

Parish and Home.

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MY DAISY LESSON.

I WALKED at morn in the meadow,
Each daisy stood in its place,
And turned to the eastern sunshine
Its dear little white-frilled face.

I was there again at the noon tide,
Each face was looking straight up,
Catching the golden glory
In its golden-hearted cup.

And I walked that way in the evening,
When the sun was sinking low;
Each flower was gazing westward,
And smiled in the sunset glow.

Then I thought—if our hearts, as the daisies,
Would always follow the sun,
What lives of sweetness and beauty
Would be in us begun!

Lives that would surely please Jesus,
Jesus our Sun and our Light;
If we lift up our hearts to His shining,
They will ever be pure and bright.

—Mrs. Helen E. Brown, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

Service of Song.

ONLY the other day I met a man whose face and words sent my mind travelling back over the space of years to a little mountain hotel in Tennessee. There had been an accident to the engine, and, consequently, my cousin Agnes and I, who were journeying across the state, were delayed, with other unfortunates, in a village uncompromisingly desolate, and in the hotel of which I speak.

I cannot undertake to describe the aspect of the little town, or the impression it made on my impatient mind. I might say it seemed to be asleep, but that the term would convey too much of an idea of repose and peace. Perhaps I may describe it as in a sort of drunken stupor, but with too little enterprise to be bad. The hotel partook of the character of the place. In the ill-smelling "parlor," to which my

cousin and I betook ourselves, we found a sort of corpse of a carpet and some ancient furniture, among it a piano of an old style, sadly out of tune. Where the other delayed passengers were I do not know. The only companion we had in that dismal place was an old lady, evidently a boarder there. Her dress was antiquated, but the wrinkled face which smiled from the depths of the large frilled cap was pleasant and refined, presenting, to my mind, the one relieving feature of the scene.

Outside it rained. This did not appear to interfere in the least with the comfort of the loafers who smoked under the "parlor" window. Agnes, for want of occupation, sat down to the piano, which was very hoarse and occasionally sneezed inwardly. I cannot say that "Chopin's waltzes" sounded very natural, but "Old Hundred," which my cousin tried by way of contrast, appeared to give the old lady an idea. She had been watching the player with admiring eyes, and now came over to the instrument and spoke.

"I was thinking, my dear," she said, hesitatingly, "that if you could sing a little mite, just some old hymn or something, it would seem real good. Who knows but it might help them poor boys out there? They're most likely away from their homes and mothers, and it ain't probable they hear much good music—the Lord's music, you know."

Agnes looked at me inquiringly.

"It seems to me," I replied in a low tone, "rather an odd idea. I can't say that I should like your singing in such a place as this." Doubtless my nose involuntarily showed my disapproval of our surroundings, as noses will.

My cousin looked thoughtful. "But, Ralph," she said, "if this is one of those little opportunities for service, such as we were speaking of last night, would it not be the right thing to do?"

"My dear cousin," I replied, "I do not see any probability of our doing helpful work by singing in this place, but do as you think best. No doubt the old lady would enjoy it."

"Won't you sing with us?" said Agnes, turning and speaking to her, with the deference she would have shown to a queen. "My cousin and I will be glad to sing a little."

"Dear child!" said the old lady, "I haven't no voice for music now. It was used up long ago. When I was young like you, they used to say I sung in the choir like a bird. But my old voice is almost

through its work here. I'd love to listen to you, though."

My cousin turned around, the tears in her bright eyes. Did she see the vision which passed before me—a church of the olden time, with lofty pulpit and high-backed pews, a solemn minister, an attentive congregation, a choir of young singers, in the simple garb of long ago, their sweet voices pealing forth the Psalms of David, their happy "hearts in tune," like his "harp of solemn sound"? Did they consider the weary years, the white hair, the dimness of sight, awaiting them? I think not, for they sang:

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!"

And my vision vanished, for Agnes was singing it now, and the wrinkled face was smiling at us, and the old lips were moving with the old words, for the home had only come nearer through all the advancing years!

I have never heard my cousin sing as she did that dismal afternoon. The crowd at the windows laid aside their pipes, and looked and listened. We sang together many familiar hymns of invitation and Christian thought, and Agnes sang alone the one beginning:

"Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me!"

Then came the refrain:

"Come home! come home!
Ye who are weary, come home!
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home!"

I confess I looked with surprise on the interest manifested among the group at the window. As the last sweet strain died away I noticed one young man, with a face better than most of those there, rub his rough hand quickly across his eyes. Almost immediately afterward the clerk of the hotel brought us the welcome news that the engine had been repaired and that our train would start at once. The old lady followed us to the door with tears of pleasure in her eyes.

"You have done me good!" she exclaimed,

"And you have done *us* good!" Agnes replied, quickly.

"Good-by, grandma," I said, and bent willingly to kiss the brow crowned with the whitened hair. I never saw her again.

I said in the beginning that I recently met a man whose face and words sent my thoughts back to that time and place. He was an evangelist, and a remarkable