

is the title of a cut representing a disreputable bearded tramp sitting outside his shabby rope-ridge tent in a piece of ragged bush, and illustrates the Saturnine nature of the anonymous author's wit.

Everybody has been reading "We MacGregor," a Scottish story, by J. J. Bell, who has made a fortune out of it, published by Morang & Co., Toronto, and sold by Mr. Chapman for a quarter dollar. It has 188 pages, 18mo., and a paper cover in MacGregor tartan. The book is hardly a story; rather a series of sketches in which humble, but very far from mean or sordid, Scottish city life is depicted, the characters from MacGregor up to his grandparents, being, with hardly an exception, fine specimens of humanity, each exhibiting a large but not too ostentatious percentage of affection and tenderness. There are both humour and pathos in the book, but they are natural and rarely over-wrought. The great charm of the sketch that tides the reader over the monotony of many of MacGregor's remarks, is found in the simple naturalness of the narrative and its high, though silent, moral tone. The Doric is good, so that "Whit wey?" has become a favourite mode of questioning. "Paw" and "Maw" are no doubt Scottish of to-day, but they are imported Anglicisms that don't improve the dialect. Paw and Maw are sawney words; better the Welsh Dad and Mam.

Some time ago I noticed two books sent out by the New Thought people of Chicago. Mr. Chapman contributes another purple and gold volume, of 92 8vo. pages, price: a dollar and ten cents, called "The Heart of the New Thought," by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. There are some good things in the book, such as the advice to forget the disagreeable past, to be optimistic, to cultivate strength of character and perseverance, and some really Christian virtues are inculcated, but most of its counsel is along the line of brazen cheek and selfish audacity. It also has a strong flavour of Christian Science. The chapter on A Worn-out Creed rebukes pessimist, but ignores sin and in its cheerful Pantheism makes the New Thinker say: "I am all goodness, love, truth, mercy, health. I am a necessary part of God's universe. I am a divine soul, and only good can come through me or to me. God made me, and He could