

## NOTES ON CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CENTURY for August opens with a frontispiece portrait of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the authoress of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." "Snubbin Thru' Jersey" has many quaint illustrations. "Sunken Graves" is a poem which will attract many. "Is it a Piece of a Comet" describes the ninth iron meteorite which has fallen to the earth. "Nothing to Say" is a pretty poem with a pretty illustration. Edward Atkinson contributes a lengthy article on "Low prices, high wages, small profits.— what makes them?" The war articles appear to be drawing to a close.

ST. NICHOLAS for August opens with a beautiful frontispiece, illustrating some bright verses entitled "Invitation to Echo:" a little farther on is a charming sketch of Rocky Mountain life, called "An Idaho Picnic," with more pictures. Another artist tells his own story with pen as well as pencil—G. W. Edwards, who writes and draws pictures for "The Figurehead of the James Starbuck," a capital sea story told ashore. Nora Perry contributes a "girl's story," that has equal application to boys. There is a pleasant sketch of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" by the editor of the Youth's Companion. "Winning a Commission" and Jenny's Boarding-house" are concluded, happily of course. The "Brownies," in this number go a-fishing and catch almost everything, and there are verses and pictures and lots of other nice things all to be found in the August ST. NICHOLAS.

A Christian lady will loan, free of postal and all charges to all such as will promise a careful reading (and to pay *return* postage after reading it) a book which in interesting style shows the Bible to be a self-interpreter, and its teaching grandly harmonious, viewed in the light of sanctified reason and common sense. "It is not dry, musty reading, but truly 'meat in due season' to the truth-hungry." The light of the little volume "has made the Bible a new book, a treasure, a mine of wealth." And she feels that she cannot better use her to her means than in circulating it. Address Postal Card to MRS. C. B. LEMUELS, Allegheny, Pa., U. S.

A UNIQUE WORK ON CANADIAN TOPICS.  
—Mr. Erastus Wiman, President of the

Canadian Club, writes to the editor of this paper as follows:

"It is the intention of certain members of the Canadian Club, in New York, to issue, in the form of a beautiful book, the papers which have been delivered before the Club during the past winter by prominent parties, together with those which are to be delivered during the remainder of the season.

"These papers will include a speech on "Commercial Union," by the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, member of Congress, who is said to be one of the most eloquent men of that body. A remarkable production by Prof. Goldwin Smith on 'The Schism in the Anglo-Saxon Race.' A paper by Dr. Grant of the Queen's University on 'Canada First.' One by J. W. Bengough, Editor of Toronto *Grip*. By Mr. LeMoine, of Quebec, on 'The Heroines of New France.' By J. A. Fraser, 'An Artist's Experience in the Canadian Rockies.' By Edmund Collins, on 'The Future of Canada.' By Professor G. D. Roberts, of Kings College. By Geo. Stewart, jr., of Quebec. By the Rev. Dr. Eccleston, on 'The Canadian North West.' By John McDougall, on 'The Minerals of Canada.' And by the Editor, G. M. Fairchild, jr., on 'The History of the Canadian Club.' The work will also include extracts from the speeches and letters of the President.

"The book is to be issued in beautiful style, at \$1 per copy.

"Parties desirous of obtaining copies can do so by enclosing the price of the book to James Ross, Canadian Club, 12 East 29th St., New York."

## THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

Hilda, mind! that bee will sting you!  
Ouch! you saucy little thing you;  
Are the garden roses few,  
That you're wanting Hilda's too?  
Only hear him where he goes,  
Buzzing all about your nose!  
Hilda, smiling, answered then,  
"Bees are not as shy as men!"

Happy bee, I said, that sips  
Sweets of Hilda's rosy lips.  
Thing so bold, in all my wooing,  
I had never ventured doing.—  
Hilda tossed her dainty head,  
"Stupid!" that was all she said,  
But I wonder now, if she  
Really meant it for the bee.

—DE TRAVERS.