

**IN HIS NAME: A STORY OF
THE WALDENSES, SEVEN
HUNDRED YEARS AGO**

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In His Name: A Story of the Waldenses, Seven Hundred Years Ago by E. E. Hale

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E. E. HALE

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"It is for the love of Christ that I am here and speak to you." — PAGE 278.

IN HIS NAME.



A STORY OF THE
WALDENSES,
SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

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E. E. HALE.

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IN HIS NAME.

CHAPTER I.

FÉLICIE.

FÉLICIE was the daughter of Jean Waldo. She was the joy of her father's life, and the joy of the life of Madame Gabrielle, his wife. She was well named Félicie; for she was happy herself, and she made everybody happy. She was a sunbeam in the house, in the workshops, in the court-yard, and among all the neighbors. Her father and mother were waked in the morning by her singing; and many a time, when Jean Waldo was driving a hard bargain with some spinner from the country, the mere sight of his pretty daughter as she crossed the court-yard, and the sound of her voice as she sang a scrap of a hymn or of a crusading song, would turn his attention from his barter, and he would relax his hold on the odd sols and deniers

as if he had never clung to them. By the same spells she was the joy of the neighborhood. The beggars loved her, the weavers loved her, she could come and go as she chose even among the fullers and dyers, though they were rough fellows; and there was nothing she could not say or do with their wives and children. When the country spinners came in with their yarn, or the weavers with their webs, they would wait, on one excuse or another, really to get a word with her; and many was the rich farm in the valley to which Félicie went in the summer or autumn to make a long visit as she chose. Félicie was queen of her father's household and of all around.

On one of the last days in December, Félicie was making a pilgrimage, after her own fashion, to the church of St. Thomas of Fourvières. The hill of Fourvières is a bold height, rising almost from the heart of the old city of Lyons. And Félicie liked nothing better than a brisk scramble to the top, where, as she said, she might see something. This was her almost daily "pilgrimage." She gave it this name in sport, not irreverent. For, as she went, she always passed by old women