

verely, and the "willing spirit" failing through the "weakness of the flesh."

On the spectator's left hand there is a group of the communicants thrown much into the shade. There are two stern-looking men among the others, who have evidently perused with great satisfaction the chapter in the "Hind let Loose" "Concerning owning tyrant's authority," and the other equally emphatic chapter—"Defensive arms vindicated." The one rests upon his broadsword; and there is a powder-horn and carbine lying beside the other. The group on the right is decidedly the most exquisite I ever saw, either on or off canvas. It is instinct with character, and rich in beauty. The communicants have just partaken of the bread; and never was the devotional feeling—the awe and reverence proper to the occasion—more truthfully expressed. One of the men, young in years but old in suffering, still retains the bread in his hand. His air has all the solemnity of prayer. A young girl sits beside him, the very beau ideal of a beautiful Scotch female in humble life,—simple, modest, devout,—a very Jeanie Deans, too, in quiet good sense, only a great deal handsomer than Jeanie. I could not look at her without thinking of the young and delicate female, her contemporary and countrywoman, whom the cruel dragoons bound to a stake below flood-mark, while the tide was rising, and whom they urged, as the water rose inch by inch, to abjure her Church and close with "black Prelacy," but who, faithful to the last, chose rather to perish amid the waves of the sea. There is a still younger girl beside her, who has evidently not yet been admitted into full communion with the Church, and with whose deep seriousness there mingles an air of dejection. An old woman, on the extreme edge of life, is seated in the middle of the group; and there is perhaps some exaggeration in the figure, but the mind and the feeling with which it is animated triumphs over the defects. It is not the thin, sharp