

The Lord Bishop of Salisbury is expected to preach in the Cathedral on Easter morning. He is on his return from Australia to England.

The Rev. J. R. Haweis, M.A., incumbent of St. James', Marylebone, London, who lectured recently in Winnipeg, had enormous congregations at Trinity and Christ Church on the Sunday he spent here. At Christ Church, all the available space was occupied by people, many of whom stood during the whole of the evening service. Hundreds were turned away. Mr. Haweis preached for an hour and ten minutes on 'Prayer.' The sermon was one of the most remarkable ever delivered in the city, and held the undivided attention of the congregation.

The 'Clerical Union,' which has been in abeyance since the appointment of Dr. Pinkham to the Bishopric of Saskatchewan, has been revived, and meets monthly in the Synod office. It comprises the clergy of the city, fourteen in number. At the last meeting the Dean of Rupert's Land read a paper on the 'Cathedral System.'

THE WAYS OF GOD.

(From the Family Churchman.)

I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not : I will lead them in paths that they have not known.—Isaiah xliii. 16.

In reading the history of God's people, both in the Old and New Testaments, we cannot but be struck with the difference of God's dealings with them—the difference of the ways in which He led them. This comes out very strongly in the history of Joseph, as compared with that of St. Paul. We take these two marked lines, as teaching us so very clearly that God deals with each person as He sees best, and that man is utterly unable to judge of God's methods of leading and guiding individuals. Neither can those thus led and guided always discern God's hand, or understand His purpose and object. God revealed to Joseph a general truth, that in some way he was to occupy a very high position; but the paths that led to it were hidden from him, and many a time as "the Word of the Lord tried him, and the iron entered into his soul," must he have asked himself, "Were those dreams really sent by God? Why all this injustice and misery? Is it really in love, or in God judging and punishing me for sins in the past?" Let us turn to St. Paul's life. What a strange leading and preparation! At the time, while sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, while consenting unto the death of Stephen, how little was there to indicate the grand purpose of God with this proud, persecuting Pharisee! Various other characters come to our mind—Moses, Job, David, Hannah, Ruth; and then, again, Zacharias and Elizabeth, John the Baptist, John the Divine, Mary Magdalene—each and all had their distinctive trainings, their separate ways by which God led them, and at length brought them "to His holy hill and to His Tabernacle." We cannot imagine for a moment that God has changed since those days: and now He deals only with people generally, and has no care for individuals. Nay, we would rather believe that since the Incarnation, individual care has (if we may reverently say so) become more intense.

"Thou art as much His care, as if beside

"Nor man nor angel liv'd in Heaven or earth;"

and, therefore, each one may look for those special dealings of God which are applicable to himself or herself alone. Our natures and dispositions are different, but each baptised person is a stone for the Temple of God, and has to be fashioned and cut and polished according to its position therein. This it is which constitutes

"the way" in which God leads us, and every step calls for faith and implicit confidence in God. And further, this truth should make us very careful in judging others, or passing an opinion upon the work God gives them to do. There is a great tendency to measure everything by our own standard and to condemn the actions of our brethren, because these do not wholly fall in with our own view of things. The vineyard of the Lord is very large, but the work in each part has relation to the whole, though we individually can see only a small portion, and can know but little of the real character of the work in parts remote from us. As, however, each one goes on in his own way, in the way in which God leads us, we shall find our views enlarged, our powers of grasping the purpose of God increased. We shall not err by thinking that our way is the only one, or that we are isolated items, having no relation to those walking in different paths; but we shall realise that we are members of the same family, and that the ways of God will at length bring us to the eternal home. Thus, as from time to time our paths intersect or sometimes run parallel, there will be opportunities of holy intercourse, words of encouragement, a showing forth of the loving kindness of the Lord, and we shall go on our way rejoicing.

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn, those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

A. B. C.

TEACHING THE CATECHISM.

In our scattered Church families is the Catechism taught? It ought to be. If only we will use it, the Church has for all parents, in the Catechism and the Prayer Book services, a rich treasury out of which 'things old and new,' and very precious things, may be gotten for training and helping our children. No matter how far we are from the Church privileges, no matter how seldom the Bishop or missionary may come, even if there is no Sunday-school and no public worship, there is no reason why any of our children should grow up ignorant of the strong, wholesome teachings of the dear old Church. If they do not learn these things, whose fault will it be? We do not have to be theologians, or wise Bible scholars, to teach and to tell the children its simple, solemn meanings. Any earnest, God-fearing father or mother can see to it that, with loving patience, the children know what "a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health." Think of this, dear friends, fathers and mothers, older brothers and sisters. This is your work peculiarly. No pastor or teacher, no matter how well furnished with them you might be, could do this work for you, or ought to do so. You are the ones to do it. It is your duty, your privilege. All that you need is a Prayer Book in your hands, and the love of Christ and His Church and His children in your hearts. No great learning, no commission except your baptismal and confirmation vows, nothing but the will and wish that your children shall not grow up ignorant and careless of God and His Church and righteousness. Ought you to be so indolent or so busy about money making that you cannot do this duty? Is it worth while to work and plan so hard to feed and clothe your children well, that you have no time to teach them what God wants them to be and do? And it is so easy to do. There it is, all plain and simple and certain in the Prayer Book. The Catechism explains the Baptismal service, and points the way and opens the way to confirmation and Holy Communion. If we neglect it, it is not

the Church's fault. Her loving wisdom has given us good guiding tools, and God has given us plastic materials in the young hearts and minds of the children which He sends us. If we will, we may shape them for Godliness in this world, "and in the world to come, life everlasting." Try it. It is worth doing. Not to do it is to throw away golden opportunity and shirk solemn duty—*Oklahoma Churchman.*

A WHISPER TO THE TEACHER.

A clerical brother in sending us the following lines, says: "We do not know who it was who wrote these suggestive lines. What is more material, however, we do know that the spirit of all holiness and goodness must have inspired the thought within them a thought that was never more needful to be kept in mind, than by the Sunday-school teachers of to-day."

"Go, speak to Jesus first,
Then to the child. Go, let him speak to thee
Who taught on earth in Judah's waning days,
On mountain slopes, along the pebbly beach,
And on the joyous billows of the sea.
Yes, in the closet hear His voice who spake.
As never man did speak. Ask for his mind.
Whose patience bore the burdens of a world.
Ask trustingly, the promise is to thee;
Thou shalt receive. Then meet the child as one
For whom the Saviour died. That ransomed soul
God knows it may be given thee to lift
The little fledgling to an angel's seat.
Oh, touch not heedlessly the cords that thrill
To gladness or to woe! Lay gentle hands
On things that tell the tale in other words.
Go, speak to Jesus; wait his answering word;
Then tell the trusting child like one who comes
Trailed from the mount of prayer."

—Selected.

THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY.

Earth is a realm of shadows. From them we cannot get clear. We cast shadows ourselves wherever we go, our friends cast them upon us. They are thrown by our dwellings; the loftier the house the longer the shadow. Even the beautiful flowers are not free. The brighter the light the darker they become. The clouds big with blessings, intercept the rays of light. The great world casts over all black darkness each night, and we have come to think that shadow is a necessity, and as it is of light here so shall it ever be. Our thought can hardly attain to the conception that a day will break when shadows will be known no more.

This is symbolic of our mental and spiritual condition. Unbroken light cannot be enjoyed here. The clouds in the soul's atmosphere, although laden with showers of blessing, yet darken our path. Faith may see the silver light lining, but cannot escape the cold shadow. Yet we know there is a realm where, as in Paradise of old, the lands are fertilized without these rain chariots. The sky of the new Jerusalem has no shadowing clouds. No discipline of sad thoughts will be needed there. No hiding of the countenance of the Sun of our souls. The rainbow which here needs a storm cloud, or it cannot be seen, will then be around the throne, the brightest place of all. In our shadowed hours, when doubts darken our mind, when trouble casts a gloom upon all that is beautiful on earth, we find it difficult to imagine a home where no doubt will ever enter, no pain will ever be felt, and sadness of every kind will be unknown. Roses without thorns. Light on every side. Day without night. Sunshine without shadow.

When we stand in sunlight and look on one side, all is bright, bathed in the light of heaven;