hand on every one of us, and say, "Thou wast unprofitable to me, but God had provided the fit leader in the person of Henri Arnaud, and had given him the necessary training. 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Heaven For Those Who Can Live There. A Pharisee who professed conversion, but who was a secret enemy to Christ, came to Father Hieron at Bethlehem, and discovered in glowing terms the glories of the future state. The aged Christian knew him. "Could you be happy in the society of that blessed state?" he asked. "The light of discovery is in God's house, and His Word said, 'Whose hatred is covered by deceit his wickedness shall be shown before the whole congregation'; and again it is written, 'A hypocrite shall not come before Him.'" A proud young Roman, of fallen fortunes, sought the father's teaching. He would enjoy the portion of the finally redeemed, but could not humble himself to the faith of a disciple. "Know who it is against whom your heart rebels," said the Christian sage. "Thou hast said in thy heart, 'I will ascend into heaven,' but so said Lucifer of the morning. In vain did he and his angels fight against God; and this is the record that is left of them: 'Neither was their place found any more in heaven.'" A jester of Antioch, cloyed with much of the frivolities of the world, had heard of "the better inheritance," and in a morbid moment had wished himself there. "My son," said Hieron, "with your nature unchanged what would you do in heaven? The God's prop is a separation even here," said Hieron, "and but two characters of men, the good and the bad? And the longer the two live in one world the wider they must grow apart—if it be not that the sinners swallow up the saints, as had almost come to pass before the flood, and as is now doing in their own place—and only the pure in heart shall see God. 'The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.'" A Jerusalem backslider said, "They who enter heaven are not the church alone, as I believe. 'Many shall come from the East and from the West,' etc." "You speak what your heart wishes," said the sage; "because you have returned to the world, and the church is no longer pleasant company. But now old think you, is Christ? When sin began was there not a Redeemer, and a sacrifice, and a church; and even a people whom He began to save? And from all lands, it is true, He has gathered them, but they all have one tongue in Zion. It has passed away, and the apostle is Israel. Their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod. You have turned back to idols, and even a son shall forfeit his inheritance who makes himself an alien; for if one so much as look back he is 'unfit for the kingdom of heaven.' A formalist of the kind of religion he had observed all the rites of religion, and kept every sacred ordinance. Should this fidelity go for naught? 'Ask him who knows the heart,' replied the good father. "Many will stand before the Lord and say, 'I have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and in Thy name done wonderful works,' and He shall answer, 'I never knew you.' Heaven will not be heaven to him who finds there that God and his saints do not remember him." A wormy voluptuary, whose bones were full of the sting of his sins, and the aged Christian in his cell, thinking to borrow from his prayers some preparation for death. "How can corruption inherit incorruption?" said the severe old man. "What concord hath Christ with him who commends Christians to mortify their members which are upon the earth. 'Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth.'"—Sunday-School Evangelist. "Don't You Love Him for That?" One Sabbath evening a father called his children around him, and asked them what they had learned at the school that day. He was not a Christian man himself, but he had a pious wife, and the children always went regularly to the Sunday-school. In their own simple way the little ones began to tell what their teacher had been saying of the beautiful home in heaven that Jesus had left because of His love for sinners. Nellie, the youngest, had read upon her father's knees, and looking full in his face, she said, "Jesus must have loved us very much to do that; don't you love Him for that?" Then they went on to describe the saviour, how He was betrayed by Judas, and led before the high priest and Pilate; how the Jews called out, "Crucify Him," and how the wicked soldiers crowned Him with thorns and mocked and scourged and buffeted Him, and again the little one looked up, and said, with tears in her eyes, "Don't you love Him for that, father?" At the children came to tell of the dreadful death of Jesus on the cross, and once more little Nellie looked up in her father's face, and said the third time, "Don't you love Him, father?" The father could not say any more; he put his little girl down, and went away to hide his tears, for the words had gone home to his heart. Soon after he became a true Christian, and he said that little Nellie's questions had had more effect upon him than the most powerful preaching he had ever heard in his life.—Exchange. Do you love Him for that, dear reader? —In a recent sermon the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon said: "I have often felt vexed with the man, whoever he was, who chopped the New Testament into verses. He seems to have let the axe fall indiscriminately here and there, but I forgive him a great deal for his wisdom in letting these two words, 'Jesus wept,' stand alone."

More Proverbs by Mr. Spurgeon. SELECTIONS FROM HIS NEW BOOK, "THE SALT OILS." Can pride and grace dwell in one place? They squeeze in somehow, but they can never agree. Eat not mustard only, but try a little beef. Advice to those who want to hear constant denunciations of error, but care not for a clear exposition of Gospel truth. Every sot will go to pot. First for a drain, and then to be drained dry by his expenditure. Trace the river and you will come to the sea. Follow a stream of mercy, and you will come to the Infinite God. Foolish tongues talk nineteen to the dozen. The less they have to carry, the faster they go. For rainy day lay store away. This was the young gentleman's reason for keeping the umbrella which had been lent to him. It is good in the day of abundance to prepare for days of need. When our strength declines it will be useless to eat hot horse laid up in the early summer of youth. Faint, yet pursuing; Weak, yet subduing; Spent, yet renewing; Christ ever viewing. This is much as our life has been. May God be glorified both by its weakness and its strength, its change and its consistency. Faith works love, works by love, and loves to work. Gamblers and swindlers are first cousins. "Go to Bath!" This good advice if taken literally, the oftener the better. The saying is, however, varied, and takes the form of "Go to Halifax," "Go to Hanover!" In the last shape it may have been a Jacobite wish for the reigning house. Good sermons need not be long, and ones ought not to be so. Yet, when sermons are very good, the length is not noticed; and bad sermons are always too long, however short they may be. Good wives if they were sold, But would wish worth crowns of gold. But nobody wishes to sell them; and nobody could buy them if he wished to do so. Good wives, like echo, should be true, And speak but when they're spoken to; Yet say for echo so absurd, To have forever the last word. The "last word" business is a miserable one. It would seem the best for husband and wife to leave off angry words at once, and so both hasten to the last word. As for the wife's being quite so humble as to speak only when she's spoken to, the notion is a relic of savage life, and finds no echo in the Christian mind. Among true Christians the wife is the equal of her husband, and is held in honor by him. The wife is not the head, but she is the crown, and that is higher still. Great scholars are not always wise men. They are sometimes very foolish. Indeed, to make a special fool the best raw material is a man of unusual education. Have more than thou showest, Speak less than thou knowest, Spend less than thou owest. He laughs best who laughs last. Because he will be surest of his laugh, and will probably laugh at those who laughed at him. If he can laugh when the whole thing is ended, he has the best cause for his merriment. He likes mutton too well who eats the wool. We are not bound to follow a man, faults and all. He that stumbles, but does not fall. He mends his pace, and that is all. Many a traveller to heaven has grown more cautious and earnest by observing that his steps had well nigh slipped. He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing. Except some brass-faced creatures who borrow with great delight because they never mean to pay. He who has no wife is only half a man. Let him look out for his other half, and mind that she proves his better half. He who lives too fast, may live to fast. How will he remember his lavish luxuries, and wish for the portions which he threw away in waste. He who the squalling cannot bear, Should take up piggy by the ear. In attacking abuses we must look for abuse, and stand prepared for it. Interested persons will be sure to defend the source of their gains. Pigs will squeal if you pull their ears. He who would stop everybody's money, must be a man of cakes. Indeed, if he gave away cakes, mouths would open to receive them, if nothing else. Honesty is the best policy. But he who is honest out of policy is not an honest man. Horse racing is a galloping consumption. That is to say, for the pocket, the reputation, the morals, and the soul. Racing is supposed to improve the breed of horses, but it sadly deteriorates the breed of men. However blind a man may be Another's faults he'll sure to see. Hungry dogs will eat dirty puddings. So, we suppose, will hungry men; but there is no reason for making them dirty. It is said that "we must all eat a peck of dirt before we die," but we don't want it all at once. The proverb also means that men who are hungry for place and office will do very dirty things. Notice members of parliament, and you will soon have proof enough. Hell is truth seen too late. Note this definition. May none of us learn its truth by practical experience. If the devil be the vicar, don't be the clerk. If you always say "No," you'll never be wick. If you always say "Yes," you'll be horribly led. The right use of these monosyllables is a main point of practical wisdom. If you hold the stirrup, Satan will mount the saddle.

God's Property-Rights. BY CHARLES D. CASE. "O, yes!" said an earnest Christian woman to the writer, a while ago, "I know what your belief is about giving one-tenth to the Lord, and I don't know but that on general principles you are right. But what would you say when a man is deep in debt and has a hard struggle to make his family comfortable—would you think it right for him to give one-tenth of his earnings to the Lord before honest debts were paid?" "If you thoroughly believe that one-tenth belongs to the Lord, should be given, but belonged—to the Lord, would you think it right to take his money to pay anybody's debts with?" was the rejoinder. This was looking at the subject from a different standpoint from the one from which she had been accustomed to view it, and new light was thrown on it thereby. No doubt there is much misty thinking in regard to just what the teachings of Scripture are concerning the disposition of the money that comes into our possession. Without entering into a discussion of the much discussed question as to whether the one-tenth of the Hebrew economy continues to be an obligation on the Christian, and follow me (Matt. 10:23), it appears to be unquestionably true that God has not relinquished his claim to a certain proportion of the accumulations of all his children. "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts," and this is a fact now, just as certainly as it was in the days of the prophet Haggai. Our Lord's reply to the young ruler, "Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me" (Matt. 10:23), implies a proprietary right to the possession of that man; and we have nowhere any authority which warrants us in declaring that he has not the same right to ours. A common quotation in times when the special blessing of the Lord is sought for a church or a community is, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open up the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it" (Mal. 3:10). No doubt the spiritual application of this passage is correct. And yet, what real right have we to limit it thus? Should we not rather apply it both literally and spiritually? In a recent article in the Sunday-School Times, by the Rev. George H. Hubbard, the writer says: "Men like to talk about consecrating 'themselves' and their 'time' and their 'talents' to the Lord, but they shudder when the word 'talents' is translated into the modern word 'dollars.'" This is quite true, and just so men like to talk about bringing all the "tithes" into the storehouse, so long as no money value is placed on the "tithes." Why is it that we hear of so many deficits in our missionary society treasuries? Why is it that some of them are forced to become borrowers in order that their obligations to workers in the field may be promptly met? It is because the vast majority of Christian men and women do not grasp the plain, literal teachings of the Word of God; they allow themselves to appropriate to their own individual use the means God has put into their hands to be used for Him. A man's benevolence will depend largely on his view of his position. If he feels that his income belongs to him absolutely, and it happens to be something more than he thinks he needs for his own maintenance, possibly out of the largeness of his benevolent heart he will say to the Lord, "I think I can spare a part of this, and still get along very comfortably myself." But if the income is meagre and the expenses large, if debts have been contracted and creditors are pressing, then he will very likely say, or, if he does not say, will think: "I am sorry, Lord, but I can spare nothing; anything; if I were only rich, like Mr. A., how much good I would be able to do with my money!" If, on the other hand, one believes that a certain proportion of his income belongs to the Lord, and that he is merely the Lord's steward to use it as shall seem of Him, and that Divine guidance, how simple the problem comes—how many perplexing difficulties are solved? The Christian who once gets this principle of God's property rights firmly imbedded in his consciousness, and acts upon it, will still get along very comfortably. The fact that to a large extent what seems to be giving is merely appropriating trust funds.—Sunday-school Times. A Secret of good health is found in the regular movement of the bowels and perfect action of the liver. These organs were intended by nature to remove from the system all impurities. If you are constipated, you offer a "standing invitation" to a whole family of diseases and irregularities which will surely be "accepted," and you will have guests unwelcome and determined. And all these unhappy conditions may be averted by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Powerful for the effectual regulation of the bowels and liver, establishing a healthy action of the entire wonderful organism with which we are created. —Paul's idea is that we should seek to do "honest (becoming) things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men." (II Cor. 8:21.) That man makes a sad mistake in his conduct who cares nothing about what men think of him. To approve one self unto men, as well as unto God, is the desire of every noble spirit.

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