

very sure they could all speak judiciously *to the question*. There is an air of reasoning sagacity about them. Their very type of forehead is metaphysical, high, full, erect. They could not have stopped short of Calvinism, even had they wished it. The clergyman stands alone on the opposite side, with his back to the setting sun, and the pale reflected light from the linen cloth thrown upon his face. I have striven to read the expression. The spare figure and the attenuated hands tell at once their story; but the countenance yields its full meaning more slowly, and, I would almost say, more doubtfully. But it has evidently much to tell. What was the character of the latter divines of the covenant,—its Camerons, Pedens, Renwicks, and Cargills,—the men who excommunicated in the Torwood that “man of blood, Charles Stuart,” for his “cruel slaughter of the saints of God,”—the men who, when the persecution waxed hotter and hotter, became only the more determined to resist, but who, though the will remained unsubdued and unshaken, experienced, in the intensity of their distress, something approaching to aberration in the other faculties, and in their more unsettled moods did battle in lonely caves with shades of darkness from the abyss, or saw in their waking visions the events of the future rising up thick before them. Well did Solomon say that persecution maketh even wise men mad. The spectator has but to think of the character which the countenance really should express, and he will find it no easy matter to conceive how the painter could have expressed it differently. There is an air of intense melancholy that tells almost of a weariness of life, mingled with what, for want of a better word, I must term a ghostly expression. There is the appearance, too, of fatigue and exhaustion, and the impression of a strangely mixed feeling, that hovers, as it were, between the visible and the spiritual world. The whole figure and countenance, in short, gives us the idea of human nature tried over-se-