

Had left, the fresh green earth, For the fond hopes of the parents, That were withered at their birth

What says the bright sky, glowing wi Its many jewels fair?

What say the many twinkling stars, That nightly keep watch there? Their many eves are sparkling as

fail abundantly. But how shall we answer so many calls; how be faithful to so many duties? — But this is a digression, from which, however pleasant, we mast return. We were still in the village of the Gevennes, in which I preached on Thursday. To recount the state of things there would be to repeat what I have said of other places. There is one very striking fact, however, and it is this : that people are not only wrought upon under the preached word, or by the usual means, but at home, while at their business or pleasures, they are pricked to the heart, and led to call aloud for partice village had, among other bad habits, that of

One instance may suffice. A man of the village had, among other bad habits, that of ill-freating his wife. One day, as he was busy at work, and his wife sat near him, attending to household matters, he gazed on her, and was then suddenly seized with reaction of the laders of the rabble : "Oh, John, attending to household matters, he gazed on her, and was then suddenly seized with reaction of you? It may do very well of this gallant gentleman (pointing to the ieutenant) to bing and swear as he pleases : "Miserable wretch, to have so often ill-treated a poor innocent woman i- and, if that were all: but nel there are other sins beside. Oh, I am lost," he cried, "my sins are too grievous to be forgiven!" He took to his dusty Bible, to seek relief, but every page seemed a fresh sentence of condemna-tion; and he gave vent to his feelings in loud sobs, and in prayer. Relief came at length ; peace and joy in believing filled his soul, and made him a happy man, and an altered man too. But I must close, for the present. Our brethren dewit south, from Nimes write. Our

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They watch above his head And in tones unheard they're off'ring "A bright home for the dead." The waters calmly flowing, and The bright and sparkling wave, They have a voice of music, as

From the Continent, 20th May, 1853.

The shore they gently lave, The earth, the sky, the waters, when In motion or at rest. In music sweet are murmuring "The early dead, are blest." GEORGIE A. HOUGH. Alexandria, Va., U.S. of the Wee D **Revivals** in the South of France.

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