

means allow, had to start alone. It was a worry and anxiety of mind to both Mrs. Renison and myself to have to keep our good friends waiting so long for an acknowledgment of their letters and gifts. Well, God brought us safely through, although more than once the toboggan, dogs, missionary and all were near being drawn into the rapid current where the ice was very thin and gave way—the water in these spots was from 30 to 40 feet deep. Will our kind friends be also pleased to remember that in summer there is sixty miles of water, and in winter sixty miles of ice between the mission and Post office. In the summer and in the fall the wind is sometimes very strong, and we cannot venture out in the frail birch-bark canoes. And in the winter—especially the early part of it—the ice is so weak and treacherous that even the Indians won't trust it, and, if at such times the missionary must travel he will have to perform the journey alone, except he has a close sticking friend like Thompson, who declares he is not afraid to walk over the lake which is 300 feet deep if there be only two inches of ice. I am about to make arrangements with Mickelson & Sons who express their willingness to come up to the mission to saw 8000 square feet of lumber for our new church. This part of the work alone will cost about \$250, which sum I shall require the last week in February or the first week in March. The old building is now pulled down and the lumber utilized for sheeting for the roof of the new church. So far I have expended \$100, \$50 of this I can now meet the balance will be due to, the Indians, and I hope our good friends will enable the treasurer to send me \$300 to meet all expenses to the 1st of March. I held service in the Waiting Room last night, the congregation was as large as could be expected. I hope to hold a prayer meeting to-night at Mr. F's, Manager of the Hudson Bay Co's store, here. I baptized three children yesterday. Two of them are able to run about and tell their names. One is a babe in its mother's arms.

I now beg to acknowledge most thankfully the following receipts:—

Rev. Mr. Chance, Tyronnell Rectory, from a member of his congregation, \$10, for new church; Mrs. Roper, Caledonia, a box of medicines and teas for Missionary and Indians. From the Aylmer branch of W.A. per Miss McKnight, two bales of clothing and a box of fruits—the clothes for Indians and Missionary's family—the fruits for Mrs. Renison, Ailsa Craig branch of W.A., per Mrs. Show, one bale of clothing for Indians and Missionary's family. From Mrs. White, Toronto, a parcel of useful articles for Mrs. Renison: Mr. S., Toronto, 50 cents for new Church. A Friend, in Fredericton, \$1 for Church stove. Mrs. Frank Gibbs, Port Arthur, a box of gifts for Christmas tree, also some framed paintings for new mission house; and the following from Miss Isabella Roe, from the children of her Guild at Lennoxville, \$5; and a bundle of clothing for their little protegee, "Mary Anne."

I cannot conclude without once more thanking all our good friends both in England and in Canada, who so liberally responded to my appeal for funds to build our mission house, which is now complete—and the great comforts, of which we are this winter thoroughly enjoying. Will another host of friends now help us to complete the church which we have begun.

Your obedient servant,

ROBT. RENISON.

Lake Nepigon, Diocese of Algoma.

SKETCH OF LESSON.

3RD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY, FEB. 3RD, 1889.

Our Lord's Baptism.

Passage to be read.—St. Matt. iii. 11-17.

You remember that event in the boyhood of our Blessed Lord which we studied last Sunday, and which is remarkable as being the only event recorded of His boyhood.

To-day we arrive at the time when Jesus probably began His public ministry. (Compare S. Luke iii. 23.) Thirty was the legally appointed age for those who served in the Tabernacle. (See Num. iv. 8.) We have seen, too, how S. John the Baptist had been preparing the way of the Lord, by "preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins," (S. Matt. i. 4), how he told of the coming King, and how much superior He should be to him. (S. Matt. iii. 11-12). To-day see how S. John received Him.

I. At the Jordan.—S. John Baptist had been baptizing many people in the river Jordan. For months his wondrous work had been going on. At last the time earnestly looked for comes. There stands before Him One whom he at once recognizes; a Galilean carpenter, looking like other men, but Who was He? John had known Him as a relative, though he had seen Him but little, their homes being far apart, the one in the "hill country" of Judea (S. Matt. i. 59), the other at Nazareth in Galilee. But till that day he had not known Him as "the Lamb of God," (S. John i. 29). He, for whose coming S. John's work had been a loyal preparation, stands there and asks

to be baptized. John is surprised; why? His baptism the sign of repentance and forgiveness. Did Jesus need these? (See 2 Cor. v. 21; Heb. vii. 26; 1 S. John iii. 5). Jesus explains, (v. 15) "It is becoming to fulfil all righteousness." (Compare Heb. ii. 17-18). For example's sake He will conform in every way. S. John, thus bidden, obeys; Jesus steps down the bank into the river, is baptized. He ascends it again praying, (S. Luke iii. 21). And now lo! a sign from Heaven proclaims Him to be God's beloved Son; the heavens are cleft asunder and a wondrous Form descends upon Him. God the Father sends God the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove to God the Son. Different Persons, all divine, but "not three Gods, but one God," the Trinity, the Three in One, send the Saviour as the great Teacher of true religion to men, (S. John xiv. 6). See, too, what the voice said! (v. 17). Our Church teaches us that God "by the baptism of His well-beloved Son in the River Jordan, did sanctify water to the mystical washing away of sin;" and surely we may suppose that our blessed Lord in submitting to be baptized, [not only would fulfil all those legal observances which are in sinful men acts of submission to God, but would also hallow and ennoble the special rite of Baptism which he afterwards exalted to be one of the two Sacraments of His Church. (S. Matt. xxviii. 19).

CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION.

This has been a vexed question among physicians, opinions, even in the same school, being strangely divergent. Of this, however, the public are convinced; it is a terribly prevalent disease, and the average doctor meets with but scant success in treating it. Consumption is in reality scrofula of the lungs, and is liable to attack any whose blood is tainted. For driving out the scrofulous humors, and thus removing the predisposing cause, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sovereign remedy. It purifies bad blood, heals scrofulous ulcers, and, whatever difference of opinion exists as to curing advanced cases of consumption, it remains that many pronounced "incurable" have been by it brought back from the brink of the grave to restored health and vigor.

A GREAT WANT.

The great want of the times is the recognition of the nobility of service, and if we would learn what true nobility is we must study the Man of Nazareth. Christ ministered to all classes. This universalism of Christ was notable because we to-day are apt to be elective—to select and choose those to whom we should minister, and too for our inconvenience and pleasure. A clergyman, for example, singles out the rich for his church, with a view of making an aristocratic congregation. There are those, on the other hand, who minister exclusively to the poor. As a matter of fact, the neglected classes generally live on our fine avenues, for it is an act requiring but little courage to go in the hovels of the poor, where hunger and want dwell; but when it comes to climbing up marble steps and entering richly caparisoned houses, and talking of Christ to fine ladies, that requires true bravery. There are people again who turn away from a dive or the debauched and polluted tramps who hang around lodging houses, and minister to those not debauched and polluted. The sympathies of others go entirely to the intellectual, to whom metaphysical and scholastic discourses are preached which put the intellectual hearers in a heaven higher up than that to which most people aspired. There are those, also, who believe themselves to be especially called by God to minister to newsboys and fallen woman and, like John Howard, to prison reform, and like Wilberforce, to principles which broke the fetters of the slave. All these are specially ministrations.

YOU MUST GIVE ACCOUNT.

It is not by depreciating others that we increase in value, except perhaps in our own eyes. Nor is it by holding up the sins of others that we escape the judgment of God against our own. Every man will have to give an account of himself—not of his neighbor—to God. Are you, reader, prepared for this? Are you conscious of what it will be to be summoned before that Judge who will bring before you every detail of your life, even the most secret? No need of witness, no place to hide from that Light that will manifest every work of darkness, and then execute upon it speedy judgment. Would that men ceased to be fools and considered their latter end!

But if one indeed ceases to be a fool—if indeed he does, with an honest heart, consider his latter end, what is the inevitable conclusion he comes to? At first, perhaps, feeling uncomfortable, he begins to "try and do better." Does this settle his trouble? It only increases it, because God is with him, and shines on him, and is letting him prove by experience what it is to be a guilty, lost sinner in His sight. The sense of sin becomes intolerable, the heart cries out, "Lord have mercy on me!"

Here deliverance comes, for God laid our iniquities on Christ, and visited them with judgment on Him at the cross that all who repent and believe on Him might be saved. The soul receives this blessed news, and the burden rolls off. I have taken my place as a lost sinner, given Christ His place as my Saviour, and in God my Judge I have found my Father. No wonder that mighty preacher of the Gospel exclaimed, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," Romans i. 16.

MY REDEEMER.

There is one word full of meaning, from which we gather the truth of sympathy. It is that little word of appropriation, "my" Redeemer. Power is shown by God's attention to the vast, sympathy by his condescension to the small. It is not the thought of heaven's sympathy by which we are impressed when we gaze through the telescope on the mighty world of space, and gain an idea of what is meant by infinite. Majesty and power are there, but the very vastness excludes the thought of sympathy. It is when we look into the world of insignificance which the microscope reveals, and find that God has gorgeously painted the atoms of creation and exquisitely furnished forth all that belongs to minutest life, that we feel that God sympathizes and individualizes.

When we are told that God is the Redeemer of the world, we know that love dwells in the bosom of the most High; but if we want to know that God feels for us individually and separately, we must learn by heart this syllable of endearment, "My Redeemer." Child of God, if you would have your thought of God something beyond a cold feeling of His presence, let faith appropriate Christ. You are as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself. He has counted the hairs of your head. In old Testament language, "He has put your tears into His bottle." He numbered your sighs and your smiles. He has interpreted the desires for which you have not found a name nor an utterance yourself. If you have not learned to say, "My Redeemer," then just so far as there is any thing tender or affectionate in your disposition you will tread the path of your pilgrimage with a darkened and a lonely heart; and when the day of trouble comes there will be none of that triumphant elasticity which enabled Job to look down, as from a rock, upon the surges which were curling their crests of fury at his feet, but could only reach his bosom with their spent spray.

THE CHEERFUL FACE.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists into the beautiful realm of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within.

It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express; and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less cheerful. We linger near it, and gaze tenderly upon it, and say, "God bless this dear, happy face! We must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone." And even after it is gone, how the remembrance of the cheerful face softens our way!