

poised, social, generous, thrilled by a look, by a touch, full of pity, carrying the sorrows of others in his heart, those even of enemies; hating to see anybody suffer, lamenting the death of everything, even of trees and flowers. We love him because he was a natural democrat, and because he hated tyranny in every form. We love him because he was always on the side of the people and felt the throb of progress.

THE POET'S EDUCATION AND GENIUS.

We know that he read but little. He had but few books, had but little of what we call education, only an outline of history, a little philosophy, none possibly in the highest sense, his library consisting of but a few volumes, among them Stackhouse's "History of the Bible," one play of Shakespeare that Shakespeare did not write, and the poems of Ossian written by another man. Burns, however, was a man of genius. This is why we love him. He did not have to read much.

A man of genius is something like a spring, something that suggests no labor. A spring bubbling from the earth seems to be a perpetual free gift of nature. There is no thought of toil. The water comes flowing over the white pebbles and comes without effort, no machinery, no pipes, no engines, no waterworks, nothing that suggests expense or trouble or a mortgage (laughter) and so with a natural poet, it wont do to compare him with the educated, with the polished and with the industrious. He is a spring. And Burns seems to have done everything without effort. His poems wrote themselves. He was overflowing with sympathies and ideas and suggestions on every subject, but there is no midnight oil, there is nothing in him of the student; there is no suggestion of one of his poems having been re-written or re-cast. No trouble. There is in his heart a poetical April and May and all the poetic seeds burst into sudden life. In a moment the seed is a plant, the plant is a blossom and the fruit is given to the world. He looks at everything from a natural point of view, and he had the sense to write about men and women with whom he was acquainted. He cared nothing for mythology, nothing for the legends of the Greeks and Romans. He drew nothing from history. Everything he speaks about was within his reach, and he knew it from centre to circumference, all his figures and comparisons perfectly natural

MADE GODDESSES OF WOMEN.

He does not endeavor to make angels of fine ladies. He takes the servant girls with whom he is acquainted, the dairymaids that he knows, and he put wings on those servants and those dairymaids and makes them angels that the angels themselves would be envious of. That is what Robert Burns did. He did not make women of goddesses but he made goddesses of women. This man, so natural, keeping his cheek so close to the breast of nature, never