

adjournment came, quietly and safely dispersed. True the police were active and determined, or it would no doubt have been worse, and the noise, more particularly on Sabbath afternoon, was somewhat troublesome about the tent, but beyond this and the cutting of a few tent ropes, there was little harm done. The majority knew little of inconvenience, realized no danger, and went their way singing as usual. If the purely imaginative were taken from some accounts of the affair, there would not be much left.

Some things about the Convention were very suggestive.

Take, for example, the place of meeting. The immense Drill Hall, which owes its very existence to war and preparation for war, which has ever resounded to word of command, to bugle call and tramp of armed men; and the great tent across the street, pitched on the Champ de Mars, the plain of war, a place set apart for scores of years, we might almost say for centuries, to the pomp and pageantry of war; both of them made, built, and set apart for war, were now for the time consecrated in the highest sense to the service of the Prince of Peace. A drill hall and a champ de mars, turned into places of worship, seemed almost a literal fulfilment of that grand old prophecy of the good time coming, when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and shall learn war no more.

Very suggestive too was the roll call, of states, provinces, and nations, at the consecration service on the closing night. Country after country round the wide world was named, and its band of delegates, seated together, sometimes hundreds strong, would rise and give their parting message to the Convention, expressive of their own consecration and purpose, by repeating in concert some verse of scripture or singing a stanza of some loved hymn. The very immensity of the occasion, with its assembled hosts, suggested that solemn hour, the world's roll call at the last great day, when the dead, small and great shall stand before God.

Then there was the singing, all through the services, and as in mighty volume, led by sweetest cornet strains, it swelled forth glad and joyous from the gathered thousands, one could almost fancy oneself listening to that sound of a great multitude like the noise of many waters, of which the seer in revelation tells.

The very make up of the whole gathering, so much of heaven on earth, seemed, as one said, to bring heaven nearer and make it more real.

May heaven guide and bless the members of the convention now scattered to different and distant homes, enabling them to live their consecration, and to remember that while they meet for counsel and encouragement and cheer, it is not in great conventions but in the quiet routine of daily life that the Lord's battles are fought and His work done. May the Holy Spirit bless their effort to live out day by day their grand motto "For Christ and the Church", until, summoned to that grander gathering, the union for ever of that Christ and that glorified church, they shall go out no more.

Sad news On another page of this issue is a letter from Mrs. Mackenzie, Efate. It reads now with a new meaning as perhaps her last public letter, for there comes a paragraph in the *Presbyterian Witness*: "We learn with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Mackenzie at Efate." No further particulars have been received. A few years since a similar report was published regarding Mrs. Robertson, of Erromanga, which happily proved to be untrue, but there does not seem to be hope for a similar outcome in the present case. For several years, faithfully and patiently, have Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie labored on this Island. They went there young and full of hope immediately after their marriage. Part of their children, I think, three, lie sleeping their long sleep on their island home, the others are in Australia. A few months since the parents were on a short furlough to Australia, then bade a sorrowing good-bye to their surviving children and went back to their work, as they began it twenty years ago, alone. On the other hand it seemed to the missionary a time of triumph. Mele, a small heathen island lying off Efate, which had all these years resisted the truth, came in during the missionaries' absence, and with thankful hearts, though sad, they took up their work. Saddened with a loneliness that none but God and himself can know, the missionary can feel assured of the sympathy and prayers of thousands in the home land that knew them and their worth and work.

The waiting time. Just as the settler in a new country has to clear the forest before he can till and sow, and has then another waiting time for harvest, so with our missionaries in new fields. There are growths of superstition centuries old, with dense undergrowths of prejudice to be cleared away before much can be done even at the sowing.

Mrs. McKenzie of Honan writes: "Though the people are so prejudiced against us, I can see quite a difference since I came to this field eight months ago, and we have no reason to feel discouraged because they do not want the message we have brought them. But the time of waiting is not lost by any means. We are gaining a better knowledge of the language and of the ways of the people, are more in sympathy with them and more keenly feel their needs, and they are learning to know and trust us."

As with the settler, where once were forests now are grain fields fertile and fair so in a short time, by God's blessing, will it be in North Honan.

Russian cruelty. Co-pastor at Dorpat, Rev. Joseph Hilgert, gave a temperance lecture and denounced the liquor traffic as a greater evil than the cholera. A Russian court tried him, adjudged his speech a terrible offence and punished it by banishment to the Ural. The Russian Government is interested in the liquor traffic, and receives from it some forty millions of roubles annually. But it is a sad token of the state of that unhappy country when such barbarity can be inflicted under the name and protection of law.