

trusive forwardness, and when he differed in opinion he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. . . .

"I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station or information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment."

It is sometimes thought that merchant princes and globe-trotting millionaires have a better time of it than have the artists and the poets. On the surface it may appear so, but it is on the surface only. Burns' life was a short one, and judging by what he was able to accomplish it must also have been a busy one.

He experienced the full joy of living in the plethora of his literary compositions. When we take into account the friends he had, the companions he associated with, both male and female, by whom he was both valued and esteemed to the end of his days, the numerous generous acts he was able to do despite his poverty, we may truthfully say that he extracted more genuine pleasure out of every hour of his life than any mere mercenary worldling could ever be able to do.

Had the chastening hand of time been permitted to lay her finger on him he would not have had to battle, as he had to do all along with the passionate vehemence of youth, but would have borne his lot with that dignity and fortitude which comes from the consciousness that he had delivered his inspired message with that genuine regard for the promptings of a heart that had no vice in it, and that bore no malice.

He lived the noblest life that any poet ever lived. He wrote of the work and life of the fields which many ways may be taken as man's natural element, and he lived his life himself. He fulfilled both the essentials of the heaven-cher and seer. He had the lofty and serene brow of the thinker and the roughened hands of the worker.

It is not uncommon to hear such expressions as "Poor Burns," or even "Poor Robbie" falling from people whose whole attitude towards life has no element of truth or sincerity in it, who live on mere appearances and on the surface of things all the time. To such people let us say: If it is within your power to admire or even to appreciate Burns, by all means do so; but pity, excuse or apology of any kind—he did not need them while he lived, still less does he need them now since he wears the laurel of the immortals, with an approbation that is fast becoming as wide as humanity itself.