

own emotions. As a contrast Prof. Clark cited Alexander Pope, a poet of great power, but a poet in whose works one saw the perfection of artifice, as in Burns' work one saw the perfection of nature. Prof. Clark then referred to Burns' personality, to the impression he made upon persons he met, to the manner in which he entered the august society of Edinburgh as among his equals, to his unequalled powers of conversation, to the noble manner with which he bore the trials of prosperity as well as of adversity.

He then turned to a consideration of Burns' poetry. Burns himself had told them, in his address "to the Guid Wife of Wauchope," of his two great motives, and Prof. Clark quoted:—

"A wish that, to my latest hour,  
Shall strongly heave my breast—  
That I, for poor auld Scotland's  
sake,  
Some usefu' plan or beuk could  
make,  
Or sing a sang at least."

While later on in the same poem Burns says:—

"I see her yet, the sonsie quean,  
That lighted up my jingle,  
Her witching smile, her pauky een,  
That gart my heart strings  
tingle!"

Patriotism and the love of women inspired him. He had the defects of his qualities, but they bore his defects for the sake of his qualities. He could, Prof. Clark added, put up with a good deal from Burns—a great deal more than he could from his

censors, men who were not fit to black his boots. As for his patriotism, there was "Scots Wha Hae," described as the noblest war-song in all literature. But the glory of Burns was his songs, and the glory of his songs was his love songs. If anyone did not like his love songs he need not read them, but Prof. Clark added that he suspected that those who professed not to like these songs read them on the sly. As an example of these he quoted "Green Grow the Rashes O!" remarking on the beauty of the compliment in the concluding lines:—

"Her prentice han' she tried on  
man,  
And then she made the lasses O."

"My Nannie O" and "Of a' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw" were also instanced, and he quoted the second stanza of the latter song:—

"I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair;  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air;  
There's not a bonnie flower that  
springs  
By fountain, shaw or green,  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings  
But minds me o' my Jean."

He was an old man, Prof. Clark said; some of those behind him on the platform were not young, but those words thrilled them yet.

There was also Burns' songs of friendship, such as "Epistle to Davie" and "Auld Lang Syne." That last was a song that knit men's hearts to one another. In his own knowledge men who had been estranged had been reconciled