

Prayer" are scathing rebukes of such hypocrisy. In such abhorrence does he hold them, that in his epitaph on "Holy Willie," he has the following:

"Your brimstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance ye've heard my story.
Your pity, I will not implore
For pity ye ha'e nane;
Justice, alas! has gien him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.
But hear me sir, de'il as ye are—
Look something to your credit:
A coof like him would stain your name,
If it were kenned ye did it."

These and similar sayings carry us back to the days of the Baptist and the Christ, when they hurled their "Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites."

Third, the rigid orthodoxy of the day, supported by its hair-splitting arguments found no friend in Burns. "The Kirk's Alarm" and "The Twa Herds" give us an account of a Heresy trial, and a disastrous debate between two ministers. These poems are a protest against narrowing religion to "do's" and "don'ts," against calling one man "orthodox" and another "heretic" because of some small point of difference, against holding certain men priests and saints because of position and acknowledged creed, and others outcasts and sinners, because they saw not the present with the lamp by the past. Burns pleads for freer thought and broader creed. In this he may have been before his day; nevertheless there was a feeling abroad, and among some at least the fruit was beginning to mature of better things, when man would not be a slave to past opinions and customs, but the free-born child of truth gathering ripened clusters upon many hillsides and refusing to abide within the walls of "yesterday."

In the fourth place Burns understood the law of progress. To-day no man has the right to hold anything which he will