

Pastor and People.

THEY ALSO SERVE

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."
Take comfort from that thought in lonely hours,
When naught seems set aside for you by fate
To do, while others have far richer powers.

With days brim full of hope, and work, and love,
Full to the brim, and haply running o'er
The angels, watching from their homes above,
Can see how sad the waiting is; how sore.

But if the waiting is not all in vain.
If those who wait are serving truly, too;
Oh, then they need not mind the nameless pain,
But think it is the part they are to do.

And peace and rest will fill the lonely days
That once were filled with naught but pain and
Woe,
For, though we cannot understand His ways,
Enough to know our Father wills it so.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

THE C. E. CONVENTION.

BY MR. THOMAS YELLOWFIRE.

[This account of the great C. E. Convention by one of our most active working elders, has been delayed, but its value is not thereby lessened.—ED.]

Amid the beautiful decorations in the great city of Boston, a city which occupies such a unique place in history, and whose public halls and gardens unite in pointing with honest pride to the gifted sires who have gone, it is difficult, indeed, to calmly consider a movement so momentous in its bearings, so outreaching in its influence as the Christian Endeavor Society. The enthusiasm became infectious at Niagara Falls, where thousands of people were convened, all bent in one direction. Whole train loads from Texas and Ohio, etc., bearing their quota to the great C. E. Convention, where they would meet with representatives from all over the world. Everybody seemed happy, the glow in the heart and the gleam in the eye banished all stiffness and formality. Christian greeting and Christian handshaking predominated. All our isms were forgotten. The party were one in faith, one in hope, one in baptism. At Greenfield, over a hundred miles from our destination, the train was boarded by an army of young men learning to us a welcome in the name of the Y.P.S.C.E., of Boston. They bore with them bannerettes and programmes, in fact, took possession of the party. As our company received their salutation the whole train load of sixteen cars sang the following catching words to the old tune of "Marching Through Georgia":

"Come all ye Endeavourers, we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit, that will help the cause along;
Sing with exultation of the fifty thousand strong
Who will come marching to Boston
Hurrah! hurrah for Boston '95!
Hurrah! hurrah! Endeavourers, hearts revive.
White and crimson banners floating free in 95
When you come marching to Boston."

The Convention itself was something immense, so much so, that it was positively unwieldy. When we imagine that three immense places were provided for the accommodation of the visitors, namely, Mechanics' Building, and two huge tents, the tents alone capable of accommodating 10,000 people each, we can form some faint idea as to the numbers. Fifty-three thousand C. Endeavorers received badges and registered, so that all the accommodation provided was totally inadequate to meet the demand, and the question arises very naturally:

Whence all this enthusiasm?
What are its objects and aims?
What are the outlooks?
Who are its leaders?

Suppose for a little we look at these thoughts in their order:

There is no use in attempting to belittle the movement; there are evidences on every hand of its steady growth the report shows the Society to be fourteen years old. Last year there were added 7,750 new organizations, making a total of 41,229. To show how its influence has reached to all lands,

Australia has 1,509 societies, Africa 30, China 32, France 64, India 117, Japan 59, Madagascar 93, Mexico 25, Turkey 39, West-India Islands 63, every country being represented except five: Italy, Russia, Iceland, Sweden and Greece.

In the Province of Ontario there are 1,995 societies, in Nova Scotia 388, Quebec 204, and in the other Provinces 488. These represent the youth, the enthusiasm, the very pulse of church life. It is aggressive in its work, hence, regarded in some quarters with suspicion and fear as to results. Its methods are new, it is gradually suggesting other means, and undertaking many new branches of Christian work, and to-day there are enrolled in this organization the very best material in our Churches, and enlisted in this army the very flower of our Presbyterian Church. Realizing that they have a work assigned them, and that they are co-workers in extending the Kingdom of God, that there is a place for them to fill, a sphere for them to occupy, they are acquiring new hopes and aspirations this coupled with the marvellous strides which the organization has made, has evoked enthusiasm so hearty, so generous and so genuine, that Boston has been captured, as well as captivated, by this army of Christian workers. Rev. M. D. Kneeland expressed this truth but feebly when he said: "We surrender, surrender unconditionally; surrender bag and baggage, streets and markets, homes and buildings, lads and lasses, and bow our best welcome to this victorious army of the nineteenth century."

When we witnessed Boston literally besieged by Christian Endeavorers from all parts of the world, the numerous organizations represented by a delegation of over 56,000 people, there was evidence of some mighty power behind all this. We may reasonably inquire what was the object of these people, who marshalled their forces day by day on Boston Common, and in Mechanics' Building, in such vast numbers? Perhaps the motto which hung over the door of nearly every church in the city, and over every pulpit, viz.: "For Christ and the Church," will offer some solution and throw some light on the aims and objects of this gathering, largely composed of young people, Christian in their character, endeavoring to be Christian in their life, and in their work. To do Christ's will, obey His commands, is the primary object. Do it in any sphere or in any way.

Do it by sitting at the Master's feet and learning of Him; do it in His name and for His sake. This was exemplified every day of this magnificent Convention. They came not only to drink at the fountain of knowledge, and partake of the showers of blessings which were descending, but they sought to impart to others that which they had received. They made the air ring with their cheery words and glad songs. Every spot to them was a pulpit, every gathering a congregation, where Christ was taught. They entered the hospital ward, and the felon's cell; wherever there was human woe, and suffering, there were the Endeavorers always happy, always bright. Their motto seemed to be:

When the days are gloomy
Sing some happy song,
Meet the world's requirements
With a courage strong;
Go with faith undaunted
Thro' the ills of life,
Scatter smiles and sunshine
O'er its toils and strife.

And the weary sons of toil stopped their work to listen and look, and wonder. The sick patient in the hospital ward was made, as they heard their glad song, to think of a land where the inhabitants shall never say, "I am sick," and the waifs in the Shelter for Homeless Children, gathered in from the lanes of Boston, to know of a better land and a happier clime. Christ was the aim and object of all this immense gathering.

Then this movement is not apart from, but in the Church, and is looking to the Church for direction and control; their meetings for testimony, prayer and business

are all along this line. "How they can best serve Christ in the Church," is their question, hence the importance of Sessions being quick to avail themselves of this new element of life and power in congregational life. Here is a band of consecrated young men and women, who, like Paul, are asking, "What wilt thou have me to do?" Will we direct their energies? Will we encourage them in their zeal? and will we avail ourselves of this new force, a force that is but in its infancy, and which suggests such immense possibilities? During my stay in Boston I attended a Congregational church Endeavor meeting, where at least twenty young people led in prayer, each prayer breathing out the holy aspirations of the soul. Such a thing would not have been possible a few years ago, and yet it is but one of the results of this movement. Now, from this vantage ground, let us ask:

"What is the outlook?"

May there not be enthusiasm? May not the objects and aims of the Society be conceded, and yet be defective in its organization, and prove to be a bubble that will burst in the hand. In the Presbyterian rally of all the Endeavorers from the Dominion, the topic discussed was: "The weak points of the Christian Endeavor Movement," and while a large number spoke, nearly all being ministers, it was remarkable that nearly all bore testimony to the splendid help rendered by their Society. One speaker stated that he thought there was a tendency to outward appearances, not enough of the inward and spiritual. But the whole meeting was proof of the hold the movement has taken upon our Church. There are points on which the danger signal may be placed, that evil may be averted. This only teaches, however, the old truth, that there are imperfections everywhere, and this organization is not exempt from the general law. If there are weak points in its construction, elements in its composition which require elimination, let the pruning knife be applied. With such diversity of opinion, with its membership gathered from every creed and clime, with the remarkable success which it has attained, the Convention just closed being one of the largest and most enthusiastic the world has ever witnessed, we need not wonder that there will be some weak points. The marvel is that there are so few. For a child of fourteen years the success is phenomenal.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

MISSIONS IN EAST CENTRAL AFRICA—NYASSALAND.

BY J. R.

The usual route to Nyassaland, which has been pictured to us as one of the most beautiful spots in Central Africa, is up the Zambesi and Shire rivers to Lake Nyassa. Navigation is impeded for about sixty miles along the Shire River by the Murchison Cataracts. Disembarkation and a march overland is necessary.

When Livingstone first sailed up the Shire River, and around the shores of Lake Nyassa, in 1859, he was delighted with the beauty of the scenery. The country appeared to be thickly populated; everywhere crowds thronged to the shores to see the white man, and with few exceptions the travellers were treated kindly. When he next visited it, just a few years later, his heart was saddened by the change. Silence and desolation reigned, where before all was life and stir. It was a grief to the great missionary explorer, that the first to make use of the highways into Central Africa, which, at the cost of much toil and hardship had been discovered by him, should ever be these Arab slave dealers.

Hearts in the home-land were touched by the piteous stories of suffering and wrong, and the earnest appeals for missionaries sent home at this time. The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin united for the purpose of organizing a mission to the region round Lake Nyassa.

The first party of missionaries, numbering five, with Bishop MacKenzie as their leader, went out in 1860. Livingstone met them, and aided them in choosing a suitable site. During the early days of the mission several encounters occurred between the missionaries and the slave-dealers, and numbers of the unfortunate victims of this nefarious traffic were set free and kindly cared for at the mission station. This course of action led to intense opposition being manifested towards the mission by the Arabs. Other difficulties arose. Bishop MacKenzie and two others of the mission staff died; and the Bishop's successor decided it was best to remove the mission from the interior to Zanzibar. This caused Livingstone great grief. In writing to a friend at this time, we are told, he said he felt as if "he could sit down and cry." These years spent around Lake Nyassa were perhaps the most sorrowful years of the many he spent in toil and anxiety for Africa. It was during these years his wife was taken from him; and she was laid to rest in this land, for which she too had given her life. Discouragements came from the home-land; and the bright dreams of a prosperous mission, and the extension of commercial interests, and the extinction of the slave traffic, all seemed fated to disappointment.

There is a lesson for us here. In His own time and way God answered Livingstone's prayers, and everything he desired for this country round the Shire River and Lake Nyassa is now being advanced. Livingstone did not live to see it. He but opened the doors to these great fields for mission work, and his pleadings for others to enter and occupy these fields for the Master seemed very ineffective. God heard, and not only the labours but the prayers of Livingstone are remembered and will receive abundant answer. We need not faint if our efforts seem fruitless. Take Livingstone's motto: "Fear God and work hard," and leave results in God's hands.

R. M. Ballantyne in his book, "Six Months at the Cape," gives us an incident bearing on the early days of the Universities Mission, which is interesting. Visiting St. George's Orphanage for girls in Cape Town, in 1876, he found in one of the class-rooms a teacher as black as her pupils. Miss Arthur, the Principal of the school, told him "that this young teacher was the little girl who was saved by the missionaries of the Shire River, and who was carried home to the mission station on the shoulders of Bishop MacKenzie. She is now one of the best girls in the school, and a most sincere Christian. Her name is Dauma." Mr. Ballantyne in speaking of it says: "There is something very gratifying in having one's faith strengthened. I cannot say I ever doubted the existence of Dauma, or the facts connected with her history, yet there was something new in the feelings with which I thought of that Central African Mission, when thus I beheld the actual fruit of it standing before me. We may, indeed, say of it that the expedition was in some respects disastrous, but I mentally scouted the idea of calling it unsuccessful as I looked on the earnest face of the black girl, while she guided the fair spirits of the little black creatures who sat there grinning, and evidently doting upon her."

"No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pur-suing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

A higher prize awaited Bishop MacKenzie, and those co-workers who were the first to lay down their lives for Christ's cause in Nyassaland. "They shall receive an hundred-fold and inherit everlasting life." Zanzibar has for years been the headquarters of the Universities Mission.

Their stations stretch from the coast to the eastern shores of Lake Nyassa.

In Zanzibar the mission quarters are situated very near where the old slave-market used to be. No more are seen the slave caravans with the poor creatures half-starved and half naked, bound together with chains, and the cruel slave-stick on their necks. No more are human beings stood up for sale in the market place, or the cries heard as mother and child are torn from each other to be sold to different masters. No more are any of the distressing sights and sounds of this traffic seen or heard. Instead, there is the church bell, the voice of Christian song, and the hum of industry. The church, the industrial schools and a number of Christian homes, all clustered together, form a Christian colony in the midst of this Mohammedan city.

Great changes have come since the first missionary party entered this field thirty-five years ago. Boys from the Industrial