

full of the emotion of hope, with a profusion of light brown hair that fell over his shoulders, and beaming light blue eyes that gave expression to the pure and gifted mind within. The famous painting of him by Sir John Watson Gordon, taken when he was about fifty-five, shows him seated, with his broad plaid passing across his breast and over his left shoulder, then loosely resting on his left arm. His left hand is reposing on the curved end of his great stick that was his life-long companion. The collar of his coat rolls well away from his neck and out towards his shoulders. His face is full and of oval form and clean-shaven, with the exception of a portion of the beard left on either side in front of and below the ears. There is an abundance of wavy, curly hair, now turning gray, rising over his arched forehead. The contour of the nose, the eyebrows, and the lines of the mouth give one to feel that the painting is that of no ordinary man. It is truly the work of a great artist on a still greater subject. To such a face we can fittingly apply the words of Sir Walter Scott:—

“There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon the face
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned.”

Let us now review a few of the incidents in Hogg's life. His father, Robert, was a small farmer, and lost everything through bad times, and the absconding of one of his debtors. He had to return to his original calling of shepherd. This rendered it impossible to give any more than the most meagre education. James was hired out as a herd lad while only six years of age. His genial