

eral persecution of the Vaudois in their valleys, let us look into these wonderful little abodes, homes of the faith of God's people for centuries. You reach the valleys from Turin partly by railroad, partly by *diligence*. The distance from Turin to Valley Lelieg is about thirty miles. This valley is the most interesting of all the valleys in many respects. In it is the college in which young men are prepared for the Theological Hall in Florence. In this valley is the home of General Beckwith. The first thing that is likely to attract the attention of the traveller is the remarkable stillness that prevails all around. Especially does one feel this after leaving Rome, Florence, Milan, etc. How do the people manage to subsist? As you look around you see small vineyards, which do not seem larger than an ordinary Canadian garden; and there seemed to be a house for every vineyard. Besides the vineyard the sweet chesnut abounds and the mulberry tree flourishes as well. From these three sources many of the Vaudois largely obtain their subsistence. Looking westward as you stand in the valley of Pelice you have the valleys Rosa and Bobi to your left. To your right you look upon the famous valley of Angrogna—valley of groans. Still further to the right you have the valley of St. John. Each of these valleys has beautiful scenery. Now you look upon the little vineyards, the chestnut trees; now the dwellings of this wonderful people call forth your curiosity and admiration—everything is very neat and clean; now the towering, majestic Alpines, which surround the valleys, demand attention. With what mingled feelings you gaze upon these mighty mountains which so often afforded the quiet dwellers in the valleys at their feet security from cruel enemies. Not always, alas! were the grand mountains the defence of the

Vaudois, for from some of the loftiest summits rude soldiers hurled mother and child, as well as the strong man, down upon the rocks far beneath. So general and terrible had this bloody work become, that Cromwell spoke out (and he scarcely ever spoke in vain): "Sir," said he to the Pope, "if these cruelties do not terminate in the Piedmont valleys you shall hear the cannon of England in the Tower of St. Angelo in Rome." And it was then that Milton lifted his great heart to the Judge of all the earth, when he heard the cry of infant and mother:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,
whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine
mountains cold,
Even them who kept thy truth so pure
of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks
and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
who were thy sheep, and in their
ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that
rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks.
Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and
ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still
doth sway
The triple tyrant, that from these may
grow an hundred fold."

Persecutions! Historians speak of thirty distinct persecutions with which the Vaudois were visited. But who can tell all the sufferings witnessed in the Waldensian valleys during those centuries when Popery had put out the light of Truth throughout the world, and was seeking by cruel measures to extinguish that light which had been borne by loyal hands to this home of faith in the eleventh century.

In the end of the fourteenth century, on Christmas Eve, the Vaudois were surprised in the midst of their joys by the presence of Boselli, who had led an army attended by the worst of men, suddenly in their val-