

doing of "that which is law and right," the result of which is that he who does so will "save his soul alive." The Wesleyan idea is that conversion is a species of psychological convulsive fit out of which the person who is seized emerges "converted," is transformed suddenly from sinner to saint, and his spiritual development made complete and perfect. This belief is what your correspondent wishes to drag down Church people into accepting—a belief which, with all deference to him, seems to me utterly degrading, unscriptural, unphilosophical, and in violent antagonism to common sense and common experience. It is my lot, and has been for many years, to come into contact with men who have gone through a convulsion of this nature, who boast of it, who sit high in their synagogues because of it, who urge others to have a similar paroxysm, but who in no single particular evidence their living on any higher spiritual plane than the average of those who are unconverted. I speak experimentally in saying that no more worldly-minded men are to be found in Canada than those who have been

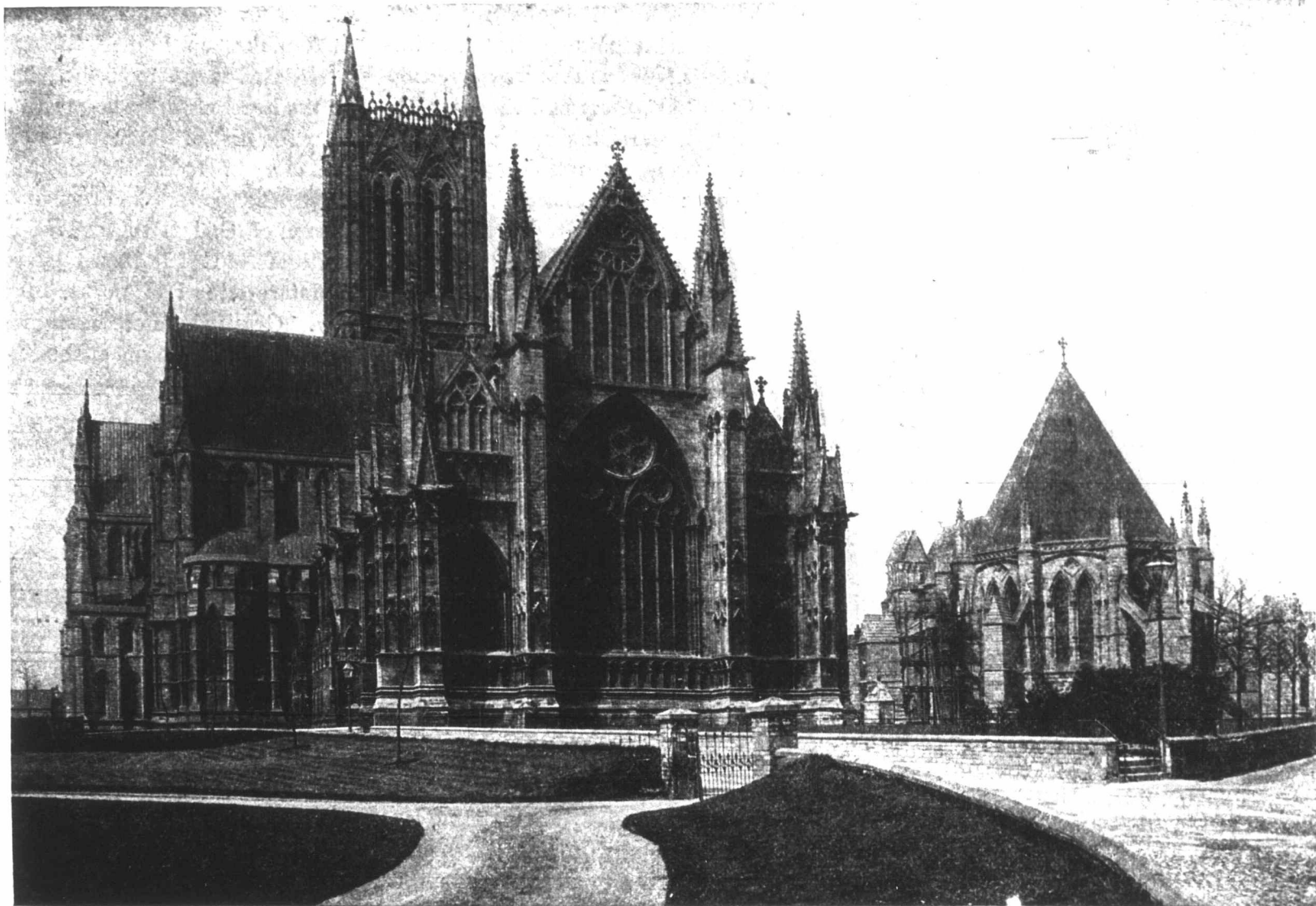
## REVIEWS.

**MAGAZINES.**—*The Arena for May.*—With the space at our disposal, it is difficult even to mention all the readable resources of this magazine. Of course the *Arena* is always clever, and the May issue is no exception to that law. Prof. James T. Bixby, Ph. D., has something to say on Roentgen's Discovery, and the Invisible World Around Us. He writes with earnestness, but we would remind him that scientific men are not necessarily materialists solely, nor are they scornful as a rule, but acknowledge freely that questions more simple than the Professor offers are beyond solution. J. Heber Smith, M.D., gives us part No. 2 of Man in his Relation to the Solar System; some of his speculations are ingenious and interesting, but elementary astronomy comprises a moiety of the article. The Land of the Noonday Sun (Second Part) is an excellent piece of descriptive work, and those visiting Mexico might find many valuable hints therein. Besides a good deal of other matter there are two stories running concerning which laudatory rumours frequently reach us.

*Scribner's Magazine for May.*—Wherever the English language is spoken, the opening chapters

tells us more about the emancipation of English-women—her new and varied avocations, and her bachelor club life, than all we had gleaned from what has been written concerning her at home. There are also several stories, and a very pretty conceit—Invocation—by Robert Hughes.

*Harper's New Monthly Magazine for May* has for frontispiece a splendid engraving of Mr. Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known by his felicitous pen name, Mark Twain; the portrait is worth preserving. There is a short sketch of his life, with illustrations of his home, and some anecdotes characteristic of the genial humourist, England and America in 1863, being copy of some correspondence in which Cyrus Field, Seward, Chase, Gladstone and John Bright took a hand. The letters of the British statesmen show what enormous difficulties beset Lincoln, and increase one's admiration of the man. Little Fairy's Constancy.—A charming Chinese story, remarkable for some exquisite drawings, the interior of a Chinese theatre being a remarkable piece of work. The German Struggle for Liberty.—Mr. Bigelow continues his history with unflagging vigour, and the illustrations are excellent. At Home in Virginia.—Some Washington reminiscences in which



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL FROM THE EAST.

"converted" in the Methodist sense, nor any whose whole conduct is less inspired by Christian motives or graces. Yet to this deplorable condition a clergyman of the English Church wishes to bring us—us whose duty it is to seek converting grace continually, more especially through the Holy Communion. As to the perambulating revivalists he seems to admire, I fear they are mere fakirs who work on the nerves of sinners like an electric shock, without leaving them any better for the convulsion, but often much worse. I know these men are unscrupulous slanderers of the clergy, who never lose a chance of making a mock of the order and teaching of the Church. If your correspondent think so much of these men why doesn't he take to the road? He would have a far better time than shepherding a flock, especially if fond of good living. As to "Conversion," he is astray woefully, and needs to read his Prayer-Book with more attention to its meaning. A LAYMAN.

of Scribner's will be welcomed, and read with avidity, for in them we are introduced to the home life of the late amiable and affectionate dreamer, Robert Louis Stevenson. The record published is in diary form, and was written by one of the household, Isabel Strong. We could only judge Stevenson by his books, and guess the kind of man he was, and how sweet such companionship as his must have been, and the writer confirms our judgment. There are numerous photographs of extraordinary clearness, in which he, and his wife, and some of his Samoan friends appear. There are only a few pages, but they are the most valuable that have been offered to the public for years. There is another instalment of Sentimental Tommy, all too short. What position in life this young gentleman is destined to fill is known only to the author, and even he may be a little uncertain as to his ultimate walk among men. The Evolution of the Trotting Horse (first paper), will be found interesting by those to whom equine pedigrees and achievements are attractive. Woman Bachelors in London, by Mary Gray Humphreys, with illustrations from life.—In this article the writer

his courtship and marriage are recorded. There is a continuation of Mr. Black's novel and a clever sketch, the Penalty of Humour. Altogether the number is an excellent one.

## Sunday After Ascension Day.

In the minds of Christ's faithful servants are contending feelings, Praise bursts forth from the joyful hearts that He, Whom we have seen the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of Sorrows, is now known as the King of Glory, at Whose command the gates have lifted up their heads, and through the everlasting doors He has gone in. But lo! we are left desolate; our Master, our Guide, our Friend, is gone. Let not the heathen say to us: "Where is now thy God?" Joy again lifts up the heart. He is our God, our Intercessor, and His promise is: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name I will give you; depart not from Jerusalem; wait for the promise of the Father and He will not leave His children comfortless; He will comfort them and exalt them unto the place whither the Saviour Christ is gone before."