

are among the very greatest of Scotland's gifts to mankind. All three were true sons of the people, and all were true sons of genius. Scotland cannot afford to forget her literary trinity, in order of their birth, Burns, Hogg, Scott.

It has been said that his life was uneventful. No life of a genius is ever such. We know but little of the real life of Homer, but what would not the world have lost without the Iliad! The quiet life of Virgil sinks into nothing as compared with his immortal epic, the Aeneid! The mazy years that Gray spent in meditation over the tombs gave us the Elegy! All sane men would rather be Milton with his Paradise Lost in his hand, than Napoleon with his many victories at the cost of rivers of human blood! So, too, of Hogg. The long summer days he spent on the hillside, under the sky's blue dome, which gave birth to Kilmeny and his songs, is a far greater event than the stirring days of Queen Mary, or the murderous career of Claverhouse. Hogg had a message for his fellow-men, it was a great message, and that message remains with us. The birth of Shakespeare was a far more noted event than that of James the Sixth of Scotland, and first of England. Thus it is that the appearance of the prophet, the teacher, the poet, is ever a great event; and so the coming of Hogg among his people must be regarded.

"He made his prophets poets, and the more
We feel of poesy, do we become
Like God in love and power."

Had Bailey lived in Hogg's day, he could not have uttered words that could have better befitted that pure and noble poetic soul.

Hogg's life was a strenuous one. He had a hard struggle for the bare necessities of life,