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THE HUMOR OF BURNS.

(By J. J. McCabe.)

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above,
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

WITH such was ever mortal man more generously endowed than the poet Burns? In order to thoroughly appreciate the genius of the Scottish Bard we must study his environment. Born in the crisp atmosphere of a rigid Calvinism, handicapped by the depressing grind of poverty, his poetic genius left to expand on a cold and wind-swept moor, far from the stimulating influences of scholastic life and kindred souls, we wonder why he was not one of those in whom,

"Chill penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of the soul."

To the true poet all climes are golden; his soul is sensitive to every touch of nature, and the beauty of the world fills his conscious being with a thrill of delight.

Burns was a child of nature and ever sensitive to her impressions of beauty. Along the river-side, in the gloaming of a summer's eve, he loved to wander alone, listening to the music of