

A DAY WITH BURNS

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

It is late, very late, when the visitor departs: the stars are frosty, the ground hard. The spell of newly-roused remembrances lies heavy still upon Burns's heart : and as he turns to rest, and sees the peaceful sleeping forms of his wife and little children, tender and calm desires well up within him. He can conceive no higher happiness than comes of a serene old age, in the company of those dear ones : and a picture rises before him of old folk gently descending to a longer rest, side by side together.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint ;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw ;