

tion. The immortal soul, be it in the breast of Celt or of Saxon, feels desolate while shut out from the invisible. It has a feeling of dependence on something higher than sense informs it of, that keeps it leaning towards the supernatural, even when all in that sphere is, to its apprehension, dark and confused as chaos. Left to itself, it will conjure, out of that benighted region, the spectres of a bewildering superstition with which to people an imagined world. The quickened soul, while seeking things above, looks to them only in the light of Scripture, and believing, leans on God as He has revealed Himself in His word. But if the pious Highlander is still exceeding prone to seek beyond the limits of the light of revelation; if his spirit is ever stretching itself beyond the boundary line, that separates between the revealed and the "secret things," becomes it not the condescension of the Lord to meet him, just on the very verge, with such manifestations of His mind as others crave not, even the most extraordinary, that can be given him, without quite departing from the rule of His communion with His children on the earth.

Or, if every pious Highlander is a Thomas in unbelief, ought we to be surprised, if the class experience the condescension of Him, who adapted himself to the weakness of the individual, who was their prototype? May not their very infirmity secure to