

mark the life and growth of religion. It would be a poor Church that was as good in the first as in the nineteenth century of its existence. It would be a dead religion that lived through a single century without feeling intellectual change or reflecting the increased knowledge of its time. An analysis of what was once thought of the Old Testament in contrast to what is now thought of it, is a cheap sort of argument when used to discredit either the Book or the Society that has done so much for its exposition. The remarkable thing about the criticism of the Old Testament is that it has proceeded so much from the religious mind. It has been practically the work of men who have believed and because of their belief, and these men could not but feel that belief was made more reasonable by the changes they helped to effect. It would be worthier of a great historian to ask whether, if we are to "study humanity as a manifestation of the supreme power," the Scriptures can be excluded from the study? Humanity is not an accident; yet more than any other document the Scriptures have contributed to the richer life, to the happier progress, to the better living of the race. The incidents of which it is easy to make so much—the intolerance, the bigotries, the oppressions of churches—are not the expression of the religious character, but of their want of it. They belong to the age, not the spirit which is working in and through the Society; and amid the forces that have been contributed by the Scriptures to the life of humanity, one of the greatest is a point touched, but not understood, by Professor Goldwin Smith. Has he asked himself what the meaning of moral law as the highest voice of God in religion is? Nothing has contributed more to the growth of humanity than the moralizing of religion; and that was a work which the moral law of the Old Testament first began, and which the law of Christ came in later to carry on to completion. It is time we had done with the niggling criticism that cannot see the wood for the trees, and that we looked broadly yet keenly at the forces that most make for the amelioration of man; and recognized that these stand related to the very books which Professor Goldwin Smith as "a bystander" so caustically criticizes in detail, yet fails to see in their concrete and corporate being and work.

REVIEWS.

AT MINAS BASIN, AND OTHER POEMS.—By Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L. Toronto: W. Briggs. 1897.

The writer of this volume has already been accorded an honourable place among Canadian poets by those already acquainted with his productions; but we have no hesitation in expressing our firm belief that henceforth he will occupy a very high place indeed with those who combine the love of poetry with the philosophic spirit and the love of nature and of man. Dr. Rand has been compared with Browning, and this comparison will differently affect those who come to the perusal of his verses. We may, however, relieve the apprehensions of some readers by declaring at once that, unless we are mistaken, we have found none of Dr. Rand's lines unintelligible, and there are not many who will venture to say that of the great mystic. The author of the volume before us has undoubtedly, whether consciously or not, come under Browning's influence, and we see no reason to regret this. It will be a poor world that is left to us when mysticism has gone out of it. While we are on the subject of Browning, we might offer the one word of criticism that occurs to us in perusing these poems. We will not repeat Coleridge's criticism on the versification of Tennyson's early poems, because we do not think it entirely appli-

cable. If, however, Dr. Rand will examine some of his poems, he will know what we mean when we say that, in versification and metre, the later poems of Tennyson will be a better model than those of Browning. When we have done with this one morsel of minute criticism, we have, further, only appreciation. There is a true poetic vein in the mind which produced these verses, the power of not merely looking at nature face to face and communing with the great Mother in all her moods, but also the faculty of perceiving her ideals which lie behind and within her processes. Still better, if we may venture to say so, is the deep sympathy of the poet with man, who is not merely the highest phase of nature, but who transcends nature, and rises up to God. It is not quite easy to say which of these poems we like best, nor would it be quite just to select examples or specimens. The longer poems at the end—The Old Fisher's Song, Nora Lee, and Marie Depuse—are very striking, yet some of the smaller poems are very beautiful. Instead of quoting—we have tried to find a poem of suitable length that would do the poet justice, and have not quite found it—we will recommend the reader who may wish to experiment on the volume, to begin with "May's Fairy Tale," beginning on p. 61. It is done in Wordsworth's best manner.

THE MISSIONARY FIELD.

LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF MASHONALAND.

The following letter, in *Church Bells*, from the Bishop of Mashonaland, describing his recent work, will be read with wide interest:

"At long last, I reached Salisbury on the 14th, after many coast delays and wearisome wagon journey (with a little bit of excellent discipline in the form of my first real fever attack—your body like a haystack on fire, and your head like a maelstrom). I stayed ten days in Umtali readjusting hospital matters and settling Nurse Lettie (Miss Foster) in charge, and our new Nurse Hilda (Miss Hyndham) into her niche. Two of our former excellent staff, Miss Emily Hewitt (three and a half years in charge of the hospital through many trying times), and Miss Mary Sanders, are now married, and their homes will, by God's grace, be centres of Christian influence. Nurse Lizzie (another Miss Hewitt) has left, after her term of service. Nurse Mary (Miss Haines) had been at work since May last. Miss Hewitt (yet another of an excellent family) was doing very good and important work behind the scenes as housekeeper.

"I had met the good deacon of Umtali, Mr. Walker, at Chimoio (invalided home for six months), but found the invaluable Archdeacon (Ven. J. Hay Upcher) taking care of every one but himself, but looking very well and full of the great drive to take place to the newest Umtali (there have been two already), with plans ready for the new church. We have excellent stands, and the new hospital will have a fine site. The Company compensated us liberally for our buildings, so that we shall be able to begin work immediately the present carriage rates are lowered, and material can be had.

"I rode over to Pardy's Reef and visited the gold diggings, which seem remarkably promising, and was taken care of by Mrs. Blatch (formerly Miss Emily Hewitt, of hospital fame) and Nurse Duprez, who is in charge of the Company's hospital. We had service with a nice promising gathering. The neighbourhood will have much work going on shortly, and must be regularly instructed from Umtali. I rode from Umtali with Mrs. Blatch and a Mr. Maritz, a farmer. En route we were interviewed by a Mashona headman, a chief, named Ishetaka, who came with his councillors and his women folk (rather an honour), and wanted the white teacher to understand that 'he was not like a rabbit, living in rocks and holes, but a man of the plains, who wished to tend his flocks and till his land, and live in peace with all men. Did I think he was too old to learn—he would welcome a teacher for his people, and do what he could for him.' Then they brought some excellent Iwala, and with much formality presented me with a fat sheep, with such a tail, as large as an ordinary ham. I thanked the old man for his courtesy, and

promised to send a teacher as soon as possible. He is quite near, within ten miles of Umtassas, so I hope Mr. Mtobi, our mission priest there, will get over monthly to Ishetakas.

"I left Umtali with a food convoy, which soon had to be escorted by a guard of soldiers from fort to fort; but though we heard of warlike natives about, we saw none the whole way. It was pitiable and pathetic to visit the various graves of former settlers who had been murdered (in one place a whole family was killed off), or of brave regular and volunteer soldiers shot in this most lamentable war. Major Evans, shot through the heart whilst bravely entering a cave, had only been married a few days when he was ordered out. Major Haynes, of the Engineers, I had known in old days in Bechuanaland. The graves are carefully kept, and a cross with the name placed near. As we went along we visited them and said a short prayer over them. Arrangements will, I trust, be made for their permanent preservation.

"We passed numbers of people wisely leaving the country during the present oppressive prices of things (due to war and rinderpest), carriage from the coast being nearly £150 a ton. Only food is carried by the Government wagons, but for families the prices are nearly prohibitive, though the Government has done its best. Here are a few samples of present prices: Oatmeal 2s. 6d. a lb., bread 1s. a lb. (imagine 4s. for a quarter loaf—what would Mr. Burns say to that?); butter (tinned) 5s. to 10s. a lb., meat (in tins) 1s. 6d. to 3s. a lb., milk 2s. 6d. a tin, and unnecessary luxuries, such as eggs, 8s. each, fowls 20s., ducks 30s. Truly, as the old song says, 'If this sort of thing goes on much longer, we shall have to eat wee-ee.' The chaplain begins to tremble lest he should be wanted. Seriously, we must look forward to a little inconvenience for the next six months, and it won't do us any harm to learn to be content with such things as we have.

"As we came along I met Mr. Ross, the native commissioner at Makonis, who spoke highly of Frank (spared through God's mercy), and then gave me pathetic particulars of Bernard's death. It appears that Mangwendi's sons, to whom Bernard had been very kind, came down to his hut suddenly and assailed him, inflicting many wounds, and left him for dead. His good wife (who had only been admitted a catechumen some four months, and then married to him), crept down in the dark to the hut, found him still breathing, dressed his wounds and fed him. She did this for several nights, and he was quite recovering (natives die or recover very quickly), when she was observed and followed into the bush, whither she had dragged Bernard by her own unaided strength. Finding him alive and getting well, they immediately killed him outright, when she escaped in the dark, and is still hiding, we hope, somewhere. This is one of the most pathetic stories I have ever heard. Fidelity and loyalty at least are not wanting to the Mashonas.

"On the day after my arrival here, I had the great joy of ordaining the Rev. Douglas Pelly to the priesthood. The chaplain gave such an excellent account of his preparation, and his examination papers were so well done, considering that he had been in the field with a column for five months, and had had a very serious attack of fever, that I had no hesitation. The service was very solemn, and reverently performed, and we all felt the spirit of real consecration present. To me it was a delightful beginning of my life and work at the cathedral centre. We received an inspiring cablegram in the morning from Mr. Pelly's father, my good commissary, with the one pregnant word 'Pentecost.' May it be a prophecy to his son and to the whole diocese.

"I cannot speak too highly of the faithfulness and loyalty of the brethren and sisters during my absence—an absence forced on me by the necessities of the diocese, and, under God's blessing, drawing forth so much sympathy and generous almsgiving wherever one went. I had learnt to look on myself—with the pen seldom out of my hand—for the first time in my life, as a man of 'letters.' But during my seven months in England I felt like a parcel post day by day.

"Our good Archdeacon, who fights the fever like a knight of old, has been ordered away through

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