

In a voice as clear we hear Hogg:—

“Down through the Lowlands, down wi’ the Whiggamore.

Loyal true Highlanders, down wi’ them rarely!
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi’ the broad claymore,
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie!

The one was pouring out his heart on his country’s altar, the other his devotion to the Stuart cause, and both gave us war songs that stand on a par with “On to the Battle,” “The Star Spangled Banner,” and the “Marse laise Hymn.” We must hasten on, and yet we are compelled to linger long enough to give “The Skylark:”

“Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o’er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place,
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee.

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is in earth.

O’er fell and fountain sheen,
O’er moor and mountain green,
O’er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow’s rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!”

Third, Hogg’s attitude to the supernatural. Our poet was a profound believer in a Supreme Being who did all things well. His simple creed could be told in the words: “Whatever is, is right.” In all his crosses and sorrows