

arched recess is a sarcophagus and above it is the effigy of the princess. But Dumfries, before everything else, is the shrine of all lovers of Burns, for it was there that he passed the most fruitful eight years of his life. It is true that he had won fame previous to his life in Dumfries. He had been feasted and lionized in Edinburgh, the idol of a day, but in all that there was nothing to aid him materially in his struggle for a livelihood, and shortly afterwards he leased a farm at Ellisland, six miles from Dumfries. To this place he brought his "Jean," and together for some time endeavored to coax a living from the farm. At the same time he found opportunities of conversing with the muses in his lonely walks through Nithsdale, or beside the gently flowing Nith. It was then that he wrote "To Mary in Heaven," a beautiful embodiment of tender memories. He held the farm for three years, at the same time acting as excise officer for a division near Dumfries. At the end of that time he obtained a promotion and also an increase of salary. Then he removed to Dumfries, where he resided until his death in 1876. To this period of his residence in Dumfries, Scottish literature is indebted for such exquisite lyrics as "O' a' the Airts the Wind Can Blow," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon," and "John Anderson, My Jo." It also gave birth to that noble song of reunion so dear to every Scotchman's heart, "Auld Lang Syne"; to the patriotic verses, "Scots Wha Ha'e"; and to the poetical magna charta "A Man's a Man for a' That." This period embraced the most fruitful, as well as the happiest years of his life, but there were many times when he endured "the supreme misery of making three guineas do the business of five." The great-

ness of the man arose above the exigencies of his circumstances. The essential nobility of his mind flourished amid all the impediments of his surroundings, and produced the richest flowers of exuberant fancy in song and poetry.

He formed a happy circle of friends in Dumfries, in whose company he passed many a social hour, and where he frequently read his poems. His favorite haunt in those days was the Globe Inn on High street, now called Burns' Howff. A pretentious sign at a narrow opening in the wall on High street gives the first indication of the whereabouts of this inn. A narrow close leads from this to the rear of some large stores, where the old building still stands, just as it did in Burns' time; the room in which the poet and his companions usually passed their evenings is of moderate size, finished in walnut. In one corner stands the chair in which Burns always sat and on the wall is a picture representing the poet riding in a storm while composing the martial strains, "Scots Wha Ha'e." In another part of the town on Burns Street stands his home. It is an old-fashioned, plain-looking, two storey-house, with stone steps at the front, small windows; and to all appearances more like a peasant's cottage than the home of a poet. But genius possesses a subtle charm and often makes the most unpretentious thing interesting, and so it is that thousands annually visit this humble building in an old part of the town. It is interesting also to note that the present owner of this house derives a handsome income from the small fee charged the eight or nine thousand tourists who visit it each year. The poor Scottish bard who once lived there toiled hard to earn a living, his genius then unrewarded, while his fame