

thought that Pope and Churchill and Thomson were poets. Some things we cannot account for. His first poem was addressed to the daughter of the blacksmith. Next he was in love with Ellison Begbie—offered her his heart and hand and was refused. She was a servant working in a family. Jean Armour, his wife, was the daughter of a tailor, and her father objected to his daughter, being the daughter of a respectable tailor, uniting herself in marriage with Robert Burns. Highland Mary was a servant, a milkmaid. Burns, as I say, did not make women of goddesses, but he made goddesses of women. After all the highest art keeps close to the ground. If you want to be sublime cling to the grass. (Laughter). There never was a picture painted of a palace that was poetic. A palace suggests weariness and pomp and circumstance and responsibility. If you want that which is poetic you must paint a cottage with climbing vines, with trees in bloom, with bees that make their singing journeys around the house, with children natural. The simple necessary things of life are always poetic. Take for instance one of the books of the Bible. The song of Solomon. They believed for many years that Solomon wrote that song, but the moment I read it I knew he did not, and I now know that he did not. (Laughter). And I will tell you why. Solomon was king, and in the song he praises the palace. He dwells on the delights of the king's chambers. Now that was written by a peasant who believed that the palace was filled with joy. Had it been written by a king, one who knew better, he would have had happiness in the cottage, in the field, under the arching vine. And if you read Solomon's song some time, if you have time to waste, you will find that I am right on that subject. (Laughter.) Fine ladies robed in jewels are not poetic. Never. They are artificial, but not artistic. After all, art is the highest possible expression of the natural. It must not suggest labor or toil or trouble or responsibility. It must suggest liberty and freedom.

BURNS THE POET OF LOVE.

Burns, above all things—and that is why we love him, maybe—was the poet of love. To him woman was divine, and in the light in her eyes this peasant stood transfigured. Love changed this plowman to a king. The plaid became a robe of purple. The poor man became the poet, and the laborer was the ennobled man who stood like a descended God. In his "Vision" his native muse tells the story of his conversion and how he came to write. Was there ever a sweeter singer? Will there ever be a sweeter song written than "Bonny Doon," and there is in it, too, a wealth of philosophy. A poor broken-hearted girl wandering by a stream says to a bird: "Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonny bird."

There is an idea that when the weather is bad, when it is over-