

of expression and feeling ; syntax ; grammar. These gentlemen would object to the clouds, because they are not square. And at one time it was thought the scenery, the grand and beautiful in nature, made the poet. Let me tell you to-night : It is the poet who makes the scenery, the scenery never made a poet and never made an artist in the world. The poet makes the scenery. Holland has produced far more genius than the Alps. There is not much scenery in Holland.

POETS MAKE THE SCENERY.

Where nature is prodigal, where the crags kiss the clouds, man is over-awed, overpowered and becomes small. In England and Scotland the hills are low ; nothing in the scenery is calculated to arouse poetic life, and yet those countries have produced the greatest and the most magnificent of poets of all time. The truth is the poets make the scenery. The place where man has died for man is grander than any snow-crowned summit in the world, the place where man has loved and suffered. (Applause.)

A poem itself is something like scenery, and let me say right here that there is greater scenery in this world than the physical. There are mental seas and continents and ranges of mountains and constellations of the imagination greater than the eye has ever yet beheld. A poem is something like a mountain stream that ripples into light and then lost in shadow ripples along with a kind of wild joy under over hanging boughs, and then leaps and hurls its spray on high over some cascade, and then running peacefully along over pebbly bottoms, babbling of joy, murmuring delight and then sweeping along to its old mother, the sea. A mountainous stream is a poem in itself.

Thousands and millions of men live poems, but do not write them ; but every great poem that was ever written has been lived by the man who wrote it. (Applause). I say to-night that every good and self-denying man, every man who lives and labors for those he loves, for wife and child, is a living poem. The loving mother rocking the cradle, singing the slumber song, is living a poem, and the man who bares his breast through shot and shell for the right has lived a poem, and the poor woman in the tenement, sewing and looking with her poor blurred eyes upon her work for the love of her child, is living a perfect poem, and all the pioneers and all the builders of home, and all the brave men of the world, and all the brave and loving women have all been poets in action, whether they have ever written one word or not. (Great applause.)

SCOTLAND PROUD OF BURNS.

But to-night we are going to talk about a poet ; one who poured out his soul in the music of song. How does a country become great ? By producing great folks. Why is it that Scotland, when