

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
 to heaven,
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Twines them to shapes, and gives to airy
 nothing
 A local habitation and a name."

This is true of Hogg's prose as it is of his poetry; for, in his prose, he is ever the poet; and thus it is that his stories are dramas.

We cannot pursue this subject further, though only the fringe of a proper study of his prose writings has been touched upon. It behoves us now to give some attention to his poetry; for he was a poet. Professor John Wilson tells us that "Hogg was the only worthy successor of Burns," and Professor Veitch declares that "After Burns, Hogg was the greatest poet that has sprung from the bosom of the common people." As a poet he was the author of "The Queen's Wake," "The Mountain Bard," "The Pilgrims of the Sun," "The Pedlar," "The Poetic Mirror," "Mador of the Moor," "Queen Hynde," Ballads and Poems, Songs, Sacred Pieces, and a number of miscellaneous poems. When one considers the length and quality of these poetic productions, they constitute a remarkable addition to the world's literature for which we, as Scotchmen, are justly proud.

"He seized his country's lyre
 With ardent grasp and strong,
 And made his soul of fire
 Dissolve itself in song."

Let us view Hogg's poetry from a few of the crucial tests of all poetry—tests to which all poetry must conform, and failing in which the author cannot lay claim to what the poet should ever be, a prophet and a teacher. To those most capable of judging we appeal in full confidence.