

WILLIAM FAREL

BY

FRANCES BEVAN



THE LAKE OF GENEVA

True Stories of God's Servants.

WILLIAM FAREL.

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THIRD EDITION.

Stoke-on-Trent:
2011



Tentmaker Publications
121 Hartshill Road
Stoke-on-Trent
Staffs. ST4 7LU

www.tentmakerpublications.com

ISBN 978-1-901670-57-8

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PREFACE.

THE following history of God's beloved servant, is meant to be nothing more than a simple story, suited for those who have not the time or the means to study larger and more learned histories.

Those who have read the *Life and Times of Calvin*, by Merle d'Aubigné, will easily perceive that many parts of the story have been taken, almost verbatim, from that most interesting history. Sometimes, however, especially in the early part of Farel's life, it has been found necessary to give an account of some important matters which differs from the account given in former histories. The account of the date and means of Farel's conversion may be given as an example of this.

I believe, however, that anyone who will take the trouble to verify the facts of the story by reference to the invaluable book, *The Correspondence of the Reformers*, edited by M. Herminjard, of Lausanne, will be convinced that the alterations now made were needful. To the indefatigable researches of M. Herminjard I have therefore been much indebted, and also to his kind personal help in many details.

To Farel's own writings (now out of print), and to other contemporary books, constant reference has been made, the object being to give as far as possible a really accurate account of the great work which the God of all grace did by means of His servant in those dark days.

We see, in reading this history, how unvarying is the testimony given by God the Holy Ghost in all ages and countries; and for this reason the story of Farel's faithful witness to the Lord he loved, and the story also of the hatred and opposition of the enemy, form but a part of the same history in which we are now actors, either on the side of God or of Satan. It is not the war of Protestantism with Popery, but the conflict between light and darkness, between Christ and Belial, which is of real

importance to our souls. We may be Protestants, yet in the ranks of Satan. And had Farel been no more than an opposer of popes and priests, his history might heap no further responsibility upon us. As it is, it is a call from the great Captain of our salvation to the consciences of all who read it—a call to follow Him, as His servant William Farel rejoiced in doing, in the face of hatred and enmity, of contempt and reproach, from whatever quarter they may come. May those who read it learn to value as never before, THE REPROACH OF CHRIST.





CONTENTS.

CHAP	PAGE
I. TWO PICTURES	11
II. THE DAYS OF WHICH PAUL SPOKE	16
III. THE CHILD WITHOUT A BIBLE	22
IV. HOW GOD MADE USE OF THE TURKS, THE JEWS, AND THE PRINTERS	29
V. HOW WILLIAM WENT TO PARIS	32
VI. THE WELL OF WHICH WILLIAM DRANK, AND THIRSTED AGAIN	39
VII. THE WATER WHICH JESUS GIVES	44
VIII. THE LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS	49
IX. HOW THE DARKNESS BEGAN IN THE CHURCH OF GOD	57
X. HOW THE DARKNESS DEEPENED	62
XI. THE DAY OF GRACE FOR PARIS	67
XII. THE HAPPY DAYS AT MEAUX	72
XIII. THE PATH OF OBEDIENCE	78
XIV. THE DARK DAYS AT MEAUX	82
XV. "NO CERTAIN DWELLING-PLACE"	85
XVI. THE FOOLISHNESS OF GOD THAT IS WISER THAN MEN	88
XVII. "BLESSED ARE YE WHEN MEN SHALL HATE YOU"	94
XVIII. A DARK YEAR IN FRANCE	97
XIX. AN IDOL DROWNED, AND A SAINT BURNT	104

CHAP	PAGE
XX.	HAPPY FELLOWSHIP; AND ALONE WITH CHRIST 107
XXI.	THE OLD LETTER 111
XXII.	THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF DARKNESS 114
XXIII.	THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER 118
XXIV.	THE REJECTED MESSAGE 123
XXV.	THE BEGGING FRIAR 127
XXVI.	FRIENDS AND FELLOW-LABOURERS 131
XXVII.	STRANGE TIMES AT BERNE 135
XXVIII.	FIELDS WHITE TO THE HARVEST 138
XXIX.	THE LAND THAT REFUSED THE GOSPEL 143
XXX.	THE SIEGE OF NEUCHÂTEL 146
XXXI.	THE WORD THAT IS AS A HAMMER BREAKING THE ROCKS IN PIECES 152
XXXII.	HIS GLORIOUS POWER 156
XXXIII.	THE DAWN OF THE DAY 160
XXXIV.	THE OLD COUNTESS AND HER SUBJECTS 164
XXXV.	“IN WEARINESS AND PAINFULNESS” 170
XXXVI.	FATHER MICHAEL’S SERMON 172
XXXVII.	THE LADY ELIZABETH 175
XXXVIII.	THE WEAKNESS OF GOD THAT IS STRONGER THAN MEN 180
XXXIX.	THE LOST SHEEP FOUND 182
XL.	THE BREAKING OF BREAD 185
XLI.	THE SIEGE OF GRANSON 187
XLII.	“THE WARS OF THE LORD” 191
XLIII.	THE ANCIENT WITNESSES 194
XLIV.	THE MOUNTAIN MEETING 197
XLV.	THE DARK DAYS OF GENEVA 203
XLVI.	THE SECOND ONSLAUGHT UPON GENEVA 217
XLVII.	THE THIRD ONSLAUGHT UPON GENEVA, 220
XLVIII.	THE BEWITCHED LADY 223

CHAP	PAGE
XLIX.	AN AFTERNOON AT THE PARSONAGE 227
L.	THE SERMON ON THE FISH-STALL 229
LI.	THE WORSHIP IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH 235
LII.	THE PRIESTS' RIOT 240
LIII.	NEWS OF WILLIAM FAREL 247
LIV.	THE FEAST OF THE HOLY WINDING-SHEET 251
LV.	THE ARM OF FLESH AND THE ARM OF THE LORD 261
LVI.	AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL 264
LVII.	WALTER FAREL 273
LVIII.	LIGHT AND DARKNESS 276
LIX.	THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERDS 282
LX.	LIGHT IN DARKNESS, AND DARKNESS IN LIGHT 289
LXI.	A LETTER THAT MAY DO FOR YOU 292
LXII.	A NARROW ESCAPE 297
LXIII.	SISTER BLAISINE 304
LXIV.	THE FRIENDS OF GENEVA 312
LXV.	THE DELIVERANCE OF GENEVA 319
LXVI.	HOW THE LORD WASHED THE FEET OF MASTER FABER 323
LXVII.	WORKS MEET FOR REPENTANCE 327
LXVIII.	JOHN CALVIN 332
LXIX.	HOW LAUSANNE WAS TAKEN FOR CHRIST 334
LXX.	A SORROWFUL CHAPTER 344
LXXI.	A STRANGER AND A PILGRIM 350
LXXII.	SEVEN EVENTFUL YEARS 358



LIFE OF WILLIAM FAREL.

CHAPTER I.

TWO PICTURES.

BEFORE I tell you the story of the servant of God, whose name you see at the beginning of this chapter, I would like to show you two pictures, that you may better understand what was the need for the work which God gave His servant to do. In order to do God's work rightly, it is necessary that he who does it should not only be diligent, but that he should know what the work is which God requires to be done. This wisdom comes from God only. Our natural reason will not help us in the matter. That which *we* think the right thing may be just the wrong thing. Moses might, for example, have reasoned thus, when in Egypt: "I am here amongst heathen people, having a knowledge of God which they have not. I am in a position of great influence. What can I do better than devote myself to the great work of making God known amongst the idolaters of Egypt?" How many of God's people might have been fully convinced that no greater and better work could be done than this. But God had another work for Moses, which was, in the eyes of man, perfectly useless and foolish.

It was a blessed thing for Moses that he understood this. Let us who believe in God look to Him for direction. Let us say, "Lord, what would'st *Thou* have me to do?" And till we have the Lord's direction as to our work, let us wait upon Him, rather than bestir ourselves in that which we call service, but which may really be for our own satisfaction, and to the dissatisfaction of God. Moses waited forty years in the land of Midian before God put the work into his hands; and

when the right time came, God called him forth. "My time is not yet come, but your time is always ready," were the words of reproof the Lord Jesus spoke to His unbelieving brethren. When *God* gives work, He gives the right work, and at the right time.

Let us look now at the two pictures. The first is that of an upper chamber in the old city of Troas. The time, a spring day about sixty years after the birth of the Lord Jesus. There is nothing remarkable in this upper chamber, save a table, and upon it a cake of bread and a cup of wine. There are seats, and lamps ready to be lighted when needed. Some men and women come in and sit down. If you ask them what they are come for, they will tell you, "We come together on the first day of the week to break bread." If you say, "Why do you do so?" they reply, "Because the Lord Jesus told us to do this in remembrance of Him, and that we were thus to show forth His death till He come." You see them break the bread and eat it together, and drink the wine. They sing, perhaps, a hymn. One or more pray. Another says a few words about the Lord. The women keep silence. At last a man stands up to preach. If you ask who it is, they will tell you it is Paul, the tent-maker. He preaches to them a long time. Afterwards he talks to them, and they are so much interested that they stay there all night listening. What does he tell them? We know what it was he spoke about in his preaching there and elsewhere. He spoke of Christ—always of Christ. He told how Christ had died for our sins according to the Scriptures. He would prove this to them, and read to them what God, in the Old Testament, had said about it. He told them how Christ was buried, and how He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures. He told them how Christ was now up in heaven, in the bright glory of God, and how he, Paul, had seen Him there, and heard His voice. He told them Christ would come again, and take up His people from the earth, first raising those who had died, then changing the bodies of those who were living, so that all together, in glorified bodies, should be caught up to meet Him in the air. He told them that Christ would come again after that, and His saints with Him; that He and His saints would judge the world, and judge angels, and that Christ should reign till He had put all enemies under His feet, and that those who have suffered with Him here shall reign with Him then. He told them that *through this Man, Christ Jesus*, is preached forgiveness of sins, full and perfect forgiveness, so that all who believe in

Him are justified from *all* things. Justified freely by God's grace, justified by Christ's blood, justified before they had done one good work, and as soon as they believed in God and in what He has said about His Son. He told them that God had loved them even when they were dead in trespasses and sin; had loved them with such a great love that He not only sent His own Son to bear their punishment, whilst they were still His enemies, but that He had given to them, as soon as they believed, the same life that is in Christ—the same life with which Christ came out of the grave. More than this; having given them this life, He had then joined them by the Holy Ghost to Christ in glory—that Christ in heaven is the Head, and all those thus joined to Him the Church in which God the Spirit dwells. That they were thus already one with Christ, already fit for heaven, and that nothing in heaven, or earth, or hell could separate them from His love. That if they died they would go to be with the Lord, and, whether they died or lived, they should have, when He came, glorious bodies like His: and that, whilst God left them down here, it was that they might shew forth the praises of Him who had called them out of darkness into His marvellous light. And, alas! he had something more to tell them. He said that in the last days perilous times should come—that after he was gone grievous wolves should enter in—that from amongst themselves men should arise, speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them—that the time should come when men would not endure sound doctrine, but would heap to themselves teachers after their own lusts—would turn away from the truth and listen to fables. Therefore they were to watch, and to remember this solemn warning.

Let us now look at the other picture. We will pass over fourteen hundred years, and we will travel westward, and look in at a great and costly building in an European town. You see high pillars, and grand and beautiful arches, and vaulted roofs, and coloured windows. You see the smoke of incense, making the great building look still more dim and solemn. You see at the top of some steps, here and there, a high table, laden with coloured trappings, and gaudy ornaments, flowers in jars, tall candles which are lighted though it is day. You see images of gold and of silver, of wood and of stone, on the tables, and on every side of you. You see men in bright red, or green, or purple clothes, adorned with gold, and lace, and jewels. These men stand here and

there before the altars. They chant in a strange tongue, so you do not know what they are saying. They hold up a golden box, and the men and women all around you fall down and worship, but you do not know what it is they are worshipping. If you asked them, they would tell you that it is Christ, and that He is in the golden box which the man is holding up. Could you look into the box, you would see there a small flat cake. The man in red and gold would tell you this *was* once a cake, but that he had the power to change it into Christ Himself, and that he had done so. Therefore this thing which looks like a cake, is to be worshipped and adored, for it is God. You might see in the prayer-book of that man who kneels before it "the Prayer to the Host."

The host is the cake of which I have been speaking. The words of the prayer are these:

"I adore Thee, Lord Jesus Christ, and I bless Thee, that by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world. I pray to Thee, Lord, that Thou wilt pardon my sins." The man turns back the pages to the beginning of the book, and he goes to kneel before an image of an old man, carved in stone. Could you look in his book, you would see why he does this. The words on the first page are these, "Whosoever says this prayer following, before the image of St Gregory with five paternosters, and five Ave Marias, shall gain for each time forty-six thousand years of pardon. And this pardon is granted by the Pope Paul."

Whilst the man repeats these prayers you can look around you. You see before one of the high tables there is a large crowd, much larger than before the other tables. Why so? Because there is the place where Mary, the mother of Jesus, is worshipped. Her image stands there. They call it "the Altar of Our Lady." Listen to the prayer of that poor woman. "O Virgin, most holy, most certain hope of all those who hope in thee, receive my soul when it departs out of my body. I salute thee, sister of the angels, teacher of the apostles. I salute thee, strength of the martyrs. I beseech thee to help me in all my tribulations. Thou art the pathway of the erring, the salvation of those who hope in thee. O my Lady, in thee have I put my trust; deliver me, O my Lady. Save me, O Mary, fountain of mercy! Let thy mercy take away the multitude of our sins, and confer upon us an abundance of merits. All the earth doth worship thee, O Lady! To thee every angelic creature continually cries, Holy,

Holy, Holy, Mary, mother of God! Thou art the gate of Paradise, the refuge of sinners, the Queen of Heaven! Be pleased, O sweet Virgin Mary, to keep us without sin, now and for ever! Come unto her, all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and she will give you rest!*

But the man who was kneeling before St Gregory is going out of the Cathedral. Follow him, and you will see that he stops, and kneels again in the churchyard. He finds a page in his prayer-book where are written these words:

“The Pope John XXIV. grants to any person who says the above prayer in a cemetery as many years of pardon, each time, as there are corpses buried therein. And the Pope Innocent III. grants three hundred years for each time that the following prayer is said.”

“The above prayer,” is a prayer, not to God, but “to the souls of the departed faithful,” telling them how the one who prays desires for them that they *may be* redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and delivered from torment, and taken to be with the choirs of angels. And further, their prayers are “humbly besought” that the worshipper may be their companion in heaven. The prayer to which Pope Innocent has accorded a reward, is to desire that God will grant pardon of sins to the souls of his departed servants, that “because of these pious prayers they may have the pardon that they continually desire.”

The poor man has done. He walks home calculating the years of pardon he has gained that day. He has repeated each set of prayers six times. In four days therefore he will have gained more than a million years of release from torment. What does he not owe to the kindness of Pope Paul, Pope John, and Pope Innocent? Does he mean that the punishment of hell will thus be shortened? No! He is not thinking of hell, but of that third place

* Do not think that I am falsely accusing any in writing these awful words. It is always right and fair, in describing the religious belief of those who differ from us, to quote from their own books, and books which *they* acknowledge as right and sound. I shall therefore quote none but Roman Catholic books as to these matters. The words above are copied partly from a Roman Breviary, printed at Paris, in the year 1493, partly from *The Psalter of Our Lady*, written by Bonaventura, a man who is now in his turn worshipped by Roman Catholics on account of his “good works,” of which his writing this blasphemous Psalter is a sample.

of which his priest has told him, which is neither heaven nor hell, but where “faithful Christian souls” go when they die, there to be tormented for long, long ages, in fire, and with other tortures, till they be come pure and clean, and fit for the company of the angels. This place the priest calls purgatory, therefore, “the place of purging.”



CHAPTER II.

THE DAYS OF WHICH PAUL SPOKE.

YOU have now seen the two pictures. Those who heard the solemn warning of Paul could scarcely have imagined such things as these.

But to this was the little meeting in the upper room at Troas now transformed. For a servant who knew his Master’s will was there not indeed a work to do? A work very sad and sorrowful, but very bright and glorious also. For God who looked in wrath and in hatred upon all these abominations done in His holy name, looked still, in His endless love and patience, with compassion on these poor blinded men and women, and would gather out of them those who should witness for His name a people who should glorify Him as lights shining in this dark Christendom, *how* dark He alone could know. For I have described to you not one church alone, nor one country alone. Alas! in every country where the name of Christ was named, this, or something as dark and as evil as this, was all that you would find. All, everywhere unless you were to climb up to some lonely places here and there in the great Alps, where in dens and caves of the earth there were a few persecuted men and women who still remembered something of that which Paul had taught, and who therefore witnessed here and there for God, and refused to worship any but Himself. And there had been others in various places, who had found their way to some Bible, in spite of the care with which Bibles were kept out of sight and out of mind. These few men and women had learnt to believe that there is one Saviour who has died for sinners, who has offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, and is therefore now set down at the right hand of God.

But when they had thus confessed the Lord Jesus, they had been burnt alive, they had been slain with the sword, they had been “persecuted, afflicted, and tormented,” till their witness was silenced, and their names cast out as evil. Some of you who live in London, will remember a large brick building near the Thames, nearly opposite to the Houses of Parliament. It is Lambeth Palace, the old palace where, for hundreds of years, the archbishops of Canterbury have lived when in London. The tall tower, built not very long before the birth of William Farel, is called the Lollard’s Tower. Why so? Because at the bottom of this tower is a gateway, through which the Lollards were brought when found by the spies of the archbishop. They were taken up the long winding stone stairs to the top of the tower. All this you still may see just as it was four hundred years ago and more. You may go up the winding stairs, and you find at the top two small rooms. In one is a fire-place without a chimney; in the other is a trap-door in the floor. Round the walls of the first room are strong iron rings, three or four feet from the ground, fastened firmly into the wooden walls. You see upon the walls, and upon the floor below these rings, fresh as if done yesterday, the black streaks that have been burnt into the wood with red-hot irons; you see the marks of heavy blows upon the walls. You are told that this was the torture-room and that in “that corner” must have been a “terrible scuffle”. You are told that there is no chimney, in order that the smoke might stifle the prisoners. You are told that the trap-door opens into a shaft, down which their bodies could be thrown into a drain, and carried away into the Thames. There is yet something more to see in these awful “upper chambers”; there has been *Another* there, besides the tortured Lollards, and the archbishop and his tormentors. You read upon the wall, cut into the wood, the words of a Lollard prisoner: “Jesus is my love, *He* is with me now.” Yes, it was for the testimony of Jesus that these Lollards were there murdered, and murdered by the man who took the first place in England, as there set over the “Holy Catholic Church”. He has set his mark, and the Lollards have set theirs, upon the walls of Lambeth Palace. Go into an English Cathedral, perhaps into more than one, you will still see, preserved for five hundred years, a rack used for torture; you will be told that the bishops kept it to rack the Lollards. Go anywhere and everywhere over the countries called Christian, and you will find memorials of those awful days, when darkness covered the earth,

and a deluge of wickedness such as “would not be named amongst the heathen,” had overspread town and country, but was deepest and darkest where the priests and monks and nuns were putting on the form of godliness, and taking the name of Christ upon their lips.

The reason given why monks and nuns should live in convents, was, that they might thus find a safe refuge from the wickedness of the world around. But hear the account that is given of their lives, by one whom the Roman Catholics cannot call a liar, for to this day they worship her by the name of St Teresa; she was a Spanish nun, living at the same time as William Farel. She wrote an account of her life in the convent. She tells us that the condition of a monk or nun is one “of the very greatest danger—yea more, I think it is, for those who will be wicked, a road to hell rather than a help to their weakness.” She advises parents “to marry their daughters to persons of a much lower degree,” rather than place them in such monasteries as those she had known by her own experience, “unless,” she adds, “the daughters be of extremely good inclinations; and God grant that these inclinations may come to good!” Many of the nuns and monks “are to be pitied, for they wished to withdraw from the world, and thinking to escape from the dangers of it, and that they were going to serve our Lord, have found themselves in ten worlds at once, without knowing what to do or how to help themselves; the friars and the nuns who would really begin to follow their vocation, have reason to fear the members of their communities *more than all the devils together.*” Such is the witness of the nun Teresa. “But,” you will say, “this also proves that there were people like Teresa who were grieved at the wickedness around them, and wished for some thing better;” this is true. No doubt there were not a few who were alarmed and shocked at the awful sins which were committed, and committed openly and shamelessly, by the priests in the first place, and afterwards by the people. It would be difficult to live amongst murders, thefts, blasphemies, and vice of every sort, without some sense of the evil, even were one a heathen; and therefore we find those, who, like Teresa, owned it, and would have liked to make things better. But there are two ways of dealing with evil God’s way, and man’s way.

I would ask you to look for a moment at the beginning of the 5th chapter of the gospel of Mark. You there see an example of these two ways. It was very clear to the people of Gadara that there was something

terribly wrong about the man with the unclean spirit. They had their own remedy for his case. They had “often bound him with fetters and chains.” And what then? “The chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces, neither could any man tame him.” And thus did Teresa and others seek to make matters better. They would have convents with stricter rules; they would have harder penances, and vows of greater self-denial; they would have stronger “fetters and chains,” and they had them.

But the devil is not changed since those days at Gadara. It is still true now, as then, “neither could any man tame him.” This is man’s way. Then the blessed Lord Jesus comes in upon the scene. He speaks the word: and what then? “They come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind.” No need now for fetters and chains. No need now for convents and vows. No, let you who know such grace now, go each one and “tell how great things *the Lord* hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.” This is God’s way; and it is a story of this blessed way of compassion, of grace, and of power, that I now have to tell you. It was needful first to tell you something of the darkness and the wickedness.

Something! It would be a terrible thing to know more than something of it, for such depths of awful crime against God and man, as one must needs find in every page of the history of those black ages, are better left with only a glance. We should know something, that we may see what God’s grace has been, and leave the rest till the day when all will have to be manifested before the great white throne of judgment.

Let us now turn to the story of William Farel.

But stay—even after this long preface I would still add a few words of warning, lest you learn a wrong lesson from the story that is to follow. Do not think that I wish to tell it you in order to show you how ignorant and how wicked Roman Catholics have been and are. No; I wish to tell it you that you may see, in the first place, how ignorant and wicked we all are, till God, in His mercy, saves us. The heart of a Protestant and the heart of a Roman Catholic are in no way different. “As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.”

Therefore, when you read of these poor men and women in Roman Catholic France, and hear how ignorant they were of God, how they

tried to get to heaven, if they thought about it at all, by their own works, or by any number of wrong roads; how they would not hear of the one road which leads to life; how they turned away from the blessed gospel of grace, and hated those who told it to them—when you read all this, do not think, “How bad Roman Catholics are!” but think rather “How bad am *I*.”

For in these sad histories of Adam’s sinful children, we learn what our own hearts are, and must be, without the grace of God and the light of the Spirit. You may not be as ignorant as these poor people, but if you are still holding back your heart from Christ, it is so much the worse for you that you are less ignorant. It may be many of them will receive but the few stripes, whilst you, if you go out of this world unsaved, will receive the many.

Believe me, or rather believe God, that there is no more love of Christ, no more delight in the gospel, in the natural heart of a Protestant than in the natural heart of a Papist.

Have *you* never slipped out of the way lest any one should speak to you about Christ?

Have you never felt displeased that you were taken to hear the gospel preached, rather than left to go to some church or chapel, where you could hear good music, or see beautiful painted windows?

Have you never felt in your heart dislike and contempt for “those people who are always talking about the Bible”?

Have you never sneered at the thought of “being converted”?

I used to do all these things at a time when I had no doubt that I was right and that Roman Catholics were wrong. I did not know that, in the sight of God, I was the greater sinner of the two; for I had a Bible, and I had heard the gospel of Christ. I was refusing and rejecting the living Christ in heaven.

The poor Roman Catholics, most of them, knew no Christ except the images of wood and stone, and the painted pictures which had the name of Christ given to them.

Therefore I would have you to remember, in the first place, that in these histories of man’s enmity to God, you read of yourself; you see your own picture, unless God in His mercy has saved you. In the second place, I would have you to remark, in the story that I shall tell you,

how wonderful is the love and goodness and patience of God. We feel sometimes quite proud of living in a "land of Bibles," as though this were a merit of ours, and as though God looked upon us with special favour on account of it; but let me remind you, that when God sees you reading your Bible, He sees in that circumstance, not your love to Him, but His love to you. It is because of His great love to you, that you have that Bible in your hand, and "to whom much is given, of him much will be required." And God looked down also in His great love upon those Popish churches of which I have been speaking, upon the idolaters, and the persecutors, upon the lands where Bibles were never seen, and He called out His own sheep from amongst them, and made them to know His voice and to follow Him.

The Jews thought they were better in the sight of God than the heathen, because they had the Bible, and did not worship idols. But see what God says as to that He gives us, in the 1st chapter of Romans, a description of the awful wickedness of the heathen; He gives us in the 2nd chapter, the reasons why the Jews thought themselves better; He then, in the 3rd chapter, puts these words into the mouth of Paul the Jew. "What then? are we" (the Jews) "better than they?" (the Gentiles). "No, in no wise; they are all under sin; there is none righteous, no, not one." And He then gives that awful description of the heart of man, which applies alike to those who have Bibles, and those who have none, those who profess a sound belief, and those who are ignorant idolaters. "There is no difference," He says, "for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

And then, in His wonderful love and grace, there follow the blessed words which are for all alike, Jews and heathen, Protestants and Roman Catholics, *all* who will believe the good news which God has told concerning His Son, "Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." All alike sinners; all alike welcome to the Saviour of the ungodly; all alike lost without Him. You will see therefore, in the story that follows, two things—your badness, and the goodness of God; the dark, evil heart of man, and the loving heart of God—the ruin man has made, the remedy God has found. All shame to man, all glory to God.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHILD WITHOUT A BIBLE.

NEAR the town of Gap, in the south-eastern corner of France, there is a little hamlet, half buried in trees, and surrounded with green and flowery meadows. Above it rise the great Alps, with their snow-covered tops and wild precipices. The river Durance rushes down from the mountains and passes near the village. It must be a beautiful place, and, perhaps, but little altered since the time of which I am going to tell you, 400 years ago. At that time there rose above the cottages a house, inhabited by the lord of the manor, a nobleman of the name of Farel. The little village is still called Les Farelles, and the remains of the old house, with its wide terrace and its orchard, are still there, overlooking the village below. The gentleman who lived there at the time of which I am speaking had a wife, five sons, and one daughter. The five boys were called Daniel, John James, Claude, William, and Walter. William, who appears to have been the youngest but one, was born in the year 1489. You may think from the description I have given you, that William's birthplace was a quiet, peaceful little nook, to which trouble and tumult could scarcely find their way; but in that year (1489) there was anything but peace and quiet in those mountain villages of Dauphiny! I must tell you that for many hundreds of years there had been some poor village people living amongst the Alps, who still held fast, in a great measure, to the word of God, who met together to worship Him in a simple, godly manner, who had none other gods but Him—who refused to worship the bread or the images, which were adored in every country round, and who trusted to the Lord Jesus Christ alone to save them from all their sins. These poor people, who are called the Waldenses, had often been persecuted by the Pope of Rome, and those who belonged to him.

Two years before William Farel was born the Pope, Innocent VIII., sent forth a command that the little remnant of these godly people should be hunted down and destroyed. "To arms!" he said, "and trample these heretics under foot as venomous serpents."

Thus it was, that in the years 1488 and 1489, the homes of Christ's little flock were attacked by an army of 18,000 men, headed by the



“TRAMPLE THESE HERETICS UNDER FOOT.”

Pope's legate. The poor people fled, and took refuge in caves and in clefts of the rocks, but were followed by the soldiers from one hiding place to another. Every valley, every wood, was searched, and everywhere were the dead bodies of the saints left to bear witness to the awful wickedness of him who called himself the Vicar of Christ upon earth. All this was going on around the village of Les Farelles when William was born. His parents must have heard and seen many of these things. Do you think they began to doubt whether it was indeed the work of Christ that the Pope's soldiers were doing? No; they had eyes but saw not, and ears but heard not, and hearts that did not understand. They would have thought anything right which the Pope commanded to be done, because he commanded it, and for no better reason. In this case, too, they had another, though not a better reason, for thinking it right that the Waldenses should be hunted like wild beasts and murdered without pity. The priests told them that all Waldenses were wizards and witches. They said that they met together by night on the Jews' Sabbath, to worship the devil and commit every kind of wickedness. They said that the way they went to these meetings was by riding through the air on the backs of monsters, or sitting on a broomstick made of birch wood; that they would thus travel through the air from the most distant places with the speed of lightning; that these prayers offered to the devil by the Waldenses were the cause of bad harvests, and of sickness and distress.

"My parents," said William, "believed everything." But for us it is difficult indeed to believe that such ignorance and folly ever existed. Yet there are many people even now who have just such a faith as the Farel. That is to say, they put the word of man in the place of the word of God, and call it faith to believe that which man has invented. There are thousands of people, for example, who still believe that a priest can forgive their sins, and that we need but to be baptized with water by a clergyman in order to be born again. It may appear less foolish to the mind of man, than to believe in witches riding through the air on broomsticks; but in either case such folly is in the sight of God equally sinful. It is sinful especially in those who have the Bible, and can therefore know better. We may pity the Farel family, for to them the word of God was unknown, and they had but the word of man to guide them. They