

doubt the miracles of the loaves and fishes, and at the same time believe implicitly in the evolution of righteousness out of electricity.

From the same source the *Talker* has received Crockett's "Men of the Moss-hags, being a history of adventure taken from the papers of William Gordon of Earlstown in Galloway." George Bell and Sons, of London and Bombay, publish this 400 page novel. There is no more heroic page in Scottish history than that which tells of the persecution of the Covenanters, between 1662 and 1688. Many pens have striven to do it justice, the most popular of which among Scottish people for a long time was that of John Howie, in his *Scots Worthies*. Daniel Defoe introduced its narrative into England, and Sir Walter Scott, although with a somewhat unkindly hand, immortalized its chief struggles in his *Old Mortality*. A great many tales of the Covenant have been written out of the material furnished by Wodrow, Laing, Burnet, Defoe, Howie and McCrie, and in Naphtali, *The Cloud of Witnesses*, *Faithful Contendings*, and the lives of individual martyrs and confessors, but very few of them have achieved popularity, owing to the defects in their treatment of the heroic themes undertaken. Mr. Crockett evidently felt it unwise to re-tell the story of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig, but his auto-biographical sketch of William Gordon of Earlstown, founded upon historical and biographical docu-

ments, begins with the disastrous close of the latter battle, and ends with a promise of revolution days. It presents many characters whose names were household words to most of us as children, such as the persecutors Claverhouse, Grierson of Lag, and the bloody Mackenzie, and the witnesses for truth. Peden the prophet, Cameron the warrior, and the women martyrs of Wigtown. Black McMichael and other undesirable allies of the Covenant are also painted in their dark colors, and the publishing of the Sanguhar Declaration, the skirmish at Airmoss, the meeting of the United Societies, and the rescue at Enterkin Pass are well told incidents. While loyal to the men of the heather, Mr. Crockett does not disguise their faults. He thinks little of Sir Robert Hamilton who commanded at Bothwell Brig, and he puts into the lips of Claverhouse what was unhappily an o'er-true word: "That for ye!" he cried. "Ye stand the day. Ye shall be scattered the morn. I ken ye brawly. Among a' your testimonies there is not one which any three of ye could read over and not fall out about." Therein lay the weakness of the covenanting armies as did those of the German Reformers. A wise commander in chief would have hanged a few of the disputations, ministers, or at least would have flogged them off the field and out of the council of war with the flat of his sword. Then they could have had their revenge on him next time