

and combines the interest of historical recollections, and the magnificence of a splendid landscape, with the advantages of position, and of the immense extent of the mountain sward, which everywhere provided natural seats and a beautiful and comely tablecloth. The crest of the mountain is covered by the vast entrenchments of the camp of Catinat; it was there that old he laid in wait for his prey, resolved to exterminate the Vaudois at once by force and treachery; there, too, have been discovered, in various spots, hollows dug to receive the tents of the soldiers of Louis XIV., and beyond the camp a deep moat, which enabled the enemies of the Vaudois to go in search of water, without being exposed to the attacks of their outposts, who knew well enough how to handle the mukset and the culverin.

On the present occasion, the scene which presented itself to our observation was one altogether peaceful and rural. From break of day, and even whilst night yet remained, processions of travellers set out from the Lucerne Valley to ascend the Trachère, and, surmounting heights which were but lately covered with snow, attained the summit of La Sarra. Those of the valley of St Martin ascended in small groups the length of the pebbly slopes which overhang the course of the Germanasca, whilst those of the Pérouse Valley quitted St. Germain at the break of day, and gained Pramol, where a whole cavalcade of ladies had arrived overnight, and had found an asylum in the hospitable dwelling of the veteran pastor, M. Trincon. Everywhere unexpected and gladsome meetings took place; here were our three sister deaconesses, all still full of the recollection of the visit of Pastor Germond; there, farther off, were brothers, sisters, and mothers, asking from the delegate of the church, who had that very day returned from France, news of their relations settled at Marseilles or Lyons; in another place were greetings with brethren from Italy. Meanwhile, the assembly gathered together in the very camp of Catinat, and the proceedings were commenced by singing, prayer, and reading the 24th chapter of Joshua; then followed the reading of a historical summary drawn up by our friend, Geymonat; after which M. Bert spoke as follows:—

"You know, dear brethren, that the Synod of this year deputed my worthy brother Meilo and myself to visit the Protestant churches of the Italian language in the centre of the Grisons. Before arriving amongst our Protestant friends, and the better to compare their condition with that of the Catholics of the vicinity, we wished to see the famous sanctuary of Europa, near Bielle, but were persuaded rather to visit the place of pilgrimage at Varallo, which would seem to be superior to the former. This sanctuary consists of forty-two chapels, distributed like the steps of a ladder around a rock; they present to the eye, in succession, all the facts of the sacred history, from the creation of man and the fall of Adam, to the death of Jesus Christ. A *cicerone* conducts the pilgrim from chapel to chapel, explaining to him what he sees, repeating to him what he ought to pray, and directing him, step by step, across the New Jerusalem, as this place of pilgrimage is called. Orta and its lake also detained us: there are represented the miracles and the life of St. Francis of Assise, the seraphic doctor, which are depicted by sculptures almost as remarkable as those of Varallo: in an island of the lake of Orta, at the spot where now stands a seminary for young ecclesiastics, of old lived, as they say, St. Julius,—his blessed influence extended not only to men, but to beasts also; primitive peace was re-established between the herbivorous and carnivorous animals, and everything went off admirably. Whenever a wolf, of ill-regulated appetites, threw himself

upon a labouring ox and devoured him, the indignant saint reproved the criminal, who immediately allowed himself to be put under the yoke, and thenceforth performed the work of his victim. Julius also sailed about upon his cloak, and performed a thousand and similar prodigies. Ah! said I to myself, whilst listening to all these absurdities, what a happiness it is that we have our Bible, and no other book than *our book*, as said he amongst us who has narrated the conversion of Pramol. Arrived at Coire, we had the pleasure of being received with the greatest cordiality by Deacon Kind, who communicated to us some interesting particulars respecting his church. Like ours, it has an annual Synod, conferences in the secondary districts, and a Synodal Commission which corresponds to our Table; but there is one great difference between the Grison Synod and our own,—the latter is composed of laity as well as pastors; that of the Grisons contains only ecclesiastics. One of us then went into Praetigau, to visit the interesting seminary of Schiers, founded with the view of promoting the extension of evangelical influence in schools, by training up Christian teachers. The professors of this establishment appear to follow good methods, and to exert a most happy influence; they charged us to present their warm salutations to all the pastors and the brethren of the valleys. We next visited Engadine. Here we saw, even on the highest summits, such as those of Pramol or Pral amongst us, splendid houses, veritable palaces, constructed out of the profits made by Swiss confectioners abroad. Everywhere we saw religious inscriptions: 'I was an exile in a foreign country,' said one, 'and now I have built this house on my own native soil; but thou, O God, hast reserved for thy believing children an eternal dwelling-place, where I hope for ever to repose.' But we hastened to arrive at our ultimate destination, the Italian Valleys of the Grisons. We repaired to the Valley of Poschiavo, crossing the great chain which separates it from Engadine. We were then at length in the place where of old flourished the Italian Protestant Church. Here had preached Pietro Paolo Vergerio, Fra Giulio, Fra Maturo, and others: here authorised massacres—authorised, alas! by the name of the canonised Charles Boromeus—crushed, in great measure, the Reformed movement, and allowed to remain only two parishes, Poschiavo and Brusio. With what emotion did we listen to the psalms sung to our tunes, though in Italian! Here they prayed as we do, and two-thirds of the population, called together at the voice of their pastors, listened to us as to brethren, whilst we spoke in Italian of the gospel of God. They asked us to contribute towards furnishing these friends with hymn and prayer-books in Italian. After having bid adieu to the brethren here, we bent our steps towards the Valley of Bregaglia, where there are seven Italian Protestant parishes,—Vico Soprano, Stampa, &c.; we visited them all, and were everywhere received as brethren. One evening, indeed, whilst we were conducting family worship at the house of the pastor, the parishoners assembled in such numbers that we were compelled to quit the parsonage, and adjourn to a larger apartment; everywhere thanksgivings to God were presented for the remembrance, by the Vaudois brethren, of their brethren of the Grisons. May God deign to bless this beginning for good, both to us and to the dear brethren who have received us with such cordiality, and draw together yet more closely the bonds which have just been formed!"

M. George Appia, who had just returned from his mission to the interior of France, next addressed the meeting as follows:—

"In finding myself once more in your midst, I can-