

cloud pours across its surface. It relieves the sameness of the sunshine, it subdues and softens the deformities of the less comely parts, it chequers and varies the whole with the play, so grateful to the eye, of light and shade. The principal and most seductive charm of a lovely face is that so subtle one which can be felt rather than described—a pensiveness which is not melancholy, a sadness which is not sorrow, the soul beaming solemnly from the eyes and fluttering in mystic shadows around the clear, calm, marble brow. Something akin to this sweet but nameless grace will chasten and shade the mirth of those who truly believe, will impart a slightly sombre but not a joyless aspect to the jocund face of laughter and of smiles, and temper the violence of the mere animal outburst. The careful observer will not fail to feel, rather than to note, a certain mellowness which betokens a spirit ripening to its destiny, the tinge, the hue, so delicate as to be almost imperceptible, of one grave and engrossing thought, the shadow of the cloud resting upon and variegating the sunniest moments of the soul, a repose which is almost holy in its serenity. Like that Scottish king, who, to perpetuate the memory of a crime committed in early years—the crime of filial ingratitude and rebellion—and to inflict a lasting penance upon himself, had an iron cincture bound round his loins, which galled and chafed his skin, whenever, in the pursuit of pleasure, he exercised his body, whether in courtly dance, in private wassail, or in converse with the gay and the fair around him: like that Scottish king, religion belts the soul with a zone which for ever gently presses upon its most vital interests, for ever frets against chords which thrill again—sin, atonement, death, judgment, eternity. Even in our gayest, happiest moods, these key-notes will vibrate to that mysterious touch, and the solemn melody, audible only to the spirit's ear, will breathe through every feature and blend with every tone.

Once more. The greatest sympathizer that ever appeared on earth, the model sympathizer of believers, was Jesus of Nazareth. He possessed a most perfect human soul—a soul beaming with all the best and kindest impulses and feelings of humanity. He loved and pitied and sympathized with all: he went about doing good to all, healing diseases, casting out devils, opening the eyes of the blind, causing the lame to walk. But though thus exercising a benevolence sublime in its extent and capacity; though thus pitying all, and assiduously ministering to the necessities of every object of that pity—the good, the bad, the faithless and the believing, he sympathized only with those who trusted in his name. His hand was ever stretched forth in love and mercy at the call of every sufferer, at the imploring cry of every diseased and despised and despairing wretch, but they were only the few, among the multitudes who daily thronged around him beseeching him to heal them, who, while they felt the marvellous efficacy of

his presence and his touch, received the commendation of his lips and the sympathy of his heart. Of the thousands, who, on two several occasions, were fed by his marvellous bounty, when, fainting with hunger in the wilderness, they knew not where to betake themselves for that nourishment which they so much required, not one received, with the plentiful fare he spread before them, a single token of his approval and esteem. But the heathen centurion, who felt and expressed so much confidence in his power and reverence for his person, had not only the boon he sought bestowed upon him—his servant's life—but, in addition, was honored with encomiums which betokened a higher sympathy than that of pity, the sympathy engendered by the discovery and recognition of kindred or identical feelings. The gentle-hearted Man of Nazareth rejoiced with the rough soldier of Rome; rejoiced in the very depths of his soul when he saw the eager and anxious face of his petitioner relax into a grateful smile at his gracious answer and splendid laudation: "Go thy way! Be it done unto thee as thou hast desired; verily I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." So with the ruler who believed that he could recall his dead daughter to life: so with the woman who had the issue of blood, and, full of faith and hope, had touched the hem of his garment: so with the blind beggars by the wayside: so with the Syro-Phenician; and so when he groaned and wept with the sisters of Lazarus over the grave of that brother whom he loved. He sought not to derive his happiness from mere worldly success, neither were the sorrows of the world as sorrows to him. By precept, by example, he has broadly and brightly indicated the distinction, the apostolic command, which we have here insisted on:—he ever rejoiced with those who truly rejoiced, he wept with the mourners in Zion.

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FROM OUR SCOTCH CORRESPONDENT.

The religious atmosphere in the West of Scotland has been gradually passing during the few months into an unusually disturbed state. The outskirt influences of the great Revival which commenced in America, and which has advanced steadily Eastward, seem to have reached us; for whatever be the cause, it would be vain to deny that an increased interest in spiritual things is now generally manifested throughout the country. In Ayrshire, especially at Ardrossan, there has been a good deal of excitement. Many of the "struck" cases were doubtless hysterical or sympathetic, but candid and intelligent observers of the work inform me that numbers have been genuinely awakened and added to the Church. In Campbeltown, still more intense feeling is shown. The country people for ten miles round crowd into the town to attend meetings, at which stirring, and too often highly excited addresses are given. Such