

more than to anyone else for the memorial. One hundred and six years ago that day, the speaker continued, there was taken from the world one of the keenest and brightest intellects of Scotland, one of the warmest and kindest hearts that ever beat under Hodden gray or tartan plaid. They were doing not so much honor to him as honor to themselves in setting up this monument. They had no apologies to make for honoring this great poet. There had been too much apologizing for him in the past. Burns was essentially a great and good man; he had his faults, he also had lofty ideals, and it was a grief to him that he could not realize them. Of what good man could not that be said? And who could cast a stone at him? They were assembled to honor that which was great and good in him. When they heard the voice of rebuke raised they were disposed to say that they preferred the author of "Holy Willie's Prayer" to Holy Willie himself.

This question, Prof. Clark continued, had been answered by the voice of mankind; they had the verdict of humanity. Burns was not merely Scotch; he loved Scotland deeply and passionately, but he loved humanity more than he loved Scotland. And Prof. Clark quoted Talleyrand's profound epigram, that there is somebody wiser than anybody, and that is everybody. When they had got the verdict of humanity they did not care for the exceptions.

INSTANT APPRECIATION OF BURNS.

There never had been a time when Burns had not been appreciated, when his poetry was not

recognized as being of the very first character. This was an absolute, phenomenal fact, and an experience shared by no other poet whom Prof. Clark could recall, unless it was Spenser, and Spenser was not a poet of the many. Consider how, for instance, Tennyson was years in attaining recognition; and how, on the other hand, poets like Cowley had attained recognition at a bound, only to be practically forgotten. But from the moment the Kilmarnock volume was produced until the end of his life Scotland recognized his greatness, while outside of Scotland the poet Cowper, for instance, bore tribute to his genius. There never had been a moment in which he had not held the same high place in the hearts, not merely of Scotchmen, but of all English-speaking men. Saxon and Celt united to honor the poet of humanity. So far was his popularity from waning that it had gone on increasing, and would continue to increase so long as men could recognize the dialect he used. And even if the Scottish language ceased to be spoken, men would undergo the labor of learning it in order to understand the poems of Burns.

It was not wonderful that so genial, so open-hearted a man, a man so full of humanity, so full of affection and tenderness, should be appreciated. His poetry was but the expression of the man; it was sincere, spontaneous, the utterance of a man with no second thoughts, unconscious, giving voice to the thought of the moment. There was no more sincere writer in the English language. There was no posing with Burns; he spoke out his own convictions, gave voice to his