

James Evans, Inventor of the Syllabic System of the Cree Language.
By JOHN McLEAN, M.A., PH.D.
Toronto: William Briggs. Price
50 cents.

The life-story of the inventor of the syllabic character reads like a romance, and a very heroic romance at that. Lord Dufferin justly said that there were men who had a tomb in Westminster Abbey who had not done as much for their race as the humble Methodist missionary of the far North-West. It is fitting, that in the modern development of the great country in which he was a path-finder of empire, the memory of James Evans should not be forgotten. And it is particularly fitting that one who shares so much of his missionary enthusiasm and literary spirit should be the one to lay this loving tribute of respect upon the grave of the pioneer missionary. The work is a labour of love, and possesses the fascinating interest that only such a work can.

The Summerville Prize; A Story for Girls. By MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a well-written story of school-girl life, and of the life-lessons that might be learned on that microcosm of the great world, a girl's school. It is sweet and wholesome in its character and tendency.

LITERARY NOTES.

Diana or Christ.—This picture, which is one of the premiums offered with the METHODIST MAGAZINE (see advertisement), is one of the most impressive we ever saw. It represents the decision on which depends the destiny of a soul. A beautiful Christian maiden has to choose between the service of Christ, with the persecution and martyr's death which it involves, and all the joys that earth can offer—the love of home and kindred and friends, and the love of a nearer one still and a dearer one yet than all other. She stands before the altar of Diana, behind her is the stern accuser with the deadly scroll of accusation in his hand, her

lover with an impassioned look and clasp of her arm offers her the incense, if she will but cast a grain of which upon the altar she shall be saved. With eyes raised to heaven and filled with the light of faith which sees, like Stephen, heaven opened and Jesus at the right hand of God, she spurns the alluring temptation. The Roman judge on one side of the altar and the aged priest on the other look on with intense and amazed interest. The white-robed vestal virgins gaze with wide-eyed astonishment at a sacrifice, the inspiration of which they cannot conceive. The grim Roman soldiers, ready to be her executioners, and a burly African slave, stand by in stolid indifference. In the background are the circling seats of the amphitheatre, crowded with spectators waiting the signal when the Christian martyr shall be "butchered to make a Roman holiday." The whole gives an insight which we cannot get from books into the moral heroism of those brave-souled martyrs and confessors whose blood poured out upon the sand of the arena was in very deed "the seed of the Church."

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Dr. McCosh, ex-President of Princeton College, writes: "There is room and a place for *The Literary Digest*. No one can read all that is published. How convenient and useful to have a compend of what is good in the journals and general literature prepared by writers who favour morality and religion." Subscription, \$3 per year; per copy, 10 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.