

can only remind such that Burns's prose was not like his poetry, nor his ideal like his actual life.

Unquestionably my husband had a very strong sympathy with many points in the character of Burns. His thorough integrity; his noble independence, which disdained to place his honest opinions at the mercy of any man or set of men; his refusal to barter his avowal of the worth and dignity of man for the smiles and patronage of the great, even after he had tasted the sweets of their society, which is a very different matter from such avowal *before* that time, if any one will fairly think of it,—all this, with the acknowledged sovereignty of the greater genius, made an irresistible bond of brotherhood between Miller and Burns. But to the grosser traits of the poet's character my husband's eyes were perfectly open; and grieved indeed should I be if it could for a moment be supposed that he lent the weight of his own purer moral character to the failings, and worse than failings, of the other. Over these he mourned, he grieved. I believe he would at any time have given the life of his body for the life of his brother's soul. Above all, he deplored that the all-prevailing power of Christian love was never brought to bear on the heart of this greatest of Scotland's sons. If Thomas Chalmers had been in the place of Russell, who knows what might have been? But, doubtless, God in his providence had wise purposes to serve. It is often by such instruments that he scourges and purifies his church. For let us not forget, that scenes such as are depicted in the "Holy Fair," however painful to our better feelings,