

by some, would have been disdainfully rejected by him. His own humble scheme of life was far more in accordance with his natural spirit. Indeed, the mere want of means, the pressure of actual poverty, does not seem to have been his special burden. For long after this time, when solicited to contribute some lyrics for Thomson's collection of Scottish songs, he made it one condition of his compliance that he should receive no remuneration in the shape of money, and even later, he resented as an affront, the sending of a small check on the bank, and warned Thomson to do so no more unless he wished to quarrel with him, so much for his position, and his own feelings on this point.

His scheme of life, however, did not succeed. After a trial of about three years he had to give up his farm, into the reasons for which step it is not needful that we should enter. Thereafter, he removed with his family into the town of Dumfries, where he continued to reside the few last years of his life.

In almost all the works of Burns, in his songs especially, very many of which were written during these latter days, there are the marks of the highest poetical genius. The true poet does not need to go far for a subject, all nature is the volume in which he reads; and he has sympathies with all things around him, animate and inanimate. In description, there is a decisive power in Burns which fixes the very image of the thing clear and bright before the mind. Two or three of his winged words do far more than a page of laboured prose; and thus, from his own day our national literature has been be-gemmed with his own word pictures. His eye was open to see the beauty there is in all things, and there was a chord which vibrated in his heart, as he listened to their voice.—

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