

The Quiet Hour.

Jesus Ascends Into Heaven.

S. S. LESSON.—May 10th, 1901 : Luke 24 : 44-53 ; Acts 1 : 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Luke 24 : 51. While he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried into heaven.

The eleven disciples went away into Galilee, v. 16. Not in Jerusalem, the ancient capital and holy city of the Jews, did their Messiah inaugurate His new Kingdom, but in remote and despised "Galilee of the Gentiles." He had come unto His own and His own received Him not (John 1: 11). Instead, they had crucified Him. Jerusalem had its day of opportunity and had failed to make use of it. The honor of this royal manifesto of the Kingdom is now given to Galilee. The penalty of rejecting the claims of Christ is ever the loss of the priceless blessings which His favor brings.

Some doubted, v. 17. These are not to be, on that account, hastily discredited. It is no credit to be a doubter. It is a great misfortune and loss. But the doubt that doubts because it is anxious to find a solid resting place for faith, will not go unblessed.

All power is given unto me, v. 18. Either blasphemy, or words of infinite comfort to all who link their lives to that of the risen Lord. Verily, not blasphemy; for by manifold and divers testimonies He has been proven to be the very son of God. Of infinite comfort, then; for may we not rest under the shadow of His wings in sure, quiet content? No past sin can condemn us, for has he not power to forgive? No present temptation or sorrow can overwhelm us, for is He not almighty to deliver? No future disaster can destroy us, for does He not rule everywhere and always, and is He not a faithful friend.

Words, too, of inspiration and cheer to the servants of the Lord, as they endeavor to fulfil His commission to disciple the nations. The hearts of men are as adamant, but has His Spirit not power to break them? The chains that bind men in sin are strong, but will not His strength burst them asunder? The messengers are but frail and feeble men, but is not He who sends them the King of kings and Lord of lords?

Go, v. 19. A word surely sufficiently short and easy to be understood. No servant or soldier of Jesus Christ can plead any want of plainness or definiteness in the instruction. The gospel of salvation is not to be kept in the heart as a secret. It is to be spoken out to the world as with a trumpet. We are not to wait till men come to us. We are to go to them. The spirit of discipleship is not "rest and be thankful," if you have come into the peace of God; but go and declare the message of peace wherever your feet may come or your voice reach.

Therefore, v. 19. Remember, it is the risen Christ who speaks, the Christ endued with all power in heaven and in earth. He speaks by right, and He Himself stands behind His commandment. Because He has said, "Go ye therefore," even the weakest servant of the Lord may labor for Him with confidence; for some measure of His infinite strength is bestowed upon each. The Lord will be justified of all those who sincerely desire and earnestly strive for the promotion of His kingdom. There is no peradventure. Mark (16 : 20) tells us that

when, after He had been taken up from them into heaven, the disciples "went forth and preached everywhere," "the Lord working with them, and confirming the word." As it was then, so it is now, and so it shall be, until the end.

Make disciples of all nations (Rev. Ver.), v. 19. A very wonderful command from a Jewish teacher to a band of Jewish disciples, for the sympathies of the Jew were with his own nation alone. That it should have been given stamps the Master who gave it as unique, and His Kingdom as indeed the Kingdom of God upon earth. It is hard to see how, in the face of these words, any Church, or congregation, or individual believer can be non-missionary. Does it seem harsh to say that to be non-missionary it is to be non-Christian? This much, at any rate, the fullest charity will justify, that to be non-missionary is to directly disobey an explicit command—the last command—of our risen Lord and Saviour. Who will care to undertake the responsibility of such a course?

Lo I am with you always, v. 20. "Note," says Peloubet, "it is I am, not I will be. Jesus with His love, with His power, with His wisdom, with His willingness to help; Jesus the Saviour, the Guide, the Inspirer, the King, the Teacher; Jesus the Omnipotent, the Omnipresent, the Omnipotent, is with us everywhere, all the days."

Erromanga Devastated.

News comes from Australia of the total destruction of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission buildings in the New Hebrides on the Island of Erromanga, in a storm.

The New Hebrides Missions are of especial interest to Canadian Presbyterians, and no island of the group is of so great interest as the station at Erromanga.

"It was on this island on the 20th of Nov., 1839," said Rev. Dr. Mackay, Mission Secretary, to the Toronto Star: "that the celebrated missionary, Rev. John Williams, was martyred. He had left Samoa, amid the tears of his family, and with sad forebodings. He had succeeded in placing native teachers in Tanna and Fatuna, but on the following day he and his companion, Mr. Harris, fell under the spears of the savages. In June, 1857, Rev. Geo. M. Gordon, a native of Prince Edward Island, was settled upon the island as a missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church. For four years Mr. and Mrs. Gordon toiled with unwearied energy to plant the Gospel on the island. They made many friends among the natives, but the dread visitation of measles came upon the island, and the missionaries were blamed for it. A band of nine savages came from a village eight miles away to kill them. Mr. Gordon and some natives were preparing a new house for better protection in the hurricane season. His wife was in the summer house a short distance away. One of the natives spoke to Mr. Gordon and asked for some calico for himself and others, and also for medicine for a sick man. The others were in ambush. Mr. Gordon stopped work to go the house, when the man suddenly struck a hatchet into his spine. Other savages sprang upon him, and soon all was over. His wife, hearing the cry, came out to enquire what was wrong, when she, too, was killed.

"As soon as the news of Mr. Gordon's death came to Canada, his brother, Rev. J. D. Gordon, volunteered to take his place. He reached Erromanga 1864, and labored successfully until 1872, when, owing, it is believed, to deadly sickness on the island, he too was murdered on the 17th March.

"No sooner were the home offices advised than Rev. H. A. Robertson offered his services, and was appointed. He has since labored there with remarkable success. The murderers and cannibals are clothed and in their right mind, and the influence of the Gospel pervades the island. The missionary and his wife frequently traverse the whole island with no fear or trouble from the natives. Churches, schools, and dwellings, marked with some comfort, are now found on the island, and the child of murderers and cannibals—and, indeed, the murderers themselves—are now members of the Church of God." The story, as thus epitomized, has been frequently told before, and is quite familiar to many of our readers; but for the young, especially, it will bear re-telling.

It will thus be seen that the Canadian Church at Erromanga is a sacred spot, and anything affecting it of peculiar interest. Amongst the missionaries Mr. Robertson is regarded as one of the best. He and Mrs. Robertson will have great sympathy over the disaster and the discouragement.

For The Dominion Presbyterian.

Frontier Reminiscences.

BY REV. H. MCMEERIN, M.A., L.L.D.

The Presbyterian Church of the United States is strong in Home Mission work. When I was in the States as a missionary I was one of about 1500. The work of these missionaries is various, but in nearly every case arduous and difficult, and in some fields the missionary must be prepared for any amount of self-sacrifice. In camps and ranches and mining regions, and in some of the remote Western towns, there is often a reckless disregard of law and order. I had been appointed by my presbytery to supply three small congregations in the same number of villages, all accessible by a new railway. As they were not far distant the work was comparatively easy and pleasant, but I found the condition of another village more remote one of the saddest, and calling loudly for spiritual help. There were about 400 inhabitants but they had no church. The Sabbath was spent by the young in sport, by the old in visiting and drinking, and murder had been recently committed. The Synodical missionary, our superintendent, had warned me not to attempt to preach there as it was "the most wicked little city in the West." His warning, kind intention, had the opposite effect. I visited the town and found two persons who were willing to have me make an appointment and to attend divine service, one a widow with her family and the other a doctor from the State of New York.

The appointment was made to hold service in the schoolhouse. When I arrived and knocked at the door there was no response from within—the noise was too great to hear the knocks. So I opened the door and looked in and there were about fourteen boys, between the ages of twelve and seventeen, in every conceivable attitude and act tearing round the room. Some were making obscene pictures on the blackboard, others stuffing the stove with copy-books, some riding on each other's backs. I moved quietly forward to the platform bible in hand and said as nearly as I can recollect, "Gentlemen, I have come to preach to you.