

Parish and Home.

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CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

- 3—16th Sunday after Trinity.—*Morning*—2 Chron. xxxvi.; Eph. iv. to v. 25. *Evening*—Neb. i. and ii. to v. 9, or viii.; Luke vi. to v. 20.
- 10—17th Sunday after Trinity.—*Morning*—Jer. v.; Phil. iv. *Evening*—Jer. xxii. or xxxv.; Luke ix., v. 28 to 31.
- 17—18th Sunday after Trinity.—*Morning*—Jer. xxxvi.; 1 Thess. ii. *Evening*—Ezek. ii. or xiii. to v. 17; Luke xiii. to v. 18.
- 18—St. Luke Evan.—*Morning*—Isa. lv.; 1 Thess. iii. *Evening*—Eccles. xxxviii. to v. 15; Luke xiii., v. 18.
- 24—19th Sunday after Trinity.—*Morning*—Ezek. xiv.; 1 Tim. i., to v. 18. *Evening*—Ezek. xviii. or xxiv., v. 15; Luke xvii., v. 20.
- 28—St. Simon and St. Jude, Ap. & M. Ath. Cr.—*Morning*—Isa. xxxviii., v. 9-17; 1 Tim. v. *Evening*—Jer. iii., v. 12-19; Luke xix., v. 28.
- 31—20th Sunday after Trinity.—*Morning*—Ezek. xxxiv.; 2 Tim. ii. *Evening*—Ezek. xxxvii., or Dan. i.; Luke xxi., v. 5.

TRUST.

I leave my burdens and my cares
In God's almighty hand;
I leave the answers to my prayers
To wait His own command;
I trust Him on thro' sun and shade,
I trust, and I am not afraid.

Tho' oft my sins as mountains rise,
And far from Him I stray;
His mercy reaches to the skies—
His love can ne'er decay;
I trust Him on thro' sun and shade,
I trust, and I am not afraid.

—Selected.

By the time most of our readers get the present number of PARISH AND HOME they will have returned from the holidays and be settling into the routine of their various occupations. Thankfulness for our rest and recreation, short though it may have been, should characterize our backward look. Thankfulness that the Creator has given our bodies and minds the power of recuperation, thankfulness that fresh strength and energy has been gained for our duties, thankfulness that fresh gladness and buoyancy has been bestowed, whereby we shall be able to rise above the annoyances, cares, and anxieties of our daily life.

Now regular work must be again taken up, ten, eight, six hours a day as the case may be for six days in the week, week in and week out, must be devoted to the field, to the workshop, to the office, in accordance with the words "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." How often life will seem dull and monotonous; how often will a spirit of rebellion, at what some call their hard lot, rise up and they will blame some one in the past or in the present for their condition; how often will envy of others, their ease and luxury, be a temptation; how often will a feverish desire to rush to Klondike, or elsewhere, hoping by one lucky chance to end this dull toil forever, come to our minds with almost resistless power!

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THEN a more sober thought will come. Something will say labor is a necessary condition of life in this world and those who do not toil are not truly men but parasites, observation and reading will teach that:

"The heights by great men reached and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight;
But these, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night."

No person will be blamed for the hard lot, but the blame will be placed where it properly belongs, on *sin* which entered into the world and caused toil, injustices, inequalities and suffering, and greater hatred and antagonism to it will be developed. Work will be regarded as God's method of bringing good out of evil. It keeps from temptation, it demands self-control, it develops our powers, it gives rest and contentment after its faithful performance. Labor will be regarded as noble and exalted, and joyous, because it was honored by the daily toil

of Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth. With such thoughts we will gladly resume our work "in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us."

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BUT while there has been a rest and a break in our regular work there has been also a break in our connection with the different organizations of the Parish. Our place has been vacant in the Church, in the Sunday-school, in the choir, in the Young People's Society, we have been missed from the W.A., the Gleaners' Union, the week night service. The society of which you were an officer has sadly missed you. The visitors to the church have missed your cordial welcome, your friends have missed the hearty invitations with which you pressed them to come and worship with you. The poor, the sick, the afflicted have missed your visits, your kindly words of sympathy, which so brighten their lives. Your pastor has missed your encouraging presence in the house of God and your ever-ready, hearty help in the Parish.

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Now you are back. The tempter may whisper, now is a good time to break off from some of this extra work, which he will call burdensome, a tie, a drag, though your own heart knows it is nothing of the kind, but a labor of love, voluntarily undertaken, done for Christ's sake. You will have to say to Him "Get thee behind me Satan," and to the Master "Draw nearer my Saviour and enable me to take up the ends again and to serve Thee more heartily, more faithfully than in the past, make me to be able to bring greater joy to Thee this year than last, grant me the privilege of doing all I can for Thee,