

distress on account of her afflicted daughter. Here we have her petition presented; Christ's apparent refusal; the suppliant's judicious answer; and how Christ honored her faith, by delivering her child from the unclean spirit.

Our Lord then passed through the coasts of Decapolis (or the Ten cities,) and returned to the sea of Galilee.

One that was deaf and had an impediment in his speech was brought to Him, and they besought Him to put His hand upon him. He took him aside, touched him, looked up to Heaven, signed, and said Ephphatha, or be opened, and he was healed. This miracle is not specially mentioned by any of the other evangelists; but in Mat. xv : 30—31 ; it appears that many sufferers were brought to Christ, and He healed them all, and made the dumb to speak and the deaf to hear. He charged them to tell no man. They published it notwithstanding, as they could not hold their peace; saying "He hath done all things well." This has been, and ever will be true of every part of our Lord's conduct. In creation, providence and redemption, He hath done all things well !

NOTE.—These sufferers were healed through the intercession of others. Pray on for the salvation of relatives and friends, and never give them up. Pray without ceasing, and use the proper means without doubting !

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

We shall conclude the Celtic branch with an improved translation of a very remarkable passage in Ossian, as a specimen of the Ancient Celtic Muse.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

"O thou that marchest forth on high,
Round as my fathers' shield most bright!
Whence comes thy ceaseless radiancy
O glorious Sun, enduring light?
In awful beauty thou dost rise,
Then paling stars their faces hide:
The wan cold moon forsakes the sky
And shrouds her in the western tide:
Then thou thyself goest forth alone,
For no one dare stand by thy side!
Rocks tumble down, with age o'erthrown;
Oaks fall from places where they grew:
The Ocean ebbs and flows anon,
And fades the pale moon from the view:
But thou the same art ever known,
Still in thy triumph marching on!

When blackening tempests fiercely swarm,
When thunders roar and lightnings fly,
Thou laughest in beauty o'er the storm,
With smiles sublime from the pure sky!

But me in vain dost thou regard:
The night, dispelled from sea and shore,
Still fills the eyes of thy lone bard:
Thy lovely face I'll see no more!
Though fair thy yellow hair may flow
Upon the Orient cloulet's breast,
Or quivering radiance thou mayest show,
All trembling at the opening West!

But aged too, and weak and gray,
Thou yet in solitude mayest go,
And through a dim sky grope thy way,
As blind as me, alas! and slow.
Like all the rest thou too mayest fade,
And hear the morning's call in vain;
Mayest sleep in clouds, as lowly laid
As Chiefs who never rise again!

The hunter, looking o'er the plain,
Will gaze with rising chilling fears:
Lo! long his eyesight will he strain;
At last, with frantic bursts of tears,
Returning, groping, groaning—say,
"Choice hound, no more the Sun appears
Upon our moors or hills for aye!"

But even if so, be gay and glad
While lasts thy strength in splendid noon!
For age is cheerless, cold, and sad,
As shines the faint and failing moon.
Through broken clouds upon the heath,
While mist falls thick o'er hills and vales,
While blows the North with biting breath
The traveller in mid-journey fails!"

Observe the truly Celtic spirit of wonder and awe, of admiration and veneration, of self-pity, dread and despair, which breathes through this sublime episode. Observe too how the very intensity of its tender pathos tends to glow with such fervour as to burn itself out, and to subside by degrees into gloom, indignation, and melancholy. Notice also how the tender passionate soul passes from gloomy despair to reckless conviviality:—

"Yet even so, be gay and glad
While lasts thy strength in splendid noon!"

This awful prostration of man before Nature and relentless Fate, is rank Orientalism. Thus the far West becomes East once more. "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die," is the natural inference from such despairing prostration. This is the weak point alike in Celtic Literature and in the Celtic character, namely, to allow tender passion to degenerate into gloom and indignation, and thence to seek relief in reckless merriment and improvidence, under which a nameless dread is burning like a volcano. "If I laugh at any