

He noted the rain-cloud as it hurried on, the gowan, crushed beneath his plowshare. awakened a strain of low, sad music in his heart. "I have some favourite flowers in spring," he says in one of his letters, "among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the fox-glove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight." And again "I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry." Burns is a true poet, "he loves the green earth with her streams and forests, her flowery leas and eternal skies, loves her with a sort of passion, in all her vicissitudes of light and shade; his spirit revels in her grandeur and charms; expands like the breeze over wood and lawn, over glade and dingle, stealing and giving odours." And so also with all the various aspects of human life. He has a fervid sympathy, a reverence, a tenderness, which go straight to the hearts of men. "He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling," the high and low, the grave or gay—through the whole gamut of sadness, despondency, fear, pity, hope, mirth and joy; all are alike welcome to him; he can move them in the hearts of men, just as he himself has been moved by them. Many of his words have spoken responsive, and shall continue so to speak, to the hearts of all men.

No one can fail to mark the intense nationality of Burns. There is a deep pathos in that recorded wish of his:—

"A wish—I mind its power,
A wish, that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast.
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,