







See page 288.

FLIGHT OF THE BISHOP LA BAUME.

Frontispiece

GENEVA'S SHIELD:

A STORY OF

THE SWISS REFORMATION.



WILLIAM FAREL.

NEW YORK :
M. W. DODD, No. 506 BROADWAY.



GENEVA'S SHIELD:

A Story of the Swiss Reformation.

BY

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Author of "Ulrich Zwingle," "William Farel," "College Days of
Caleris," Etc.

"POST TENEBRAS SPERO LUCEM."

NEW YORK:

M. W. DODD, No. 506 BROADWAY.

1868.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by
M. W. DODD,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District
of New York.

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PREFACE.



THE design of these chapters — originally published in the “Family Treasure” — is to portray the rise of the Reformation in Geneva, Switzerland, and afford a picture of the struggles endured by those who first sought to deliver that city from the rule of Savoy and Rome. It is an error to suppose that John Calvin first bore the gospel to its people, and that he founded the little republic. Great as his work was, he had many forerunners of stout hearts and noble aims. They acted independently of him. Certain patriots began by seeking political liberty. They did not, at first, wish to break away from the Roman Church. In their conflicts, they felt the need of those mighty principles which

the Bible alone could supply. The New Testament came, and found readers, especially among the humbler classes, some of whom were driven almost to madness by priestly oppressions. The gospel entered many a family through the "domestics" and the children. Then came the teachers and the preachers, who gained scarcely an inch of ground without a struggle. In describing the contests for liberty and the gospel, I have sought to draw a real, life-like picture, in which no fancy, discordant with fact, has been admitted. The events are not manufactured. A very few of the lesser characters are real in the sense that they represent those unnamed persons whose deeds are recorded in the old chronicles; but every leading character is a purely historical personage, to whom actual deeds and endurances are ascribed.

The historical story is written, mainly, for our young people, whom fact may benefit more than

fiction. It is the opinion of the author, that church history can furnish rich material for the libraries which go into Sabbath schools and Bible classes. But the history must be written with life in it. Mere generalizations will not be read by the youth. It must have spirit as well as body. If this specimen shall not merely entertain for a day, but shall also instruct for a lifetime, the effort to impress gospel truth will have its reward.

In its preparation I have used the following works: "Les Actes et Gestes de la Cite de Genève," par Ant. Fromment; "Extraits des Registres Publics, d'apres Flournois;" "Le Levain du Calvinisme," par Rev. Sœur Jeanne de Jussie; "Histoire de Genève," par Jacob Spon; "Leben Farels," von M. Kirchhofer; "Histoire de la Reformation de la Suisse," par A. Ruchat; Fred. Spanheim's "Christianæ Religionis Restitutæ apud Genevenses Historia;" "Histoire de la Ref-

ormation Française," par F. Puaux; Dr. Merle d'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation" (both series); and the histories by such writers as Scott and Stebbing.

W. M. B.

TRENTON, N. J.



GENEVA'S SHIELD.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOLLY AND THE WHITE FEATHER.

NEW caps, indeed!" said Councillor Chautemps to his two boys, as they rushed into his room, each striving to be the first. "All Geneva has not a better cap-maker than Jean Guerin, and he must have done his best in fitting you out so finely. What! a feather too?"

"Yes, sir; in mine," said Berthie, the older son. "And do you see that?" He stood up proudly and showed a white cross fastened upon his vest. "The man says

that this is the fashion now,—the Huguenot fashion.”

The councillor did not feel so highly pleased as Berthie expected. The style of the white cross and feather was a quite serious affair in Geneva nearly three hundred and fifty years ago.

“This is my fashion,” said Charles, the younger brother, as he held up a sprig of green holly. “I am going to have this put on my cap. I tore off the feather, and I’ll never —” He hesitated, for his father did not favor the green badge more than the white.

“Yes, you took up your new fashion very quick, I think,” said Berthie; and then, turning to his father, added, “This was the way of it. The man put crosses on each of our coats, and a feather in both of our caps, and shouted, ‘Long live the young patriots of Geneva! Show your colors, my brave lads!’ Charles was brave

enough then ; you would have thought him a captain. But on our way home we fell into a rough Mameluke crowd."

"Do not use hard names, my son."

"Well, they called us names, and hooted at us, and howled out, 'See the little Huguenot imps ! Tear the feathers off them !' Then Charles took fright, threw away his feather, and let somebody put a sprig of holly in his hand. But I dared them to touch me, and they didn't do it."

"He told them whose son he was," said Charles, "and that is what made them afraid to touch him."

"And I told them that my father liked the cross and feather better than the holly. Don't you, father?"

"I prefer that my sons should wear neither, if it lead them into trouble," replied Jean Chautemps, a very cautious man, and a member of the chief council.

"They are mere party badges."

"But you loved Berthelier, for you named me for him, and he was a Huguenot. Why cannot I wear his badge?" entreated Berthie, who felt proud in bearing the name of the great man, so lately a martyr to liberty, by order of the cruel Duke of Savoy, unjustly called *The Good*.

"And your brother has the name of Duke Charles, who is anything but a Huguenot. If you wear one badge and he another, both of you may quarrel, and how can we live in peace if we have two parties in our family?"

"Are you not sorry that Charles has that name? You do not love the duke, do you? He puts so many good people into prison, and to death."

"Speak no ill of our rulers," answered the wise councillor. "I love both of my sons, and both of their names, but they should not fall out about party matters."

Boys have a way of their own in managing their politics. Berthie, with keen diplomacy, took his brother aside and labored with him for an hour, showing him that it was not just the thing to be a Mameluke,—it was not brave, nor patriotic, nor like William Tell and the heroes of Grutli. Besides, it was not according to the motto on his banner, which read *Post tenebras spero lucem*, and meant "After darkness I hope for light." Then Berthie said, "If you do not believe that, you should never carry the banner."

"You don't know Latin," replied Charles, "but if father says that is the meaning, I will be a Huguenot."

The appeal was made, and the councillor gravely weighed the words and decided that Berthie was correct, saying that it had been dark enough in Geneva, and that all good people wished for light.

"There!" exclaimed the older brother, as

if he had won a scholar's victory, "there it is. If you would be one of the good people you must be a Huguenot." Charles was rather suddenly changing his politics, and must have time to get fairly on the new platform. Berthie continued, "Father, if Charles carries the banner, may we each wear the cross and feather?"

"I suppose so, for the flag is claimed by all parties. But you must not jeer at the boys who have the holly in their caps. Keep clear of all strifes, for such lads as you are do not understand these matters very well."

Perhaps the reader may wish to understand more clearly the state of affairs in Geneva, about the year 1519.

After darkness I hope for light was the ancient motto of Geneva, the chief city of French Switzerland. It may be taken as a text upon the history of her reformation. It was upon her coins, her seals, her arms,

and often upon the lips of her people. There were also upon her shield the papal key and the emperor's eagle, — a device not ominous of a republic and a Protestant church. Early in the sixteenth century a division grew up between the citizens. One party strove to retain the darkness, and all the errors of papal Rome. In it were the supporters of the Duke of Savoy, who sought to rule over the city. They were compared to the slaves of the Sultan of Egypt, who had renounced their Christianity to serve a tyrant, and hence were called Mamelukes by way of reproach.

The other party struggled and hoped for the light of liberty. When its strongest, noblest men, with Berthelier at their head, were driven out of the gates, they went to some of the Swiss cities, and made an alliance with them for the defence of their rights. Help was promised by Friburg and Berne; war was threatened against

Geneva. The duke took alarm, and allowed the exiles to return home. When they came back they were called *Eidge-nossen*, the Oath-bound Leaguers. This German word did not fit the Geneva tongue, and the boys ran about the streets crying, "Long live the Eignots!" The term was shaped into Huguenot. We must not class those who bore it with the religious Huguenots of a later day in France. They had not yet found the gospel. They knew not how to be true Christians, and hence could not be thorough reformers. They had not learned the Lord's word: "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." They sought to reconstruct the State rather than to reform the Church. They were simply the liberty party, — the patriots of Geneva. This volume is intended to show how the gospel came among them; how Christ came into some of their hearts and homes; and what sort of Chris-

tians they proved themselves to be. But, unless we first know something of the darkness, we shall not perceive the glory of the dawn.

In the afternoon of a holiday, in 1519, scores of people met each other on the Molard, the public park of the city. Between foes high words passed; friends talked in an undertone; the suspicious frowned in sullen silence; and the armed soldiers of the bishop lingered near every little group of men, who might be laying a plot or raising a quarrel. The bishop must have thought that it took a conspirator to catch a conspirator. For a man to speak what he felt, was very much like carrying fire among powder-mills. All looked for a social explosion. Geneva was not sad, she was sullen.

"No gayety to-day," said Claude Salomon, one of the kindest and most hopeful spirits, who lived to bless the poor. "No

merriment in our homes, no games on the Molard. Our holydays are turned into fasts."

"Rather into funerals," said Jean Chautemps, who had walked out with his two young sons, who had a white feather in each of their caps, to show that they were Huguenots. "It is well. The bishop's party has beaten, tortured, beheaded, and hanged the heroes of liberty, until it is time for the whole city to put on sackcloth. Geneva is crushed."

"Our work, then, is to bind up her wounds," softly said the gentle Salomon, "and to hope for her to recover."

"Can she recover while the blows are falling heavier and faster upon her? Bishop John, of Savoy, must rule, or ruin; yes, he will do both. Duke Charles will help him. He has taken away our ancient rights —"

"Gentlemen, we are here to keep order,"

muttered the captain of a squad of soldiers.
"Disloyal words are forbidden."

"This foreign prince-bishop," continued Chautemps, as if he heard no rebuke, "has just published an act forbidding the people to elect their high councillors. From the senate all young men are banished, because they have too much independence. He would creep to their nests and strangle these young eagles, lest they should soar into the heavens, and bring liberty down to us. There is no help for Geneva, but in God."

"If it be there, he will send it in due time," remarked Salomon, who sought to divert his friend from the subject in hand, and save him from arrest. "While we wait for his help, let us take care of the sufferers. To-day there came to my door a lad half-starved, saying that his mother was dead, and his father was seized two nights ago, and thrust into prison for meeting secretly with men of your party at the

inn of Jean Lullin. Is it not unwise to hold such meetings?" (Its sign gave to this inn the name of "The Bear.")

"Perhaps it is, since our tyrant places over us a guard, armed to the teeth, and threatens to fine us, and beat us with ten stripes, if we carry a weapon, or assemble by night as good neighbors."

"We must arrest you," gruffly said the captain. "You are our prisoner. Soldiers, take him."

"You need draw neither sword nor pistol upon me," replied Chautemps, "but mark whom you seize."

His little boys clung to him in great affright. The soldiers hesitated. Their frown rebuked the captain, for they knew more than he did of the man whom they were ordered to arrest.

Claude Salomon drew near the officer, saying, "Do you know that this gentleman is a member of the high council? He has

wealth, influence, and a wide circle of friends. He is a quiet man, a scholar, and usually prudent. This is the first time I ever saw him out of patience. You need not wonder; five of his friends were to-day cast into prison. You fear an uprising of the Huguenots; arrest him, and all the troops in the city will not be able to prevent it."

The captain saw no white feather, and concluded that Salomon was not a Huguenot. In this he was correct; the kind man had kept aloof from both parties. Other citizens hastened to the spot. Some of them were of the bishop's party, and they whispered, "Be cautious; better let him go."

"Let the crowd disperse!" shouted a higher officer, who had come and learned the state of the case. "Captain! you have crossed over your line of duty. You are relieved of your command. Guards!

fall back to the borders of the park. There are your posts; keep them, and no longer walk to and fro, as spies and word-catchers. Councillor Chautemps, you are at liberty."

"Thank you, Gen. Menard," replied the wealthy citizen. "I trust that mere rank does not cause me to be spared, and that many a poor man will receive the like favor from you. For this trouble, my retreat home shall be my apology. I will reflect upon what I said, privately, to my friend. If it was wrong, I will recall it; if imprudent, I will study to be more cautious. You who wear the green holly know that I am not given to raise tumults."

"We know it," responded John and Aimé Levet, two brothers, who represented the less violent young men of the bishop's party. "We offer our pledge that you will keep the peace. Would that all the

Huguenots were as orderly as yourself!
But what is this?"

A little tame weasel had been snugly hiding in the folds of Berthie Chautemps' coat all this time, and now it crept out and sat upon the lad's shoulder. The group of men pressed nearer to see the beautiful creature; the ruder boys in vain stretched up on tiptoes to get a sight. Few needed to ask whence it came; its touching story had been told in almost every house. It had lately belonged to a great man, who has since been called the Washington of Genevan liberty. It was playing in his bosom, while he was walking in a meadow, on the morning when he was arrested. It was his companion in prison, where he smiled at its shrewd pranks, "the better to mock his guards." When told that he must die, he rose, went up to the wall, and wrote, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." This little

favorite had been left to his namesake, Berthie Chautemps, and now, as men gazed at it, none could speak evil of the dead. Many knitted their brows, and shook their heads in token of the horror from which they had not recovered; others turned away and sighed, "Poor Berthelier! the martyr of our liberty!"

A few weeks had passed since the Levet brothers had stood calmly, and seen Berthelier put to death; now they wished to look upon nothing that brought him to mind. Turning from the scene, John said, "That man's blood stains the banner of Geneva. We can never erase it. No wonder Chautemps feels angry when his friends are thrown into prison. The bad are spared, the good are slain."

"Not so," replied Aimé, who was ardently devoted to Rome. "If Berthelier could have had his way, he would have ruled us with an iron will. After breaking the power

of the duke and the bishop (to which I would not much object), he would have driven all of our party out of the city."

"You are mistaken. He would have made us more free, and taught us to govern ourselves. Then we should have elected our own bishop, our own judges, and our own rulers as our fathers were allowed to do."

"I think you are turning Huguenot, and if you do, you are no longer brother of mine. Some dark night you will be creeping into the secret meetings at the sign of the Bear."

"And the next morning you will send an officer to arrest me and shut me up for death."

"Never!" exclaimed Aimé, who had been jesting, but now was fired with earnestness; "never! I do not believe in this work of persecution. If people have wrong opinions, beating will do no good. Heresy is not cured with clubs, and axes, and gibbets. And, still, this cry for liberty is all folly."

These people might have liberty enough, if they would submit to the church, go to mass, and keep silent."

"You are quite as near a Huguenot as I am," answered John. But the truth was neither of them leaned in that direction. If any one had foretold that the day was coming when they would be in the front rank of Berthelier's followers, they would have turned pale with horror. Aimé was a druggist, and in his shop there was no poison which seemed to him more deadly than "liberty." Dame Claudine, his wife, was of the same opinion.

A voice was heard, crying aloud on the Molard, and few understood the meaning of the cry. It was that of a poor girl, who had walked through the streets for three days, without eating or drinking, and saying in doleful monotone, "Wicked mill, wicked miller, wicked meal! All is lost."

In vain the Huguenots had entreated her

to be quiet. The other party did not dare to arrest her.

"She is a Lutheran," said Aimé Levet, as she passed by. "She has been sent here to convert us to the awful doctrines of Luther and Zuingli. I suppose that is their style of preaching."

"She is a witch," muttered a Genevan, with the green holly in his cap. "Let her be banished or burnt."

"She is a fanatic, made insane by the miseries of the city," added John Levet. "Poor hoodless, shoeless, hungry wanderer! She is just the lost sheep for Claude Salomon to take up."

Already was this kind-hearted man waiting on her path, and saying to himself, "This wail must be stopped; it will madden the people." She could not avoid the meeting, and stared him in the face as she passed on with resolute tread. He spoke gently to her, but she gave no heed to his words, nor

ceased her cry. "You are weary," said he; "you need rest, and food, and clothing —"

"Not from you," she scornfully replied. "You are no Huguenot."

On she went with her sad, wild chant. She overtook Jean Chautemps and his boys on the street that led to his house. For once she stopped; the little favorite, playing upon Berthie's shoulder, had caught her eye. She smiled, saying, "It is not against you that I am sent of God to cry, *Wicked mill, wicked miller, wicked meal*, for some of the meal is good. You are good."

Chautemps had often seen this girl, during the past two days, and thought that she was doing harm to the cause of liberty. Men had said, "You want to get rid of the bishop and the priests, and then set up such preachers as that. You want prophets of woe." He now hoped to persuade her into silence. He asked, "What do you mean by the mill?"

"I mean the government of Geneva. It

is grinding the people to death. It crushed the great Berthelier, and Navis, and Blanchet. Little boys, when you grow up, it will crush you."

That word *crush* grated on the nerves of the staring lads.

"Who is the miller?"

"John of Savoy, the unholy son of an unholy bishop. He is a drunkard, and even worse. And yet he is your bishop, and gouty prince. Don't I know of his wickedness? He put my father to death. My mother fled to get away from him. We lived near his castle in Savoy. And now God has sent me here to declare his judgments against him."

"What is the meal?"

"The people who will let such a man crush them. They are wicked if they do not rise up against him. But you are good. You are Huguenots."

She took the little favorite in her hands.

"You seem to be weary and hungry."

"Indeed I am. I made a vow that for three days and three nights I would lift up my voice to warn the people, and neither eat nor drink. The sun is going down, and as soon as I can see the glimmer cease on the snows of the mountains, I will beg of some one to give a little bread to a homeless girl, who is God's prophet."

"Come with me," said the councillor, who thought her vow nearly enough fulfilled.

After long persuasion she began to yield. The decisive attraction was that she should be told the story of the beautiful pet, which had been allowed to play among her tangled tresses.

Madame Jacquema Chautemps had been rushing about her house, in great distress, for a quarter of an hour. The rumor had come that her husband was arrested, and that her sons were running home as fast as they could. She had not dared to leave the

house. Claude Salomon had seen her, almost frantic, at the door, as he passed homeward ; but she had scarcely believed him when he stated the truth of the case. What was her joy, then, at seeing Jean and his boys return ! She forgot her aversion to taking a poor vagabond into the house, and almost gave the repulsive stranger a welcome. Her ear was open to the plan of her husband to give the bewildered orphan a lodging, and perhaps a home. She led her to a well-furnished room, whence the girl came forth, an hour afterwards, clothed as a different being, and known as Pernetta de Prali, the child of a Waldensian exile.

The tenderest care did not bring rest to the nerves and mind of her whose long fasting and exertion had put her life in danger. A fever set in, and in a few hours came spasms and delirium. Yet there were intervals of reason and intense thought. One idea filled her mind, — "Tell me how to die."

Was there none to tell her? The wealthy councillor could not speak to her of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. He had heard something of Christ in the churches; he had seen pictures of Jesus under the scourge, and on the cross; he had read a few verses of the gospel in the missal and the breviary; but he knew not how to say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He imagined that no one could do this, savingly, but a priest, and he spoke of sending for one.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, when she overheard the proposal. "I will not listen to a priest. He will only come between me and the Saviour and hide him from me. There is a way to come to Jesus right at once. My mother told me of it, but I have forgotten it. I was careless, and I did not try to remember. Cannot some one tell me?"

"Look at this," said Madame Jacquema, who had gone to a little box, taken out a

hidden crucifix, brought it and held it up before her eyes. "Gaze upon it, as I do when I am sick. It gives me comfort."

"Do you ask me to adore an idol? Such a piece of brass and gold cannot tell me how to die. It can say nothing of Jesus."

All were perplexed. At length Berthie was sent to invite Claude Salomon. The kind man came, saying, "I do not know how to die myself, and how can I tell others?" But he gained Pernetta's attention, and whispered, "Jesus was crucified by wicked men —"

"But how can that save me?" she inquired. "Others have been crucified by wicked men. Berthelier was put to death by murderers. Cannot the death of Jesus benefit me more than the death of Berthelier? One died for his country; the other died for sinners, and I am a sinner. Oh, I know it; but tell me how can Jesus save me?"

"You know that in the mass Christ is of-

ferred up as a sacrifice for our sins, and when we confess them to a priest, they are forgiven, and then we are ready to die and go to heaven."

"No, no, that makes a Saviour of the mass, and of the priest. Jesus did something to save us. Oh! what was it?"

Mere children in our day can answer her question. In the times before the Reformation, there were wise men who could not answer it. The chief work of the reformers was to tell what Jesus did to save sinners. When that was taught in Geneva, the people began to know how to die. Pernetta could only pray God to give light to her soul. But she did not yet die; she recovered, and lived long enough to have her anxious questions answered.

In higher life there were many who knew not how to pass through "the valley of the shadow of death." Some months after the illness of Pernetta, Bishop John was dying

of his vices at Pignerol. His favorite, Peter la Baume, watched at his bedside, and administered "extreme unction." The bishop imagined that when the "holy oil" touched him, he was being covered with blood! perhaps the blood of his victims. The crucifix was held before him. He imagined that he saw Berthelier, whom he had caused to be executed. With a wild look, he asked, "Who has done that?" and pushed away the image with horror and cursing.

"I wished to give Geneva to Savoy," said he to Peter la Baume after his mind grew calmer, "and in order to do so, I put many innocent persons to death. If you become bishop, I beg of you not to follow in my footsteps. Defend the freedom of the city. In my sufferings I perceive the vengeance of the Almighty. I pray to God for pardon. In purgatory he will pardon me!" This man knew not how to die; but yet he died.

Peter, kneeling at the couch rose up a

bishop. He was fickle, worldly, devoted to gambling and feasting, a shepherd who cared more for the fleece than for the flock. He changed nothing at Geneva for the better. The work of imprisoning, slaying, and banishing the patriots still went on as if it were the happiest order of things. It was dark in the homes of the people; dark in the churches; and perfect midnight in the convents of the monks.

In Germany the Reformation began in a monastery, where Luther found the chained Bible. In Paris it began in the University, where Lefevre preached justification by faith. In Geneva it was to begin in a private house, and in a school-room near the Molard. But wherever it was wrought it began with the reading of the Bible. It was nowhere a scheme of man. It was a work of God.



CHAPTER II.

TESTAMENTS IN GENEVA.

COUNCILLOR CHAUTEMPS passed no more holiday hours walking on the Molard. The most zealous Huguenots feared that he was losing his patriotism. He thought much, said little, and aided Salomon in quiet works of charity. One day he was sitting at home pondering on what might happen if Luther's doctrines should gain a foothold in Geneva. He had heard of the German reformer, and also of Zuingli, and supposed that they were "turning the world upside down" in a way not at all desirable. He considered them to be quite as bad as the Turks. He suspected that it was their

teachings which had made Pernetta wild. It was the State, and not the Church, that he sought to reform. His deep thoughts were broken by Pernetta, now a happy inmate of his house, who brought a book, saying,—

“There is a colporteur at the door, and he wishes you to look at this.”

He opened it, and read on the title-page, “The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.” It was the French version of Lefevre, the good man who had started a reform in France, but had been almost silenced. Some merchants of Lyons had sent colporteurs with it to Geneva. For the first time the gospel was offered to the people. The councillor saw upon its title-page no approval of a priest, bishop, or pope, and was afraid of it.

“It must be some Lutheran* book,” said he. “Tell him we do not want to buy.”

* Reformed Frenchmen were then erroneously called Lutherans.

Pernetta walked slowly through the hall, glancing here and there into the volume. Her eye caught the word "gospel," the name "Jesus," and the verse, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." At the door she lingered as if she and the Testament must never part. Finally, she held it forth, saying, in a low tone, —

"Excuse the master; perhaps he may be willing to purchase it another day."

"But I suspect that you would like to have it now," said the pious missionary, who knew that many in humble life were "feeling after God, if haply they might find him," and who suspected the reason of Chautemps' refusal.

"Is it a good book? Does it tell people how to die?"

"It tells them how to live, and how Jesus died to save them. If they know this, they know how to meet death."

"Then I want it; but I have no money."

"It shall be as free to you as the pardon of Christ."

"But in this city we must pay a high price for God's pardon, and there is no end of paying our money for pardons, for we need so many. Yet, if I could, I would give even more for this book."

"It shall be yours as freely as salvation is, 'without money and without price.'"

Pernetta was surprised. It was news to her that salvation was free, — God's pardon was free. She had lately felt that she was very foolish and sinful for having roamed through the streets as a prophetess of woe. She had sighed for the forgiveness of God, but had known of no way to secure pardon, unless at the confessional. She had been almost driven to seek it there, so great was her grief of soul. Perceiving that she wondered, the colporteur asked, —

"Do you know that our Lord Jesus pur-

chased salvation for us, and hence it is offered as a free gift to us?"

"And does it cost us nothing—nothing at all?"

"Nothing in the way of a price. All that God asks is, that you receive it. He says, 'Come and take the water of life freely.' Receiving is believing; or, if there be any difference, it is this: In the one case you accept of Christ; in the other, you give yourself to him. You take him and you trust in him."

"But must I not pay some good works?"

"Not as a price. If so, your good works must be rendered before you can have the salvation. This book will teach you that you must have salvation before your works can be good. When saved, then your service will be pleasing to Christ. Suppose I say that, before this book can be yours, you must read it and obey it. *After* you have done this, then it will be put into your hands."

"How can I read it and obey it, unless I first have it in my possession?"

"You could not earn it by reading it. Your reading is not the price you pay for it. You pay nothing for it, but when it is received freely by you, then you study and obey it. You prove that you possess it and love it by doing the good works which it prompts you to do. So with God's free gift. You first accept it. Then you study it more and more. Then you prove that it is yours by your good works. After the salvation follows the service. You do not serve God in order to be saved, but because you are saved. You do not read this book in order to get it into your hand, but because you have it already."

Pernetta was in deep thought. The anxious question, which none of those around her sick-bed could answer, was about to be solved. But, still thinking of herself, she asked, "What shall I do?"

“Rather ask, What did Jesus do for you? And I give you this book that it may tell you.”

With other words did the colporteur exhort this young woman, whose eyes filled with tears of gratitude and joy.

He went his way. She hastened to her room. In her second thoughts she was amazed at herself. She had dared to receive a book which she feared would not be approved by the family. Yet she dared to read it. How new and wonderful was every verse! If we had never seen a Testament, and for the first time one should be given us, we might understand her eagerness to read it. Has familiarity led us to neglect the word of Christ? If we take it up, saying, “This is God’s gift; in it we may hear Jesus speak to us, and by it the Holy Spirit will come into our hearts;” then we shall read it aright.

There were other colporteurs in Geneva.

They went to the houses of the Huguenots ; some of them talked of Christ, and bought the New Testament. They read it with astonishment. They found therein no images to adore, no masses to offer, no Virgin Mary to worship, no confessions to a priest, no penances as the price of pardon, no beads, crucifixes, relics, and manual signs of the cross, no purgatory, no extreme unction, no pope, and no Rome as the capital of Christ's kingdom.

"This is the book that will bring liberty to Geneva," said certain of the leading Huguenots.

Was there not power in that little unknown volume, entering mysteriously into the city, without display and cloth of gold and great processions ; but borne in the pack of some poor peddler, who offered it at the side-door of plain houses, and talked with servants about its riches ? Was it not "the power of God unto salvation" ? Might

it not convert Geneva? Indeed, it was sufficient. But there were few who read it in search of the way of eternal life. Most of its readers sought liberty for the city, and not true freedom for the soul. Years must wear away before the fire from heaven would kindle in their hearts.

The people were not at rest; politics threw them into wild excitement, and they laid the word of God aside. Duke Charles of Savoy tightened the reins of government with an iron grip. He entered the city; his courtiers prepared to follow him. The duchess brought with her "the Portuguese fashions," and even the Huguenots were tempted by the love of display. Some of the more wealthy vied with each other in the follies of dress. Pernetta had to ply the needle almost night and day in the work of decorating the ladies, who were ceasing to talk of liberty. Then came stage-plays at fair-time, and the city was full of pre-

cessions. The heads of the people were turned; they neglected the word of God. It was not the last time that fashion and amusement robbed the soul of the riches of the gospel. It may occur again in our age.

Jean Lullin felt himself to be of some consequence, as he kept the inn at the sign of the Bear, where every Huguenot was met with all the welcome of his honest heart. One evening a poor Swiss carrier was given a place in the stables for his burdened mules. Soon afterwards there rode up a train of richly dressed gentlemen of Savoy. They noisily alighted, and demanded the stalls for their horses.

"There is no room," said Lullin, roughly.

"They are the duke's horses," replied the courtiers.

"No matter for that," returned the land-

lord. "First come, first served. I would rather lodge carriers than princes."

"There will be six thousand of us here in a few days," angrily retorted a cavalier, "and you may find out who your master is while we stay in the city." It was the coming of such troops of men that had put Lullin in a bad humor.

When Charles heard of the affair, he stamped his foot, glanced furiously over the town, and exclaimed, with an oath, "I will make Geneva smaller than the smallest village of Savoy." Many trembled at the threat, and, to calm the rage of the duke, the council sent Lullin to prison for three days. Who, then, was reading the Testament?

"We must captivate the youth, if we cannot capture their fathers," said Duke Charles.

Allurements were devised, — sports, balls, masquerades, dinners, and tournaments.

4

Berthie Chautemps, now about fifteen years of age, was asked to take part in a play. He was charmed with the idea of making a gay appearance before the duke. "It will do you no harm," said Pernetta, who had made known to him, very cautiously, the secret of her having a Testament. "Do you not remember that 'when any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart'? Do you think who said that? Now, Berthie —"

"Other people go," said he, "and I will. It is no worse for me than for them."

"Will the Saviour be there?"

"Pernetta, if you do not cease talking in this way, I will tell father that you have that little book, and that you read it nearly all the time, and try to teach it to me. I am not a Christian, and I will take my own time to be one."

This rudeness put Pernetta in fear. For a poor sewing girl to assume to teach the son of her rich patron his duty seemed out of place. And what if she should be dismissed? Worse than all, what if she should lose her treasure of truth? She ceased to plead.

Berthie entered his father's room. The councillor strove to restrain his oldest son from the enchantments of the tempter. Madame Jacquema asked her proud boy,—

“When in your gayest dress, do you not blush for the old manners of your fathers? How ashamed they would have been, in their plain suits before such a young gallant as you!”

“I thought,” added the grave councillor, “that you had resolved to be a true Huguenot, and yet as soon as these shows come, you are off with the Mamelukes.”

“What would you have?” inquired Berthie, for once impertinent. “I resolve

to be studious, but my books grow dull when the world is so charming. As soon as temptation comes, my wishes carry me away like unbridled horses."

Berthie had his way. Scores of young Genevans were indulged in folly. Many sorrowing parents said: "To give advice to our sons is like throwing water on a ball,—not a drop stays there." None of them could run wild in gayety and still read their Testaments in order to know the way of life. None can in our day. Even liberty was almost forgotten amid the scenes of revelry. Sighing over the stupor of the Huguenots, Bonivard wrote, "God only remained; but while Geneva slept, he kept watch for her."

The spell of mirth was soon broken. It was changed to mourning, and quite to madness. The patriot Levrier opposed the duke. He was put to death. It was a murder by torch-light in a prison, for

Charles feared the people. Great sorrow filled all Huguenot hearts. But in the grief the Testament was neglected. Is it ever thus in our day? Do tears quench the lamp of life?

"One single barrier will check the duke," said one patriot to another, "and that barrier is God. He uses the duke to chastise us, that we may cease from our evil ways."

An army was ordered to sweep down upon Geneva, and drive away, or put to death, all opposers of Charles. What should they do? To fight was to lose life and everything. To fly was to escape the present danger, and to wait for God to reveal his power. These strong men were but leaves before a blast of wind. Some would have sold their lives dearly, but they took the little advice which they had time to hear. The foe was at the gates. There was scarcely a moment for the Huguenots to bid farewell to their families. From the

streets, from shops and offices, they fled into exile. Many went into the land of Zuingli to hear him preach the Word, and to Berne, where they heard the truth from the lips of the faithful Haller. Charles, the Pope's friend, drove them into the school of the gospel. Satan was outwitting himself. A present evil was to prove a future good. Was not God watching over Geneva? If her sons would not read his Word, when sent to their doors, he would send them to lands where a breath of life was in the air.

What of Chautemps? He had felt ashamed not to be counted enough of a Huguenot to be worthy of death if he remained. He prepared to escape secretly by night.

"He will not fight on the duke's side," said certain of his foes. "Drive him off. For a long time he has harbored that insane Lutheran prophetess. He is too good to

be slain and not good enough to stay here."

"He shall not be driven away," answered the Levet brothers, with Claude Salomon at their elbows. "It was he that hushed the voice of the young woman whom you call a Lutheran prophetess. In giving her a home he has only done an act of charity."

The councillor was entreated not to flee, and safety was assured to him.

Pernetta saw the hand of Providence. "I am the servant in the house of the centurion," she said to herself, as she read her Testament, "and the centurion says to Jesus, 'I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof;' and yet the good Lord watches over this house. Would that my kind master could see his hand!"

The exiles had not made princely marches with grand ovations along their routes. "It was no child's play," said Hugues, one of their younger leaders. "The archers of my

lord of Savoy followed us like hounds. We had to travel night and day in the woods, through wind and rain, not knowing where to find rest and safety."

At Berne, some of them met the pious Thomas ab Hofen, one of the active laymen of the Reformation. He was ready to adopt their cause. The Bernese entered into a new alliance with them. So did Friburg. This alarmed the duke, who was advised by the emperor, Charles V., to beware of provoking another war. He concluded to retire from Geneva, and let the exiles return.

To their amazement, the bishop took their side. Passports were sent them. As they set out for their homes, we hear some of them say to the Bernese senators, "If you send an agent of the alliance to Geneva, we shall be happy to welcome Thomas ab Hofen in that office."

Ab Hofen followed them. With the bishop as their advocate, they began to feel

like victors. The duke's party began to flee, "like birds of night before the first beams of day." Would they now read the Testaments bought of the colporteurs? Would they listen to Ab Hofen? He had no intention of reforming the city. His mission was diplomatic; but he could not hide his light under a bushel.

"Come to my house," said Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve, the rising chieftain of the Huguenots, and one of the returned exiles. He was one of Geneva's true noblemen, of high birth, exalted character, generous nature, and bold spirit. He hated oppression, and sought to revive in the hearts of the people the remembrance of their ancient rights. Proud of having been the friend of Berthelier, he toiled to overthrow a tyranny and found a republic. Everywhere welcome, he kept an open door for all who might tell how to make Geneva free. In his house the young men often sang noisily,

the wits hurled satires at the duke's minions, and the wise men discussed plans and public measures. The invitation to the Bernese gentleman was warm and urgent. Sound advice was wanted. The good layman went, and met other friends around a January fire. It was the year 1527. Although given to fits of melancholy, he now felt the cheer of true piety.

"Your great want here in Geneva," said he, "is pure religion. You have fine churches, but you lack Christ. You hate to be ruled over with authority, but you must be careful, lest you throw off the authority of God."

"Very true," replied Hugues, "and none of us wish to overturn the Church while we reform the State. We must have a religion."

"From whom will you receive it? From the priests? They refer you to the Pope as their authority; his word is their law. To

support him you must pay for the pardons you seek. Or will you receive it from Christ himself? He is the Mediator between God and man. There is no other. He is authority in all matters of faith. His word is your law. Go, then, to it for light. Go to him for life. When you have his life within you, then you will have the liberty which you seek."

Thus spoke the layman of Berne. The Huguenots listened, sought his company, invited him to their houses and their assemblies, and he wrote to Zuingli: "I will not cease proclaiming the gospel; all my strength shall be devoted to it."

The priests and monks, at first, were friendly to him. He did not attack them; he let them expose themselves. One day some of them, who imagined him to be of their coterie, thought to excite his pity by telling him of their sorrows. "We once had fine times here," said they, "when the

people used to bring us, in white napkins, their gifts of bread and wine, and game, and tapers to burn in our houses. Then we said to them, you shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall possess everlasting life. But now, alas! the faithful bring us no more presents, nor do they run so ardently after indulgences as they used to do."

Ab Hofen's pity was quite small; his inward delight at this news was very great. Yet those who sought no indulgences from Rome, gave too free indulgence to themselves. They did not repent of their follies and sins. He kindly told them of their duty to reform their lives. They grew colder; his gospel was too holy for them. Some, who were warmest in their first welcome, now scarcely saluted him on the street. Chautemps was not so wanting in respect.

"If the priests teach us some errors," said

the councillor, "we need not believe all they say."

"Very true," replied Ab Hofen, "but why not go at once to Christ, who teaches nothing but the truth?"

"It is the work of the priest to lead me to Christ; to secure for me his favor and forgiveness; to confer God's grace upon me and my children; to absolve me, and in the last hour prepare me for death."

"Nay; it is the work of the priest to *teach* you that Christ alone does these things for you, and to minister to you whatever Christ has to grant in his church. Else why did Jesus say, 'Come to me'? Go to him and you are certain to find salvation, for he said, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

Not yet was Chautemps willing to receive the gospel. When the clergy proclaimed a general crusade against heresy, he had no reason to take alarm. When they went

from house to house, making war upon the New Testament, and taking it away from the few who were found reading it, he had no fears; it was not on his table. When they walked through the streets crying down the Bernese envoy, and abusing the doctrines he taught, the councillor did not think the good Christian was longer needed in Geneva.

By these cries the women were thrown into a sad fright. "Away with that heretic!" they exclaimed. "If you listen to him the city will be ruined." They were like "the devout and honorable women," whom the Jews of Antioch sent scolding at Paul and Barnabas, until they and the chief men won the field for themselves. Certain small rumors crept into their gaping ears, and they ran to Madame Jacquema, saying, "Do you know that you have an accursed heretic in your house?"

"If you mean Pernetta, I only wish you

all had such heretics in your houses," replied the wife of Councillor Chautemps. "Your wondrous bills at the milliners' shops would dwindle to nothing. The stealing from your pantries and closets would cease; and if you were sick, you would not be likely to die of anxiety nor of neglect. In all my illness after the terror that drove so many into exile, she was like a ministering angel unto me."

"Did she read to you from a strange little book, which Father Bernard says is full of poison?" inquired Claudine Levet. "And did she talk of free pardons, and free grace, and all that?"

"That is a private affair. What she read and told to me was quite as Christian and as comforting as any that Father Bernard would have said, if I had sent for him."

"And did you not send for a priest, when so ill as you were?"

"That, too, is my own affair. You know

that my husband believes in liberty in such matters. These are sad and evil times. We all need light; let us get it from whatever source we can. Only God is witness between myself and Pernetta. We must answer to him, and that we are not afraid to do."

The ladies looked at each other with a kind of suspicion, which led them to dread any further knowledge of the case. Must their intimate, Madame Jacquema, be put under their social ban, as one whose mind was spotted with leprous heresy? With sealed lips some of them wished they had not set out, on a fine morning, to chase down certain rumors about a quiet neighbor. What if those rumors should not prove to be bats in the night, but summer birds singing of heaven under their windows?

Claudine Levet broke the silence: "We do not wish to intrude into your affairs, but we must warn you against evil in your own

house. My sister-in-law, Paula, has descended to sit at the feet of a sewing-girl, and hear her expound a book that she calls the New Testament, or the Gospel, the Bible, the Word of God, and I know not by what other names it is called. The Bible is a very good book, as we all know, but can a poor girl explain it? We have priests to do that."

"Where do they explain it?" asked Madame Jacquema. "In the church? The book is never read there, nor even seen. In your houses? They enter them to take it away from you; they curse it and burn it. At your bedside, when you may be dying? Not a word of it do you hear. They hold up the crucifix, but tell you nothing of Christ. Is it at the grave? They read no words about heaven and glory; they talk of purgatory, and ask money for masses."

"Very well," said Claudine, rising to go with her companions, "if you and sister

Paula choose to make a lady of Pernetta, — a grand lady indeed! — and take lessons in religion from her, you must make the best of it.”

She swept from the parlor in haste. Two or three of the callers lingered, whispered more kindly words, apologized, hoped to see Madame Jacquema soon at their houses, and genteelly left. They did not wish now to be counted on the committee of investigation. They had some notion of minding their own affairs in future. Madame Jacquema advised Pernetta to be cautious about letting her light shine in dark corners. It was not she that put the bushel over it.

Ab Hofen saw many proofs of a general hatred to the truth. He was discouraged. “All my efforts are vain,” he wrote to Zuingli. “There are about *seven hundred* clergymen in Geneva, who do their utmost to prevent the gospel from flourishing here. What can I do against such numbers? And yet a wide

door is opened to the word of God. The priests do not preach. As they are unable to do so, they are content with saying mass in Latin. What miserable nourishment for the poor people! If any preachers were to come here, boldly proclaiming Christ, the papal doctrines, I am sure, would be overthrown."

These words were to go to the ears of strong men, like the call from Macedonia to Paul, "Come over and help us."

Not in vain were the efforts of this faithful layman. He went away "to die as a Christian," and he bore some unseen sheaves with him. William La Mouille, the bishop's confidant, seems to have been won to the truth. One thing was certainly proved by the few who read the New Testament in search of the way of life: it was, that "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."

"The Geneva programme must soon afford a new scene," said the sarcastic Francis Bonivard. "Will there be blood or a laugh? What new man is coming to have a taste of this spiced liberty of ours? Stranger, be cautious!"





CHAPTER III.

A NEW TEACHER.

IN his arm-chair sat Francis Bonivard, the prior of St. Victor, thinking of past events, and wondering what was next to happen. He was one of the wittiest of men, the Erasmus of Geneva. Upon all parties his sarcasms fell; strangers winced, but friends were content to laugh at his rebukes. He had charge of a convent, and yet was almost a Huguenot. He was not sorry that the duke, Charles of Savoy, had been outwitted by the bishop, who allowed the people to elect their own magistrates. He did not shed tears when the magistrates drove out the canons, saying, as they went, "No

more canons; ere long, no more bishop." Nor did he lament when the bishop got himself into trouble. Peter la Baume caused a young girl to be stolen from her mother; but, before she was placed in a convent, the people clamored at the gates of his palace, and forced him to let her go free. In alarm and in shame he fled one night into Burgundy, where he could walk in summer among his "pinks and gilly-flowers;" in winter, have his "beautiful fur robes, lined with black satin," and all the round year be able to say, "I am much better supplied with good wine here than we were at Geneva;" of which wine, one who dined with him said, "He had sometimes more than he could carry."

The gate-bell of the convent rang, and the janitor brought in certain Huguenots, who came to give Bonivard a call. For years they had spent evenings in his room, talking of liberty. He had paid dearly for

his entertainment, by his sorrows in prison. "Our time has come," said they; "we have expelled the tyrant."

"But you have not driven out the tyranny," he replied. "You seek license and not liberty. Your leagues are not sufficient. The gospel must come."

"We wish to hasten its coming, that we may have such laws as they have in Berne and Zurich, of which Ab Hofen told us. Let us order the priests and monks to follow the bishop into the wide world, and then we will invite ministers of the gospel, who will introduce a true Christian reform among us."

Bonivard smiled; a sarcasm played on his lips. "Gentlemen," said he, "I think your views are very worthy of praise. I confess that the clergy, of which I am one, have great need to be reformed. It will purify me, no doubt, to have a sentence

of banishment handed me some evening, that I may depart by night."

"No, no; we want you, for you love the gospel."

"Yet you wish to reform us. Could you not begin by reforming yourselves? If you love the gospel, why do you not live according to it? The fact is, we are wrong, and so are you. We drink and gamble, and so do you. We are all horses eating out of the same manger. You would expel us, and put the Lutherans in our place. Gentlemen, think what you are about. Is this liberty?"

They saw their mistake. Not thus would God have his Word planted in Geneva. Months passed away, and another visit was paid to Bonivard. It must be known that St. Victor did not belong to Geneva. It lay at the gate, a little outside, independent heritage.

"We have a plan for promoting the gos-

pel," said the brothers Vandel. "Make over your principality of St. Victor to the republic of Berne. Then the Bernese will send a preacher to stand in your church, and declare the truth. Soon the Genevans will press through the gates, and come in crowds to hear Christ preached, and none will be able to prevent it."

"A good plan," replied Bonivard. "It may help me to get my revenues, of which the duke has cheated me for ten years. I am poor enough; only four crowns a month, and that the gift of your council! Clear the way for the preacher!"

The scheme failed. The gospel must enter Geneva in a more silent manner. Bonivard was not to be its guest. He soon went to visit his aged mother in Savoy. The duke watched his chance, and sent men to betray him into the net, when on his road home. He was thrown into a

dungeon, and the world has heard of him as the Prisoner of Chillon.*

Who would come to Geneva, and take up the work begun by the colporteurs, and helped forward by Ab Hofen? None knew but God, who sent Joseph into Egypt, and Esther into Shushan, on missions which they did not understand at the first. When the man is needed, the Lord has him in waiting.

Jean Chautemps saw his sons growing up amid temptations, and without sound knowledge. "What shall I do?" he asked. "The new learning — such as Latin, Greek, and history — has not yet come to our troubled city. Our schools are fit only for owls, that prefer the darkness. If I send them to the colleges, where the new learning is taught, they may come back ardent Lutherans. If I place them in the

* The poem under this title must not be taken as history. It is not true to the facts of the case.

old universities, they may be turned into monks, and never come back at all."

"Bring a teacher to Geneva," replied Robert Vandel, with fervency. "I can tell you of the man. He is a Frenchman, named Robert Olivétan. I heard of him when at Berne. He is very learned. Compelled to leave Paris, he seeks a place of rest, where he may teach a school."

"A Lutheran, then, I suppose."

"Hardly so, as he was educated in Paris; a good Christian, I should think, and one of the new style of thinking. He is not a preacher; and, if he read the Bible in Hebrew and Greek, he may tell us something that we never knew."

"Do send for him," insisted Madame Jacquema, with a hope more joyful than her husband understood. "Our sons are running wild with the young men of the city. The parties made for them at the convents are far worse than you imagine."

They are mere revels over wine and coarse jesting. Luther himself would be a better guide for them."

Vandel smiled, for he had a high opinion of Luther, and did not suspect that Madame Jacquema agreed with him. The scheme was fully discussed. The councillor invited the young scholar. It was probably William Farel who had first named him to Vandel. Peter Robert Olivétan was of Noyon, and the cousin of John Calvin, whom he had lately brought to the fountain of living waters. John was now going from his study to the homes of the poor in Paris, and telling them of the Saviour. Robert had fled from persecution, and he now turned his face toward Geneva, in the hope of being useful in the work of Christ. Unawares he would help to prepare the way for John Calvin to stand in that city as a powerful reformer.

"You will make your home with us,"

said Chautemps, after he had welcomed Olivétan, talked an hour, measured him, and felt satisfied. "You will be expected to teach my sons whatever you regard as most important, and to watch over their morals."

The stranger did not venture to suggest that the wisdom of God is the principal thing, and that good morals must grow out of piety. He studied to know others before making himself fully known. Like a wise fisherman, he would learn the habits of the fish before spreading the net.

At first, he saw little evidence of true Christian life in the household. All was polite, kind, elegant. Love seemed to reign. But there was no open family worship; no blessing asked upon the evening meal. In no corner did his keen eye light upon the Holy Book. "I fear I shall not find it very pleasant," thought he within himself. "These people do not seem to be

Christians. But I must remember that God sent Obadiah to live even with an Ahab."

"Excuse me," said the host at dusk, "I have to sit in council to-night."

This pleased Madame Jacquema and Pernetta, for they might speak forth what was pent up in their hearts, if Olivétan was the Christian they had hoped. Their studied reserve was thrown off. If the guest read the Bible in Hebrew and Greek, as they had been told, would he not be glad to learn that they read part of it in French?

"I wish my sons to be taught the gospel," said the hostess, soon after re-entering the parlor. "My husband is not so intent upon that; but he will not oppose it."

Olivétan was delighted. There were roses blooming in the desert. "You mean the Word of God, I presume," he replied. "You read it yourself, — do you?"

"We try to learn what the New Testa-

ment teaches — Pernetta and I,” she answered; “but we have never had any one to explain it. We put this and that truth together, as best we can, and yet we are not sure whether our views are correct. We are like Apollos, — we need some one to expound unto us the way of God more perfectly.”

“If I can be an Aquila, I shall be most happy. What Apollos lacked was a fuller knowledge of Christ. He was mighty in the scriptures of the Old Testament, but he had not the New Testament. You have what he had not. You have learned many facts, many doctrines, many duties, and many promises. Have you obeyed the truth?”

“We have tried to obey, in our weakness.”

“And in obeying a command, do you feel it to be right? Does your conscience approve it?”

"Most certainly, when conscience is enlightened by the Word of God."

"Does it satisfy the soul, and make you happy?"

"Ah! we are such sinners that we cannot obey the gospel fully enough to be perfectly satisfied. Still nothing else makes us so happy."

"Then your views must be quite correct, for our Lord said, 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.' We may believe a truth just because God declares it. We are *sure* that it is correct, when we put it to the test of our obedience. But what do you think it is to obey the gospel?"

"It is to put no confidence in ourselves, or in our works, or even in our very love to God, but to trust entirely in Jesus Christ, and then do all that he requires, for his sake."

"Why do you trust in him?"

"Because we are sinners, and he bought salvation for us by his death."

Olivètan was not surprised to find that these inquirers had sound views concerning the Trinity, the Atonement, the sinfulness of human nature, the need of regeneration, repentance, faith, love, holiness, and, in short, all the Christian graces. He expected it, for they had diligently read the New Testament. When Pernetta brought him her copy, he was touched to see it worn, some pages dimmed by usage, and upon others the marks of tears. He read a few verses, and the little company knelt in prayer. We need not wonder that Madame Jacquema was overcome with gratitude, and yet she could not repress the fear that her husband might intrude and be displeased.

"What!" said Councillor Chautemps, as he came near the door of his dwelling. "Is it the voice of prayer that I hear?" He stood still and listened. Strange emotions

ran through his soul; they were hardly of anger; they were not of joy. The tone was earnest; it was that of a man pleading with God. "He is a good man, who thus can pray," thought the councillor. The voice ceased; he entered the door, and turned into the library. Madame Jacquema soon sought him, and began to make an explanation.

"No apology is needed. Would I not approve of prayer in my own house?" said he, with an effort to maintain his usual calmness. "I shall deem it a privilege to be present at these family devotions."

He joined Olivétan, and found him to be a man, who ever carried with him a lighted lamp to show others the way of life.

"If every Testament in Geneva," said the guest, "had been read as well as this one has been in your house, the work of reformation would be far advanced."

"How is that?" exclaimed Chautemps.

"Who has read it?" He rose, took the little book from the hand of Olivètan, and looked at it with surprise. Pernetta trembled, while its story was being told by Madame Jacquema. "I understand," said he, with a smile; "you feared my disapproval, and kept it hidden. I wondered what it was that made both of you better and better every day, and now I see the cause."

"Our lives ought to have given you some reason to suspect us," said Madame Jacquema. "Our light did not shine."

"And all these many months, since Ab Hofen was here, I have had a Testament hidden in my drawer, taking it out and reading it occasionally when alone. Our council was requested to forbid the book, and of course I must know what it was. Truly our family has a marvellous power of keeping a secret from each other."

"Why did you hide it so carefully?" in-

quired Madame Jacquema, whose mind was relieved of the dread of telling her husband, that very night, all that had occurred.

"I feared that you would become Lutherans, but I begin to think that they are not such bad people as their foes declare them to be."

The watchman was heard crying the hour, and the household retired to rest. The Lord heard such thanksgivings that night from a few unburdened hearts as had never before risen from silent rooms in the house of the cautious citizen.

Olivétan asked himself, "If such be the power of a hidden gospel, what will it become when openly revealed?" He must win others to it. In a few days he was guiding his pupils in their studies, and gently seeking to lead them into the school of Christ. What would Dame Claudine Levet and her committee say now? Did she notice a stranger walking with the councillor to

church on the next Sunday? Did she observe that he despised the font of "holy water" at the door, bowed to no images, crossed himself not once, counted no beads, went to none of the confession-boxes, and took no part in the services? Did she perceive that he tried to catch the eyes of certain Huguenots, who walked up and down the aisles, while the mass was being chanted? Probably not, for she was too devout, after her manner of devotion.

Olivétan was deeply moved while listening to the errors taught to the people. He returned to his lodgings in no slight agitation of mind. Seated with his patron, he began to refute the assertions of the priests with the Holy Scriptures, and to explain the way of eternal life. Such conversations became frequent. Chautemps took delight in them, and joyfully yielded to the truth.

"I was told, before coming hither," said Olivétan, one day, "that there were many in

this city, who longed after true piety, and who were meditating on the work of Christ; but I do not find them. They must be the Lord's hidden ones. Is there not some way to reach them, and bring them together for prayer and instruction?"

"Pernetta will know of them, if there be any. Send her out with an invitation to meet in my house."

The plan was approved. Never did she go upon a gladder errand. All whom she could trust were told of the good meeting they were to have, and it was joyful news to Claude Salomon and his wife, and to Paula Levet, the daughter of a nobleman whose family name had been honored for three centuries.

The word *gospel* meant "God's good news." On the evening of the little meeting, Olivétan was surprised to see that all the company had Testaments, and that every copy bore the marks of good usage.

"If we were not readers of God's Word," said Claude Salomon, "it is not likely that we should wish to be hearers."

"Very true; and the rule will hold good among all people," replied Olivétan. "Then tell me, if, in all your reading, you have ever found one verse teaching us that we are not sinners?"

"We never did."

"Do you remember any that declares us to be sinners?"

"There is this one," said Pernetta: "'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' And this: 'There is none righteous; no, not one.' And this: 'There is none that doeth good; no, not one.'"

"I see that you have read Romans."

"'We were by nature the children of wrath, even as others,'" added Paula Levét.

"I see that you have read Ephesians."

"'If we say that we have no sin, we de-

ceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us," said Madame Jacquema.

"You have also read 1st John. Three witnesses are sufficient, and every soul here to-night is a witness against itself. Each might look up, saying with the Prodigal Son, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' If this were all that God tells us, we might sit here in despair, and weep and wail together, as the most wretched beings on earth. But is it all? Give us a text to show that God has loved sinners."

"'Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.'"

The teacher saw that other texts were springing to the lips of his hearers, who had become charmed with his method of interesting them in the great truths of Scripture, and he gave Berthie time to add, —

“‘God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son —’”

“Wait one moment. Why did he give his Son? Was it that we might continue to live as sinners, and yet be saved?”

“No; it was ‘that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’”

“Then God the Father loved us, and gave his Son for us. Now tell us what the Son did.”

“‘While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.’” On this point a dozen texts were repeated.

“How much has God given? Will he give more?”

“He will ‘give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him,’” said Madame Jacquema, to which Paula added, —

“‘He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things?’”

"Yes, *all things!* Surely, then, there is a free and full salvation for sinners! But, after God has given so much, are we saved if we remain in our sins? Who has a text on this point?"

"'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish,'" was Pernetta's reply, and Salomon said, —

"'He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.'"

Other texts were cited, showing the duties of love, prayer, and holy conduct.

It was thus that Olivetan "drew water from the wells of salvation," for thirsty souls. The little company became a Bible class, not for debate, but for delving into the rich mines of holy truth. He went to other houses and talked of what God had done for sinners, and what Christ expected them to do for him. He saw old and

young on the benches before him ; some of them were men of strong minds and hardened hearts. They needed to be aroused and alarmed. At one time he said to them : "When you shall hear the Lord calling you to judgment, will there be anything in you but fear? Will you not seek to escape and hide? But whither will be your flight? Where your concealment? God will be everywhere ; and sin will then be exposed. Judgment will terrify the guilty conscience. This is your time to flee unto Jesus. Now he is the refuge for the soul."

This family tutor ventured to lift up his voice in the streets and in front of the churches. Such zeal was dangerous to him. "Be prudent," said his patron and friends, "lest harm come to you."

"It is God's will," he replied, with gentleness, "that his truth shall be proclaimed, happen what may. Even if hell pour forth

its rage, this salvation must be published." He was pained to find that many of the Huguenots were immoral men. They hated the papal religion, but they loved not that of the Bible. "To simply hate error is no virtue," said the earnest man to a group of Genevans, "for it may lead you to hate those who hold to error. It may be the persons, and not their principles, that you detest. You despise the truth, because it cuts to the heart. You do not wish to give up your bad habits, your drinking and carousing, your idleness, and your sins. You allow these to hinder your salvation. You fear that enemies will come and destroy your city, but see to it that you do not destroy yourselves. The worst enemy is here already: it is unbelief. Let the Holy Spirit come, and drive it away. Receive him into your hearts, and you will begin to love better things, and lead new lives. The Spirit of Jesus Christ burns

gently, and sin dies little by little. Yes, Jesus himself, who hung upon the cross, will descend and dwell in you, and you will be saved." They listened, and some of them began to reform their manners. The reformation they needed was Regeneration.

It was not long before the tongues of everybody ran upon a new wonder. Everybody was talking about "the Pope's pardon," and the great Jubilee. Children began to think that a grand time was coming. "What does it mean?" inquired Berthie Chautemps.

"I will tell you the legend," replied Olivétan. "On the eve of the new year, 1300, there were many people in Rome quite ready to believe any rumor that came to their ears. A report was started that all who would go to St. Peter's the next morning should receive an indulgence; which means little less than a permission to commit sins. A great crowd of people

hurried early to the cathedral, and among them was an old man, bent and leaning on his staff, who was said to be one hundred and seven years of age. He went and told the Pope that an indulgence had been granted to all persons a century before; he remembered it well. 'Then it shall be so again,' said Pope Boniface VIII., 'and there shall be a plenary indulgence granted every hundred years.' The sale of such indulgences brought great gains to the church, and the jubilee was made more frequent. Now there is one every thirty-three years. Geneva is to have one next year."

"Will you go to it?" asked young Charles, whose mind was upon some gay holiday occasion.

"I shall have nothing to do with it," answered his teacher. "We can have a jubilee all the time, if we have a pardon from our Saviour." The heart of this good man

was grieved at seeing people more intent upon an indulgence from the Pope, than upon the pardon of God. The Pope *sells* you the one," said he to his hearers; "Christ *gives* you the other."

"Then let us take this matter in time," replied some of them whose zeal outran their prudence. "Since Rome advertises her pardon, let us advertise that of the Lord."

They met together. Was it in Olivétan's room? We know not; but perhaps he had something to do with the paper that was drawn up. Maison-Neuve took the draft, and hurried to the printer, saying, "Set this up in large, bold letters; we want to post it up in the streets to-night."

In the darkness of the night of June 8, 1532, some of the Huguenots went cautiously through the city, posting up placards which would fill all Geneva with astonish-

ment in the morning. It was the first public act toward a reform. All at once the substance of Olivétan's teaching would appear, in an outward form, to the eyes of the people.





CHAPTER IV.

THE GREAT PARDON.

JUNE never gave us a finer morning," said Berthie Chautemps, on the way to market. "I thought that we should be the first out, but over there are some women, who have been to confession already."

"I fear that we Christians are not so zealous as they are," replied Pernetta. "The bells ring for mass long before daylight, and they haste to church; but we do not rise to pray and read our Bibles so cheerfully."

"I think you often do, and are quite as cheerful about it as those people. They look very angry."

Berthie was soon to discover the cause of

their frowns. Coming upon the Molard, he saw a large placard posted up in a public place, and a group of men standing in amazement reading it. He went to the spot, and read these words.

“GOD, OUR HEAVENLY FATHER,

PROMISES

A general Pardon for all his Sins

TO EVERY ONE

Who feels sincere repentance, and possesses
a lively faith in the death and promises

Of JESUS CHRIST.”

Others came to the place, and stood staring at the words so strange to them. “This cannot be a papal indulgence,” said one, “for money is not mentioned in it. A free salvation must come from heaven.”

“Some more of Luther’s heresies,” muttered another. “Down with it.”

Rushing up, he struck at it with his staff. A stanch Huguenot seized his arm. In the

scuffle, Berthie heard the voice of Pernetta, who had remained at a distance, calling him away. He wished to stay and defend the placard, but finally joined her, told her what was written, and hastened to fulfil his errand at the market.

On his way home Berthie overheard something of the excitement in front of St. Peter's church, the largest one in the city. He was soon off to the scene. There, on a pillar, one of the great pardons had been nailed. The clergy made an uproar when they read it, and one of them tried to tear it down. The Huguenots prevented him. This caused a commotion among the people. In a short time two parties were formed; one defending the placards, and the other raving to pull them down.

Just as Berthie came, he saw a stout canon, named Wernly, run from his house, work his way through the crowd, and tear down the paper from the pillar, uttering a coarse oath,

and flourishing his sword, for the canons wore swords at that time. "That trouble is for naught," said Goulaz, who had nailed it there the night before. He was a bold man, braving those whom he despised, and sometimes he tried to be coolest when others were raving mad. He went calmly, and posted up another placard. Wernly, who was a Fri-burger, lost all self-control. It was not the paper, but the heretic, which he would now attack. Rushing upon Goulaz, he would have used the sword, but the Hugue-not drew his own, and in the fray, wounded the canon in the arm. The uproar became general; a civil war, on a small scale, was almost introduced under the shadow of the church.

"That young man knows more about this than he dare tell," said certain spectators who were standing as a reserved force, ready to fight when needed, and pointing out Ber-thic Chautemps. "The affair was gotten up

in his father's house, for the great heretic is there."

"It is false," replied Berthie, quite willing to show his proud bravery. "I dare you to accuse my father of any wrong. If he helped post up the placards, he was right. It would be better for you to read them and learn the truth; you don't hear it in the churches."

He felt a hand laid upon his arm, and turned suddenly to resist an insult. But he saw a friend, and not a foe. It was the hand of Claude Salomon.

"Your mother is very anxious about you," said the kind man.

"She came to my house, and asked me to search for you. Will you come with me?"

Berthie could say nothing; his feet gave the only reply by keeping step with his friend. But his thoughts and fears outran himself. What would his mother say, — and his teacher? He had broken several promises, and been absent from the fam-

ily altar, where he knew a fervent prayer had been sent up to God for him. He had not studied his morning lesson. This was not the worst; there was one thing which he dreaded to have his parents know, and his breath would betray him. Entering the door, he hurried to his room to avoid detection, and to think upon his ways.

"Your breakfast is waiting for you," shouted Charles, having gone half-way up the stairs. "The rest of us finished ours long ago."

"I don't want any breakfast," Berthie answered, gruffly. "You can leave me alone."

"Did you get into a fight?" asked Charles, hurrying up the stairs, and keen to learn of some new adventure.

"It need not concern you, if I did."

Berthie was angry. He met his brother at his door, rudely pushed him back, and turned the key upon him. Rough words passed between them; they forgot that they were

brothers. Their mother came, and softly asked Berthie to let her into his room. He obeyed.

"My son," said she, with tears upon her cheeks, "that promise! Have you broken it? Have you not been drinking at one of the wine-shops? Oh, I wish I could be mistaken!"

Berthie would not lie, however painful was the truth. He was not so cowardly, nor so regardless of God's law against lying. With sighs and broken speech, he said, "I did not intend to go where people were drinking, but young Lullin forced me to take a glass with him."

"Forced you? Why, I thought my son was more of a man than to be forced to do wrong."

"I mean he tempted me. He said there would be some warm work in front of St. Peter's, and we needed something to nerve us up."

"And cannot you resist temptation? Never will you be a man if you do not."

"I make good resolutions, and fair promises, but I break them when I forget myself."

"You forget God; that is the reason of your trouble. You do not make your promises to him, pray for him to aid you in keeping your resolutions. If you had begun this day in prayer, and with some verse of Scripture in your mind, you would not have done so many wrong deeds this morning. If you had wished to remember your Lord, we would have seen you at family worship."

Berthie listened to his mother as she told him of the dangers before him. Again he made good promises. He saw her go into the little room, where he knew she often retired to pray "to the Father in secret." He heard the key turn, and he felt sure that his mother was praying for him. Perhaps some of his sighs were prayers for himself.

At the study hour he went to his teacher ; but he had no lesson prepared. He could not apply himself to his book. Olivétan saw that it was no time for him to study, for God was at work in his soul, and he said to him, "You need the great pardon, my young friend."

"Indeed I do, but I am such a sinner," was the broken reply. "What shall I do?"

"Jesus calls sinners. Go to him. Ask his pardon. Pray to him, asking that God may forgive you for his sake. Let me read to you the prayer of a man who had committed a great sin."

The teacher took his Hebrew Bible, turned to the fifty-first psalm, and read it. Berthie never had heard it before, and he had no translation for his own reading. How David had uttered just what he wished to say! "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned. . . . Hide thy face from my sins, and blot-out all mine iniquities. Create in

me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

At the last meeting of the Bible class, Olivétan had set forth the parable of the Prodigal Son. Berthie did not then see its meaning, but now it all came to his mind. It hung before him as a mirror. He saw himself in it. He thought — I am the prodigal. I have wanted to have my own way, and do what I pleased with myself. I have gone away into the far country of sin, and wasted my powers in riotous living, and then tried to live upon the husks of worldly pleasure. Evil company is ruining me. I must arise and go to my Father. But will he forgive?

It was an anxious day to the young student. He could not learn his lessons, and he was excused by his teacher, who told him how to obtain "the great pardon." He shut himself up in his room, and gave no heed to the noises in the streets. While many were

quarrelling over the placards, he was repenting, and praying for the forgiveness of God, and a new heart. Has the reader ever done this? Perhaps you would be as ready to defend the gospel as Berthie was; but have you obeyed it? Have you gone to some place alone, and there bowed down, and prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner"?

The night came, but Berthie felt that gentle sleep would not close his eyes unless he sought the forgiveness of those against whom he had sinned at home. It was hard to go to them and ask it, as many of us may know. Is it not strange that one can more easily kneel and ask pardon of God, than to seek it of men, — even of the dearest friend? It ought not so to be. Berthie at length summoned up the courage, and went into his mother's room, where he thought she was alone, reading her Testament. But his voice seemed to fail him; perhaps his very face craved forgiveness. His mother anticipated

his request, and said, "My son, why are you so long sad and heart-broken? Do you not know that we all forgive you? I do; your father does, and so do your brother and teacher."

"I know you do; but will God forgive me?"

"I was just reading those blessed words, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' Take that assurance to yourself; it is for you, if you will receive it."

"But there are sins which we cannot confess, one by one. I have been thinking over my own. I once thought that they were very few, and now I cannot count them. Then there are many which I have forgotten, and many which I scarcely know to be sins. Everything about me is full of sin."

"Just confess all that to the Lord Jesus. Tell him that your heart is 'desperately wicked; who can know it?' He does not

require us to count our iniquities, so that he may pardon only those which we can number."

"Will he forgive all the rest?"

"Certainly, or not one of us could be saved. He will surely pardon our forgotten sins, and our sins of ignorance." This was new light to Berthie. It showed him the way to make confession to Jesus Christ. But lest he should make another mistake, she added, "We ought to mention our evil deeds one by one, so far as we are able. This will cause us to feel their reality, and also to know that forgiveness is a reality."

Berthie was now convinced that God forgives all the sins of the penitent, when they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who bought the great pardon by his death. He was not many days in sorrow and darkness. He could not tell how it was, but one thing he knew, that as soon as he knelt alone and poured forth his soul to his Saviour, he be-

gan to have peace of mind. The more fully he confessed himself a sinner, the more clearly did he hope that he was a child of God. Olivétan translated to him the thirty-second psalm, and he was glad to find that his case was quite like that of David. He might say, "When I kept silence, and made no confession, God's hand was heavy upon me. My moisture was turned into the drouth of summer." But at length I said, "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found. . . . Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance." Berthie had found the Protestant confessional. It was the throne of grace. There no price was to be given for a pardon, because Jesus bought it with his own blood on the cross.

Was Berthie forgiven? No man could tell him. Jesus would not whisper down from heaven, saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." But there were some proofs of the fact. One was this, — he could say, "I am not now afraid to think of God. I love him as my heavenly Father." Another was, that he showed forth a new life. He seemed to have a new temper, a new heart, a new will, and a new energy. His tone of voice was changed, so that he spoke kindly to all. He was ready to take advice, and he cheerfully obeyed his parents. His former companions said, "Some great change has come over Berthie. He does not seek our company as he once did, and when he is with us, he does not talk and act as we do." His teacher now hoped to see him become a good scholar, as well as a devoted Christian. Berthie studied his books as he had never done before, recited his lessons more promptly, and proved the

truth of Luther's saying, "To pray well is to study well." When such changes appear in one's common life, there is some evidence that he is forgiven of God.

Were there not others in Geneva who had read "the great pardon," and sought to obtain it? No doubt it was blessed to the few who had been reading their Testaments, and inquiring how to be saved. But the posting-up of the placards had not been wise. It was not God's method of having the gospel proclaimed. Many were angry, and, out of spite, bought the pardons of the Pope.

The Canon Wernly made a great noise. He reported the affair of the placards to the Council of Friburg, and asked for vengeance. Fifteen days after he had been wounded, the Friburgers sent Councillor Laurent to Geneva, saying to the senators in their hall, "In the name of my canton, I complain of you. Think what you

have done since we made an alliance with you, for your good. You have allowed Lutheran books to be read by your people; you have permitted a certain school-master to teach his doctrines in some of your houses, and to preach in your streets; you have not punished him, nor anybody else, for the placards; you have despised your bishop and the Pope, and let one of your Huguenots assault our good Canon Wernly. Everybody says that you are Lutherans; and, if this be so, gentlemen, we will tear up the act of alliance, and throw the pieces at your feet."

"We are not Lutherans," said the Genevan councillors, many of whom were Romanists. They feared the threat of the Friburgers.

"Then arrest Goulaz. Summon him before you, and punish him."

"We had nothing to do with the placards. We disapprove them. As for Goulaz, he

only acted in self-defence, and yet we have fined him."

The Genevans were more than willing to satisfy the Friburgers. They came to terms. The next day a trumpeter was sent through the streets, loudly forbidding any papers to be posted up without leave of the council. But this was not enough. Laurent knew whom to strike, and he whispered to the priests. They made a clamor, saying, "Olivètan is the heretic; his voice must be stopped."

"Not with my consent," answered Jean Chautemps. "He is doing more for our young men than was ever done by their fathers."

The debate grew warm. The opposers of truth gained their point, and it was ordered that, "for the present, the school-master should cease to preach the gospel." The Romish party was in power. The priests went to work right earnestly to

drive the word of God out of the city. They visited almost every family, and demanded that every copy of the New Testament should be surrendered.

One day, some of these fierce Bible-hunters came to the house of John Levet, when he was away from home. Pernetta had called to see Paula, and devise some way of holding a Bible class in secret from their enemies. "We will meet at Claude Salomon's, and make garments for the poor," said Pernetta; "and the teacher will come and talk to us more about the psalms. How kind he is to translate them for us, and write them out for us on slips of paper!"

"But what if those bad men should come down upon our little meeting, and find our Testaments?" said Paula, who knew how narrowly they had escaped at their last assembly.

"We will not carry our Testaments. Berthie and I will make a good many cop-

ies of the new psalm, and then we can say that we have no Bibles with us. But that would not be right, would it?"

A noise was heard at the door. Three strong men demanded admittance.

"Run, Pernetta, with our Testaments, and hide them in the garden," said Paula, who went to the front door.

"In the name of the council we ask you to give into our hands all the Lutheran books that are in your house," said the intruders.

"There are none here," Paula replied. "You can look about, and search the house for your own satisfaction."

"Have you no Testaments hidden away?"

"If we have, it is your part to find them. You want to rob us of the gospel of Jesus Christ; what will you give us in its place? — Romish stories, fables, and legends?"

"Bring the books instantly, or we will arrest you."

"You dare not seize me, and thrust me into prison," said Paula; "and if you should take from me the best book in the world, you could not rob my memory of the holy words which I have stored up in it. But we will not have it said that we deceived you. We will be honest, lest God should charge us with a lie."

She went to get the hidden treasures. It was hard, but it was honest, thus to deal with foes. She thought that God would overrule it for good. Perhaps some eye might catch the truth, some heart be touched, some soul be converted.

The Testaments were brought. They were surrendered with tears. The men took them, but seemed almost disposed to give them back. They turned from the door, and talked on their way. "I wish our priests had read their Bibles half as much as these women have read these books. See how they are worn!"

"Ha! do you see?" said another; "there is something written on the margins, here and there."

"Good!" exclaimed the third; "it is pure heresy, no doubt. Let us give over the books to the judges, and they may discover something to condemn these heretics to severe punishment."

The first two men insisted upon keeping in charge the new prizes. They felt ashamed: something in the tone, the words, the courage, the honesty, and the tears of the innocent women strangely affected them. They resolved to call at no more doors on that day; they had done enough, perhaps too much. They went home, and had an intense curiosity to read the Testaments. One of them was struck with the verse marked in Pernetta's copy, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

"*Of me!*" said the man to himself. "Who is this that speaks? I must see." He found that it was Jesus. He read of the Saviour, and was astonished. The next morning he went to his friend, saying, "I shall take no more Testaments from the people. I wish I had one for myself."

"I am of your mind," replied the other. "This is a good book, and those who read it are better Christians than we are. Their religion is not a new one; it is the old one, taught by Christ and his apostles." These men still turned over the leaves of the Testament, and found something new and wonderful at every page. They resolved to return the books to Paula Levet. They went to her house, saying, "These Testaments show us that it is wrong for us to take them away from you. Take them back, and tell us where we can get copies for ourselves."

Paula feared that this was a mere trick, in order to discover where the larger stores of

truth were kept. There were men who secretly brought packages of Testaments into Geneva, to be sold or donated, and she did not dare to reveal their names. There was a wiser plan. "Come to-morrow," said, she, "and I will have a copy for each of you." To this they agreed.

In such ways as this the good word fell into the hands of its foes. A few of them read it, and believed that the Lord intended it for all people. "This is the old religion," said they; "it teaches a free pardon, and a crucified Saviour." Every day there were new converts to the truth of the gospel. Officers, citizens, councillors, and magistrates had the Testament brought under their eyes for the first time, and they must examine to see what it contained. Many of them were won to the party of the "gospelers."

"Show yourselves Christians," said Baudichon to Councillor Chautemps and his

friends. "I speak out boldly in the council, and insist upon the rights of the Word of God."

"Yes," added some of the moderate Romanists, "it is Christian-like to read and preach the gospel, instead of mere fables, visions, legends, and sham miracles. Our church will be purified by it."

The council met. The great question was, Shall the gospel be banished?

"No!" said Councillor Chautemps. "I boldly declare that I will live according to the Word of God, and defend its right to a place in every household."

"So will I?" said half a dozen others.

"Let the council forbid it to be suppressed," added a leading senator.

The point was carried. It was ordered that the bishop's vicar take measures to have the gospel preached in every parish and convent of Geneva. This was the first official act in Geneva in favor of a reformation. It was

not intended to banish the Romish worship, but to purge it, and confirm the people in the right to learn the Word of God.

Its date is July, 1532. Not three months later the city was turned upside down by the visit of a notable man.





CHAPTER V.

A GENEVAN GUST.

IN a fine October day, in 1532, a messenger came to Olivétan, saying, "There are two men at the Tour Perce (the inn of the pierced tower) wish you to call and see them."

"Who are they?" inquired Olivétan.

"They are travellers. One rode a white horse, and the other a black. The first is a little man, with a red beard and a sun-burnt who face."

Olivétan made haste to the inn, and there met William Farel and Antony Saunier. Farel was a Frenchman, who had been nearly five years in Switzerland, preaching in the valleys and the towns, and filling them

with his doctrines. He was an Elijah in boldness, and a Paul in missionary labors. No man did so much as he to introduce the gospel in French Switzerland. Long had his eye turned to Geneva, as he prayed for the day to come when he might preach in the streets; and now two thoughts were in his mind.

“We have been on a visit to the Waldenses,” said Farel, “and seen the manuscript copies of the Bible, which they have kept sacred for centuries. But those wonderful Christians need a new translation of the Word of God. You are learned in Hebrew and Greek, and I have come to ask that you will translate it for them. We will raise the means to get it printed.”

“I am not able to do it,” replied the modest teacher. “You can do the work better than I can.”

“God has not given me leisure. He sends me into another field. Think solemnly on

what he would have you to do, and remember that if you refuse to do his work, you must wither under his frown."

"I trust that I am engaged in God's work here," said the school-master; and the conversation was turned to affairs in Geneva. How to promote the gospel there, was Farel's second great thought. He drew from his pocket several letters of introduction to leading Huguenots. He and Olivétan made calls at their houses, and they were glad to know that a great man was in town. "Certainly," said they, "let us have a meeting. We want to hear you tell us our errors, and the way to reform them. Where shall we meet?"

"At my lodgings, in the Tour Perce, tomorrow morning," replied Farel. "The gospel is not afraid of the daylight; see that you are not."

The good news was sent to other Huguenots. Pernetta sadly whispered to Paula

Levet, "We cannot go; the women are not invited."

In the morning, these chief citizens went cautiously to the inn, quite as much in fear of the priests as Nicodemus was in fear of the Jews, when he went to Jesus by night. One by one they entered the room of the renowned preacher.

The landlord brought in benches, on which they sat, and Farel had his chair by a little table, on which he placed the Word of God. "You tell me," said he, "that you wish to be instructed in the way of salvation. You must, then, take this divine Word to be your source of all-saving truth. You must obey it. You can never have true liberty unless you serve God. You can never reform Geneva by posting up placards on the streets; apply the great pardon of God to your own hearts and consciences, and be renewed by the spirit of Christ; then you will be reformed and made free." They listened to

all he had to say, rose, thanked him, and left the room.

"He believes what he preaches," said one of the Vandel brothers. "The Bible must take the place of all other teachings."

"And Jesus Christ must be exalted above all men, be they popes or priests," added Councillor Chautemps. "For my part, I acknowledge no other Saviour."

"And if we profess to be Christians, we must live more as our Master did," said Claude Salomon. "We must give to the poor both the earthly and the heavenly bread. We are trying too much to be a select class, rather above the common people."

Thus they talked on their way to their homes and offices.

It was soon noised abroad that a bold preacher had dared to expound the Bible in a tavern. There was a great sensation among the opposers of the gospel. The nun, Jeanne de Jussie, wrote in her journal of

"this wretched preacher, who was beginning to speak secretly at his lodgings, and to infect the people with heresy."

A second meeting was held. The Lord Jesus was proclaimed as a redeemer. "Come to our houses," said Chautemps and other chief citizens, "and tell these glad tidings to our wives and children."

Thus the gate was opened into this new field, and Farel was ready to enter it. This alarmed the priests, who set about frightening the women, for among the Genevan ladies were the main supporters of the papacy.

"Let us march forth and drive the heretics from the Tour Perce," said some of the women.

They raised a company, as if a war were on hand. Claudine Levet had the spirit to enlist, but she thought it would not be quite proper for a lady to train with a mob.

She said, "If it were to drive away that

seamstress Pernetta, who has befooled my sister Paula, and who is such a model of piety for some of our ladies, I would join the ranks in a moment. People think that her prayers heal the sick, and they call her an angel among the poor! How ridiculous!"

But Dame Claudine was too angry to laugh at Pernetta; she was more disposed to curse.

"What does all this mean?" asked the landlord of the Tour Perce, when he saw at his doors a motley troop of men and women.

"You are harboring the worst of heretics," said one of them. "We come to ask that you will send them away."

"Really, that would be hard. They are very quiet gentlemen. They talk more like good Christians than any lodgers I have had this many a day. If you would take them to St. Peter's, and put them in the place of some of your carousing canons, it would be

well. But, indeed, I cannot turn them out of doors."

"Then we shall do it for you."

They called loudly for the two preachers, who appeared boldly before them. "We demand that you leave the city as hastily as you rode into it," said some of the women, "or we will force you to depart."

Farel looked at the mob with his keen eye. To him this was no storm at all; it was a mere breeze that made Geneva interesting to him. He was used to being assailed and beaten. "We have only told a few people the truth," said he; "and, if we cannot prove what we say, we offer ourselves to death."

There was a coarse muttering in the crowd, like the raging of the waves when they are about to dash against an enduring rock. The rabble dared not attack the fearless man. He wished to preach to them, but his friends restrained him. They vented their anger in

threats and curses, and fell back, one after another, resolving to return home. The commotion increased in the camp of the enemies of the gospel. They hurried to the magistrate's, saying, "Farel has not obtained permission of the bishop, nor of his vicar, to preach. We demand his arrest; seize also those who have invited him to talk at their houses."

The order was given; Farel and Saunier were led to the town hall, and into the council chamber. One of the judges looked fiercely at the man whose voice had rung through the Alps, and roughly said to him, "It is you who do nothing but disturb the world. Your tongue is the trump of sedition. You are a busy-body, and you have come here to create discord. We order you to leave the city instantly."

Was this giving a man a fair trial? Farel was calm in the storm. He denied that he had come to raise a disturbance, and with

a trembling voice, he said, "I am ready to prove from God's word that my doctrine is true, and to shed the last drop of my blood for it."

This was no vain boast; he had already shed some blood for the gospel. His judges began to be softened. The Huguenot members of the council took courage, and spoke in his defence. But he had one argument which would tell upon their minds; he kept it to the last of his speech: "Are you the allies of Berne? Would you offend them? Know ye that my lords of Berne have given me letters, setting forth my innocence, and begging you to hear me peacefully?"

He placed the letters in their hands. They grew wiser. "If you condemn me unheard," said Farel, "you insult God, and, as you see, also my lords of Berne."

Fear made them more just, and the councillors said, "We dismiss you, only asking

- that you will not disturb the peace of the city."

The two ministers left the room. But they had trouble to reach their lodgings. A crowd was in the streets ready to attack them.

Meanwhile the bishop's vicar called a council of a different kind at his house. If the civil court let Farel slip, the church court might have a firmer grasp upon him. Some of its members had a secret plot, which they would attempt to carry out. Let Farel be summoned, and they would see that he never went out of the house alive. It is a "pious nun" who records the conspiracy and approves it. Saunier and Olivétan were also to be called before the vicar, who had no hand in the secret plot. Three men, of the better class, were sent to the inn. The preachers and the school-master agreed to obey the summons, when it was told them, "No harm shall be done you; we pledge

our word for that." These were honorable men; they meant what they said. They left the inn, but could scarcely make their way safely through the streets. "Look at the dogs," cried certain women and cowardly men.

At length they entered the house of the grand vicar. Every insult was heaped upon Farel that could be by words. He tried to preach calmly to the clerical judges, and touch their hearts by setting forth Christ as his master and their Lord. But as he spoke, their rage burned. At one moment they gnashed their teeth, saying, "He blasphemes; he is guilty of death!" At another, they rose to their feet, exclaiming, "To the Rhone, to the Rhone! kill him, kill him!"

"Speak the words of God, and not those of Caiaphas," said he, in answer to the charge of blasphemy.

"Strike! strike!" shouted a canon. His

associates were willing to obey. They surrounded the three reformers, beating, and shamefully using them. Still the three persecuted men were calm and patient. There were some who protested against this unjust treatment, and those who had pledged their word that no harm should be done, declared that they would ring the great bell, and summon the general council. Farel and his friends were led into another room, "covered with spittle, and severely bruised," says the historian Spanheim.

Not far off stood a violent man, with a musket in his hand. As soon as he saw Farel he levelled it at him, but the priming flashed; the ball was not sent forth on a deadly errand. "I am not to be shaken by a pop-gun," said Farel, coolly. "Your toy does not alarm me."

The grand vicar and his clergy talked together of what was wisest to do. They, too, feared my "lords of Berne." They came to

a decision. The reformers were again brought into the room. The vicar said, "William Farel, leave this house, and if you and your two companions are not gone from the city within six hours, you shall suffer death at the stake."

It was useless to offer any plea, or beg for any favor. The three Christian heroes hesitated, but were thrust out with kicks and blows. In the street there were perils thick along their way. An armed guard came to their defence, but, in spite of them, an assassin rushed at Farel with a sword, "to run him through," when a chief councillor seized his arm, and saved the reformer. They reached the inn, and a guard was placed around it to keep the mob from violence during the night.

We return to the house of Councillor Chautemps, where faithful souls had been lifting their prayers to God. Thus, in ancient days, "prayer was made without ceas-

ing of the church" for Peter, while Herod was seeking his life. Berthie had remained at home, lest he should enter into temptation. He learned how to pray for others, when he pleaded alone with God for the safety of his father, his teacher, and their companions in peril. Paula Levet and other good women had gathered at the house, when the councillor came home to tell of the results of the unjust trials.

"Let us bless the Lord," said Madame Jacquema, "that the three good men, whom he sent to us, are delivered from the hands of the mob. But what a wicked city this is! I fear that the gospel will never be planted here."

"Do not despair," replied Claude Salomon. "It was thus at Jerusalem, where the Lord Jesus was put to death, and where the disciples were persecuted; but the gospel finally triumphed. And in how many places was the Apostle Paul treated as Farel now

is, yet the Christian church was established. Our Lord said, 'If they have persecuted me, they will persecute you also.' "

"Do you think that we shall be called to suffer?" inquired Pernetta, looking at her friend Paula.

"I expect it every day. I do not know where I should have been to-night, if the two men who brought back our Testaments had not come along in time to send the rabble from the door. I found out the name of one of them. It is Ernest Lery. He was once a policeman, and he wishes to come to our little meetings."

"The very man I want to-night," said Councillor Chautemps.

He looked around him, as if he had said too much; but he knew his honest company.

"Not a soul of you must whisper what I am saying, out of this house," he continued. "Who will go for this man? It will not

do to send Berthie, lest his track be followed."

"I will go," replied Paula. "Can Pernetta join me?" After a little thought the councillor gave his consent. The messengers started, innocently disguised, and avoiding the more public streets.

One by one came several of the Huguenots to consult with the councillor, and form a plan to get the three reformers out of the inn, and away from the city. "It must be done very early, before a mob can be raised," said Chautemps.

"Trust me to be ready before daybreak," replied Goulaz. "And I propose that we get the horses outside the gates to-night. We will find a way over the walls for the men."

"I have another plan," said the councillor. While it was discussed, Ernest Lery appeared. He was a stoutly built man, fearless of danger, fond of adventure, and

proud of being trusted with a secret commission. The councillor explained the state of affairs, and asked, —

“Are you willing to run all risks, and help deliver these three Christian gentlemen from their enemies?”

“I am, sir; I would carry them on my shoulders, one at a time, to Berne, if they would tell me, while I sat down to rest, how to become a better man. I am now a reader of that good little book, which you all hold to be above all price. But why do you wait until the morning? Why not bring away one of them to-night?”

“Can it be done?”

“I will try it, and prove to you that I am a true friend. Let me have charge of the school-master. The vicar and his agents wish that he was safe at your house. I know it, for I overheard some of them talking on my way hither. They dread your influence in the general council.”

"Go, then, and bring him."

It was perilous work, for the rabble still lingered about the inn. Ernest was soon at the door. It was not easy for him to gain admittance, for the guards had once known him as a zealous Bible-hunter, and a hater of its readers. But they had never known him to break his word, and they took his pledge as his passport. It was not less difficult to convince Olivètan that he was acting in good faith.

"You will trust me when you see that this is from your own room," said Ernest, showing him some beautiful Hebrew manuscript, in the teacher's own hand. Pernetta had furnished it, when the messenger asked for some token by which he might prove the good intent of his mission. Olivètan was convinced. Bidding farewell to his friends, and taking the arm of the strong man, he went safely home, where he was received with great joy. The company looked upon

him, bruised, and in torn garments, as almost a martyr. "It is far better," said he, "to be hated in a good cause, than loved in a bad one."

"Will you trust me now?" asked Ernest, in a tone of pride over his achievement.

"Certainly," replied Chautemps. "Can you get a boat, and have it ready early in the morning?"

"I have one of my own, sir, and I will promise you men to row it, who never failed at the oar."

The arrangements were all made; every one knew the part which he was to perform. The visitors took their leave.

"What an outrage!" said Madame Jacquema; "the ministers have not been thirty-six hours in the city, and now they must flee for their lives! and we poor women had not a sight of them, nor one word from their lips."

There was a glimmer of the dawn when

Jean Goulaz and three other stanch Huguenots went to the Tour Perce. The other party was not asleep; some of them had suspected a movement to rescue the besieged ministers. A signal was given; the four men entered the inn and brought out Farel and Saunier. There was a murmur among those that breathed out cruelty. "The imps are going," said they. Farel wished to give them an exhortation as he walked along, but Amie Perrin would not permit it. At the water's edge Ernest was waiting. He took the ministers and the four Huguenots into his boat, and it was pushed away amid the hootings, hissing, groans, and threats of the crowd. The missiles hurled at them fell far short of the boat, and the preachers were rowed up the lake, and landed at a quiet point near Lausanne. They parted with their friends, and took their way to towns where they had

planted the gospel amid scenes almost as discouraging.

If it be a sign of true greatness to persist in thinking that a good work must be done, to be made more resolute by defeat, to turn failures to a wise account, to take difficulties as the spice of labor and success, to be fertile of resources and of new methods, to be so devoted to a cause as to lose all personal glory in seeking to advance it, and to discover an easy way to overcome the stoutest resistance, then Farel was a truly great man. He had tact, skill, genius. He knew not how to give up in despair. He had faith in God, and a sublime expectation that the truth would prevail. Geneva should yet be gained; his visit had taught him how to take that agitated city. In the morning breeze on the lake he had probably laid his plans, and chosen the man for the mission.

A council was called at Yvonand, on the

southern shore of the beautiful Lake Neuf-châtel. There a little Christian flock had been gathered, and its pastor was the young Anthony Froment, born in Dauphiny, the native country of William Farel. The great missionary of all that region, whose tremendous voice had rung in almost every valley, and on whose body were the marks of rough usage, gave his brethren a report of affairs at Geneva. While all were staring, Froment could not keep his eyes off the bold reformer, and he pitied the Huguenots, so grievously wronged by the papal clergy.

"You are the man," said Farel to his young countryman, with the authority of one of the ancient prophets. "Go and try if you can find an entrance into Geneva to preach there."

"I go?" replied Froment, quite startled. "How can I face the enemies from whom you must flee?"

"Begin there as I began at Aigle, far up

in the Alps, where I was a school-master at first, and taught little children, and then drew their parents, so that at last even the priests gave me liberty to preach. True, they soon repented, and even now I seem to hear the curate exclaiming, 'I would rather have lost my hand than have introduced this man, for he will ruin all our business.' But it was too late for them to cry down the gospel; God's work had begun, and the mass and the images fell."

"A man needs experience to gain a footing in Geneva."

"You have enough; you will get more on the ground. Do you fear the Genevans? Remember the fury which you have faced in other places. Were you not with me in many a conflict in the towns all about us? Were you not at my side when I went to Neufchâtel, and preached in the streets and markets? Did we not often receive our pay in blows and abuse?"

These remembrances were not the most pleasant. Froment had no glowing ardor for a dangerous enterprise. Some of his brethren thought that a preacher of only twenty-two years was not the right man for the work. He turned again to his village flock, and revolved the question whether he should go to Geneva. A heroic soul was needed.





CHAPTER VI.

THE SCHOOL AT THE GOLDEN CROSS.

AH, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak; for I am a child," said the prophet Jeremiah when his ministry was set before him. "I am too young to go to Geneva," said Antony Froment.

"The everlasting God does not count upon the years of a man," replied Farel, still urging the matter presented a few days before. "To Jeremiah the Lord spake thus: 'Say not I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces; for I am with thee to deliver thee.' Go to Geneva, fearing nothing. You will find men there quite ready to receive

you. Your very obscurity will protect you. God will guide and guard you."

In his room Froment bowed, praying: "O God, I trust no human power, but place myself entirely in thy hands." The case was decided. Sadly the people of Yvonand talked together about losing their pastor. Praying for his success in another field, they parted with him in tears. On his way he sometimes stopped on the road, and asked himself whether it was not sheer madness to enter upon the mission proposed. "No, I will not shrink back," he said, "for God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

He tells us that he entered Geneva on the third of November, — 1532, a day he was not likely to forget. He knew enough of the late scenes to choose other quarters than the Tour Perce. At a quiet inn he took lodgings, hoping that the morrow would furnish him with a kindlier home. He set

forth into the town thinking that he might find some acquaintance whose welcome would relieve his embarrassment; but all were strangers, and very short with him. "Oh that Olivétan were here!" he sighed, when almost in despair of finding a door open to the gospel. But that good man was preparing to visit the Waldenses, and for them translate the Bible. "I'll try some of those gentlemen who Farel said would receive me," was the next thought.

"Glad to see you, Monsieur Froment," said Councillor Chautemps, as he showed the stranger into the common room. "Glad to have news from our dear Olivétan and the excellent Farel. What a cavalier that man is in his work!" The councillor went on reading the letter of introduction, often glancing at the bearer, and reading him also quite as closely. Then, folding it up, he seemed to have nothing to say. The young man did not fill his eye. Very useful, no

doubt, in a retired village, but what could he do in Geneva? Did not Farel know that it was a noble and learned city, full of rich old families, elegant ladies, fine gentlemen, keen wits, and shrewd observers? Why, some of them once had an idea of permitting Luther to try his grand eloquence within their walls, and make there his seat of power, if he could! Great preachers were no rarity among the Roman clergy, who often visited Geneva, and it would require a learned doctor to confute them. And did Farel imagine that the Genevans would be elated at the coming of a young man so poor, plain, artless, and unpromising? Really there was nothing to do but stare at the rustic stranger, and avoid insulting him for his presumption.

"I came hoping to have the way made clear for me to preach," said Froment, anxious to break the painful silence.

"It will take very eloquent preaching to •

draw the Huguenots, and it must be very moderate to suit the Mamelukes," replied Chautemps. "What Farel could not accomplish, scarcely any other man need attempt. He who gains a footing here must have uncommon powers."

There was another silence after this withering remark.

"You have no plan then to suggest."

"Our plans have all failed; the reformer of Geneva must be his own adviser."

This was chilling enough, and the way was soon found into the street. Froment summoned courage, and called upon other Huguenots, such as Goulaz and Baudichon. His mean appearance gave them long faces; their words were few, and they were politest when bowing out the little man.

Again at his inn, he felt what he wrote in later years: "I found them so cold, so timid, and so startled at what had been done to Farel and his companions, that they dared

not unbosom themselves, and still less receive me into their houses."

Before running up a long bill at the inn, he resolved to return to the villagers, who had wept when he left them. There was no farewell given to the Huguenot gentlemen: why should they miss him, so insignificant in their eyes? He passed through the city gate, felt free for a moment, and — stopped. Why? His conscience checked him. This flight would never do. Success never comes before an attempt. "I began with the great, and failed," thought he; "I neglected the lowly. God's mighty ones are the feeble, the poor, the very children." He retraced his steps.

"What!" said the innkeeper, "want lodgings again?"

"I have remembered Jonah. I'll try Nineveh now."

In his room he sat down, leaned on the table with his head in his hands, and asked

what the Lord wanted with him. Courage came by prayer. God had rebuked his loftier aims through the Genevans, and now, if they would not receive him as a preacher, he would turn school-master.

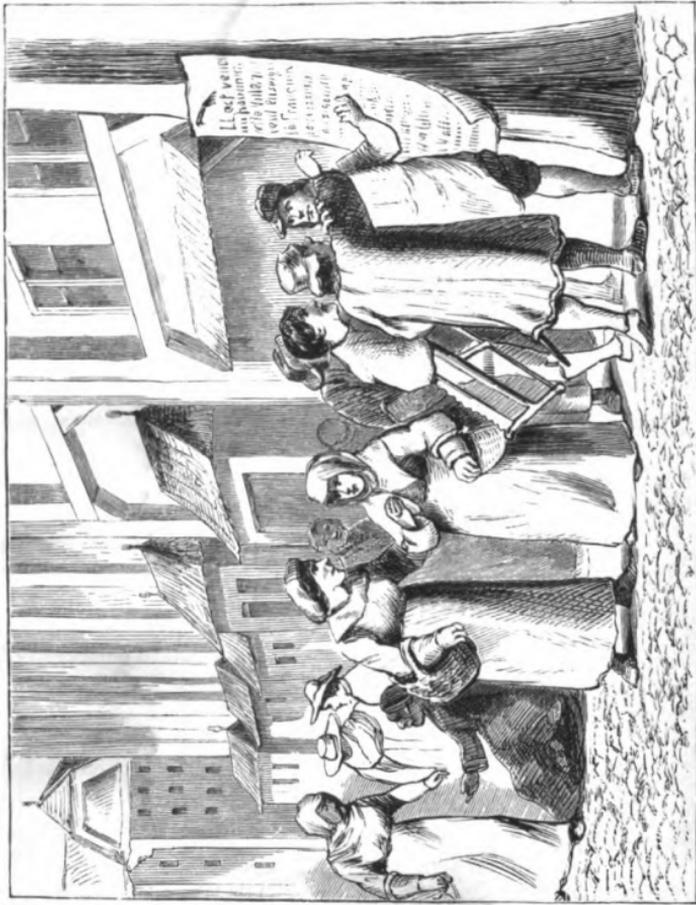
Again in the street the air was fresher, for he felt independent, and earnest for work. But soon he encountered a group of Huguenot gentlemen, who had heard with no little relief that he had packed up and departed. At the sight of him they uttered a word of surprise and apprehension.

"I am still here," said he, "but do not be affrighted. My presence shall not put you in danger. Keep aloof from me; do not recognize me. Let what you know of my first attempts here be a secret. I shall take a new tack; I have another plan."

"What is it?" they asked, almost trembling in their shoes, lest he was preparing for another social explosion.

"You will know in the morning. Be as-





THE CITIZENS FINDING FROMENT'S PLACARD.

sured that it will be a work of peace. Have nothing to do with me." He bowed, and took his way. Meeting a man of humble looks, he asked, "Can you tell me of a place to start a school?"

"Perhaps you may get Boytet's hall," replied Le Patu. "It is at the sign of the Golden Cross, near the Molard."

They went there together and secured it. The next step was to get scholars. Froment had his plan, and he took his pen in order to awaken again the Genevese.

At the next dawn there was a new wonder on the walls, and on the blank side of old houses. Since the morning of "The Great Pardon," the popular eye had been on the gaze for placards. Here and there a crowd gathered to read the proposal of a stranger. It ran thus, —

"There has just arrived in this city a man who engages to teach reading and writing,

in French, in one month, to all who will come to him, young and old, men and women, even those who have never been to school. And, if they cannot read and write within the said month, he asks nothing for his trouble. He will be found at Boytet's grand hall, near the Molard, at the sign of the Golden Cross. Many diseases cured gratis.

ANT. FROMENT."

"The very man we talked with a day or two ago," said some, "and he talks well."

"Rather too cheap learning," muttered others, "and given in too short a time. Some trap, I suspect."

"It is not a snare for money," replied Claude Salomon, "for, if you learn nothing, you pay nothing."

"He is a devil," roared a priest in the throng; "he enchants all who go near him. Let 'him take his own medicine to cure his folly.'"

The school opened, and a Romish author tells us that "the sick and ignorant flocked thither in crowds." But healthy and well-informed people also took an interest in it. "Now is your chance, my lads," Claude Salomon, out of his kind heart, would say; and, if the boys would allow him to introduce them to the teacher and take lessons, he would pay the bills.

"My French is quite provincial," said Paula Levet, who soon understood that the schoolmaster's French had a strong gospel tone in it, "and, if Pernetta will join me, I will try a few lessons." This opened the way for the good women.

"He is a charming teacher," said Charles Chautemps. "Such a man to tell stories was never in this town; and real good, true stories they are too. I just crept in this afternoon, and heard him tell about Peter the fisherman, and the man who sowed tares in his neighbor's field."

The councillor thought it might be well for his son to improve his handwriting, and Froment's style of French might do him some good,—the gospel part especially. Froment had his pupils copy texts of Scripture, which set forth the true way to holiness and heaven. Rome was struck upon the flank; an army of children made the noiseless charge.

After the children had used well their tongues and pens in the school, they gave practice to their ears, for their teacher read to them wondrous words out of a strange little book that many of them had never seen. If their friends were ill, he sent to them a few simple remedies. They ran home and told their parents what they had heard, and, to be sure that all was right, the fathers and mothers began to drop in just before the closing hour of the school. "That sounds more like religion," some whispered, "than anything we hear in the churches!"

"How these Huguenots are seeking wisdom!" said certain wits. "All at once they set about improving themselves. It is well; they need the diversion. What fine scholars we shall soon have jogging us at every corner!"

But irony could not check the growing eagerness to hear the man who was so generous with his speech and his remedies. Men, women, and children pressed through the door under the Cross of Gold, while the jesters jeered.

"Here's where you get your Dauphinese French!" cried certain followers of the baser sort. "Think of that graybeard there taking writing lessons!" "There goes a lady who has the sick headache!"

But no jesting, no sarcasm, no scoffs, could prevent the number of hearers from increasing day by day. Even the men who had so coolly bowed the little man out of their houses were seen at the hour in the hall

when Froment had something new to tell them.

"He does not attack the Roman church," said some of his admirers to certain priests of the better class. "There are no philippics, no invectives against the clergy, no doom uttered upon our city. But we never heard such doctrines. Jesus of Nazareth must have been a wonderful teacher. And how he suffered!"

A few of these priests went to the hall, sat on the benches, leaned forward eagerly listening, with mouths half open, and, without knowing it, they often nodded assent to the truths which made them forgetful of the prejudices. They went away saying, "Good doctrines; we should do well to receive them."

There were other priests and monks more bigoted. They took alarm. They ran hither and thither, entering private houses, and saying, "Has that mean-looking Frenchman

got you by the ears? How is it that he bewitches you?"

"He shows us that we are ignorant and needy, lost and perishing, and going blinded into eternity."

"Is it such talk that charms you? We can tell you all that."

"Aye, but he has good news for us. Lost sinners have a Saviour. If we only believe —"

"It is enough for you to believe what your church teaches. What does that little fool know about it?"

"That fool can teach you to be wise. You call him a devil; he might cast the evil spirit out of you, if you would listen to him."

Yet most of these people had no thought of forsaking the Roman church, the mass, and the confessional.

Great was the ridicule poured forth upon Froment, his gospel lessons, and his simple

medicines, in the drug-shop of Aimé Levet, and Dame Claudine emptied the vials of her wrath on his name whenever she heard it mentioned. For it had crossed the Rhone, and taken hold of the people of St. Gervais, where she lived. She was an honest women, influential, quick in her perceptions, but very superstitious, and devoted to popery. With pain and pity she saw her beautiful sister-in-law, Paula, led away by the new doctrines, and made very zealous for the Word of God. One day Paula called, saying, "For the love of me, do come and hear about the new faith. It pains me to have you refuse so often."

"I have a great horror of that man; he is an enchanter. I wish neither to see nor hear him," replied Claudine.

"He speaks like an angel."

"I consider him a devil."

"If you hear him you will be saved."

"And I think I shall be damned."

"At least, hear him once," urged Paula, who finally prevailed.

Dame Claudine took every care to guard her soul against magic and sorcery, by arming herself with holy wax on her bosom, verbena leaves on her brows, rosaries about her neck, amulets on her wrists, besides a full supply of crosses and relics. "I am going to hear an enchanter," she said to herself; "but I may expose his arts and lead back my sister into the fold."

She entered the hall, sat down in front of "the magician," while he was holding forth the word of life, and she repeatedly made the sign of the cross, and commended herself to the care of the saints. She felt nothing at first but mockery and derision. But she was soon surprised; there was no incantation, no mummerly. There stood a plain, artless, sincere man, with a little book in his hand, now reading from it the words of Christ, and now explaining them, and

sending them as arrows into the hearts of the eager listeners. She lifted her eyes; she looked at the book; she stared into his face; she caught the tender glance of his moist eye, and scarcely knew that the tears were gathering in her own. "Yes," said he, "the publicans and sinners drew near to Jesus to hear him, and to wonder. They heard him say, 'I am the good Shepherd.' I seek the lost sheep, and bring them back to the fold. I restore them to their heavenly Father. I open heaven to them. I give unto them eternal life. They cannot purchase salvation. I *give* it to them. Come, take it freely." Then looking at the children, he said, —

"My little friends, what was your copy to-day?"

"After darkness I hope for light," answered a score of voices, and the ears of such Huguenot patriots as Goulaz and Ami

Perrin were very attent. It was a text which they held as a prophecy.

“Very good. But the darkness is past; the true light now shineth. Jesus brought it into the world. It shines wherever Jesus is made known. Let it shine in Geneva. Why cling to the darkness? It will deceive and ruin you. For Jesus said, ‘This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reprov’d. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God.’ And now, if you have got more light by coming here, go and let it shine in your homes and on the streets. Give it to the poor and the ignorant. By giving all, you lose none. Be like Jesus. He loved you; then love everybody for his sake.”

The hearers were dismissed, but many lingered as if they had some question to ask. Among them was Dame Claudine, much to the surprise of all who knew her. No sign of the cross was made as she asked, "Is what you have said true?"

"It is, madame."

"Is it proved by the gospel?"

"No doubt of it."

"Is not the mass mentioned in it?"

"There is not one word about the mass."

"And the book from which you preach, is it the genuine New Testament?"

He held it forth that she might examine for herself.

She took it in her hand, began to read in it, and said, "Then lend it to me."

On her way home she said little to her sister, but thought much upon the great questions of eternal life. She was not one who sought to talk away her convictions, or to seek some delusive comfort.

Reaching her house, across the Rhone, she gave orders that no one should rap at her door, or be troubled if she did not appear at the table. She went to her room, shut herself in, and resolved to devote herself to the Testament until she had found the truth which would satisfy her mind and conscience. She had the hard battle to fight against her former pledges and superstitions.

For three days and three nights she fasted, praying as she pored over the wonderful book, and again kneeling to ask God for more light. Often was there a struggle in her mind. Could she renounce the religion of her childhood? Could she abandon its imposing rites? Could she give up the idea that rosaries, penances, masses, and money would save her soul, especially if she committed it to the priest, the saints, and the Virgin Mary? Could she give up the worldliness that her old religion allowed? The change would be very great. How much

must she forsake! How many things that she had loved and held sacred!

And what would the new religion give in their place? Nothing of pomp, parade, or ceremony; nothing to satisfy her pride or the love for outward services. Its worship was so simple that no cathedral was needed for its holiest rites; it might be perfect in a rude hall, or upon the grass beneath the open heavens. Its one great principle was faith. It had no images for the eye; no host of saints for the imagination; no indulgences for the heart. But it was full of grand realities. It abounded in things unseen, spiritual, and eternal. It made one feel the soul within him, and the God above him. The worshipper came directly to Jesus and the Father, and held fellowship with the Holy Trinity. Its one Saviour was Christ; its one sacrifice was that on Calvary.

"I will take as my religion just what this

New Testament reveals to me," said she, after gaining her victory. Eagerly she turned over its pages. No saint-worship, no masses, no ritualism, did she find there. All was simple, spiritual; faith, repentance, love, obedience, holiness, and the imitation of Jesus Christ. "Yes, thou art mine, blessed Saviour; thou alone art my salvation. Let thy peace be in my troubled conscience, and thy love in my poor and vacant heart."

Froment tells us how Dame Claudine sent for him, after her three days of reading and of prayer. She wished to see again the man who had first led her to the fountain of eternal life. He came, expecting to impart knowledge, but really to be made wiser. As he entered the room, she rose, approached him, and "her tears fell on the floor." In no other language could she express her joy. When able to speak, she said, "Thanks be to God for the light he

has given me, and for the knowledge of his word!"* The preacher found her so resolute, so strong in faith, so entirely devoted to the Lord, that "he held her in great admiration." Not in vain had been the little sermons. Not in vain will preaching ever be to the hearer, who goes home to make a thorough search for the truth in the Divine Word. Dame Claudine unconsciously set out upon the great principle of Protestantism, that the Bible is the only standard of religious belief and practice.

If all the bells of the churches had been able to speak, they would scarcely have made more public the fact of Claudine Levet's conversion, than did the tongues of the Genevese. The very children of the school told it wherever they went. "She is enchanted," said some of the devout Romanists. "Why don't the priests go and drive away the spell?" The priests needed no urgent hint. They were awake to the im-

portance of retaining her in their fold. One of the most prudent of them was chosen to visit her. He was Friar Louis Bernard. He resolved to take good company with him.

"Your wife has had her mind troubled of late, I am told," he said to Aimé Levet in the drug-shop. "I was thinking it might be for her comfort if I talked with her a little. Will you go with me?"

The apothecary was glad to hear the proposal. He had been strongly opposed to the gospel, the school, the little sermons, and the whole movement. He had begged his wife, while she was passing her three days in prayer and reading, to come out of her room, break her fast, cease making a fool of herself, take the fresh air, ride with him into the country, go to church, or do anything that would drive away her deep thoughts and her sorrow. And when she came forth, calm, cheerful, her face aglow

with a light that he had never seen upon it, her step that of one that went softly, her voice tender and affectionate, her entire manner gentle, and her lips ready to tell of the most glorious work that a soul can know on earth, he simply wondered; it was to him a mystery. But when she told him all, — all she could tell of that three days' struggle, — told it with tears, and thanks to God, and earnest entreaties that he would read the blessed little book of Jesus," his heart sank within him. Was it all magic? No; she was not deranged, not deluded, not befooled. He felt it. Here was the finger of God. She was "sitting at the feet of Jesus," clothed with grace, and in her right mind. What a superior being! How above himself!

But was she not separated from him? There was indeed a wide chasm between their souls. Would her heart ever beat again with his? Would she not regard him

as utterly lost?— a poor, blind, bigoted papist, for whom there was no heaven? But there was her love, stronger than ever; her prayer to God for him; her entreaty so fervent, and her voluntary candor, as if she must give account to him of all that she had done. Only one thing was needed, and that was for him to go over and stand with her along with Christ. This he hated to do. Her frank, full story touched him, but his answer was cold silence. A few days had worn away, and now he was glad to have a priest convince her of her supposed error.

“We have not seen you at the confessional this week,” said Friar Bernard, very gently, after being kindly received, and comfortably seated. “Perhaps your mind has been so greatly burdened that you hardly dared to come.”

“Yet I have been to the mercy-seat, where I never was before, and where I confessed more of my sins than I ever cared

or dared to tell in human ears. The true confessional is the throne of grace, as I hope to prove from the Holy Scriptures." Dame Claudine had her Testament ready to show the proofs.

"Are you not told, 'Confess your faults one to another'?"

"Yes, *one to another*. Only the people to the priest, you would say; but why not the priest also to the people? If I have offended you, to you I should confess the fault; if I have sinned against God, to him should my sin be confessed."

Her proofs were at hand in the Lord's Prayer, and the Parable of the Prodigal Son.

Friar Bernard had tact. It was of little use to argue such points with a woman who had the New Testament in her hand. He thought that he had one appeal which would throw her into confusion. "Would you reject the mass? Without that, how

could we offer any acceptable sacrifice for our sins?"

"Jesus offered himself *once* for all. Do not let us 'crucify the Son of God afresh,' by imagining that he is offered up again when the priest elevates the host. Jesus is not there. The wafer is not his body; not when you lift it up, nor when you give it to the people. Your cross is no longer mine; my cross is that on which Jesus died for our sins. I trust in that now, and if I shall ever be so happy as to receive the Lord's Supper, I shall take the simple bread and wine, remember him, and receive Christ spiritually, as did the early Christians. But why do you keep the wine from the people?"

"Ah! your mind is perplexed with hard questions. You need rest. You should travel abroad a little. Go down into sunny, smiling Italy, and recruit yourself."

"If, on the way, I should fall among the Waldenses, my health would scarcely be re-

cruited to your satisfaction. No, my mind is not troubled. It was never so clear on religious subjects. It has found rest in this gospel, and in Christ. Nine times does he say to me, 'Blessed, blessed,' in his Sermon on the Mount."

The interview ended by her saying, "What you think is error, I find to be truth. Read this book, and you will believe me to be in the right." The day was coming when Friar Bernard would prove her a true prophetess.

Closely did the druggist watch his wife. The change in her conduct was marvellous. All were surprised to hear her talk as she did, says Froment, yet her deeds more strongly proved her faith. Once her thoughts ran upon fashion and finery; now upon self-denial and charity. In that room where she had given herself to God, she laid off "all needless ornament and bravery," fully resolved to be more plain in her dress

and more humble in her life. Taking from her wardrobe her rich trappings, elegant robes, and costly jewels, she had them sold, and the money given to the poor.

"Quite sensible," thought her husband. "She will not be so expensive henceforth. After all, a book that teaches such economy, self-denial, and charity cannot be a bad one. I must look into it."

He listened to her as she read it; he went with her to the school at the sign of the Golden Cross. She won him to the Lord, and now she was free to promote the gospel in ways that gave her a lasting name in Geneva.





CHAPTER VII.

THE GENEVAN LADIES.



HERE was a great sensation about Dame Claudine in the circle of her former friends. It was fresh gossip for their coterie. These ladies talked of little else than her strange conduct in forsaking the mass in the church, and the fashions and follies of society. They had loved her; now they felt that she was lost. Froment, however, was duly honored with their contempt. "She has heard *that creature*, and has grown too good for us!" said Madame Baudichon. "How unfortunate for us that we learned how to read and write, when we were young! We might now go to school."

"As we are not the wives of druggists, we can hardly expect our company to be agreeable to her any longer," said Madame Baltesard, the wife of a councillor. "I shall not trouble her with mine."

"Nor are we dress-makers," added Madame Perrin, whose husband was a violent Huguenot of the political cast. "Pernetta is just now the star in her sky, for she is taking up objects of charity, inviting them to her house, cutting, and fitting, and arraying them in her old robes, while she herself goes dressed as plainly as a nun of St. Claire. While that fit lasts, I shall not call upon her. This excessive devotion to the poor is not quite according to our dignity."

"It is according to religion, however," said Madame Salomon, the wife of the benevolent Claude. "I rather admire it in Madame Levet. Such charity and humility are saintly."

"A saint indeed! No more St. Agnes

— no more Holy Mother! Now it shall be St. Claudine!”

These rich and lofty ladies were wrought up to a high pitch of ridicule. They ventilated their proud hearts and went home. But they were not at rest, for each had still a conscience. They knew that Dame Claudine cared for them, loved them, and perhaps prayed for them. Unwilling to visit her, they watched to see what she was doing. They heard the outcast speak in her praise; they saw poor exiles, driven out of France for their Christian faith, fed and clad at her expense. Her house was ever open to these refugees. They saw in her example “a constant pattern of holy living.” A reaction began in their minds. They sought the cause of the great change in their old friend. They spoke to her when they met her on the street. They could not help it.

One by one these high spirits called upon

Dame Claudine. She received them with a new affection. They thought it quite saintly. They made apologies for their neglect. "Neglect me!" said she; "not at all. You have been very much in my thoughts, and I have wanted to talk with you, but I felt unworthy to speak of what the Lord has done for me. You have heard, no doubt — but perhaps I am making myself disagreeable to you —"

"Oh, no! we want to learn all about it."

"It is too great for me to tell. Tongue cannot declare it. Yet it is so simple, — it is Christ's work in the heart, — it is only trusting and loving the Saviour, — it might be so easily your happiness as well as mine." She told how light and life had come to her soul.

They listened as to a wonderful dream. But Claudine was a work of God in their eyes; they could not despise the new creature. To be like her was worth the world.

She gave them copies of the New Testament, begged them to read it, and do nothing else until they were brought to the love of the Saviour.

They went home, and some of them took the New Testament, read, pondered, wept, and prayed, struggled, and gave up their old errors, almost yielded, and wanted more light. Should they go to Froment's school? It was already crowded. Meetings were beginning to be held in private houses. There were not teachers enough to explain the Word of God in the little assemblies. They went one evening to the house of Dame Claudine. But no evangelist was there to open to them the Scriptures. Upon her all eyes turned, and one said, "You must teach us; no one here has received from the Lord greater gifts than yourself."

"I explain this holy book?" She was still entreated. "I remember that it was

a woman who went into Sychar, and told the people that Jesus was at the well of Jacob. And thither they all went. Perhaps I can tell you that this same Jesus is at the fountain of living waters; go thither and drink. Only drink. How simple it is! Claudine read the heavenly words of Christ and his apostles, and told what she had found therein. In the church she would have kept silence, but in her own house she became such a living, speaking light that her rooms were often filled.

She soon was happy in leading some of these noble ladies to the fountain of living waters, where they owned Christ to be their Saviour. As she was their "exemplar of life and charity," they asked her how they might be useful. Had she not lived down their ridicule? Yet she did not assume the tone of triumph when she said, "To be useful there must be self-denial. Put aside your display. Your jewelry may

catch the eye of the poor, but it will not gain the heart. It is their hearts that we must win, or we can never hope to save them."

"Save them? What do you mean?" These ladies thought it quite enough to give the needy food and clothing, treating them as mere animals, and supplying their bodily wants. This was their notion of charity.

"Let us seek to save their souls," replied Dame Claudine. All else is of less account. Small will be our charity if we do not treat them as immortal. Did not Jesus die for the poor? If saved, heaven will make them rich. Go among them in plain dress; give them what their bodies need, and then talk to them of him who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor. Give them something to read. Here are some tracts and Testaments which you can take, and, when these are gone, we know where to get more." Farel was sending

packages of books and tracts for the Genevans.

From that day, certain honorable women went among the lowly. They sought to rescue the outcast. They sent gifts to the victims of the plague in the hospitals, where Claude Salomon was by no means a stranger. Christian exiles were welcomed to their homes. "It is not safe for a poor wretch to walk on the streets," said some of the scoffers, "for one of these gossellers will pick him up and shove him into a Huguenot house, and there feed him with the awful heresy." Froment relates, "that there was not a Christian man or woman, who did not have some poor foreigner in the house."

But Madame Baudichon still clung to her dignity. Stoop thus to the lowly? Not she; it might spoil them; pride amid poverty was not to be endured by the haughty who had wealth. Her old faith was shaken,

but "the new doctrine" had too many poor, humble adherents to please her. Was there not some middle course?

"A new preacher has come," said one of her sympathizing friends. "He is Christopher Bocquet, and is preaching the Advent sermons, in the Rive Church. He does not believe much in popery, and utters almost gospel enough to please these pauper-loving disciples of Froment. It is *respectable* to hear him. The fashionable Huguenots are going there."

Madame Baudichon was delighted. She arrayed herself to sit with the noble ladies of Geneva, and listen to the beautiful sermons. Hasting thither, she found her place. A strange monk, in the brown frock of a Cordelier, with modest step and bowed head, entered the pulpit. He saw before him a mixed crowd, — people of all parties in Church and State, — and he did not intend to give the least offence to a soul among them. Avoid-

ing Romanism he would not commit himself to the Reformation. Intent upon winning sinners, he told them of the Saviour, — his love, his condescension to a manger in Bethlehem, his resolute advance to the cross on Calvary, and his right to the worship of all men. "Behold the friend of the poor!" said he; "most of his truest disciples were among the lowly. He taught us to value the soul of an outcast as of infinite worth. And of what higher worth is the soul of the richest, most noble, or most royal? Bethlehem has a story to comfort the poor, for Jesus was the child of poverty. But it has a story to rebuke the rich and the lofty, the proud and the powerful; for Jesus was neglected by the nobility; indeed, a king sought to slay him."

It was not Madame Baudichon who said, "beautiful sermon," on her way out of the church. Looking about her she saw a multitude of the poor, who had hungered for

the bread of life, and heard that the new preacher was offering it freely to all sinners. She met many of the Huguenots in the aisle, to her surprise, — such men as her own husband, Chautemps, and Perrin. "Very good gospel," said certain of them. "No popish trumpery, no high-priced indulgences, no mumbled masses, no urging of the women to make gossip to the priest in a confession-box, no purgatory to make a man's death fearfully expensive to his friends, and no flings at us Huguenots. This is the wise way; reform the old Church, and not set up a new one."

"It is very good so far as it goes," said Councillor Chautemps; "these moderate sermons may help on the reform. They may cast into the shade the old superstitions, and remove the prejudices against the truth. I shall follow it up by going where the trumpet gives no uncertain sound."

"The crowd is of your mind," said Bau-

dichon. "They are rushing to the Golden Cross. We shall not get in if we do not haste. Here, wife —"

The onward movement was like a solemn charge of infantry. Many, of all parties and classes, had heard it whispered that the monk and the school-master preached the same truths, and they were eager to judge for themselves whether there was any difference.

"You do not mean that you are going to that hall with all this rabble," said Madame Baudichon to her husband, who was extending his arm, and urging her to be in haste. He did mean it, and she knew that when he willed, he was likely to win. She took his arm, but her heart lagged amid excuses; she was not dressed for such fast walking; it was rough work cutting across the corner; it was not the thing for people of their quality to be slipping through private alleys; the whole business was not respectable, and, after all, they would be too late.

"Let us help bring up the other wing," said Councillor Chautemps, staying up her left elbow, and thus making sure an entrance under the Cross of Gold, and getting their faces in at the door of the crowded hall.

"Our ears are in, and we can hear," said Baudichon, "let us be content."

Madame's panting was heard by a poor man, and he persisted in having her seated on the bench that he had occupied. She thanked him, and was touched at seeing that he was lame, and his look was weary and careworn.

Froment was cautious; he avoided all appearance of formal preaching. He was simply addressing his pupils at the close of study hours. He read from his Testament, talking by way of covenant. "It matters little," said he, "whether our Lord was born on Christmas, or not, but it is very important for us to notice his advent. He did come from his throne of glory; he did ap-

pear as the babe in the manger; he did reveal himself as the only Saviour of sinners. Think upon these facts. But all your thinking will not save you. Believe, believe, and live. No matter who tells you the truth, believe it. If a good monk preaches Christ, believe him."

"That's it," said a Romanist just from the Rive Church, speaking louder than he intended. There was a rustle, and a turning of faces toward the door.

"Yes, that's it," continued Froment, who had sometimes heard murmurings which he feared might cause a mob. "I am glad to hear that response. Go and listen to the good monk, and when he preaches a free and full salvation to you, accept it. Then Christ will see the Church reformed."

"A reform? What is that?"

"It is getting back to the doctrines and practices of Jesus and his apostles. It is

exalting Christ above all the saints, and faith above all human rites and works."

To this came the response, "Very good;" even the Romanists "took a liking to what they heard."

Madame Baudichon gave much of her thought to the lame man, who seemed ready to sink on the floor, and yet listened as for life. When the service was ended, she asked for his name and residence.

"My name is Paul La Platte, and my house, — ah! I have no home in which I am allowed to live."

"Are you an exile?" She detected the elegant French which he spoke.

"I have been banished, and I may thank my Lord for that, because exile is better than a dark, close prison, where a man's feet are almost wrenched off from him," — he held out the lame limb; "indeed banishment would be bliss, if one had his dear wife and children with him."

Madame gazed at him and read honesty in his face. She began to feel Christian charity. It did not occur to her mind to ask for what he had been banished ; whether for a crime, or for conscience' sake. Enough now, that he was in Geneva, a shelterless wanderer, who, to while away a heavy hour, had dropped in at the hall. With a divided look, as if trying to fix her eyes on him and her husband at the same instant, she said, "Will you come home with us? You shall find friends ; we want to hear your story."

He wept. Did this elegant lady perceive in him any signs that he was once a man of property, and was also a man of fair learning? Did she see that even his tattered coat was of fine cloth? Was it something in her eyes, that, however raggedly, and scantily dressed, he was as clean and neat as possible? Madame was not tearless. Under an humble garb a great heart beat,

and a great soul revealed itself; she honored him. "I have found *my* foreigner at last, as you see," she whispered to Claude Salomon on the way home.

"I was watching to claim him as my guest. We have room for one more at our house."

That night there was much talk in the town about Madame Baudichon and her exile. Some ladies, who had been impatient of her want of charity, half suspected that it might not all be right. What if, after being so wary and pitiless, she should find that the lame guest was a deceiver, and that she was not entertaining an angel unawares? Dame Claudine too well knew that roaming impostors took advantage of Genevan hospitality. She was not particular enough to test them, whether they spoke good French. If the brogue was Savoyard, it was time to be cautious. Spies were abroad.

There was another surprise to the Gene-

van ladies, before a week had passed. "Madame Baudichon wishes to have one of our Bible meetings at her house," said one of them; "what does it mean? I hope it is not in opposition to Madame Claudine. Who will read and talk and pray?" There was a mystery in the case. The hour came; the rooms were filled. In one room necks were stretched to see what *leader* there might be in the other. "Perhaps it is a trick; one of the councillor's Huguenot parties," thought some, who knew his circles were not of the sedate kind, for wine-colored wit abounded, and political schemes were laid. At length the suspense was broken.

Madame led in the lame exile, amid no slight sensation. He took a central place, by a table, on which lay a large new Testament. At his word, "Let us pray," they all knelt. His prayer was that of one who had learned meekness and strong faith in the

iron furnace. How he entreated the Lord for France, — the land wherein the wrath of man fell heavy on God's saints, — the land whereof many an exile thought, weeping for his dear ones left behind, and trusting God to shield them from their enemies! He rose. He read the Benedictions of the Great Preacher, who spake them on the mountain. He began his address. All were eager to hear him tell of his experience. But there was not a word; nothing about his first discovery of the gospel when he heard Farel preach in Dauphiny; nothing about his efforts to proclaim the glad tidings, nor his sufferings, nor his escapes, nor his weary walk from Lyons. It was all about Christ, and the simple way to be saved. The time seemed very short; there was a regret when the meeting closed.

"Is that man a scholar?" inquired Madame Jacquema.

"A quite learned man," replied Madame,

the hostess ; " once was a professor in a college ; taught Latin and Greek ; married a rich lady ; settled down to enjoy leisure and quietness ; got hold of the Greek Testament ; went fifty miles to hear Farel, whom we could not keep in this city of intolerance ; set to work to tell his neighbors the true way to heaven ; was hunted and lived in a cave three months, and was there arrested and thrown into prison. His wife bought his liberty at such a vast price that she had not a franc left, and when he was free, he was told that he must leave the country or be burned."

" We want him to teach our son Charles. Why cannot he teach in the hall ? Froment needs an assistant."

" Why cannot we bring his family here ? I have sent them some funds already. It is only charity ; no, not that, for I have my reward. I am selfish ; I want a whole family of these exiles."

Madame Jacquema smiled, and wondered if her friend would not be putting some of her jewelry and costly robes upon the poor as their "exemplar" across the river had done.

There is a happiness in devising measures for good. But while these Christian ladies were planning so well, their foes were plotting evil. A layman raised the voice of alarm. He cried out that the priests were asleep; that the heretics were gaining a footing, by little and little, in the ancient city, and that it was high time for them to wake up, and gird themselves for a holy war.

The vicar of the Madeleine was aroused. He gave notice that he would preach against the school-master and the friar Christopher. The people must be drawn away from the hall and the Rive Church. "Let us hear him," said Councillor Chautemps. With him went such Huguenots as Claude Salomon, Ami Perrin, and Claude Bernard. The

vicar exalted the Pope as the representative of God, glorified the Roman Church, and set forth the beauty of all its rites and rules. It was the true fold. But lo! what wolves were prowling around it, devouring the sheep! He was content to cast no more than a fling at Friar Christopher, for there was a more detested rival. "That school-master creeps in; the fox plays with your children, but you will soon find him to be a wolf among your lambs. He is ignorant. He is a liar, a thief, a robber."

This was too much for these four Huguenots to endure. These men, who had at first been so cold to Froment, were now warm in his defence. They left the church and took counsel together. They went to the vicar. They said to him, "Froment is a good and learned man. You say that he has lied. Prove it by Scripture." This was the court of appeal with all true Protestants. It was apostolic.

"I'll prove it," replied the vicar. But he refused to do so in public; it must be at the parsonage. It was agreed that the discussion should come off on the last day of the year. The cornered priest went to his room, and began to search his unworn copy of the Vulgate, to find some texts which would prove Froment to be guilty of falsehood. For once he pored over the Bible, but he read it with prejudice. It was hard work, for he did not easily find what he sought. The Huguenots were not alarmed. Had they been, they might have read the Scriptures very diligently and profitably. Froment was now their hero; they were eager to put him forward more publicly, and thus make the gospel the servant of political liberty. With some of them, Christianity was but the means of a higher civilization.



CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE last day of the year 1532 was passing away. In the afternoon Chautemps and his three friends went to the parsonage of the Madeleine, with their swords belted at their sides, as brave cavaliers of the truth. The vicar was still shut up in his room, wearied in his search for texts of Scripture to make good his point. A few of his invited brethren received the visitors, who laid off their swords, sat down and made themselves agreeable. The priests were quite willing to drink wine with the Huguenots, if Perrin ordered and paid for it. Party rancor was drowned for the time; but vinous friendships are apt to be easily disturbed.

At length the vicar appeared, with a huge old volume under his arm. The Huguenots rose as he entered. Perhaps there was left a glass of wine for him. The conference began. The vicar opened his big folio, its top thickly set with paper marks to guide him in selecting his arguments. He read an extract to prove that Froment's doctrine was false. "Let me give you another, still stronger."

"Hold, if you please," said Perrin, whose head would have been hot enough if he had not drained a glass. "What book is that? It does not sound much like a Bible. For my part I am not very well versed in Scripture, but if it is all as dry and heavy as that, it needs a Froment to explain its meaning."

The vicar was confused. "Come, now," said the Huguenots, "you have not been able to find one word in Scripture to prove Froment a liar." They began to laugh.

"What do you say?" answered the angry

vicar. "This book is the commentary of the illustrious Nicholas Lyra."

"But we want Scripture. You promised it."

"Lyra is the interpreter of Scripture."

"No matter for that. You must stand or fall by the very Word of God." The dispute waxed hot. The parties abused each other. It had been wiser to have obeyed the Scripture than quarrelled over it.

Suddenly a band of priests entered, led by one who bore a sword pointed in front of him. "What!" exclaimed Claude Bernard, "we came in good faith, we four only, to your own house; we laid off our swords and drank with your friends, and now you have sent for a band of armed men. It is a trap; it is a treachery!"

The four Huguenots grasped their swords, made away out of the parsonage, got into the street, and took ground to defend themselves. One priest ran to the belfry of the

church and began to ring the alarm-bell. Everybody seemed to be hurrying to the Madeleine, almost in the centre of the city.

A riot was in prospect. "The Huguenots are rising," was the cry. "They wish to get possession of the church, and set up that babbling school-master to preach in it."

"The Mamelukes are rising!" cried the other party. "The priests are exciting the citizens to kill each other." They saw the four Huguenots standing against a wall, holding out their swords, and ready to give a sharp reception to any who dared venture upon them. Their friends joined them, until a little army was drawn up against the wall, facing another which was every moment reinforced. A word, a shake of the head, and the parties would have come to blows.

A voice of authority was heard. Two members of the high council had come to the spot. I have before me an edition of

the public Register of Geneva, which says, "When Ramel and Savoye saw the furious enterprise of the priests against the citizens, they put forth their batons of justice between the parties in arms. God well aided them in terminating the affair so happily. No blow was struck; no blood was shed." There was peace at the Madeleine. But the street was not without its frays. A priest hung on the outskirts of the crowd, stirring up a tumult. He levelled his musket at the officer who came to silence his noise; a friendly hand turned it aside, and the brawler ran away. The other priests dispersed. The Huguenots went to their homes. Quiet reigned in Geneva.

The council met in the evening. In it both parties were strongly represented. The chief friends of the reformer were invited, and Froment, also; but he probably did not attend. "We exhort you," said the ruling councillors, "to make Antony Fro-

ment cease from disputing and preaching, as well as all others who teach in private houses. We conjure you to live as our fathers did."

The reformed took their leave, saying as they went, "Live as our fathers did! That is the exhortation, as if we were rebellious children. That doctrine is death to all progress, if our ancestors were in error. If our fathers were living in our stead, they would do just what we are doing. It was for us they hoped for light after darkness. Let us have the light. . . . We will hear the Word of God wherever we can; nobody has a right to hide it." Then going to Froment they said, "Do not heed the prohibition. Go right on teaching the Word." He was quite ready to take the advice.

They were called to account. Their defence was ready. The council once decreed that the Word of God be preached in every parish. That is the law. It has not been

observed. We are only carrying out that very decree. And if we cannot hear the Word of God in the churches, we must hear it in the hall."

Thus the civil law gave defence to the gospel, and the wiser councillors replied, "Your position is a strong one. We will require that there be trustworthy preachers of the gospel in every parish. The Franciscans have already brought you the friar Christopher Bocquet. The Dominicans must place as sound a man in the Madeleine." Such were one day's battles for the Word of God. That very night there were meetings in the houses of the reformed.

The New Year came. Friar Christopher drew crowds to hear him. He made many allusions to the late events. He dropped certain words about the necessity of searching the Scriptures to find the truth. He opened the gate to liberty, and scores of people were ready to use their freedom. His

sermon was scarcely ended, when there was another rush to hear the man whom the council had requested to keep silent. The friar was sending them to the school-master. The hall was soon filled, the stairs thronged, the street crowded. "It is quite a crush," said Froment, coming from his lodgings, and trying to make his way to the door. The "gospel ladies" saw no chance at all. The outsiders thought of claiming the preacher for themselves. One man shouted out, "To the Molard!" and the cry was soon on every lip. To the Molard everybody was ready to run.

Froment hesitated, but it was of no use. He was carried along in the sweeping tide, and was not free even when he reached the market, on a corner of a public square. Finding no other pulpit, the Huguenots placed him upon the stall of a fish-woman, and as soon as his face was seen by the

eager multitude, a loud cry arose: "Preach to us, — preach the Word of God."

"Yes," loudly replied Froment; "it is the word that shall endure forever." He made a sign to them with his hand to keep silence, and they were still. "Pray to God with me," said he, kneeling on the ground. As his fervent soul rose into communion with the eternal Father, his tears flowed down his cheeks. "Thou knowest now what is the need of this people better than they or I do. This need is chiefly to hear thy Word. . . . How can thy servant stand in the presence of his adversaries unless thou strengthen him? Show, then, that thy power is not like man's strength."

"His heart and the heart of the people were moved
As the trees of the forest are moved by the wind."

The first sermon in Geneva, by a reformer, was about to be preached from a rude stall, in the open air. It was a New Year's day, the beginning of a new order of things in

that old city. Froment took his text, — the choice was not happy. It too clearly pointed out those who had recently attacked him. It was Matthew vii. 15: "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits." The sermon* was full of truth, but it was ill-timed, severe upon the priests, and yet clearly defending the rights of the people to the Bible.

The Apostle's Creed was partly interwoven with his first sentence. "Our God does not desire to have a foolish, giddy people," he continued, "but a people greatly wise, who know the difference between the doctrine of God and that of man. They who know it not swallow everything and go astray. . . . It will be useless to hear the gospel if we do not change our wicked in-

*The sermon, as written out by Froment, fills about sixteen pages, octavo, in the *Actes et Gestes*.

tentions. . . . Christ desires us to be 'harmless as doves.' . . . If we walk in such simplicity, we shall overcome all our enemies, as Jesus Christ overcame his enemies by his meekness. Let us not begin fighting, killing, and burning, as tyrants do. The child of God has no other sword of defence than the Word of God ; but that is a two-edged sword, piercing even to the marrow." The Huguenots might have taken this to themselves.

Just then came an officer, who ordered him to cease preaching. Froment turned and said, " We ought to obey God rather than men. He commands me to preach his Word ; you forbid it. I am not bound to obey you." Then, to still the people, he said to them, " Be not disturbed, my friends, but listen to what our Lord declares." He then lifted the veil, showed who were false prophets, and stripped them of their mask. He went deeply into the priestly sins.

"Verily a wonderful holiness is theirs! I make you the judges. You have long known them better than I have." There was much positive truth in the sermon.

Meanwhile there was a great stir in the city. Canons, priests, and councillors were putting their heads together to stop the preaching. An armed body of angry men was on the march. Claude Bernard gave his ear to the preacher and his eye to the foe. He saw a force of soldiers coming. There was not a moment to be lost. Springing forward, he shouted aloud, "All the priests are in arms; the city officers are coming; you know your fate if you fall into their hands. For the honor of God, get off from that stall, and let us save your life. Make your escape!"

Froment could not bear the idea of ceasing to speak to a people whose souls were moved by his words. His heart burned within him to tell them more, — more of

Christ and the way of salvation. He had only ploughed up the soil of their hearts; he now wished to cast in the good seed. He would not leave the stall.

"We will stand by you; go on," said certain of the Huguenots. They grasped their swords and prepared to resist the invading gang.

"For the honor of God and in mercy to men, let us avoid the spilling of blood," cried Bernard. The dread of a bloody fray moved Froment. He yielded. Some of his friends helped him down from the stall.

"This way," said Jean Chautemps, "through the crowd, where he will be out of sight amid the confusion, and then through the alley to my house." The soldiers advanced; they ran hither and thither, but the search was in vain. They ordered the mass of hearers to disperse. Many of them went home, but it was not for some months that

they discovered how they had received a rich New Year's gift of truth.

To get upon the track of Froment was the one thing desired by his enemies. They pried into all corners. At last one of them found out the hiding-place. It was the very house where he once had been treated with such genteel coolness. Now every respect was shown him. Madame Jacquema could not provide too elegant a dinner, nor Pernetta be too busy in seeing that every dish was well done, nor the councillor be too lavish of encouragement. "You are right, sir," he said, "and with God on your side, you can withstand the world."

At night a noise was heard under the windows. It was evident that a band of men was prowling about, listening and spying. Others came, and an uproar was made. "Must we lose you?" said Madame Jacquema. "Yes, or you will lose your life." The councillor went to his front door, parleyed

with the armed men and kept them at bay. Berthie led the school-master through the garden to the house of Ami Perrin, who was more dreaded than the honest and quiet Chautemps.

"I'll manage them," said Perrin. "We have some laws yet in Geneva. If there were not so many of them, I would make those lurking priests so merry with old wine that they would dance while you whistled, or so drunk that their followers would have enough to do to get them out of the ditches before morning. Froment, consider yourself in my employ. You shall have fair wages."

Soon a boisterous gang was at his door, crying, "Ami Perrin, send away that Lutheran, or we will pull down your house, or burn you in it."

He opened his door and stood boldly before the rioters, who had the advantage of the thick darkness. "You know," said he, "that we have liberty to keep an honest ser-

vant in our houses, without being molested by anybody. The man you seek is my servant; he is to begin work for me to-morrow. Mind the law, gentlemen."

And still the law had few terrors for these men. It was force that they dreaded. The Huguenots were not asleep. They gathered, marched up the street, and drove away the rioters.

There was no more school at the sign of the Golden Cross. The plan of having the lame exile, La Platte, teach there, failed. But he taught Huguenot children in the houses of Baudichon and Chautemps. In due time his family joined him at Geneva.

On the 2d of January the greater council met. Peace at any bloodless price was their desire. The oldest senator proposed that all preaching of the gospel, in private or in public, should be forbidden, except by special consent of the council, or the vicar-general. Also, that if any one knew of such

preachers holding meetings, and did not inform against them, he should receive *three stripes with the rope.*

At these proposals the Huguenots exclaimed, "We demand the Holy Scriptures."

"And we desire that sect to be utterly rooted out," was the response of the other party. To compromise the matter it was resolved to allow Friar Christopher to continue his sermons until the next Lent.

"Let us now have peace," said the oldest senator. "Let all citizens forgive one another."

"Yes, yes," answered the more impulsive Huguenots, lifting up their hands. "We wish to love those who may not think as we do."

Opposing councillors walked home side by side. Men of different parties paraded the streets arm in arm. Yet, for all that, the old hatred may have burned in their hearts, and bitter curses may not have dared

to creep to their lips. They were smothering the volcano.

At a loom in Perrin's house sat Froment, every day, weaving ribbons. "How do you like your servant?" asked some of the taunting papists. Perrin knew how to answer a fool according to his folly, and they left him with this advice: "See that he does not go out to do gospel jobs in Huguenot houses." They watched him, hoping to waylay him when venturing to call upon some of *the gospellers*.

"Can you talk of the gospel without preaching?" inquired certain friends of Froment. He thought he could. He supposed, also, that "his master" would not care if he lost some time in that way. "Then we will come, hold your threads for you, and hear you talk." Thus he continued to weave the truth into their minds. But only a few could be reached in this manner. He considered whether he should not venture a lit-

tle out of his hiding place, and promote the good cause. His mind was soon made up. He crept out and knocked at certain doors. He was welcome. He thus began to *talk* from house to house. But he knew not that, wherever he went, a few friends, armed with stout canes, followed him at a distance, to defend him if insulted. He thought it rather strange that Ernest Lery should happen to be going his way so often, and should need so large a walking-stick.

"You vile wretch!" said a vulgar woman, one day, to him. "Perrin's meanest servant! If you dared to be manly we should drive you away as we did Farel." At this a violent Huguenot rushed up and smote her on the face.

"My good sir," said Froment to his rash and rude defender, "it is not by violence that we shall gain friends, but by gentleness and friendship."

But he tells us that he was not long safe

at the house of Perrin, where "his host held him as a servant, for otherwise he could not have subsisted, laboring with his hands, making ribbons." He must seek another refuge. He found it at the house of Aimé Levet, the apothecary. Dame Claudine was heroic enough to shelter the man who had first directed her mind to the Word of God. Yet there was danger, as was evident from the occasional hurling of a stone through the windows, or a threatening yell in front of the drug-shop.

One day Froment was crossing the Rhone, little thinking that an assault was preparing. It was a holiday. He met a procession of Roman Catholics on the bridge, carrying relics and mumbling litanies to the saints. He was indignant at the superstition and delusion of the people, but he resolved to keep calm. He stood still, but did not bow to the images. This was an offence to the priests, who ceased their

chantings and shouted, "Fall on him! Throw the dog into the Rhone!"

Certain devout women, breaking their ranks, rushed upon him to fling him into the river. But there was a stout body-guard a little way behind him. They ran up and rescued the reformer from the furies. They hurried him away to the Levets, whose house was near the bridge.

"Teach that heretic of a druggist a good lesson," shouted the priests. Willing to obey such spiritual fathers, in such fleshly work, the people besieged the house. They threw mud into the shop, hurled stones through the windows, and rushing in broke the vials, and scattered the drugs over the floor. The Huguenots rallied and drove the rioters from the bridge, until not even a furious woman lingered on the scene to wag her irrepressible tongue.

These outward acts of the Huguenots were not Protestantism. It did not consist

in mere protests; much less in deeds of warlike resistance. Its true battle was spiritual; its weapons were not carnal; its power lay in the Word and in the Lord, who said, "Preach it, believe it, live it, and by it conquer." It was, at the first, and still is, a system of positive truth; not the invention of a new order of things, but the restoration of what was as old as the apostles. Only in regard to the Roman Church was it a reformation; in regard to Christianity it was a restoration.

That night Froment returned to Perrin's house, and told his friends that he felt it to be his duty to leave the city. "It distresses us," said Chautemps, speaking for all the rest, "but the violence of our enemies makes it necessary for your safety." Upon a dark night, attended by a friend, he slipped away from Geneva, went to Yvonnand, and rested from the conflicts of the

most heroic part of his life. But he will again appear upon the scene.

"Our comfort is not all gone," said the evangelicals. "We still have the good Friar Bocquet." And now, having no avowed Protestant to fight, the priests set upon the monk more fiercely than upon the reformer. They asked that he be speedily silenced. This fired his soul. More boldly and clearly than ever did he preach Christ and free grace. But six Friburgers came, demanding that the friar should cease to preach. "For the love of peace," the council decided that he should leave the city, — a proof that the gospel itself was hated, and not merely the reformers.

"One comfort remains," said the lovers of truth. "We have the Holy Scriptures left us." They read the Word more than ever before, and it grew. It was the Bible that reformed Geneva. It was God, and not man, who gave light.



CHAPTER IX.

THE CAP-MAKER.

THE school at the Golden Cross was closed, and the teacher driven away. The sermons in the Rive Church were ended, and the good friar banished. But the Lord remained in Geneva with the little band of his "hidden ones." In secret they met in each other's houses by night. "The number of the faithful increased from day to day," says Froment; they looked for "some man full of grace and learned in the Scriptures," who might be to them as a shepherd, feeding the flock of God. Who would appear?

We have not forgotten Guerin, the cap-maker. Years had passed since he had put

a feather in the cap of Berthie Chautemps. Working in his shop, he had heard much said about the evils of popery, and of a little book called the New Testament. Whispers of a reform had reached his ears. Huguenot as he was, he was far from being a Protestant. But he had good sense, and he was disposed to think for himself. He only needed something to think upon, for the mind must have food, or it cannot have ideas. Tracts fell in his way, as if the wind had brought them, and he eagerly read them, not suspecting that they were part of the large packages which Farel was sending to Geneva. Let Guerin's heart be touched, and he would become heroic for the truth.

A note is handed him one day, and he reads: "Twenty caps are wanted, for boys of all sizes. Can you furnish them? If so, look for a troop soon."

"That I can," he says to himself, "when Dame Claudine wants them. And they

shall be made of the very furs she sent me to make up for the poor." All hands were set at the job, and it was soon done. "This new religion is rather full of good works," he thinks, "even if people are not saved by them. Where there is so much charity there must be some truth. I'll look into it still farther."

At the right time came Berthie at the head of twenty boys, most of them sons of refugees. "We take you by storm," said he, marching them into the shop, one by one, and the little fellows so gleeful that the larger lads felt quite ashamed of them.

"Well, my little men," said Guerin, "I suppose that each one of you would rather have a fine cap than anything else in the world."

"No, sir, I wouldn't," answered one of the brightest of them, but most scantily clad. He looked as brave as if he was about to defend his faith.

"What, not such a cap as that? Such fur is not to be had every day."

"Very fine, sir; but I would rather have a Testament. Once I had one, but a priest burned it up."

"A Testament! What good would that do you?"

"It would tell me of the Saviour, and the way to heaven."

Guerin went on with his questions while laying out the caps, and thinking "these children know more than I do. I must get a Testament." The work of fitting was not difficult, for, if a boy was trying on a cap that was too small, he said that it would stretch; or if it was too large, he insisted that he would grow into it. Berthie attended to the "Thank you, sir," which was due to somebody.

When the lads bowed themselves out of the door, and seemed ready to fly shouting to their mothers, Guerin said, "Those are

the boys who will make the freemen we want in Geneva;" and such were some of them to be.

"I must drop into the school at the Golden Cross," thought the cap-maker, for this was before it had closed. He had asked the boys all about it. He went, and the words which he heard went right to his soul and quenched the thirst which he had felt. He began to read the New Testament day and night. He let his light shine in the shop, and debates grew up among the workmen. Dame Claudine was surprised to find that her account for the caps was so small. Berthie was requested to bring more boys to take some of the old stock long on hand. Claude Salomon knew where to send a bare-headed refugee.

Jean Guerin had lent a hand in bearing Froment to the Molard, and there he heard him say, holding up the New Testament, "Here are the sealed letters, signed with

the precious blood of our Lord, and the cloud of martyrs who were put to death in order to bear this testimony. These show our right to believe in Christ alone for salvation." He had been distressed at the flight of the zealous school-master and preacher. He did not dream of taking a leading part in the work that must be done by the faithful. He grew into it unawares.

How a new voice delighted the people at their little meetings! Into every convert's experience was woven some new truth of Scripture. They often met at the house of Baudichon, greeted each other kindly, sat down in a large room, and for a few moments were silent. At one such meeting Guerin arose, timidly, tremblingly, yet having to tell of what the Lord had done for him. Striking the Scripture vein of faith working by love, he brought up golden thoughts. "If we want more faith," said he, "let us show more charity. That

will persuade others to believe. Our preachers are gone. We have none to teach us the good and great doctrines. Perhaps one reason why the Lord permitted them to be sent away was that we knew more than we practised. May we so live that he will say to us at last, 'I was hungered, and ye fed me; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me.'" Such was the spirit of the reformed Christians of Geneva. Claude Salomon, their treasurer, had funds given him for the works of benevolence.

The cap-maker was thenceforth in demand. "He talks like a preacher," they said. "Where one tree is cut down another grows up." But he did not assume to be a pastor. One day he heard good news: "A minister is in town, — a traveller, — a foreigner."

"Who is he?"

"Peter Maneri. He is at Claude Salomon's (Pasta's). He will preach to-night."

The wonderful secret was soon whispered to the faithful, and Claude's rooms were filled at the hour. Peter Maneri, whom Froment calls "another learned man," spent a few days aiding Guerin in the good work.

The zeal of the unwise cannot always be turned to good account. It did harm in Geneva. Guerin had a servant who was a great talker, and such an admirer of his master's sermons that he put forward his talent. At an hour when there were many persons in the street he began to address them: "Why do you go to mass? You are idolaters. Instead of worshipping God, you adore a wafer."

"And who are you?" shouted one of the crowd. The poor orator was at his wit's end. He was seized, led before the judges, and banished from the city.

Olivétan was again in Geneva, laboring

day and night upon a translation of the entire Bible into French. His friends were delighted to think that they should soon have the Old Testament in their hands. But who would publish it? The printer, De Vingle, asked the council to allow him to print it, but some were so ready to cry out "Protestant Bible," that he must be content with republishing the version which had been made by Le Fevre, the good man who preceded Luther in declaring the way of salvation by faith. He had been Farel's teacher, but had not left the Romish Church.

Olivètan worked on and waited his time. He took no very active part in the quiet meetings. His labors were of another kind. He felt so humble that he spoke of himself "as one of the smallest toes on the lowly feet of the church." Yet his heart was full of pity for that church. Alone in his room he sighed, saying, "I love thee ;

I have seen thee a slave under hard masters. I have seen thee coming and going, worried and plagued; I have seen thee ill-dressed, ill-treated, chilled, bruised, beaten, and disfigured; who would have taken thee for the daughter of heaven's King, and the bride of his only Son? Listen; thy friend calls thee. He would give thee thy watchword, and teach thee thy rights, that thou mayest regain thy perfect liberty."

The beating and bruising had still to be endured. On a winter's day a part of this little church was assailed in the streets. "Are these disputes to be settled by the sword or by the Scriptures?" asked Guerin, looking into the faces of the armed priests. Kind words secured a calm. The crowd dispersed. Turning to his friends, he added, "This is not a time to be angry. Let us forgive and pray for our enemies."

The cap-maker had anxious thoughts upon an important subject. He was going

one evening to the house of Chautemps to attend a meeting of the faithful, when he overtook Olivétan. "I have been reading about the Lord's Supper," said he. "Jesus says, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' But we are not doing it. We cannot go to the Romish mass. We want the Lord's Supper as the disciples observed it. What shall we do?"

"That question has troubled me," replied Olivétan. "I am hungering for this means of grace. But we have no organized church, — no pastor, no elders and deacons, no membership."

"And yet are we not disciples of Jesus? Would he not allow us to meet together and take bread and wine in remembrance of him? It is not the minister that makes them a sacred means of grace."

"Very true. Perhaps our necessity would justify us in taking the sacrament in the best way we can."

The door of the house was now reached. They went in, and had a new proposal to lay before the little band of believers. They discussed it. They brought forward Scripture. They prayed over it. They resolved to celebrate the love of Christ in the Lord's Supper. But who should preside? "Let us elect some one of our number to act as minister," said Olivétan.

All eyes were turned upon Guerin. He was highly esteemed among all parties in the city. He was not an ardent political Huguenot. He was chosen to the office. It required moral courage to administer the sacrament among a people who venerated the mass.

"Where shall we meet?" inquired Jean Chautemps; and Madame Jacquema wondered why he did not name his own house.

"At Baudichon's," said one of them.

"No," replied the more prudent. "Not anywhere in the city, for the priests will be

more angry than ever if they detect us. A riot may gather at the doors."

"I have a little garden near the city gate," said Stephen D'Adda, one of Farel's first hearers. "It has a wall around it. Nobody can disturb us there."

The place was chosen, the day and the hour were named. Who can tell the delight of these simple-hearted people? For the first time in their lives they were to have the Lord's Supper.

Upon a morning in March, 1533, while it was yet dark, "a great number of people, good citizens and bourgeois," went softly to the garden. In the open air a plain table was set. The eyes of the faithful were eager to see what they had never seen before, — that bread — that cup of the Lord! How wonderful to those who had known only the mass, that sad perversion of the sacrament! Some of them could scarcely get rid of the idea of their childhood, that the bread was

the real body, and the wine the real blood of the Saviour. Others were not quite free from fears lest some awful thing should happen when they touched the sacred emblems. The solemn moment came. The rising sun cast his light upon them, as if it were the token of a heavenly Father's smiling countenance.

Guerin rose from his silent prayer, and, lifting his eyes to heaven, he said, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest if we love thee. We would be faithful to thee even unto death. Give us grace to eat this bread and drink this wine, and receive strength from thy body broken and thy blood shed." He took the bread; it passed from hand to hand. Then the cup passed to the lips of all the penitents. They sat in silence communing with the Lord. Then rose with stronger hearts to endure the new trials which awaited them.

Nor had they long to wait. They had

dared to restore the Lord's Supper in place of the Pope's mass. In remembering Christ they had forgotten the Roman Church. The priests, full of anger, went about saying, "We must imprison, excommunicate, and banish these heretics. They are not fit to live. They despise the rites of the church."

"We seek to restore the ordinances of Christ," said Olivétan and Guerin. "He is the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. He leads us in green pastures —"

"The pastures are in his church," replied the priests. "Is Christ to be found in a garden?"

"He often prayed in the garden of Gethsemane. He was buried in a garden, and there he met Mary Magdalene, assured her that he was risen from the dead, and that his Father was her Father. Not one of us will deny the Lord, if you ask, 'Did I not see thee in the garden with him?' We found him there."

"Away with your heresies!" cried the priests, who were especially enraged at the cap-maker, for whom no vile name was too reproachful. Guerin was no longer safe in Geneva. He fled in haste, taking his family with him, to Yvonand. There he seems to have studied with Froment, and been ordained to the work of the ministry. He preached for some time at Montbeliard, over the French border. He endured persecution. Driven thence by the enemies of the gospel, he died in 1549 at Neuchâtel. Rome had her vengeance; he had a blessed reward.

Already was the priest's party reinforced. A new Dominican monk appeared. He came to preach the Lent sermons. "Deliver us from this heresy," said the priests to him, and he was proud to undertake the business. While he was preparing his fine discourse, his friends were saying everywhere, "He is

a great orator, a fervent Catholic, — just the opposite of that gospelizing Bocquet.

A day or two after Guerin's flight there was a great rush to the church of St. Dominic. Many of the evangelicals helped to crowd the aisles, not to make a disturbance, but hoping to hear some truth. The monk began his sermon. He cried down the Bible, he exalted the Pope, and, if noise were argument, he had the best of it. As for the heretics he said, "I will blacken them so that they shall never be washed white again." When he ceased he thought his triumph complete.

A man rose upon one of the benches, where he sat scarcely able to control himself, and said, calmly, "Master, I wish to show you honestly, from Scripture, where you have erred in your discourse." There was a stir in the crowd. All looked and saw Olivétan trying to make his voice heard. But what an offence! A layman pointing

out the errors of the clergy ! It was not to be tolerated. The priests and their followers abused him, pushed him off the bench, and threatened to give him a beating.

"Hold there!" cried Claude Bernard, rushing up along with Councillor Chautemps, and a strong force of Huguenots ; "hands off ! We will be surety for our friend. If he be injured we shall demand justice." They rescued him, Froment tells us, "from the monks and people who desired to kill him."

The council met to take up the case. The majority were ready to blame the reformed party with all the evils in their city. They saw only one remedy ; that was to banish Olivétan. The decree went forth. No appeal was allowed. He must leave or be subject to "their good pleasure." Knowing well how good that was, he soon departed, taking away his large collection of manuscripts and editions of the Bible — "all the

translations, ancient and modern, from the Greek down to the Italian and German." He found refuge near Neuchâtel. While the reformed held nothing but the Bible as their rule of faith, they wished the whole of it in their own language. It was Olivétan's work to give to the Church the first French version of the whole Bible. It began to be printed at Neuchâtel, in 1534. The Waldenses furnished most of the fudds. The Genevese Christians obtained it through De Vingle. At a later day it was revised by John Calvin, the cousin of the translator. It became the authorized version of the French Reformed Church.

A veil hangs over the later life of this reformer, who did so much to introduce the gospel at Geneva. Soon after his translation was sent forth from the press he went into Italy. Did he wish to come to closer quarters with popery, and find even in Rome some councillor who had sons to be taught?

We know not. In 1538 he is at Ferrara. There he disappears, some say by poison. But this is doubtful. No more is his name mentioned. But his works lived after him.

"Who will next appear?" asked the papal party after the cap-maker and the translator had been banished. They watched closely every little meeting of the Bible-readers, to learn whether a new leader would arise.

"We have no teacher but Jesus," said the reformed; "we must sit at his feet and study his Word. The Holy Spirit will lead us into all truth." They met every day in houses or gardens to pray to God, sing psalms and Christian hymns, and to talk of the Holy Scriptures.

A little girl of eight or nine years showed a wonderful knowledge of the New Testament. She was the daughter of Claude Bernard, who led her early to the fountain of living waters. She had been in the school of the Golden Cross. She had talked and

prayed with Pernetta, who now made caps for poor children, since Guerin was gone. All began to hear of little Genevieve.

"Ah, my child," said a friar to her one day, putting his hand on her head, "I read the Bible once, and it almost ruined me."

"What did you read that was so bad?" she inquired.

"I read" — he hesitated as if he were greatly puzzled — "I read that Peter denied his Master."

"And did you go and deny him? You ought to have read about his weeping bitterly. You should have marked that verse which he afterwards wrote: 'The Word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the Word which by the gospel is preached unto you.'"

"Yes, but the priest alone can preach it."

"No; Peter says the gospel preaches it, and I think he knew. Also he says, 'We have not followed cunningly-devised fables.'"

The friar did not care to talk longer in this vein, and went on his way.

The "little controversialist," as she was called, was one day in a shop, looking at some toys. As the price was too high she did not purchase, and, putting her money in her purse, she went into the street. A priest saw it all, and asked, "Are you going to give your money for the release of some poor soul out of purgatory?"

"What if there be no purgatory?" she replied. "If there be one, and if any man needed to go there, surely he was the thief on the cross."

"What thief?"

"The one to whom Jesus said, 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'" Thus she silenced even ignorant priests by quoting certain plain passages of Scripture, which had struck her mind with force, and which told against the superstitions of Romanism. No doubt the discussions in her

father's house had supplied her with many arguments. The papists spread the report that she was possessed of the devil.

Many visitors came to try her skill in answering questions. Among them was the ambassador of the King of France.* Imagine him sitting for three hours (as we are told he did), and asking her what she thought of the church and its rites, of the gospel and its doctrines, of Christ and his salvation, and then saying, "You must have some happy way of settling difficult points of Scripture. How is it? If I read the Bible I soon find something that troubles me. It does not teach me all that the church teaches. I must go to the priests and have it all made clear."

"Perhaps the church teaches you too much," was Genevieve's reply, not aware of the full meaning of her words.

* Ruchat, *Ref. de la Suisse*, IV. 314.

"Too much!" exclaimed the ambassador, who had received a new idea. "The church teaches us too much? I should rather say not enough."

"Well, I mean —" Genevieve took time to think — "I mean too much that is *not* in the Bible, and not enough of that which *is* in it."

"What is not in the Bible?"

"There is nothing there about praying to the saints, adoring relics, paying money for pardon, sprinkling ourselves with holy water, using the sign of the cross, and all such things."

"What is in it?"

"Everything to show us how to be saved. But you know all about that, don't you?"

"Ah, my little friend, when you are the teacher, you should not take too much for granted. I am your scholar now.

"You *my* scholar!" Genevieve was quite puzzled to know what to say. But he

insisted that he was the learner. Perhaps a little irony was intended, as if he meant to give a hint that she was putting herself in place of the Church. But she was not to be entrapped in this way. After a moment's thought she said, "Then, if you were my scholar, I would give you this book, and have you get all the lessons. No, you should have a new one, just like this." She was quite diffident about showing him her copy of the New Testament, it was so worn and soiled by constant usage.

The ambassador's heart was touched. When he took in his hand that wondrous book which had made a child so wise, and which was working such mighty changes in Geneva, and in all Europe, it seemed more marvellous than any of the relics in the shrines of the Romish cathedrals. "If I could carry this little volume to my king," said he, half hoping that the proposal would so please her that she would part with it,

"and tell him how a Genevan child had worn it almost out by reading it, he would place it among his curiosities. The courtiers would look at it with great interest, and cease to wonder that you who read it are so firm in your faith."

Genevieve could not spare her Testament. She thought that the French king, and everybody else ought to have one as well worn as her own. The ambassador went his way, not thinking it strange that a new order of things was coming in Geneva. When the word of God moves a people they will take firm steps to banish errors and to establish the truth.





CHAPTER X.

HOW THEY FASTED IN LENT.



IN Lent, 1533, on a Saturday, some Huguenots went into a pastry-shop, and asked for a plate of meat, in order to show their contempt of the fast enjoined by the Roman Church.

“Impossible!” answered the waiter, with a blank look of surprise, if not of horror. “Who ever heard of meat in Lent?”

“Not so much ceremony,” replied the Huguenots. “If people fast, why do they eat pastry? If they do not fast, why not eat mutton?”

Their rudeness alarmed the servants, one of whom ran to the magistrate to inform against them. They were fined fifty sous

each and lectured upon keeping the fast-days. Fiery strifes were again kindled. Neighbors could not meet in the streets without mutual abuse. One party shouted, "Lutherans, Huguenots, heretics!" The other responded, "Pharisees, Mamelukes, Papists!" These Huguenots were of the political class. Those of the religious class were not so disorderly, and yet they may have sometimes overstepped the bounds of wise moderation. We must remember their times. They were not always the aggressors. They were frequently compelled to act in self-defence.

A plot was forming in Geneva against the followers of Christ, at the very time of year when one was laid in Jerusalem against their Lord, just fifteen hundred years before. In each case there was a council of priests and chiefs among the rulers; in each there was a rabble ready for the desperate work committed to their hands.

Under cover of the night certain priests, canons, and councillors met at the palace of the bishop's vicar. One after another they crept in, armed and breathing vengeance. The house was full, and some stood by the doors and under the windows. A few Huguenots were slyly watching them. The proceedings began. "The number of the rebels increases daily," said one of the speakers, "and the power of the priests decreases. If things go on in this way who will take care of the church?"

"Let us not lower ourselves to argue with heretics," said another. "It dégrades us, and exalts them. Do not wait for the councils to act; they will parley and hesitate, and do nothing. We must act without the government. We are stronger than the heretics. If it comes to fighting, we shall be ten or twenty to their one. When we conquer them we will invite back our bishop, and banish the rebels. . . . Let

us fly to arms, ring the tocsin, and march against these *dogs*, and if we kill them we are doing God a good service."

"That is the way to talk," shouted the crowd. "Bravo! We are ready. Let us bind ourselves by an oath to keep secret the plan, and to execute it."

The oath was administered. The conspirators went to their homes. Vengeance was to be taken upon Baudichon because he and Claude Saloman had recently gone to Berne to renew an alliance for peace.

There were other meetings in the cathedral and on the Molard. There were skirmishes, the shedding of blood, the wounding of the gentle young Huguenot Vandel, and frightful rumblings of the social volcano. Easter was coming on, and with it the awful omens of another Sicilian Vespers. But we have not space for the vivid pictures drawn by the Protestant Froment, and by the Sister Jeanne de Jussie, the nun

of St. Claire, who shared in the terrors of her veiled companions when some kind women ran to the convent, saying, "If the heretics win the day they will make you all marry, — young and old, — all to your perdition!" The poor nuns crossed their foreheads with ashes, and stood together in the form of a cross, weeping, invoking the Virgin Mary, and praying, "Give victory to the Christians." They meant the Romanists. Yet let us give them due credit for adding, "and bring back the poor wanderers to the way of salvation."

The great bell had rung; the restless citizens had grasped their arms and rushed forth, not knowing where to go; the peasants of the neighboring country had hurried into the city, some crying "Fire!" and others, "Down with the dogs!" the six or seven hundred clergy and devoutest laymen had put themselves "in order for fighting;" about two thousand men had joined them, •

not counting the old men, women, and children, who wept and shouted and gave the best aid they could; and still three other armed bands were expected, — one of them from St. Gervais, across the Rhone.

“Shut the gates of the city,” was the order, “so that no one can escape.”

“Forward!” was the general cry. “Lead us to Baudichon’s house.”

“Not yet,” said the commander Baud. “Let us wait for the three other corps.” This answer did not satisfy the violent men. They were impatient to move. “Wait, wait!” he cried. “We need artillery. Go and get it.” This gave them something to do, and allayed the uproar. Did he hope to avoid the shedding of blood by delay? Perhaps he thought that when the Huguenots saw the force against them to be overwhelming they would surrender.

Baudichon had a daughter who had married a Roman Catholic. In religion she

agreed with her husband, whose name was probably Bernard Combet. But she had a filial heart. At the ring of the great bell Bernard sprang up to put on his armor, uttering savage threats and cursing her father. Shuddering and weeping, she begged him to remain at home. "Spare my father, even if he be a heretic, and a leader of that deluded sect."

"Wife," said this fanatic, "cry on as much as you please. I am going. If we come to blows, and if I meet your father, he shall be the first whom I shall attack. I will slay him, or he shall slay me."

"For my sake spare him! Yes, for God's sake!"

"He is a bad Christian, a renegade, the worst of the worst, — this wretched Baudichon!"

To the murderous work went this barbarous son-in-law, and sister Jeanne cites it as an example of the sad division in families. She calls him "a Christian."

Not so humane were all the daughters of Geneva. Many of the women envied and hated their old friends, such as Dame Claudine and Madame Jacquema, who had forsaken the altar of Mary, where all once knelt together, and had sold their jewels, fed the poor, taken refugees to their homes, and ministered to the sick in the hospitals. These women gathered into one place another force, of which the nun of Jussie says, "There were full seven hundred children, from twelve to fifteen years old, firmly resolved to do good service along with their mothers."

They gave them hatchets and swords, and when there were no more of these to give, they filled their caps and aprons with stones, greatly to the delight of the priests.

And now the plan was to march to the house of the Baudichon, set it on fire, and as the people rushed out of the doors, or leaped through the windows, to fall upon

them and murder them. Eager for such barbarity, the rioters still shouted "Forward!" But the commander restrained them, saying again, "Wait for the men of St. Gervais."

Who were in Baudichon's house?

It had become the refuge and the citadel of the Huguenots. There, too, were women and children, made brave by a better spirit. Their wives expected to be parted from their husbands, and mothers from their sons. Young men were there, whom nothing could keep away. All knew their danger. In a moment an avalanche of inhuman wrath might sweep down and crush them all. "Be of good cheer," said a young apprentice. "I came here in spite of father, mother, and the priests. I take my stand with the followers of Christ. If they must die, let me die with them. But we believe in God; why, then, should we be afraid?"

"Yes, the Lord will be our defence," re-

joined the older men. "The most furious tempests are in his hand." They looked upon young Vandel, wounded not long before at the cathedral, and could not resist the gloomy thoughts of death. And some began to say, "We are few; our foes are many. If God be not for us, we are undone."

"But if God be for us, who can be against us?" said one. The voice was that of Perretta, who was calming the fever of young Vandel.

Baudichon was bravest of all. Never had he appeared so cool, so forgetful of self, so like a Christian. Naturally fiery, rash, and impetuous, an enthusiast for liberty, and a second Berthelier, he seemed now to have a sublime faith in Jehovah. "The triumphal arches of the enemy are only in the air," said he. "God does not look to numbers, but to the cause for which we fight. If we are under the banner of our

King Jesus, God will be a wall of brass to us."

At once those who stood around this noble leader fell upon their knees, and one of them thus prayed: "O Lord, thou givest rein to the wicked only so far as is necessary to try us. Restrain them lest they hurt us. Change their hearts. Make our cause thine own." What scenes! Romanist nuns praying for "the poor heretic wanderers;" Protestant heroes praying for their enemies. The first appealing through Mary in vain, for these "poor wanderers" would never return to the papal fold. The prayer of the second band should be answered, so far as to stay the fury of the enemy.

The friends of the reform arose from their knees, gave each other their hands, and said, "We swear to die in God's cause, if need be, and to keep faith and loyalty with one another." Then, like the early martyrs, they waited for the blow.

It was a pugnacious canon who was to fire the house, and stifle or drive out "the heretics." He fretted, and said of the Huguenots, "They keep themselves as still as hares; they must be started." He prepared his match.

"Hold!" cried certain wiser ones, who had property of their own. "If you fire one house you may burn down a whole street. This was not to their taste. The canon was foiled.

We must speak of another movement. There was one man who was to change the entire face of affairs, and in fear of him the canon and his pack had not ventured to set Baudichon's house in flames. This man was the ex-councillor, Jean Philippe, a conservative who leaned to the reform because it might bring liberty. He was now captain-general, and it was his duty to repress all disorder. But how could he? The rioters had most of the armed guards under their

sway. It seemed utterly in vain to march against the mob. He chose a wiser method. He would keep the St. Gervais men from crossing the Rhone. Was there an understanding between Captain Baud and General Philippe? Was the one to restrain his men until the reinforcements came, and the other to keep them from coming? The result favors this theory.

While the heroes of the reform were praying in Baudichon's house, one might have seen from the windows the captain-general taking his stand near the bridge. The neutrals and peace-seekers rallied at his call. Soon the St. Gervais men came upon the bridge, under the lead of the swearing Bellessert, "a stout fellow, and like a madman." Let these desperadoes into the city, and all law would be at end while they swept through the streets, yelling, swearing, burning, plundering, and murdering as they

pleased. The very priests who had sown the wind would have reaped the whirlwind.

"Halt!" shouted Jean Philippe to the advancing band. "You have come far enough. The Genevans on this side will take care of themselves. Return to your own quarter."

"I'll take care of you," said Bellessert, with horrible oaths; and dashing forward he struck the captain-general to the ground.

"Now at them," cried some of Philippe's men. Their commander sprang to his feet and wounded his braggart foe. They charged upon the opposing ranks, and, hitting right and left, drove them back across the river, scarcely giving them time to breathe. These fierce men went to their homes. The bridge-gate was closed; Geneva was almost saved.

But Dame Claudine must suffer. Hearing the uproar, and pitying her St. Gervais neighbors, who might be wounded, she

came into the street, ready to help any sufferer, whether Papist or Huguenot. Just then the disabled Bellessert was borne along, and, as the warlike women of that quarter uttered a lament for their shattered idol, they caught sight of Claudine Levet. Upon her they rushed crying, "She is the cause of this wickedness. Vengeance on her! Let us begin by throwing this dog into the Rhone."

"Help! help!" she cried, and Sister Jeanne de Jussie treats lightly her shrieks, and says that, "being tricky," she ran into her house. We all approve of the *trick*. It was not the first attack she had endured. She barred the doors, and the besieging women could not break it down. But they vented their rage upon the shop-windows, and the drugs upon the shelves. Yet these medicines did not cool their fever, not even after stealing what they wished, and throwing the rest into the street. Standing in

front of the house, they flung their insulting speeches in at the upper windows, near which Dame Claudine found a throne of grace, and gained strength for the time of trouble. She abode under the shadow of the Almighty.

We return to Baudichon's, "the citadel of the reformed," who still expected the torch to be applied to the house. "Shall we longer wait," they asked, "to perish by fire and sword? Let us rather march out and repel force by force. It is a defensive war."

"Must Vandel be left?" inquired Pernetta, who had no thought of forsaking him.

"If we die together," said he, "neither will remain to mourn the loss of the other. Read me again that psalm which Olivétan translated for us, 'God is our refuge and strength.'"

What meaning in the words: "The hea-

then raged ; the kingdoms were moved ; He uttered his voice, the earth melted !”

Others took it up : “The Lord of hosts is with us.” And with holy psalm and glittering sword the little band sallied forth, a calm, solemn, resolute brotherhood, who felt that their only help was in God. In a street they drew up in a line of battle five deep, according to the Swiss practice. The front rank was but two hundred and fifty paces from the enemy, on the Molard. “Here we stand,” said they ; “we will not be the first to fire. But, if we be attacked, we will die rather than retreat a single step.”

It seems that another Huguenot force was drawn up not a hundred paces from the foe. Was it Jean Philippe who had sent them some pieces of cannon ? These guns were pointed toward the Molard, where a stronger artillery was planted in resentment. It was an awful moment. All was ready

for the onset; a massacre seemed unavoidable. There were angry mutterings, terrible threats, lifted weapons, and matches ready to set all the guns roaring and hurling death from their ghastly mouths. (*Clamor, saxa, minæ, furor*, says a MS.) Would merciful Heaven hold forth the olive-branch, or whisper "Peace, be still!"

A trumpet was heard, — not the signal of battle, but the prelude. Even war has its formalities, and the maddest passions could wait for them, so that the innocent might have time to retire from the field. The city crier shouted, "Let every foreigner go to his lodgings, under pain of three lashes with the rope!" The ground was cleared.

The trumpet ceased; the crier's shrill voice died away. And what a silence! — deathlike, and yet it gave men time to think. On each side were noble souls, who could somewhat measure the woes of such a war. Brothers looked at brethren, and

could they slay them? Neighbors cast an eye across the public square, and saw their fellow-citizens, and that eye grew damp with the dews of peace. But they dared not whisper their wish to the priests, who breathed out slaughter and shook the deadly steel.

Then arose a cry, a loud wail of pity and sorrow. It came from the women, young and old, who had been so eager for the fray. Weeping and moaning they exclaimed, "Alas! what are they going to do? It is kin against kin. They are all ready to kill one another!" They dropped their rude missiles, they begged for a truce. The emotion became universal. Every moment of delay was calming and melting the hearts of the people.

A new force appeared. Seven merchants of Friburg had come to attend the fair, but not to engage in this bartering of human lives. They were standing near the Mo-

lard. The crier's voice did not send them to their lodgings. They were Roman Catholics, but men of peace. They went to the Huguenots and said, "Look at the great multitude against you. This matter must be settled before the worst befalls you."

"We are ready to settle it. We did not begin it," replied the reformed party. 'We seek peace. We only ask the liberty of living according to God's holy Word, and obeying our rulers as the gospel commands. But we must defend ourselves in God's name. Why are so many monks and priests in arms? Let them disperse, and we will go to our homes."

These good laymen had a short sermon for the clergy. Crossing the Molard, they said to the priests, "Is this your office to excite people to slay each other? Not thus do we think in Friburg. It is your duty to be in your houses and churches, praying to God for peace. If you must fight, let it be

with your prayers. You should be peacemakers." But all this pleading was in vain. The clergy only thirsted the more for the blood of "heretics."

The seven merchants went to the Roman Catholic laymen, saying, "If there be slaughter, all the blame will rest upon you. . . . You have sons and brothers on the Huguenot side. Do you want to kill them, or have them kill you? We advise you to retire to your homes. Let the priests fight it out for themselves. They pity nobody; they have very few to pity them."

"We are very foolish," said the citizens. "Why should we get killed for the priests?" They shouted to the clergy, "You must restore peace."

"No truce with heretics," answered the monks, who thought that papal Friburg would never desert them.

"Do not be so high," replied the Friburgers, wishing to frighten them. "If it

come to fighting, we prefer to be on the side of the Huguenots than on yours, sir priests. They are better soldiers, and in a better cause. We have seen them. Think what you are about." They did think and fear. They found themselves deserted. Their crests drooped.

The Council of State assembled on the Molard. They came to an agreement. Then Captain Baud and others advanced toward the Huguenot leaders. Some thought the battle was to commence, and were prepared to fire into the centre of the group. But the swordless hand was offered to Baudichon, and the shout rang forth, "Peace is made!" It was only begun. But the parties separated and went to their homes.

And what sort of a peace was the result of one night's deliberations? Next day the people were called together to hear it. An officer read it to the crowd; a few articles

ran thus: "All anger, grudges, and insults between the parties, as well as all battery and blows, shall be pardoned."

"We forgive," was the general response.

"No one shall speak against the holy sacraments. In this respect *every one shall be left at liberty according to his own conscience.*"

"Liberty and conscience!" whispered a Huguenot. "Just what we are seeking. Give us this, and all is gained." Another thought that he saw a trap. Did not the papists claim to have seven holy sacraments?

"No one shall preach without the license of the vicar, the syndics, and the council."

"Just what the Sanhedrim decreed against Peter and John," the reformed were thinking, "for they were commanded not to speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus. Shall we not obey God rather than men?"

One suggested that the papists themselves

would soon break down this barrier, and open the way for gospel preaching.

"And *the preacher shall say nothing that is not proved by Holy Scripture.*"

"Good!" said the Huguenots; "we can live by that."

"Good!" whispered the papists; "the authorities will contrive to let no heretics preach."

"And now," said the officer, when the reading was finished, "let all who desire peace and love hold up their hands, and make oath before God." Up went a forest of hands.

"I refuse," stoutly declared a Huguenot, who perceived that the papists had triumphed after all. The fine words about conscience, liberty, and Scripture were mere decoys which were set to catch the unwary.

"To the Rhone with him!" cried the priests' party. "Throw him into the Rhone, like a mad dog." Yet no one was drowned,

and on the next day joyous processions marched through the city, returning thanks to God for peace. And what a peace!

Such is a specimen of the conflicts which were almost every-day affairs in Geneva. Nor was this the last. There was not one month of calm. Eight days did not pass before a foreign monk preached to a vast crowd in the open air, and spoke in great contempt of the Word of God. "Is this obeying the new law, that 'the preacher shall say nothing that is not proved by Holy Scripture'?" asked the Huguenots. All protests were unheeded. No faith was to be kept with heretics.

The spirit of piety was not entirely lost amid these political scenes. "Holy Thursday is coming," said some of the reformed. "It is the anniversary of that day on whose evening our Lord gave his Supper to the church. On that night he was betrayed in Gethsemane.

Shall we not meet in another garden, and renew our vows of fidelity? ”

“ Oh for one hour of Guerin's presence ! ” sighed some of the faithful. On that day eighty men and a goodly company of women assembled in the walled garden of D'Adda, and wanted not “ a leader, ” for the Lord came down as they remembered him in the holy sacrament.

Three months after the processions of peace, there was another procession, which seemed to the Huguenots like the funeral of all their liberties and hopes. The bishop, Peter de la Baume, entered Geneva amid the roars of artillery, the clangor of bells, and the chanting of litanies. His admirers were not slow in reminding him that his first great duty was “ to root out the Lutheran sect and heresy. ”

Nor was he slow to attempt it. He recalled the names of those who were to be put under the ban. The work of proscrip-

tion began. "Ah, yes," said he, coolly, "Jean Chautemps, — we can spare him. And that druggist over the river, Aimé Levet, — he can go, and quite easily, since his wares have been thinned out so recently. And Claude Salomon, the treasurer of the gossellers, — he may find it convenient to have a full purse. And Ami Perrin, — aha! he may need to hire Froment again." Others were proscribed, but all was kept secret.

"But you don't intend that they shall slip away!" exclaimed one of his advisers.

"Not if we can catch them. Take the list, call on these happy gentlemen, and honor them with an invitation to spend an evening with their prince-bishop." On that 4th of July there was no declaration of independence for the leading Huguenots.

The next day these men got their invitation. When they showed surprise the officer said, "It is in good faith; our good

bishop seeks to bind all the people to himself."

Ami Perrin and several others, arrayed in their best suits, and with swords girded upon them, went to the Episcopal palace. "We must not drown our senses in wine," said Perrin, who knew his failings, "or we may make concessions which will bring us to grief. The more giddy he grows the better. Be firm, make strong proposals, and if we bring him to terms it will be glorious."

The gate swung open as if they were kings, and they entered the hall. "Rather military here, — servant all rather too well armed," thought young Vandel, whose dislike of a dagger was the result of a late experience. Just then a hand was laid upon each of them, and they heard their welcome in the word "prisoners." It was too late; they must yield to force. They were led down into the dungeons of the bishop's house! What a shepherd's fold! Cords,

iron doors, locks, and bars were not enough. Their hands were manacled ; their feet made fast in the stocks. "This is the good bishop's wine," said Perrin. "How it intoxicates — him !"

"Delightful news !" exclaimed La Baume, when the report was brought to his room. "But where are the others? You have not got the worst ones. Keep up the music ; they may come yet."

A woman's quick wit often sees through the meshes of such a net, and love gives her the alarm. Madame Jacquema guessed the bishop's plot, although she knew nothing of the proscription. "Do not go," said she to her husband. "Flee this very hour, leaving wife, children, house, country, everything. Because Canon Weruly was slain the other night in front of our house, by a poor carman, you will be marked for vengeance. No matter if he was at the head of a mob ; no matter if you knew

nothing of his death until you opened the door in the morning; no matter if you brought the body into the house, and treated it decently. You remember how the great numbers of men and women who came and knelt around it spoke of 'the blessed martyr,' and then glanced at you with a look of suspicion. Poor blasphemer and rioter as he was! we could not praise him nor shed tears; and they say that you rejoiced!"

"Surely, I have nothing to fear from that sad event," said Jean Chautemps. "My innocence has been made clear enough."

"Yet you know that it has strengthened our foes. They have made capital of it against the reform. It has prompted them to bring back the bishop, and he means no good to you. Flee, I beg of you. And, Berthie, you will take care of us." It was no weakness in Madame Jacquema to give way to tears.

The strong man felt as if he needed some

one to take him up and carry him to a place of safety. How to escape was the question. If the bishop had set a snare, he had shrewd men to watch the game.

"I will manage it," said Berthie. Ernest Lery was engaged. Taking his boat, he fished for an hour in the lake. It was easy for Chautemps to go with his son to buy some fishes. Berthie took them home; his father took the boat, and Lery pushed for the opposite shore.

Baudichon had escaped to Berne. If asked the reason, he might have said that the bishop had slighted him; he had no invitation to partake of his *deep* hospitality. But what if he should bring down a Bernese army? The bishop was alarmed. He must deal severely and act with promptness.

No other guests entered the bishop's doors. "Bring me Madame Jacquema," said he to his officers, when he learned that Chautemps was gone. "She shall suffer

for her husband." Into the dungeon she was cast. The elegant lady, the wife of a chief citizen, was thus torn from her comfortable home, her children, and her many friends, thrust into a narrow cell, and treated as a culprit. But she had a courage like that of the heroines of the Old Testament. When thinking of her husband she might have asked,

"Who beside me
Can claim the right to die for thee?"

"Take this list," was the bishop's order, "and seize the men named. Take horses and hunt them down. Scour the country especially along the road to Berne. By all means secure Aimé Levet."

Dame Claudine's safety depended upon the arrest of her husband. He did not risk the northward road. Taking his course up the Arve, and striking into the wild region toward Mount Blanc, he wandered about,

with less admiration for the grand Alps than anxiety to elude his swift pursuers. Hungry and footsore, he must have thought profoundly upon the great change in his condition. A few months before a zealous papist; now persecuted for Jesus' sake. Then happy at home where ignorance was bliss; now a shelterless fugitive, made wise unto salvation. And his wife had led him to all this! Yet he could thank God, and, like Jacob, pillow his head upon a stone and be resigned.

A canon had watched him when he left home, followed upon his track, got help from the castle of Gaillard, and come almost upon him. He heard the steps of soldiers; he saw no way of escape, and he was arrested. The canon had him scourged, without any form of trial, or any reason but hatred. Levet was thrown into the Gaillard castle, whither the bishop was about to send some of his "guests," that the

keeper "might do as he pleased with them."

The liberty of Dame Claudine was assured to her by her husband's captivity. She could hear little from him. She could only imagine his sufferings, and thus add to her griefs. Yes, she could pray for him, and thus increase her own faith. He was harshly treated; insults were heaped upon him, and some horrible mode of death seemed almost certain. But his faith gained a new life. "I here vow to God, that if he ever deliver me, I will do more than ever for the triumph of his gospel."

Upon this vow great events were to turn.





CHAPTER XI.

THE CHIMNEY-PREACHERS.

TWO things occupied the mind of Baudichon, who was now at home again. One was the reaping of his harvest (it was the middle of July, 1533), and the other the release of the prisoners. "What means such a strong guard at the city gate?" he asked, one Saturday night, upon returning from his fields.

"The bishop is going to send the prisoners away to a stronger place, — Gaillard Castle, perhaps," was the reply.

"I will see about that," thought the Huguenot chieftain. "It must be done by law, — by the magistrates, — not by Peter la Baume. Rome shall not rule in Geneva."

He called together fifty of his most resolute friends and gave them instructions.

Later at night, when the streets were quiet, the bishop had reason to think of Gideon (if he knew of him), and his lamps, and the sword of the Lord. To his palace came a band of men, each carrying a sword in his right hand, and in his left a staff tipped with iron, and branching out from its top five blazing torches. So noiseless was their approach that his surprise made him angry at his guards: "Why did you not warn me, so that I could escape?"

"We shall enter," said the leader to the porters, and they dared not resist. They knew the man. He led his company, with their two hundred lights, into the hall; he entered the bishop's apartment. La Baume was terrified when he saw Baudichon. He thought his last hour had come. The real danger was imaginary.

"We are here, Monseigneur, to demand that you surrender your prisoners to the lawful judges. Let them be legally tried, and, if guilty of any crime, legally punished."

"Yes, yes," replied the bishop, staring in affright, and supposing that he must yield or be slain on the spot. "Yes, it shall be done."

"Write the order and give it to the proper officer, for we want no repentance of a good promise."

It was done. With their "good-night" they left him, and Froment says, "Those at the chateau did not sleep any all that night." "The vision of fire" disturbed the bishop; at daybreak he was quite unmanned.

"I shall leave the city," he declared. When fear was the motive, and an escape was his safety, he was one of the most resolute of men. Nothing could turn his

mind. Canons, priests, councillors, all reasoned with him in vain. To shake them off he said, "I will return in six weeks without fail;" but his secret thought, was never to be seen in Geneva again. So fearful was he of being waylaid by the Huguenots that he resolved to steal away cautiously, the next morning very early, and he asked for a force of sixscore musketeers to cover his retreat. They were granted by the council, who were roused out of their beds to consult for his departure.

"No, that will never do," said he, struck with fresh terrors. "So many men will awaken the Huguenots, and they will rush forth, and I shall be sent out of the world;" an event for which he seems not to have been prepared. Did he think that every threatened Huguenot had such horrors? If he measured their experience by his own, he knew what wretchedness he

had caused. But the "heretics" had a faith in God, and a hope of heaven.

"I must hasten, pack up, and slip away by daybreak," he finally concluded. It was an awful night in his room: no sleep, no peace, no courage. He wrote a few lines to the council, saying, "Be firm. Oppose the evangelical meetings with all your zeal. Maintain our religion with holy boldness." Fine advice to come from him!

By a neglected street and a secret gate in the wall this prince-bishop reached the shore of the lake, while every dreaded Huguenot was asleep, and yet he expected one at every corner. A boat, a galloping horse, and finally a castle, made him a happier man.

Yet not so happy as Baudichon, who smiled as he thought of the torches and swords which had so terrified the oppressor. Froment put it thus: "As at the sound of

the trumpets of Gideon, and at the sight of his lamps, the Amalekites and Midianites fled during the night, so did the bishop and his followers flee away at the sound of arms and at the sight of fire."

The Genevans soon cared nothing for him, nor asked about him. They put his name in a proverb, — one that to this day is used when they speak of a man for whom they have no regard: "I care no more for him than for Baume," — that is, *not at all*.

The prisoners were soon released; Aimé Levet, however, was not until September, when Jean Lullin brought him from his dungeon, to fulfil his solemn vow.

"I shall have Froment here again very soon," said the apothecary to his wife, when he told her the story of his wanderings and captivity. He wrote to him at once, and the reply gave delight to the reformed.

In a few days two men called at the house, and Dame Claudine met them with

tears of joy. One was Antony Froment, that "charmer and magician" who had first opened her eyes and showed her a New Testament. To no human being did she feel so indebted. The other was Alexander Canus, or Dumoulin, an exile from Paris for the truth's sake, and who would one day be burned in her streets as a martyr.

"You, Monsieur Froment, are to be our guest," said Dame Claudine, "if you are not afraid of being pelted through the windows."

"Why fear what man can do unto us?"

"But the women! They are the hurricanes. Yet some of those very women have been won to read the gospel. After my own conversion, I can despair of no one else. But I forget. You, Monsieur Canus, are to lodge with the excellent Claude Salomon on the other side of the Rhone. You see, we are planning to gain over the whole city."

The good work began again in private houses. The preachers often stood, it seems, by the mantel-piece over the large fireplace, and proclaimed the Word of God. This gave rise to the nickname, "Chimney-preachers," — *precheurs de cheminées*, as Froment has it. The rooms filled; then more space was sought in the open air. As soon as the messenger of the glad tidings took his stand anywhere, a crowd gathered, "insomuch that they trod upon one another." The results were very cheering. Froment says, "These preachings in houses, streets, and cross-ways, are great means of advancing the Word, and a detriment to the papacy, but not without a serious risk of life. For the bishop, the priests, and the city council are strong enemies against us, always ready for any outrage. Yet the number of the faithful increases, and they can defend themselves."

A new wonder appeared, — "a venerable

preacher," Sister Jeanne calls him, "a great theologian, very fervent and fearless, speaking boldly against all vices, and above all against the Lutheran heresy; wherefore the sectarians were wide awake as when the cat is among the mice." The exciting question was, "Have you heard Dr. Furbity? If they know anything in Paris he can tell it, and when he preaches the deafest can hear. Just come to St. Peter's and be convinced."

Early in December he drew crowds to the cathedral. "I shall cry out pretty loudly against the modern heretics," was his promise; and he kept it, "roaring without rhyme or reason."

We give a few choice morsels from his sermons: "All who read the Scriptures in the popular tongue are gluttons, drunkards, blasphemers, thieves, murderers. . . . Those who support them are just as wicked, and God will punish them all. Those who will

not obey the Pope, the cardinals, the bishops, the vicars, the curates, or the priests, are the devil's flock. They ought to be hanged. All who eat meat on fast-days are worse than Turks and mad dogs. Have nothing to do with these heretics."

A little man named Janin, or Le Colonnier (because he made pikes, arrows, and javelins), was among the many "Lutherans" present. He was a second Guerin, well versed in Scripture, very active, a good talker at the meetings, and one whose example gave force to his words. What he said was tremendously backed up by what he did.

This little man could not sit calmly under such insults, and he nervously remarked, "That monk does not know what he is saying, or else he does not care for the truth, and he is disobeying the council, who have often told the priests to preach nothing but the gospel, and say nothing which cannot

be proved by Holy Scripture. What is the use of law —”

“Begone!” roughly said those near him; “one preacher is enough here.”

“Let him preach the gospel then. You invited us to hear it, — not to be abused.”

“Out with him!” was the cry. He was obliged to keep quiet, as we think he ought to have been from the first. Impatient for liberty himself, he should have allowed others the right of free speech, even when it was abusive. It was the work of the lawful authorities to repress the evil. Besides, the monk was overdoing the matter, and injuring his own cause.

On another day he shocked even the papal mind by assertions which seem to us too blasphemous to quote. He talked about the priest being able “to create the body of the Lord Jesus every day, as often as he likes,” by uttering the sacramental words over the bread and wine. “Ah! the majesty

of the priest! You should kneel and do him reverence." . . . "And where are these wretched heretics, these rascals, worse than heathens? Where are these fine chimney-preachers? Let them come forward, and they shall be answered. Ha! They take good care to creep into the chimney-corner, and there be very brave in deceiving poor women, and such as know nothing."

One of them was in the audience. He felt that he was challenged. The people had scarcely smiled at the rude wit of the monk. They were aware that if the reformed preachers accepted the challenge they would carry the day, when the Scriptures were the weapons. When Furbity sat down with an air of triumph, they turned their heads, and wondered what would happen. They saw some one rise up, beckon with his hand, and they were silent.

"For the love of God, messieurs, hear what I have to say," cried a young man

(*jeune garçon*, is Sister Jeanne's term), and the people saw Froment. "Sirs, I offer my life, and am ready to be put into the fires, if I cannot show that what this man has said is pure mendacity, and the language of anti-Christ." He went on to make his points and prove them. "In his account of the Lord's Supper, the Apostle Paul says not one word about the priest's changing the bread and wine into the very body and blood of Christ. The people are to take them, just as they are, and *remember* the Lord; not *see* him. They are to do this 'till he come;' for he is not bodily present. He is spiritually present, and we receive him spiritually. . . And as to casting ourselves down before the priest, it is enough to say as our Lord said to the great tempter, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.'"

"It is the truth," said the reformed Huguenots, and glancing at Dr. Furbity

added, "Let him answer that." The monk hid his head in the pulpit; he had nothing to say.

Froment tells us that the clergy, "seeing their case badly managed, and their doctor speechless, and being astonished to see that little man have the advantage, began to shout, 'Strike the Lutheran!' They drew their swords, crying, 'To the Rhone with him! Ha, the wretch! He took our good father to task.'"

This was a mode of debate more to their taste. By it they might prevail. Yet they were disagreed on one point. It was whether to end the controversy by sword, or by flame, or by water, for many cried, "To the fire; the Rhone is too good for him!" The women, says Sister Jeanne, rushed up with their argument, — that of a stone hurled with force.

"It was certainly no small commotion," Froment tells us, and he had some reason

to know. "All crowded up to see this man; some to beat him, and others to carry him off."

At the great door of the cathedral stood the man who was so often needed, and so rarely wanting. Flourishing his sword and facing the crowd, Baudichon cried, "If any one lays hand on Froment I will slay him. Let the law judge him. If he has done wrong let him be legally punished."

The Romanists fell back. Already Froment had a body-guard of such men as Perrin and Janin, and he was safely led away. His course had not been wise; the reform would lose by it. So thought even better men than Ami Perrin, who said, "We have spoiled the business; all was going on well; now all is lost by this hour's rashness."

"All is won," replied Froment. True, there was a victory, but even the victors must retreat, reinforce themselves, and wage

the same battles over again on a future day.

Arrived at Baudichon's house, Janin took Froment into a barn-loft and hid him deep in the hay. "Too thin a sham," said Captain Baud, as he came in pursuit, and entered the barn with his officers. They searched everywhere; they thrust their spears into the hay; they heard no groans, and gave up the chase.

The Romanists had one victim. They had seized Alexander Canus, while he was justifying Froment for taking up the challenge of the Dominican monk, and led him to the town-hall. "He has broken the peace; he is guilty of riot," said certain counsellors; let him be put to death and that promptly. An example is needed." This opinion seemed likely to prevail.

"I object," replied the sage Balthazar; "and for these reasons: First, it was not this man who caused the disturbance. He

did not take the unwise doctor to task. Secondly, it is unjust to punish him for what another has done. Thirdly, he is a Frenchman, and the King of France may bring this city to account if we inflict death on one of his subjects for so small an affair. And, fourthly, our good allies of Berne may have an expensive reckoning with us, for they have warned us to be careful how we treat these Lutheran preachers."

"Rather serious business," thought the councillors; "but we can banish Frenchmen, or anybody else, if we choose." And so they decreed that "these two Mahometists," as Sister Jeanne calls them, should be banished from the city, never to return. They gave them twenty-four hours of grace, reserving the right to catch Froment if they could.

The guards led Alexander out of the city, but just after he was through the gate of St. Gervais he turned to the crowd of people

following him, saying, "I am not yet a discharged soldier, nor shall I take my rest. This day is fulfilled in me that word of Jesus my Lord, 'Ye shall be brought before kings, princes, rulers, and magistrates; ye shall be scourged and put out of their synagogues, for my sake.' But it shall be a great gain to our Lord." For two hours he preached. Many were won to the gospel.

At night Froment came out of the hay-loft. Baudichon went with him, took up Alexander on the road, and hastened to Berne. The French preacher afterward did heroic service at Lyons, and in all that region. Arrested and led in chains to Paris, he was the means of converting the officer who had him in charge, and his voice was heard by multitudes along the way, wherever he dined or lodged. And he preached to thousands more in the streets, on the day that he left the earth in a chariot of fire.

The Bernese listened to Baudichon as to one who brought sorrowful tidings of a defeated army. "You shall have reinforcements," they said; "not large battalions of veteran soldiers, but a man who has proved himself a William Tell in the battles of God."

We return to Geneva. The papists were restless, looking for the Bernese to send some sort of aid to the Huguenots. If they saw a stranger in town they tracked him to his lodgings. One day their chief men went to the bishop's palace to thank Dr. Furbity for persevering in his abuse of the heretics. He could now indulge his irony, and raise a laugh about the shyness of the chimney-preachers. "They have only that little armorer left, and he is so small that you will hardly catch him."

"Most reverend father," said a Captain Perceval (but he forgot to kneel), "of our crusade you are Peter the Hermit, and we

thank you from the depths of our hearts. Fear nothing ; you shall have a host about you to drive the infidels from our holy city."

"Most worthy descendant of a famous crusader" (the monk knew the captain's pride of blood), "you shall be our Godfrey, wielding your sword for the recovery of the cross. Keep it sharp for the next brawler who may dare to silence me with his French Scripture, and on my side I will give them tongue enough."

The league was formed between the knight and the monk, the militia and the clergy, the sword and the pulpit. War and oratory should now do their utmost to crush the gospel and liberty. The thankful visitors withdrew. Scarcely had they turned away from the palace when a stirring report came to their ears.

"That officious Baudichon has returned

from Berne, bringing with him the notorious William Farel !”

“What, that wretch? That devil whom we drove out so cavalierly !” (The gentle Sister Jeanne calls him *Sathan*.)

The crusading Perceval was to see for himself. In a few hours he saw the two hated men on the street. He and his companions in arms ran upon them, and there might have been a dreadful slaughter had not some Huguenots come to the rescue.

“We must expel this preacher with the sword,” said Perceval, in the evening. New plots were laid. The next day nearly a thousand men gathered at the bishop’s palace. The cellars were opened ; wine was freely dispensed ; all were “burning for the cause of God,” and every man promised to do his duty.

Baudichon was in the council-room presenting the letters from the Protestant lords of Berne. The councillors were giving heed

to these sentences: "You drive away our preachers and the gospel, and yet you cherish a blaspheming monk. Your Doctor Furbity has attacked us as readers of the Bible, calling us vile names. We ask you to arrest him. We desire you to provide a place where the renowned William Farel may preach the Word of God." Quite bold requests, thought the councillors. Just then the news came of the wine-drinking and the preparations for a riot.

Baudichon hurried away to defend his house. His first care was to hide Farel. Did he try the hay-loft? He soon found his friends gathering at the citadel of reform.

The agony was soon over. The council ordered the rioters to lay down their arms; and, notwithstanding the vicar's wine and the crusading fever, they did it. "It ended in smoke," said Farel, who was free again.

"Monsieur Farel will preach now, will he not?" said Aimé Levet, half in doubt, and

yet remembering his vow. Of course he would, and Dame Claudine's rooms should be the place. Being on the St. Gervais side, it would not be so near the crusader's field. He went; but what a sight! An audience of warriors with swords at their sides, helmets shading their faces, and a grand show of halberds and arquebuses. It looked like hearing the gospel in earnest. Over the assembly Baudichon watched, wearing a light breastplate, and having a staff in his hand. "He set them in order," and, if he heard any talking, "he bade them be silent." And Farel preached, "with none to molest him or make him afraid."

New Year's day came, and Dr. Furbity closed his farewell sermon by invoking Heaven to convert the Lutherans, or send upon them the quartan ague. Did he live to learn that Calvin suffered very much from that infliction, while thanking Heaven for the triumph of the reform? If so, he

may have been a little comforted after his own failures.

"With what devotion he leaves us!" said the Romanists. The monk was about to start, when the guards reminded him that he was a prisoner. The council had given heed to the Bernese demand, and placed six guards over him. He must remain.

"I am under restraint," he murmured, "on account of a set of people who are good for nothing." They had been good enough for him to abuse, and hence his trouble.

This doctor of the Sorbonne had yet to come face to face with the man whom Calvin called "the father of the church in Geneva." Froment had been quite enough for him; he dreaded Farel. He had first to eat his own words of abuse, served out to him by a Bernese nobleman in the council-room; and then hold a discussion with Farel, whose arguments went far to settle certain great questions relative to the church. But a

farewell to Dr. Furbity; we have quite enough of him.

Farel soon had help, and the reform went on so grandly that huge stories were invented to frighten the people. "There are three devils in Geneva in the form of men," was one of the milder tales. "They are Farel, Viret, and Froment. And there are many demoniacs. If you ever listen to one of those three goblins you are done for."

The wits put a rude song into the mouths of the papists, who sang it in the streets. We give a specimen of its rhyming *patois*, and translate part of a stanza from the chronicle of Froment, whose name means "corn." He had already been through the mill.

"Farel farera,
Viret virera
Et Froment mouldra"—

"Farel shall leave us,
Viret no more grieve us,
And Froment shall be ground in the mill.
The Lord will relieve us,
When the devil takes all at his will."

The mud upon the garments of the traveller may show the sort of roads through which he has plodded; so these specimens of vile abuse show the reproaches cast upon the reformers. We shall not soil our hands by raking the old Genevan streets to gather more of it. Those three heroic men waded through it all.

"Ha, you chimney-preachers!" cried the rabble when the ministers passed on the pavements; "you dare not appear in public. You mutter in holes and corners. Why don't you come out and sun yourselves?"

"We have put up with this long enough," said the ministers. "We now ask the council to grant us a church."

The petition was sent in. The councillors hesitated. Only give the reform an equal footing and the papacy must yield. It could not endure the rivalry.

The Bernese gentlemen took up the case. "No one shall be forced to hear our

preachers ; the people can come if they like, or go elsewhere."

"This is really the bishop's affair," replied the council. "We have no power to grant a church to a Lutheran preacher, — never did such a thing, — don't know about it ; still, if you, of your own accord, take some edifice, — you are strong, you know, — why then, then you have got it, you know, and we dare not put you out."

The reformers did not want a mere license ; they wanted liberty. Farel went to Father Courtelier, who had charge of the Rive Church ; but it was in vain to ask him for the use of it.

On the 1st of March, 1534, after Farel had preached in one of the houses, a council of notable Huguenots was held. "The council will wink at the matter," said one of them. "Suppose we take one of the churches." A peaceable plan was adopted.

Baudichon and his friends went to the Rive

Church. The Roman Catholic service was ended; the people were going home. He said to some monks of the adjoining convent, to their great surprise, "William Farel is to preach here to-day. The bells will be rung at once."

"By whose permission?"

"We refer you to the great council." The monks looked blank.

Into the belfry went two or three Huguenots, and rang three peals during an hour. The citizens asked what all this meant. They soon understood, and there was a general movement. People of every class went; the bigoted and the liberal, the lowly and the lofty; Huguenots political and Huguenots evangelical; those who listened to the noisy Dr. Furbity, and those who had believed under the preaching of the gentle Father Bocquet. A vast audience was now waiting.

Farel entered and took his place in the

cloister; not in the part for preaching. It was called the Grand Auditory, and held four thousand people. If there was a suspicious rustle, a wave of Baudichon's hand brought silence. This first Protestant sermon in a Genevan church was to decide the fate of the reform. Every hearer was attentive, while Farel's words roused the soul and then calmed it, broke it, melted it, and left it for God's Spirit to renew.

James Bernard, a Franciscan monk of the Rive Convent, was touched. No one had been more devoted to the worship of Mary; none had felt more bitter hatred of the reformers; none were more angry when the bells were ringing and the crowd filling the church. He was then on the road to Damascus; now an Ananias was shaking the scales from his eyes. He had new ears; God would give him a new heart. A champion was gained for the reform. This man was yet to be the friend and helper of Calvin.

The service ended, and what would the council do? As they had said, they dared to do nothing. Farel continued to preach there. The papists made a noise, but Madame Baudichon wrote: "We have had no prohibitions; nobody contradicts. Our affairs prosper greatly."

Farel could say, some weeks later, "What now shines in this church is not the flame of human candles; it is Christ the great Son of righteousness." After one of his sermons the Lord's Supper was administered, — the first time in a Genevan church. When the disciples were taking their places a priest of noble stature came forward in his robes. Would he say mass? Did he mean to dispute with three preachers? All were anxious for the result. He was Louis Bernard, brother of James.

"I come to confess myself a believer in Christ," said he, with an emotion that brought tears of joy to other eyes. "Will

you let me join your happy brotherhood?"

"The Lord be praised!" replied Farel, and extended his hand.

"I now lay aside these vestments," said Bernard, flinging away the robe, alb, cope, and all priestly trappery, "and throw off the old man. Brethren, I will live and die with you for Jesus' sake."

"It is a miracle," thought some; but Dame Claudine, who remembered his visit to win her back to blind popery, knew the power of redeeming mercy.

Farel and Louis Bernard, once adversaries, now brethren, taking of the same bread, drinking of the same cup! No wonder, for they believed in the same Lord. All the evangelicals, men, women, and children, went with great joy to greet the new convert, says Sister Jeanne, who pours her ridicule upon him.

On one of these days a young "knight of Rhodes" came forward. "I was born at St. Cloud, near Paris," said he. "I heard the gospel. I chose the glory of the cross. For that I was driven away. Having an uncle in your neighborhood, I have taken refuge with him. But I felt the want of Christian fellowship, and now seek it among you."

"Most welcome are you," replied the believers. This man, Peter Gaudet, was to be modern Geneva's first martyr to the truth of the gospel.

Thus grew the Word and prevailed. From that day the reform was established in Geneva. The tree was firmly planted, to stand through all the storms. Rather, there was a garden of trees; we have named some of them; we have seen their growth while of tender age. We cannot farther see how they were often pruned, nor measure the goodly fruitage.

We pass over several months of strife, during which the light struggled with the darkness. It would be interesting to see how Baudichon and Janin were thrown into prison at Lyons; how they went through a long trial, continuing steadfast in their faith; how they were condemned and awaited death; how the French king delivered them, and how great was the joy at their return to their homes. Francis I. said, "I send you back two prisoners; return me one." The two were the Huguenot chief and the little armorer; the one was Dr. Furbity.

Three events claim a brief space. One was the bishop's work. "The head-quarters must be changed," thought he. "It is getting unsafe in Geneva. Better retire than be expelled."

The vicar was ordered to move his seat to the small town of Gex, and from that base of operations make hot the war, and crush the heresy. But he was outwitting

himself by this strategy. "Let us do without bishops, and govern ourselves," was the growing thought of the wiser citizens. The day of freedom was coming.

The second noticeable event was a new conspiracy. The three preachers were bringing the gospel into power. There must be short work with them. They were now living in the house of Claude Bernard. A young woman named Antonia Vay came one day saying, "I am a refugee driven from France on account of my religion. I love the Bible and the reform. Who will take me as a servant?"

"You are just the person we want," said Claude Bernard. "We have our good pastors to serve." In a few days Madame Bernard died in a strange manner, yet no suspicions were aroused. Antonia had more command of the house.

The next week at dinner she brought in the pottage. Farel declined it, for some

weighty affair was in his mind. Froment was reading a letter announcing that his family were on the way to the city, and he only tasted it. Viret found it pleasant. Hearing a deep sigh and a groan, he turned and saw that the girl was pale and in tears. He asked, "Why do you weep?"

"It is nothing," she replied, "only that the death of my mistress troubles me." Was it conscience at work, or had the arrow failed to reach the intended mark?

The next day Viret had the same strange symptoms. "It is a case of poisoning," said the physicians. He writhed with pain. None thought he could live. Soon the gate of the house was thronged with those who came to express their sympathies. He survived, but to the end of his days he suffered from the effects of the poison. Antonia had fled. She was arrested, tried, condemned by the magistrates, and executed. She had murdered her kind mistress, and attempted

to destroy the three preachers. On her trial she accused a priest and a canon of the plot. They did not suffer—not in Geneva.

“The three ministers will henceforth lodge in the convent of the Franciscans,” ordered the council. What a change! These “heretics” in the Convent de Rive! and that because the council felt responsible for their safety!

“It is a trick,” thought some of their friends. “They will find it a prison. Perhaps there are deep dungeons there. We may never hear their voices again.” But the bells again rang; the Grand Auditory was crowded; and Farel preached as if he had been well entertained by the monks. Most of the inmates soon declared themselves for the reform, and the convent became its stronghold.

The third great event was a victory. James Bernard brought about a calm and

fair discussion of the chief points of doctrine and practice. It was not a Council of Trent on a small scale; it was a candid debate on a large scale. Learned men of both parties attended; eight councillors presided; clerks wrote while doctors talked, and it lasted through twenty-five days. It was a grand affair for Geneva. Almost the whole city went over to the reformed. The council decreed that the idolatries of popery should cease, and the gospel should be free.

"Now let us have money of our own," said one of the council. "We have had the Savoy coin long enough. The duke is about to fight us, and compel us to take back the bishop."

"He cannot do it," said another. "What shall we put on the coin?"

"That old motto on our shield, '*After darkness I hope for light.*'"

"Nay, the light has come. The gospel

shines. Let it be this: '*After darkness, light! Post tenebras lucem.*'"

And thus it appears on the engraving of a coin now before me, bearing the date of 1536. But the first was issued in the previous year, having on the reverse side, "Our God fights for us."

Here our story properly ends, — perhaps we should say *history*, for we have not wandered from the best authorities. The aim has been to portray the rise and growth of the Reformation in Geneva before John Calvin entered it, in 1536. He came simply to lodge for a night, but William Farel would not let him depart. It became his home. There was still very much to be done; the elements of the reformed church were to be organized, and that little city made the wonder of Christendom. It was well done. Not only did the light shine in Geneva, but it went forth from it into every wide region where the name of "Calvinism"

was given to the doctrines of the gospel. To Calvin has been given a crown. To the lowly Christians, who endured the first and the sharpest conflicts, let due honor be paid; they gave to God the glory.

Of Anthony Froment it may be added, that his noblest work was done. His character shines brightest at the time when he was the school-master at the sign of the Golden Cross. Peter Viret had only begun the work of his earnest life. He became the friend and co-laborer with Calvin at Geneva. Thence he went into France, preaching eloquently to thousands at Nismes, Lyons, and all through the South. He died in 1571 at Orthez, in Navarre. William Farel continued in his work, untiring, and indomitable, dying at Neuchâtel, where he long was pastor, in the year 1565. He outlived, by about one year, his devoted friend Calvin, who called him "the father of the reformed church in Geneva."

But Froment did not leave behind him so bright a record. He had passed "the heroic part of his life, after which he seldom appears but in the second or third rank. He was eclipsed by teachers who were superior to him. In the briefness of his ministry, he resembles those heavenly bodies which attract all eyes for a few weeks, and then disappear; but he resembles them also by the influence which the people ascribe to their ephemeral passage. Froment's stay in Geneva shook the Romish traditions, secured the Holy Scriptures from oblivion, began to shed a few rays of light in the city, and laid the first foundation of the church."*

Calvin on his death-bed, spoke of him as "that fine preacher Froment, who, having laid aside his apron, got up into the pulpit, then went back to his shop where he talked, and thus he gave a double sermon." For

* D'Aubigne.—*Puauz.*

some time Froment was pastor of a church in Geneva. But his wife was imprudent. She declaimed against the vanity of the ladies in their mode of dress, and became vain as a reformer of the fashions. He became a notary, then a member of the "Council of Two Hundred." He figured as a politician and chronicler. He lent assistance to Bonivard, the Prisoner of Chillon, after his release from a captivity of nearly six years. A cloud falls over Froment. He passes from our view. The Lord had employed him in a great work when heroism was needed. We may thank him for telling the story of the conflicts through which the first reformers of Geneva won their success. Perhaps we may learn this profitable lesson, — not to give up our work when it ceases to be heroic. Though one cannot be chief, he should still persevere in what God has given him to do. The ambition to "be greatest" may be disappointed, and then one may be tempted

to throw up his commission, and try his hand at other toils. This is wrong. The Lord hath need of humble workers. All should continue steadfast. None should be "weary in well doing." An apostle has said, "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."



THE END.

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