

possessed rare powers of mind, and was, on every emergency, the high toned and faithful counsellor of her husband. For many years after their marriage, she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence, for Sir Robert Peel himself was an indifferent and almost unintelligible writer. She died in 1803, only three years after the baronetcy had been conferred upon her husband. It is said that London fashionable life—so unlike what she had been accustomed to—proved injurious to her health. Old Wm. Yates was accustomed to say: 'If Robert hadn't made our Nelly a lady,' she might ha' been living yet.'—*Self Help*.

"DON'T GIVE UP."

A GENTLEMAN travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voice of children, and paused to listen.

Finding that the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he entered, and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood apart, looking sad.

"Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid boys were nearly crushed. He said a few words to them, and then placing his hands on the brow of the little fellow who stood there, he said:—

"One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up, but try, my boy—try."

The boy's soul was aroused. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious and ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and