

church-yard; a locality in which I love to wander. Go in the still summer's evening when the ancient church tower noiselessly stretches his broad shadow over the swelling grassy hillocks. The setting sun encircles his "hoary head" with a "crown of glory." The gentle night wind moves in plaintive music amongst the aged trees. Only the bending grass acknowledges her soft footsteps, as she chants a low requiem over the silent dead. How peacefully they rest! Their eyes closed, their hands folded, in a dreamless sleep! When the wakening sun in the fresh upspringing of the morn, summons creation to arise and join in his great anthem, and mountains and valleys, fields and woodlands, cast off sleep, and choir God's praise—"they shout for joy, they also sing;"—there is no response from those who rest around the sanctuary. Are they deaf to the excellent psalm of thanksgiving? Say rather of those sleepers who have passed into the gloom, resting trustfully on Christ, that, far from earth's imperfect music, in a purer air, under a more glorious sun, in union with angels, in blessed fellowship with the Most High, their ears drink in, their well attuned voices swell, a loftier hymn.

A rare place for meditation is a churchyard. God's field, as the Germans expressively term it. It is the ante-chamber of Eternity; where are deposited the coarse earthly robes of those who are gone into the presence of the Great King. It is a lofty vantage-ground, whence we may look into the deep world beyond the deep stream of death. All the wild merriment and turmoil of the world sweeps by below, whilst we, wrapped in the listening silence of a holy reverie, catch the wafting of a nobler song. Is any one harassed? Is any one desirous of tutoring himself to the contemplation of the great end of all men? Let him go into the solitary churchyard, and "see how the dead rest;" and, far from the clatter and din of busy life, listen there to the tolling of the great bell of eternity, that ever rings out from the cathedral of heaven with solemn and soothing tone.

Often, indeed, in an hour of silent enjoyment amongst the beauties of nature, the heart is full of thoughts too vague to be grasped like vapour, yet pleasant as incense. Cherish nevertheless this mere current of emotion and

you will frequently find, as a living poet expresses it, that—

"When the stream,
Which overflowed the soul has passed away,
A consciousness remains that it has left,
Deposited on the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

"MY MOTHER KNOWS BEST."

A PARTY of little girls stood talking beneath my window. Some nice plan was on foot; they were going into the woods, and they meant to make oak-leaf trimming, and pick berries. Oh, it was a fine time they meant to have.

"Now," said they to one of their number, "Ellen, you run home and ask mother if you may go. Tell her we are all going, and you must." Ellen, with her white cape-bonnet, skipped across the way, and went into the house opposite. She was gone some time. The little girls kept looking up to the windows very impatiently. At length the door opened, and Ellen came down the steps.

She did not seem to be in a hurry to join her companions, and they cried out, "You get leave, you are going, are you?" Ellen shook her head and said that her mother could not let her go. "Oh," cried the children, "it is too bad. Not go! it is really unkind in your mother. Why, I would make her let you. Oh, oh, I would go whether or no."

"My mother knows best," was Ellen's answer, —and it was a beautiful one. Her lip quivered a very little, for, I suppose, she wanted to go, and was much disappointed not to get leave; but she did not look angry or pouting and her voice was very gentle, but very firm, when she said "My mother knows best."

There are a great many times when mothers do not seem to give their children leave to go and do where and what they wish; and how often they are rebellious and sulky in consequence of it. But this is not the true way, for it is not pleasing to God. The true way is a cheerful compliance with your mother's decision. Trust her, and smooth down your ruffled feelings by the sweet and dutiful thought, "My mother knows best." It will save you many tears, and much sorrow. It is the gratitude you owe her, who has done and suffered so much for you, and the obedience you owe her in the Lord.

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