

ing by the case he cites as indicating the want. Poor Mr. Brookman is in a bad way, it appears; he actually addressed the people assembled at Union Prayer Meetings in the Methodist and Presbyterian "Chapels" (sic) in Collingwood. Whether he is from Huron, as the local paper said, or Niagara, he is all wrong; and if the veteran churchman, Dr. Lett, gave his sanction to his proceedings, he is wrong too. Pray who may be this "Churchman" who thus anonymously lacts the public censor of these well-known an ife-long servers of God in His church? And what is there in this matter which has not been done over and over again by nearly clergy without a word of blame? What rule of the Church Catholic, or if one branch of it is infringed, if our clergy take an opportunity of saying a word in season whenever or wherever they may find it? Surely nothing can be more lamentable than the spirit which would keep Christians separated from each other, when the *can*, without sacrifice of principle, join together in promoting any good work.

Yours truly,
UNION.

THE NEW EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—I gather from the newspapers that the Episcopal Fund Committee of the Diocese of Ontario have voted \$7,000 to purchase a residence in Kingston for the Bishop of Ontario. I understand also that the Executive Committee and the Bishop have approved of the active of the Episcopal Fund Committee. Many persons are of opinion that the committee has exceeded its power, before we can give an opinion on this point we must examine the Canon of Synod, under which the committee acts, and which limits its power. Clause 2 of that Canon reads as follows: "That the duties of the committee, as far as they relate to the Episcopal trust fund, shall be to *administer* and *dispose* of any sum or sums of money," &c., &c. The word "*dispose*" would seem to give the committee absolute power over the fund; but what is the fact, the committee has not even power to invest one cent of fund must less *dispose* of it. Therefore, I am inclined to think the committee did exceed its powers when it voted \$7,000 to purchase an Episcopal residence. We can only legalize the transaction by regarding it as an investment; then it must come before the investment committee, it must sanction the investment and buy the house, as business men they cannot approve the proposal to sell securities which are now yielding eight per cent., and invest in a property, which, when you deduct repairs, and insurance will not yield more than five per cent., still to oblige the Bishop they will consent, and he will be the first to discover that it was a blunder which will cost him \$400 a year every year he lives. It has been found that \$7,000 is not sufficient to buy the style of house required, and at the next meeting of the committee another \$1,000 will be asked for. The interest on \$8,000 at eight per cent. is \$640 add insurance, repairs, &c., the Bishop will be paying a rent of \$800 a year, a higher rent I feel sure than he ever paid before. The present Bishop may be able to pay the rent; but how do we know that his successor will be able? The present Bishop draws \$600 from the commutation funds, he draws \$1,600 the interest on certain moneys paid over by the diocese of Toronto under the Macarley Award, which his successor may not receive. Again the diocese may be divided, which will cause a division of the Episcopal fund. If the committee purchase an expensive house a few miles from Kingston the future Bishop of Kingston may not be able to keep it up, besides the Bishop should reside among his people, and where he could be conveniently seen by his clergy for their reasons. I hope that the idea of buying a house will be given up, and that the present and all future Bishops will be allowed to choose what part of the city of Kingston they will live in. Hoping that better counsels may prevail.

I remain, yours,
R. LEWIS.

A woman who attended church with great regularity was observed always to be there early, and was asked how it was that she managed always to be in time. She answered very wisely: "It is a part of my religion not to disturb the religion of others."

Children's Department.

THE LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and made thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight—
Softest clothing, woolly bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and he is mild;
He became a little child:
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

WHAT THE CATECHISM HAD TO DO WITH IT.

"The children are very quiet to-night," Mr. Thornton said his wife. "What are they about?" "I suppose they are in Aunt Mary's room," she said rising, "I must see that they do not tire her." But Aunt Mary had seen nothing of them. They were not in the nursery, or the kitchen, or any where that the nurse could find them. All of a sudden the household was startled by a loud shriek from the top of the house, which was instantly followed by a succession of shrieks and a rush of feet down the stairs. Mr. Thornton was up stairs in a moment, just in time to catch Alice in his arms as her foot slipped and she was about tumbling down the lower flight. The shrieking stopped as soon as they saw their father, and Alice clung to him as though she would never let go. "There's a ghost in the attic, we heard it bang the door," she sobbed out when she could catch her breath. Mr. Thornton carried her, and led the way for the other children to Aunt Mary's room, where she was waiting anxiously to know who was hurt. "A ghost!" he said, indignantly, "who put such nonsense into your head?" Jack looked too much ashamed to answer, now that he was with the family in a lighted room. But he mumbled something about a story of John's, the coachman, that their garret was haunted, and said that they had gone up in the dark to see if it was true, and that some one there had suddenly banged the door and shut them all in. "Well, we will go up and see who 'some one was,'" Mr. Thornton said. Alice shrank back at the idea of going near such a dreadful place, but her father insisted, and he took a candle and went before the children who held on to each other and kept very closely behind him. Of course there was no one in the garret, and it looked pleasant enough now that they had a light. But they had hardly been in for a moment, before the door slammed violently. Alice screamed again and clung to her father. "Why, you foolish children," he said, pointing to the window. It was open, and the wind rushing in was quite enough to shut half a dozen doors, and this was all the ghost they ever found in the garret.

The children were too much ashamed of themselves to say much about their fright for some days. But Aunt Mary had her own reasons for leading them to talk it over one evening, when they were in the room. She was troubled to see how Alice's timidity was increasing, and how since that night she shrank from going into a dark room or anywhere near the garret. "Why is not your father afraid of the dark, or of ghosts?" she asked them, after a graphic description by Alice of the horrors of the memorable night. "Oh, he's a man," was the prompt reply. "So is John," said Aunt Mary. "But why are your mother or myself not afraid, then?" "Well, I suppose it's because you're grown up," Alice said, with a sigh, wondering whether that would ever make her less of a coward.

"If you think a moment," Aunt Mary said, "you will find it is only very ignorant and foolish

people who believe in ghosts. All you have heard about them has been from John, a man who cannot read or write. You never have heard or never will hear a word of such nonsense from any sensible person. If John had a better belief he would lose all his fear. The heathen people have all kinds of fears and strange, foolish beliefs. But I want my dear children to be too brave for fear. And there is something that will keep each one of you from ever being afraid of anything, and will make you brave men and brave women."

She paused for a moment and none of the children waited more earnestly for her next words than little Alice. Oh, if she only could be brave! if she could only get over this dreadful fear and heart tremble and be quiet and sure like Aunt Mary.

But looking straight into her questioning eyes, Aunt Mary said. "I used to be very timid, afraid of so many things—now"—she paused, and then, in a low voice, added "I fear *no evil*, for Thou art with me." Just as Alice, held in her Father's arms the other evening, forgot her fears and felt so safe, so I feel all the time. My Heavenly Father's love is all around me. I am never out of His keeping, and so I am afraid of nothing."

"It must be very nice," Alice said, with a sigh. "I am afraid of so many things"

"But the Lord Jesus came to save from every fear. And the Bible is full of stories about His love and power—how he has saved His people in all kind of dangers, and how He is always ready and able to save them now. All He asks of you is to believe in Him. The only happy brave people are those who believe in His love and care that they fear nothing. This is the reason the Bible says so much about belief. And that is the reason another book has so much to say about belief."

Bessy began to turn over the leaves of her prayer book. Then she looked up brightly and said: "You want to tell us about the creed."

"Yes," Aunt Mary said, smiling, "I have brought you in rather a roundabout way to the very part I wanted you to think of. You didn't think the catechism had anything to do with the first part of our talk. But see how it teaches us just what to believe, so that we can never believe the foolish things that the heathen or ignorant people do." Then they went over the creed, and she showed them how they who really believed in the Heavenly Father's love and care, and in the dear Saviour's presence and in the teaching of the Holy Spirit could fear no evil in any way.

When Alice went to her room she knelt down and asked her Saviour to take her fear and give her trust in Him in its place. Then with a happy child's faith she went to bed, for she had asked, and He would give it to her. It was a very happy thing to trust in Him. She fell asleep, knowing He was taking care of her. She was in the dark but Jesus was with her.—*Parish Visitor.*

BRING JESUS MORE INTO HOME.—The little loving charities of daily life preach loudly for Him who went about doing good. Bring Jesus into your home and your circumstances more than you have hitherto done. Things do not go on well in your household, perhaps, nor in your circumstances either. You wonder why it is. Wonder not. It is because you bring the Lord so little into them. How can it be otherwise, with him so little acknowledged? How can it be otherwise, when you are not cast upon Him in all that pertains to you? Change your plans. Bring Jesus more into home, and plans, and duties, and circumstances. Live not on as you have done, realizing His presence so little. The name of Jesus is no mere fancy. He is a reality. He is a bosom Friend, a tender Physician, a loving Father, a gracious Saviour, a very present Helper. Oh, make him so to you. Live not outside of these pleasant relationships. How strangely will all things change then! How you will be lifted up above things that once fretted you and hung heavily upon your mind! How little will appear the things which men are struggling after and panting for around you! You will rise above them into a new element. Try it! Bring Jesus more into everything. Make Him your constant friend and companion. Make Him a reality. Only then will you begin to know Him as you should. Only then will the unutterable preciousness of Jesus begin to unfold itself in your heart.