

he had a hard struggle, indeed for what education he acquired, and he had a hard struggle to gain recognition at the hands of the publisher and the people. They had a great man in their midst and for long they knew it not. But as Elijah could commune with nature and nature's God while hiding by the lonely brook, so could Hogg find inspiration as he says himself in "rocks that seemed to prop the skies." About his eighth and ninth years, for a few months each winter, he attended school, and from that onward he received no formal education. But he had his schools and schoolmasters of a far other kind, as had another great Scotchman, in the person of Hugh Miller. His mother, Margaret Laidlaw, was deeply versed in Scotch tradition, legend, tune, and song. From her he learned much that bore splendid fruit later on in his writings. He could truly say with the great Goethe, "I got my stature from my father, and my inner man from my mother."

But Hogg had other teachers. He was in close touch with nature in her wildest and most poetic forms. The wild storm and the dark and gloomy winter's day; the rushing torrent brimful, hastening down the mountain side and through the glen, on its mad course to the sea; the lofty and rugged hills that tossed their heads far up into the blue dome above; the forests and the meadows, opening their richest hues to the life-giving beams of spring's returning sun, and the peaceful flocks grazing over the lea, all raised his thoughts from nature to the supernatural. These influences would cause a spirit like his to expand as does the blossom to the vernal rays.

Lacking in education, in books, in learned companions, and unable to write, he had a hard struggle to find an outlet for his aspiring