

Such are—

“O wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as ithers see us:
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An’ foolish notion;”

Or the much-quoted—

“Facts are chiels that winna ding
And downa be disputed;”

Or—

“The heart ay’s the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.”

Who on the text, “He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone,” ever preached such a sermon as Burns in his *Address to the unco Guid?* and in his epistle of advice to a young friend, what wisdom! what incisive aphorisms! In passages like these scattered throughout his writings, and in some single poems, he has passed beyond all bonds of place and nationality, and spoken home to the universal human heart.

And here we may note that in that awakening to the sense of human brotherhood, the oneness of human nature, which began towards the end of last century, and which found utterance through Cowper first of the English poets, there has been no voice in literature, then or since, which has proclaimed it more tellingly than Burns. And then his humanity was not confined to man, it overflowed to his lower fellow-creatures. His lines about the pet ewe, the worn-out mare, the field-mouse, the wounded hare, have long been household words. In this tenderness towards animals we see another point of likeness between him and Cowper.

Fourthly. For all aspects of the natural world he has the same clear eye, the same open heart that he has for man. His love of nature is intense, but very simple and