

the softened sunshine with perhaps all the grace of nature; and the tiled cottage does not strike as characteristically Scottish. A roof of heath, or fern, or straw, with here and there a patch of stone-crop, and here and there a tuft of grass or a cluster of house-leek, would better repay the painter's study. But these are very minute matters; and he would be a connoisseur worth looking at who would place such things in the balance against the large amount of thought and feeling displayed in the group. The painter who can impart character to men and women, both national and individual, can well afford to leave a tree or a cottage without much to distinguish them, and be a superior painter still.

Of all the figures of the piece, the old man pleases me best, though the female, his daughter-in-law, is also very exquisite. I have perused with deep interest the letters of an aged emigrant, who quitted the north of Scotland for Upper Canada about eight years ago. He was one of the excellent though now fast diminishing body known in Ross-shire and the neighbouring districts by the name of *the men*; and, though marked perhaps by a few eccentricities, he was by no means a low specimen of the class. He settled among some of the outer townships,—I forget which,—where there were no ministers and no churches; and he saw for the first time, in his seventieth year, the Sabbath rise over the wild and trackless woods of America, all unmarked from the other days of the week. But John Clark had brought his Bible with him, and no superficial knowledge of its contents; and, regularly as the day came round, he assembled his family, like one of the pilgrim fathers of old, for the purpose of religious worship, and to press upon them the importance of religious truth. Some of the neighbours learned to drop in. His fervent prayers, and his homely but forcible expositions, full of masculine thought, had the true popular germ in them; and John's log cottage became the meeting-house of the thirty-