

he went to church. Mr. Crockett treats his theme in a novel and fascinating manner. His young hero, who is more of a patriot than a religious enthusiast, is well drawn, as is the quiet but daring heroine. Their adventures are thrillingly told, and the natural scenes of them are described by a master hand. I know of no better book in all the literature of the romance of the Covenant; yet one would hardly put it into a Sabbath School library.

Still another of Mr. Chapman's books is Ian Maclaren's "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." This 366 page and copyright edition is published by the Fleming A. Revell Company, of Toronto. Nerved to face probable disappointment after the *Bornie Brier Bush*, the *Talker* attacked Mr. Watson's last and had his fears set at rest. The pathos and the humor still hold out and the quality of each is as notable as the quantity. There are ten *Drumtochty* stories of varying lengths, all exhibiting the character of the place in many diverse moods, grave and gay, religious and secular. Probably the best of them, as it is also the largest, is that entitled "For Conscience Sake." It tells how the tenant of *Burnbrae*, whose ancestors had held the farm for many generations, was ousted on the expiry of his lease by a new English factor of the Earl because he would not leave the Free Church for the Kirk, to the great grief and indignation of the Kirk minister and the whole country side. The story

is a very simple one, but contains some touching situations, and is admirable for its portraits of many fine characters which cannot be studied without good moral effect. One is pleased to find in this and other stories the total absence of sectarian bitterness, to which many parts of Scotland are far from strangers. "Past Redemption," the story of poor Posty's failing and his fate, is in the latter, a purified version of Bret Harte's *Luck of Roaring Camp*, but Posty himself is an original. His shrewd evasions of all invitations to reform and sign the pledge or wear the blue ribbon are among the most humorous things in the book, and the climax is reached when, in the study of the Free Church manse, he agrees with the minister that there is an odour of spirits in the room, but assures that simple hearted man that his reputation is safe in his hands. Mr. Watson's literary reputation will not suffer by this new batch of *Drumtochty* stories, in which those who have read the *Bornie Brier Bush* will lovingly follow the fortunes of some of its rural heroes and heroines. They are marked by no fresh theological thought, but a heresy trial seems to be promised by the author, as part of a collection yet to be published. The victim of it is to be the absent minded Free Church minister, whose charitable judgment regarding the future state of the erring but heroic Posty, had won for him in *Drumtochty* the reputation of a great theologian.