

ROBERT BURNS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I see amid the fields of Ayr
A plowman, who, in toil or fair,
Sings at his task,
So dear we hold not him in awe,
Nor care to ask.

For him the plowing of those fields
A more eternal harvest yields

The plowman's toil, the plowman's care,
Songs flush with purple bloom the cry;

The plowman's call, the plowman's cry;

Sing in his brain.

Touched by the hand of the way-side weed
Becomes a flower in the red

Beside the stream.

Is clothed with beauty; 'tis a red grass
And here and there a red stripe plays,

The bright red seem.

He sings of love, whose flames illumine
The darkness of the cottage rooms;

The treasures of under-lore and stress,

Of wayward passions, and no less

At moments, wrings with fate.

His voice is harsh, but not with hate;

The brushwood lull'd

Above the taborer's doleful song,

His little pipe, with its red gold,

Upon his gue.

"Here, go out this way, by this door

That I have made, and was about to open

the garden door, close to, which he was

still bending over the body, when I saw

he was examining the contents of a large

portemonnaie, which he had taken from

the pocket of the prostrate, unconscious

man. It seemed to be full of notes and

gold. I hesitated, but fearing to remon-

strate, was drawing back the bolt, when

down this road.

"Stop—wait a minute. Did any one

see you let him in?"

"No; one; there is not a creature

about, and the roads is not overlooked,

I answered.

"No, not this corner of the garden

where we are—no, it's too much shade

by trees, and it's getting to dark."

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"I am told, that this is the road to

the town, and that the road is closed.

"It's closed, and the road is closed."

"It's closed