

praises of "the Mother of God." In the evening there were grand illuminations and fireworks, and fires were lighted on the tops of the mountains of Auvergne.

The same rites at Verdélais. Cardinal Donnot, Archbishop of Bordeaux, assisted at the *fete*, with eight other prelates. The people shouted, while marching behind the image, "Vive Marie! long live our Lady of Verdélais! long live our Queen!" and immense plaudits saluted, from time to time, the august Madonna. When the Virgin was decked with her new crown—says the Curé of Quayrac, from whom I borrow this recital—she was carried in triumph around the market-place, with the sound of trumpets and repeated discharges of cannon. Then, by a spontaneous and filial movement, the ecclesiastics who composed her train threw themselves at the feet of the holy Virgin. Some kissed the hem of her garment, others touched her feet, or placed objects of devotion on the face of her statue, that they might be sanctified by this pious contact.

What a religion! The Fetichism of the negroes presents similar scenes; and why should the poor Romanists of Puy-de-Dome and Verdélais not concentrate their adoration on the Virgin Mary, when the highest dignitaries of their communion set the example of that unworthy idolatry?

During the terrible floods which have ravaged a part of France. There have been occurrences which may interest the pious reader. The village of Bezandun was converted to the Reformed faith by the celebrated *Casaubon*, who has burned alive at *Montelimar*, under the eyes of his father and mother, whom the executioners had tied to the windows, that they might compel them to witness that horrible punishment.

Since that time the inhabitants of Bezandun have persevered in the profession of Protestantism. They are good agriculturists, peaceable, laborious, and esteemed by their neighbours. On the 31st May last, they were suddenly surrounded by the waters. An eye witness says: "The earth reeled like a drunken man. I had to change my place every moment, that I might not be swallowed up in one of the large holes which were opening on all sides. Sometimes it was a field, sometimes a part of the walls, or a whole house, which disappeared. Trees of a century's growth were crashing around me, broken like slender twigs. The whole village was swallowed up. Fourteen houses were precipitated into the bosom of the earth with all they contained. Happily, it was at mid-day, and the inhabitants were able to escape."

In the night between the 31st May and 1st June, the choir of the temple, a building anterior to the Reformation, fell in, the steeple shook, more and more every hour; then towards evening, under the action of the having movements of the ground, the bell began to toll of its own accord; it was like a funeral knell, a last adieu, and soon the whole edifice fell in with a fearful crash. The bell was found afterwards in the greensward, and it bore this inscription: "I belong to the Reformed Church at Bezandun, 1602." The old Bible, which has served for public worship during so many generations, has been buried in the ruins. These poor peasants of Bezandun have especially regretted the loss of their temple. "Alas!" they cried, "what a misfortune; we shall have no more meetings." They may re-assure themselves on this latter point. Already a Protestant of the neighbourhood has offered them his house as a temporary place of worship; and who is there, not only in France but in the Protestant world, a disciple of Christ, that will refuse to give them his mite, for the rebuilding of their church and of their homes? Their catastrophe has been great, but the charity of their brethren will be still greater.

Ecclesiastical Notices.

JUBILEE SERVICES AT STRONNESS—ORKNEY, SCOTLAND.

The U. P. Congregation of Stromness commemorated its organisation in 1806, on Monday the 11th current, in two protracted meetings, the one commencing at eleven o'clock a. m., and the other at six o'clock in the evening. On both occasions the