

"Her hair was like the threads o' gowd,
Her cheeks of rosy hue,
Her e'en were like the hunting hawk's
That ower the castle flew.

"Of fairest fashion was her form,
Her skin the driven snow
That's drifted by the wintry storm
On lofty Gilman's law.

"Her brow nae blink of scorning wore,
Her teeth were ivory,
Her lips the little purple flower
That blossoms on Bailey-lee."

Thus far we have seen Hogg's wonderful capacity for describing scenes and persons. He is graphic, charming and delicate. But he had marvellous gifts for creating scenes and persons that were pure products of his imagination, and making them pass before the mind's eye as splendid realities. We find beautiful examples of this poetic power, both to invent and portray, in "The Pilgrims of the Sun" and in "Little Pynkie," a counterpart to which we meet in Shakespeare alone; and higher praise than this can come to no man.

Second, his teachings on Life. On man's duty to man and to his country, Hogg had clear views and expressed these in strong and abiding form. As has been said, the poet must be a prophet and a teacher. On the subject of the domestic affections we find many beautiful passages. The mother's love for her child has been the theme of many a writer. The following lines, which set forth a mother's sorrow over the death of her little cherub, would unlock any heart and find way therein:

"My sweet little cherub, how calm thou'rt reposing!
Thy suffering is over, thy mild eye is closing;
This world was to thee a step-dame unfriendly;
But rest thee, my babe, there's a spirit within thee.
A mystery thou art, though unblest and unshriven—
A thing of the earth, and a radiance of heaven;
A flower of the one, thou art fading and dying—
A spark of the other, thou'rt mounting and flying.