

One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *why* they do it ;
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias :
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's *done* we partly may compute,
 But know not what's *resisted*.

To many a sensitive religious soul that terrible poem, "The Holy Fair," appears to be a blasphemous and seditious lampoon on the commemorative supper of their Savior, and so, after perusal, the poems are laid aside with regret, and their author is condemned as an irreverent ribald. But, as the old saying hath it, "Circumstances alter cases."

"The land of brown heather and shaggy wood" has long been renowned for its religion—and its whisky. At one time, in the country districts of Scotland, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered twice a year in the open air, the participants arranging themselves on benches erected round the church for the purpose. The minister and parishioners from the surrounding district gathered at the specially selected centre, and the occasion was popularly called "The Holy Fair." It is now notorious as having been the scene of drunken orgies and theologic brawls. Temperance was at a discount, and he was not half a man—certainly not half a Christian—who could not devoutly, with upturned eyes, break bread in remembrance of the death of his God in the morning, discuss with grim gusto the frailties of his fellows in the afternoon, and get helplessly, hopelessly drunk in the evening :

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays ;
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd-up face-proud faces ;
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 Throng winkin' tae the lasses.

* * * * *

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses !
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gone
 As soft as ony flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine ;
 There's some are fou o' brandy—

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