

Spaniards of the sixteenth century who perished unseen, for their adherence to Protestantism, in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and that of the noble Venetians of the same dark period who were consigned at midnight, and in chains, for the same sacred cause, to the depths of the Adriatic, will yet awaken among their countrymen, as an animating spirit, to urge them on with double vigour to the attack, when Babylon is to be utterly destroyed. Most assuredly, Scotland at least has not yet reaped the entire benefit which she is to derive from the blood of her martyrs. The commonest seeds retain their vitality for centuries: the seed of the Church retains its vitality for centuries too.

I shall attempt a description of Harvey's exquisite picture, for the sake of such of my readers as live at a distance. The *locale* of the scene represents one of those wild upland solitudes so common among our lower mountain ranges,—one of those hollows amid the hills known only to the shepherd and the huntsman, which are shut out by the surrounding summits from the view of the neighbouring country, and which, rising high over the region of corn, and almost over that of wood, presents only a wide-spread barrenness. There is a solitary fir bush in the background, which at a lower elevation would have been a tree; and its stunted and dwarf-like appearance tells of the ungenial climate and the unproductive soil. All else up to the very hill tops is dark with heath; and there is a sky well-nigh as dark beyond; for there is scarce transparency enough in the accumulated masses of heavy clouds that betoken a night of tempest, to relieve the outline. But there is light in the foreground. The previous service of the day has been protracted for many hours: there has been a long "action sermon" on the wrestlings of the Kirk, and a long impressive prayer; and the sun at his setting is throwing his last red gleam on the group, with one of those striking fire-light effects which only nature and genius ever