

waged, a conflict between his own sense of right, and his sense of wrong-doing. The way of transgressors is very hard. He had lost his feeling of self-approval, he had made shipwreck of a good conscience, and that in defiance of the light that was in him. He could say many noble things about that which was lovely and virtuous, but he most miserably failed in acting them out. For example. What can be truer and finer than this?

"Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?

Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?"
who could imagine, while reading that, that he himself was guilty—doubly guilty—in this very thing.

Take another example. In another of his pieces we come unexpectedly on a train of somewhat serious thought—

'But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed:
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

And what are all these beautiful thoughts meant to adorn? The winding up of the carousal of a tippling cobbler with a drunken farmer—

"Nae man can tether time or tide:
The hour approaches Tam maun ride."

And was it worthy of Burns to be merely the chief of such good-fellows—falsely so-called; and to try, with the light of his God-given genius, to glorify all

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