

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June is one of the new issues just received. The first of a series of articles on Railways, entitled, "*The building of a Railway*," is of great interest, shewing the progress in Railway building and Railway history. The illustrations in this article are many of them very fine. The other articles are: *A London Life*, by Henry James; *The Story of a Sand Pile*, by G. Stanley Hall; *Hospital Life*, By C. B. Ward, with illustrations: *First Harvests*, Chap. xviii-xx: *Cardinal Newman*, with two portraits: *Labor Abboo Singh: Some Gentlemen in Fiction*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, price 30 cts. per No.; \$3.00 per year.

THE CALANDER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, HALIFAX, has just been received. The work done during the past season as shown in the examination papers is very thorough. The attendance is increasing, and the prospects of the College steadily improving. As men begin to realize that the training they get in Halifax is as thorough as that received in almost any other college they will in increasing numbers patronize our own institution. Then for comfort, convenience, and cheapness of boarding it has great advantages. Any one wishing particulars can drop a card to Rev. Dr. Currie, Clerk of Senate, who will gladly give the fullest information.

TAKING INVENTORY.

Occasional retirement, self-inquiry, meditation, and secret communion with God are absolutely essential to spiritual health. The man who neglects them is in great danger of a fall. To be always preaching, teaching, speaking, and working public works is unquestionably a sign of zeal not according to knowledge. It often leads to untoward consequences. We must take time for sitting down and calmly looking within, and examining how matters stand between our souls and Christ. The omission of this practice is the true account of many a back-sliding which shocks the Church and gives occasion to the world to blaspheme. Many could say in the words of the Canticles: "They made me a keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."—*J. C. Kyle.*

CIVILIZATION DOES NOT CIVILIZE.

A veteran missionary, Rev. James Chalmers, said recently in an address in London:—"I have had twenty-one years' experience among natives, I have seen the semi-civilized and the civilized; I have lived with the Christian native, and I have lived, dined and slept with the cannibal. I have visited the islands of the New Hebrides, which I sincerely trust will not be handed over to the tender mercies of France. I have visited the Loyalty Group; I have seen the work of missions in the Samoan Group; I know all the islands of the Society Group; I have lived for ten years in the Hervey Group; I know a few of the groups close on the line, and for at least nine years of my life I have lived with the savages of New Guinea, but I have never yet met with a single man or woman, or with a single people, that your civilization, without Christianity, has civilized." Testimony such as this is worth volumes of theory.

IS IT HAGGAI'S SIGNET?

A shaft sunk outside the great walls of the city of Jerusalem, near the south-west angle, disclosed an ancient pavement 23 feet below the present surface, and 20 feet below that a second pavement. There, amid fragments of glass, a gentleman's seal was found. It is about the size worn today in gentlemen's rings, and is a finely-grained, black stone, enscribed "Haggai, the son of Shebnaiah." The letters resemble those employed during the age of the captivity in Babylon. The prophet Haggai was one of the exiles who returned with Zerubbabel. "He is," says Mr. King, "the only one of the minor prophets who mentions a signet, and one can imagine him holding the ring on his finger before his leader's eyes to emphasize the words which close the book of the prophecy which has come down to us under his name: 'I will take thee, O Zerubbabel, my servant, the son of Shealtiel, saith the Lord, and will make thee as a signet; for I have chosen thee, saith the Lord of hosts.'"—*Ancient Cities.*

Ernest Renan, the French philosopher, is described by a correspondent who recently visited him as a "hideous expression of gouty epicurean materialism"—the opposite in appearance of what his writings would lead one to expect.