

ROBERT BURNS.

One hundred changeful years
Have wept and smiled upon this changeful world,
Since Scotia's glorious bard,
Life's infant sits unto the breeze unfurled,
Embraking timidly
His lowly vessel on life's chequered sea.

No stately pomp was there,
Such as breathes "welcome" when a lord is born,
No loud rejoicings met
The lowly infant on his natal morn,
None dreamt—no lips declare
A greater than a thousand lords lies there.

Greater—though as life sped,
His lot was numbered with the sons of toil.
Greater—for such sweet song
Gushed from the lilt of fair Scotia's soil,
As proved him well to be,
Poor, in the ranks of nature's heraldry.

Yes, in the foremost ranks
Thou stood'st enrolled thou glorious son of song,
Thy toil worn brow was decked
With gems more precious than to kings belong.
Genius enshrined sat there,
And shone all lustrous through the mists of care.

Shone out in fadeless song,
Sweet as the music of a whispering river.
Things fleet and fide and die,
The songs of Burns shall live, and live for ever.
Live in the mists of ^{the} ~~the~~ ears.
The hearts of millions, on, through countless years.

Gay, gentle, winsome bard,
Although thy place is known on earth no more.
This day a wealth of lore,
Earth's best and noblest e'er thy memory pour.
Live on, sweet bard, let fame
Rest still more glorious on thy honoured name.

SATAN REPROVING SIN.

The *Globe* of Saturday contains the following choice bit. "They (the Gowans) laboured to excite denominational animosity, and the effects of their teaching and example have been rendered visible in various forms."

Well now, that is pretty good. "Denominational animosity" forsooth; how particularly disagreeable that must be to our friend of the *Globe*. Of course he never expressed aught but the greatest abhorrence of "denominational animosity," and never denounced one sect and mounted to power by the assistance of another. Where is the *Leader* with his old fables to prove that he was once very denunciatory? Of course he will be silent; for not even a ministerial print can so falsify facts. Seriously we think the *Globe* is going on too fast in the new track; it is far too zealous in the cause of toleration to be thoroughly sincere. Blaming the Gowans for intolerance went do for at least twelve months to come, when the events of the last six years may perhaps have slipped from our memories. These politicians change and pirouette so frequently that an honest man can't keep pace with them. What next, we wonder?

We shall soon hear approving discourses from Powell on honesty, Hogan on consistency, McGee on Protestantism, Gowan on integrity, Ferres on modesty, and Robinson on common sense. All these we could endure, but the *Globe* on toleration is certainly a dose too much.

LECTURES.

The surest way to ruin any cause, is to have it advocated in the columns of *Old Double*. The failure of John Geikie's lecture on Ralph Waldo Emerson's religious opinions, was hastened in a great measure by this cause. They say that "birds of a feather flock together," accordingly Johnny being a dull man, went to the fountain-head of dullness, *Old Double*, and secured the support of that paper and his own defeat at the same time. Johnny is an excessively dull man—so dull indeed that if he had lived in the days of Pope, and had had some pretensions to cleverness, he would have attained immortality in a corner of the *Dunciad*. But to return to the lecture. *Old Double* sounded the penny-whistle—Pantheism, Atheism, mysticism and done up in the most harmless guise, were said to have been inculcated by Emerson in the lecture on the "Law of Success," which he delivered here some time ago in this city, and "the Christian portion of our population," were called upon to go and listen to what Johnny had to say on the subject, as the only way in which all Emerson's diabolical isms could be negated. But whether it is that there are very few Christian people in Toronto, or that they are all blessed with more common sense than Johnny and his compeers, we will not determine. Certain it is however, that very few people were there to appreciate the able manner in which Johnny and the other speakers demolished opinions which Mr. Emerson never advocated, and overturned doctrines the advocacy of which Mr. Emerson never dreamt of. We will not particularize which of the speakers is entitled to the merit of discovering the greatest mare's nest on this occasion. "Birds of a feather," as we said before, "flock together." Johnny is a dull man and surrounded himself with dull men, and got the dullest and stupidest paper in the world, *Old Double*—to advocate his dull doctrines. For the future he should chain down his aspiring genius to the more profitable task of selling Mr. Emerson's works since it is evident he cannot understand them; and we advise him to allow the public to judge of the merit of a lecturer for themselves. If he needs must meddle with edged tools, D'Arcy McGee is going to lecture next week, and there is nothing easier than for him again to misunderstand the lecturer, and once more to make a fool of himself.

Before we conclude, we state distinctly for the benefit of such dull men as Mr. Geikie, that in writing these remarks we express no opinion as to the orthodoxy of Mr. Emerson's belief. We deal with him as we found him, and as an intelligent Toronto audience found him. But in the meantime we must be excused if we hesitate to rely upon the opinion of a man who could interrupt a lecturer at night to bread him as a sceptic, and advertise all his works at the cheapest rates the next morning.

Lecture next week.

—Mr. Stokes, we understand, will address the citizens of Toronto next week, on "J. C. Geikie, his books and bookship." We trust there will be a good audience.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

We are extremely glad to see the good spirit in which the Burns' Centenary celebrations are likely to be conducted; we trust they will be well supported by the people of Toronto. There is something extremely gratifying in this appreciation, tardy though it has been, of the peasant poet of Ayr. It is fortunate that there is at least one man whose touching story reaches the hearts of all; one whose name is the angry watchword of no political or sectional party, the signal for no outburst of animosity, the rallying cry of no religious strife.

While therefore we mark his errors as the sad evidence of the fallibility of human genius, let us gladly honour the warm, noble heart which beat under the rough garb of the Scottish ploughman. We have no desire, however, to enter into the contest of eulogy, for which the Beechers, and Everetts and McGees, and McCauls are now polishing and sharpening the weapon of rhetoric; we leave that in their hands, whilst we notice one feature in the Toronto entertainment which seems almost ludicrous. We refer to the strange, though not fortuitous concourse of atoms which are to meet within the walls of the St. Lawrence Hall and Rossin House.

Draper and Brown, McDonald and McGee, Cameron and Mowat, Vankoughnet and Connor have agreed to meet together at one board without fighting. In England this would not be surprising, because public men there learn to dispute without acerbity, and to differ without malice. But in this country, imagine the Attorney General sipping wine with George Brown and complimenting him upon his editorial powers, and Dr. Ryerson hob-nobbing with D'Arcy McGee without ever alluding to the mission to Ireland. We can almost imagine Vankoughnet in the fullness of his heart, imparting the secrets of the next session to Dr. Connor, whilst the latter forgetting all malice, firmly embraces his *quodam* foe. "The double shuffle," "perjury," "demagoguism," and all the rest of the political jargon laid on the shelf for an evening. The lion of the Common Pleas sitting with the lamb from South Ontario; and the polar bear from Oxford having a comfortable chat with the fox from Montreal. The sight will be entertaining in the extreme, let us hope that no unforeseen accident will interrupt the harmony, or break the spell on the felicitous occasion. By the way, why not make a week of it, and beginning with Monday, let neither the *Colonist* nor *Globe* call its neighbour "a liar" oftener than once a day. Let the former give a little discriminating praise to Brown, and the latter find some redeeming point in Mr. McDonald. This will allow a little breathing time before Philippi the week after, and then they may slash away to their heart's content. At any rate, we are to have one night's trace from this sickening recrimination; let us be thankful for small mercies.

The Junior Warden's Toast

—Is the title of a new Piece of Music composed by J. D. HUMPHREYS, Esq., and printed by Messrs. Roddy & Reilly. The composer sang it with great success at the Concert on Thursday evening. We hope that it will meet with an extensive sale.