

the cost to others. What a portrait of this competing, struggling, injuring mass is displayed in the words :

“ Man’s inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

The course through the allotted years is narrow and rough :

“ The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage,
The fears all, the tears all
Of dim declining age.”

One of the hindrances to happiness is the inequality of things, and which if brooded over will sour the heart and lead into the vales of melancholy.

“ It’s hardly in a body’s power,
To keep at times frae being sour,
To see how things are shared :
How best o’ chieels are whiles in want
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair’t.
But, Davie, lad, ne’er fash your head
Though we ha’e little gear,
We’re fit to win our daily bread
As lang’s we’re hale and fier.”

Here we see the poet’s independence and honesty. He throws away that which cannot be, and goes out to earn his daily bread.

Man’s real happiness is found within the heart.

“ It’s no in titles nor in rank :
It’s no in wealth like Lon’on bank,
To purchase peace and rest ;
It’s no in making muckle mair :
It’s no in books ; it’s no in lair
To make us truly blest ;