

devout attention to the words of life from the lips of your much loved pastors, and to worship God among your mountains in the open air. I know, too, the might that slumbers amid your gentleness of nature ; and that, when the day of battle comes, "and level for the charge your arms are laid," desperate indeed must that enemy be, and much in love with death, that awaits the onset. A day may yet arrive, should Socialism and Chartism, with their coward cruelty, inundate society in the plains, when we may look to your hills for succour ; but that day has not yet come. You tell us that, though little able to assist the Church with the pen or on the platform in her present troubles, your hearts are all with us ; and that, should the worst come to the worst, we may reckon on the Highlanders of Scotland as thirty thousand fighting men. And we know what sort of fighting men you are, and what sort of hearts you bear. But reserve your strength, brave countrymen, for another day and a different quarrel. Should the Church which you love fall prostrate before her adversaries, and wickedness rush unchecked over the land to trample and destroy, your swords may be required, not to protect her friends from her enemies, but to protect both her friends and her enemies too.—*April 8, 1840.*

ARTICLE SIXTH.

IMMEDIATELY below one of Wilkie's admirable pictures,— "The Spanish Posado,"—there is a painting not particularly showy, and which might possibly enough come to be overlooked among productions of less merit and more glitter, but which is at once so simple, unaffected, and true to nature, that it bears the formidable neighbourhood wonderfully well. It is the work of a young and rising artist, Tavernor Knott, —a gentleman who, at the age of twenty-two, has learned