

scriptures. These persons are little aware of their responsibility when once awakened to religious error. It may be with some a fear lest the word of God should confirm the teaching they disapprove. But first of all, this indifference must be traced to the utter alienation of the human soul from God, in consequence of the spiritual death derived from Adam; and so they care not to resist error in a church whose immense power, pomp, and pretensions exercise a powerful influence over them, of which they are unconscious. To use the words of one of the best of modern authoresses, "There is a moral force in great pretensions, few are able to resist."

After Ernestine's death, Gustave de Montbel retired to his seigniory. He fulfilled his duties to the satisfaction of his tenantry, and rather late in life he married, and had children whom he loved much, but left their religious instruction to their mother. His last years were spent in a happy and well-ordered home; living to a great age, he slept quietly away. Ernestine was the last word he ever uttered. It was during this last slumber his anxious wife had performed over him those services she deemed necessary for his salvation; and his body was received into consecrated ground with all the pomp accorded to the great and wealthy by the church to which he nominally belonged.

*Original.*

ROBERT BURNS.

(Written on the Anniversary of his Birth, Jan. 25.)

BY T. W. F.

Bard of the North! beside thy glowing lines,  
The fires are dimmed in song of southern climes;  
Thy lay is warmer than th' impassioned strain  
That Lesbian Sappho warbled to the main,  
More tender than the plaint that Petrarch made,  
In Vaucluse Valley, to his Laura's shade.  
Poets full oft have charmed the world, but none  
Have touch'd its sympathies as thou hast done;  
Thy noble aspirations, simply told,  
Are unalloyed, although unburnished gold.  
Thy love of Caledonia, patriot bard,

Hallows a fame that patriots will guard—  
That *Heaven* will guard—the *patriot's God* will  
guard,  
*The patriot's friend, inspirer, and reward.*

Poor was the shed where Scotland's child was  
born,  
Unnoticed by the rich, or viewed with scorn;  
Contemtpuous Fortune passed it heedless by;  
But Genius gazed on it with tender eye,  
And spread her wings around with guardian  
care,  
Lest aught degrading should find entrance  
there.  
A pearl of price was in that rugged shell,  
A gem to deck her living coronal!

When the young peasant trod the furrowed  
fields,  
He caught the witching power that Nature  
yields,  
From linnet's song, and ripple of the burn,  
And smile of Spring, and frown of Winter  
stern;  
From the dark shade the fir-clad uplands cast,  
From the loud clarion of the northern blast,  
From the sad tale the sobbing south wind  
tells  
To whispering leaves and tearful heather-bells.  
'T was then he laid his hand upon the lyre,  
His bosom panting with the fond desire  
To sing a song, at least for Scotland's sake,  
Though he no useful plan or beuk could make.  
Poetic feeling thrilled through all his soul;  
But skill was wanting—feeling to control.  
He struck the chords—the elements of song,  
In wilding cadences, came right and wrong;  
Yet then an action did his thoughts express  
That was a poem in its tenderness.  
For Scotland's sake he turned the clips aside,  
And spared the rough burr-thistle spreading  
wide—

The sturdy symbol of his native land,  
Amid the bearded bear he let it stand.

At length his partner in the merry train  
That swept the golden harvest from the plain—  
The sonsie quean whose image bore the sway  
Within his breast for many an after day—  
Aroused the forming strain, untied his tongue,  
And Nelly's praise in artless rhyme was sung.

Henceforth the torch, lit at the muses' shrine,  
Ceased not to shed its beams of light divine,