the grave, and finally, under the appellation of 'incorporation into the glorious future of our race,' to claim for it a dignity and value parallel to that which would attach to the Christian's expectation (if solid) of a sensible life of exalted happiness for himself and all good men, is surely nothing more or less than extravagance founded on misnomer.

With regard to the promised incorporation, I should really like to know what is the exact process, or event, or condition which Mr. Harrison considers himself to understand by the incorporation of a concensus of faculties with a

glorious future; and whether he arrived at its apprehension by way of 'positive knowledge,' or by way of 'scientific logic.'

Mr. Harrison's future life is disposed of by Professor Huxley in a few words: 'Throw a stone into the sea, and there is a sense in which it is true that the wavelets which spread around it have an effect through all space and time.

Shall we say that the stone has a future life?'

To this I only add the question whether I am not justified in saying that Mr. Harrison does not adequately distinguish between the nature of a fiddle and the nature of a tune, and would contend (if consistent) that a violin which had been burnt to ashes would, notwithstanding, continue to exist, at least as long as a tune which had been played upon it survived in the memory of any one who had been districted of its capacities being it would seem one who had heard it—the consensus of its capacities being, it would seem, incorporated into the glorious future of music.

LORD BLACHFORD.

ORATION ON ROBERT BURNS.

By REV. ALFRED J. BRAY.

Delivered before the Caledonian Society of Montreal at the Annual Banquet on 25th January, 1878, and published by request.)

I deem it no small honour to have been invited to say some words to you to-night at your I deem it no small honour to have been invited to say some words to you to-night at your banqueting board in memory of your immortal bard and brother, Robert Burns. You will permit me to say that I do not feel as if among strangers, and that I am not conscious of any anomaly or incongruity, in my position as an Englishman speaking to an audience composed for the most part of Scottish ladies and gentlemen. I do anticipate some difficulty, and thus early crave your warmest sympathy and broadest charity on my behalf, when I shall have early crave your mother tongue. It is very sweet and beautiful, but a little intricate; occasion to speak in your mother tongue. It is very sweet and beautiful, but a little intricate; in truth, a kind of music I would rather hear than attempt to execute. But I do not expect to find any other difficulty. Burns was indeed a Scottchman, lived?on its soil, sang the beauties of its any other difficulty. Burns was indeed a Scottchman, lived?on its soil, sang the beauties of its banks and braes," sang them in the grand old Scottish tongue, which is a language and not a dialect, as some would have it; did for his country what he so passionately desired to do

" For poor auld Scotland's sake, Some useful plan or book wad make, Or sing a sang at least."

"For poor auld Scotland's sake, Some useful plan or book wad make, Or sing a sang at least."

and in that he is Scotland's own son. But Burns was no ordinary man; had he been, you might have claimed him all, and kept him all, and I, for one, would have asked for no part in your inheritance. Burns was extraordinary, was a genius; that is to say, he was too big for your inheritance. Burns was extraordinary, was a genius; that is to say, he was too big for any hard and fast national, or time distinctions. He is the property of all people in all time who have heart and understanding. Genius is like some vast prairie of this continent; you may who have heart and understanding. Genius is like some vast prairie of this continent; you may claim it, but you cannot occupy it; you may wander over it here and there, but it rolls in measureless leagues away, and all you can do is to rail in a patch and settle down and live on measureless leagues away, and all you can do is to rail in a patch and settle down and live on that. Genius is like the ocean which you sail, and say you rule, but which will remain all the time a wild, ungovernable thing, whispering, laughing, shouting, singing, making music for the world. Genius is like the Celtic race itself which cannot die, but ever passes on into greater truer and juster life. A Spaniard discovers America, but the Celt peoples it. Is India truer and juster life. A Spaniard discovers America, but the Celt peoples it. Is India truer and juster life. A Spaniard discovers America, but the Celt peoples it. Is India truer and juster life. A Spaniard discovers America, but the Celt peoples it. Is India truer and juster life. A Spaniard discovers America, but the Celt peoples it. Is India truer and juster life. A Spaniard discovers America, but the Celt peoples it. Is India truer and juster life. A Spaniard discovers America, and forms of life? the Celt languishing, breathing the very soul of pastoral peoples will, some some life? the Celt languishing, breathing the world and the conditi

"When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care,
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
Began the reverend sage;
Love's thirst of wealth thy steps constrain,
Or youthful pleasures rage;
Or haply, prest with cares and woes
Too soon thou hast begun
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

The sun that overhangs you moves, Outspreading far and wide, Where hundreds labour to support A haughty lordling's pride; I've seen yon weary winter's sun Twice forty times return, And every time has added proofs That man was made to mourn.

Oh. man! while in thy early years
How prodigal of time;
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn."

And so the song goes on—a sad, a solemn dirge, and tells me plainly that the singer is not made of common stuff, which can take the world easy, and be quiet as to circumstance, but has begun already to brood and fret over the mysteries of life. He looks back upon but has begun already to brood and fret over the mysteries of life. He looks back upon poverty, hardness of lot—a father toiling hard at poorly requited labour—a mother, using poverty, hardness of lot—a father toiling hard at poorly requited labour—a mother, using skill and straining every sinew to make the two ends meet. He looks on—into what? He skill and straining every sinew to make the two ends meet. He looks on—into what? He skill and straining every sinew to make the two ends meet is seen to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. There is no defined way. But it seems to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. There is no defined way. But it seems to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. There is no defined way. But it seems to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. There is no defined way. But it seems to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. There is no defined way. But it seems to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. There is no defined way. But it seems to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. There is no defined way. But it seems to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. There is no defined way. But it seems to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. There is no defined way. But it seems to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. There is no defined way. But it seems to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. There is no defined way. But it seems to him a settled fact that "man was scarce can tell. The man of sentiment, of thought, looks out on life and see its can be ever on the laugh. The man of sentiment, of thought, looks out on life and see its can be ever on the laugh. The man of sentiment, of thought, looks out on

for long does he halt. His soul decides for him. The mists lift, and a vision appears to tell him he cannot abandon his nobler self to turn to the common life of the world. He had dreamt his dream of misspent youth and wasted chances over the winter fire—had flung up his hardened palm with a wild oath to rhyme no more—

When, click! the string the snick did draw;
And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin' bright,
A tight outlandish hizzie braw
Came full in sight.
Ye needna doubt I held my whisht;
The infant aith half-formed was crusht,
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth she blusht,
And stepped ben.

And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly boughs
Were twisted gracefu' round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish muse
By that same token,
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon be broken.
A hair-brained, sentimental trace
Was strongly marked in her face:
A wildly, witty rustic grace
Shone full upon her:
Her eye, e'en turned on empty space,
Beamed keen with honour.

Down flowed her robe a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my bonny Jean
Could only peer it.
Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seemed to my astonished view
A well known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost—
There, mountains to the skies were tost—
Here, tumbling billows marked the coast
With surging foam:
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast—
The lordly dome.
Here, Doon poured down his far-fetched floods;
There, well-fed Irvine stately thuds,
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore,
And many a lesser torrent scuds
With seeming roar.

Then the scene changes. His eyes sweep over some fields which in the olden times witnessed Scottish chivalry. He saw, with swelling heart, the heroic deeds of his great heroic race, who did

-Brandish round the deep-dyed steel
In sturdy blows,
While back recoiling seem to reel
Their Southron foes.
And then the vision spoke,
"All hail! my own inspired bard-

In all thy native muse regard;
Nor longer mourn thy fate as hard,
Thus poorly low;
I came to give thee such reward
As we bestow."

And then the vision spoke,

"All hail my own inspired bard—

With the vision passes the indecision. From henceforth ploughing the fields where the daisies grow and die—wandering in the mystic calm and shadow of the woods—revelling with boon companions till the night has worn away—with his Jean in the quiet of domestic life—feted in the saloons of the rich and famous, he will be true to his muse, if false to himself. From his own poetic soul he drew his inspiration—not from outward circumstance, or anything in the times. The times were dull and prosy to a sin. No great orators—no great singers—no great poets—no great anything to inspire a man and fill him with a lofty ambition. Had it been otherwise—had Britain been rejoicing in the light of many and brightest stars the shining could have been to him but as the far off light of the milky-way, which can never guide a traveller on his journey. Born and bred in deepest obscurity, he had no help, no teacher, and scarce a model. No help but what he can draw from his own passionate heart; no source of instruction but many voiced nature which always carried her lessons straight to his soul. In that lies the secret of his naturalness, I think. For natural he lessons straight to his soul. In that lies the secret of his naturalness, I think. For natural he was. The man was never lost in the poet. He had not read and studied until Burns got sucked up into shining metaphors, and sweltering fogs, and brooding, thunderous storm sucked up into shining metaphors, and sweltering fogs, and brooding, thunderous storm clouds; and something let down, not Burns at all, but a miserable concection of false senticulus; and something let down, not Burns at all, but a miserable concection of false senticulus; and something let down, nor Burns at all, but a miserable concection of false senticulus; and something let down, nor abrupars and hysterics—a man, laughing, chaffing—shoutments—false tears—false laughter—false everything—but the man itself remained. It was ments—false tears—false la

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that:
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on homely fare we dine:
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for all that!
For a' that and a' that;
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, tho e'er so poor
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord, Wha struts, and stares, and a' that; Though hundreds worship at his word, **He's** but a coof for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that The man of independent mind, He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted Knight, A Marquis, Duke, and a' that But an honest man's aboon his might, Guid faith, he maunna fathat—For a' that, and a' that. Their dignities and a' that; The pith o' sense and pride o' worth, Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that!

I am not here to criticise Burns, nor yet to defend him. For the first I should be incompetent, and for the second there is no need. There are doubtless faults in his poetry, as good old Homer used to nod at times: Shakespeare wrote some scraggy lines, and Milton often halts. There were doubtless greater faults in the man, which if I were to attempt to defend or gloss over, or even pass by, would show me false to myself and my sacred calling. Burns had great and most conspicuous failings. He had a stormy, ungovernable nature. There never was a poet yet who didn't worship woman—and may Heaven preserve us from such a monstrosity,—but Burns was pre-eminent among poets for adoring "the lasses oh." To many poets woman is an abstract thing, a fancy, a vision of grace and beauty; but to Burns woman was a concrete and very real thing. Who does not know the sad and shameful story of Jean, the melancholy story of Highland Mary and others. He loved keenly, enthusiastically, but his love was never deep and constant. There were always "under plots in the drama of his love." He drank too, at times, holding high and long carousal. But let us remember the love." He drank too, at times, holding high and long carousal. But let us remember the love." It is quite easy for some to practise virtues, which to others are extremely difficult. I know how the Pharisees of Society can lift their eyes to heaven in complacent self-congratulation that they are not guilty of low and vulgar sins. I know how easy and popular to," and when I am told of the faults and failings of Burns, I say, there are things he did, and things he said over which I mourn, but, he didn't fawn to the great, like Bacon and Pope, he never lived or wrote meanly for paltry ends, and I could tell of many, less condemned than he, who were the greater simners. If he simned impetuously, he repented at leisure, and he never attempted to whitewash himself or his cvils. At times he well nigh broke his great heart over the wrongs he had done, and some of his saddest and deepe