

celebrity and visitation with the beautiful mansion of Abbotsford reared on the banks of the Tweed by Sir Walter Scott. Byron and Scott were contemporaries, and there is much in the character and history of Byron that resembles those of Burns. Byron's mother was a Scotchwoman from Aberdeenshire. Scott was born twelve years and Byron twenty-nine years later than Burns. A careful comparison of these *three* sons of genius would form an interesting study.

All the world knows Burns as a marvellous genius, entitled to rank with the highest in the temple of fame. It has been said by the son of Tennyson that it was his father's opinion that Burns was the only British poet destined to live forever. The whole world would accord to Burns the description of the poet given by Shakespeare; in which he refers to the poetic eye in a fine phrenzy rolling and glancing from heaven to earth. Cowper says:—

“ Nature but seldom, as if fearful of exposure,
Vouchsafes to man, a poet's just pretence:
Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely wrought;
Fancy, that from the bow that spans the sky
Brings colors dipt in heaven that never die,” &c.

The fitful fever of the poet's short life is as well known as his immortal verses; for it has received honest, defiant and life-like expression in his writings—both poetry and prose. Burns, often in a torrent of passion, poured fourth in burning words his own experience. He freely tells his loves and hatreds, anxieties and cares, joys and sorrows. All the stormy fluctuations that formed the history of his spirit are spread out before us. In his poetry there are no idly-feigned poetic joys or pains. His poems give us an exact picture of himself. This checkered history of little joy and much sorrow ended in an early death at the age of 37. His literary life did not extend beyond fifteen years. During those years his works, amid much bodily toil and trials, and fits of deep despondency, were written, corrected and sent to the press. Few know how much Burns has done for the songs of his country! but let them simply look at the list in the index of any edition of his works. This work was carried on gratuitously up till death arrested his hand. He often piteously describes the