



TO ROBERT BURNS—(1759-1796)

WHILE Southern lands are trembling in the throes
Of Earthquake that, with subterraneous sound
Of hollow thunders, humbles to the ground

Church, Forum, and Palace,—'neath its frozen snows,
In Arctic isle, a fierce volcano glows
Fretting for ever 'gainst its iron bound,
Leaps suddenly aloft and flares around,
Flushing a pallid land to fiery rose.

So 'neath our norland natures—stern and strong—
Sleep seething passions, molten ores of Love—
The themes that fire, the burning thoughts that move,
The Patriot flame, the fiery hate of Wrong ;
All these, that pedant Custom would reprove,
Thy fiery soul outflings in rosy flames of Song.

H. BELYSE BAILDON.