



INDUSTRY REWARDED.

I remember meeting with the following interesting case in Sligo. A very respectable inhabitant of that town, named Francis Barber, now an extensive farmer and contractor for public works, thus began, as a boy, to improve his mother's farm. He tranced it in the winter; and his neighbours laughed and giped at him, working up to the knees in water, whilst his mother, poor soul! thought he was going to ruin the farm, which it was not in the power of man to make in a worse condition than his father left it to him. His industry was rewarded: his farm yielded fourfold, and he persevered with field after field, till his landlord, seeing his desert, gave him more land. He grew well to do; and he now employs as his servants some scores of the very men who formerly giped and laughed at him with their hands in their pockets, for "working his sowl out" in the winter, when they (and every one in that country who has the annual privilege of being half-starved, and abusing the "Sassenach" for preventing their being starved outright) never did anything but prop up a doorpost, and smoke a short "dudheen," or, as a variety, ornament a "wake," or carry a "shillelah" to a fair.

THE DYING KISS.

I was but five years old when my mother died; but her imago is as distinct to my recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me, and when I erred, (for I was a wild, thoughtless child,) there was a trembling mildness about it that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient; methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow because of my childish waywardness; and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so!" I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely that I thought she must be well. But when she sometimes spoke of dying, pressed me to her bosom and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love. I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her

for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and lying my lips close to hers, whispered, "Mother, mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were cold; and when she put her arm around

me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep all over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while thinking. I feared that my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt as my little sister's did when she died and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face. I removed it—it was just as I feared.—Her eyes were closed; her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expression that always rested on her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be if she would remain with me. She was buried, but my remembrance of the funeral is indistinct—I only retain the impressions which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition without fanning I saw her mild, tearful eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life. And then, when I had succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, strengthening my good resolutions and weakening my propensity to do evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not, would not do it. I was the child of her affection. I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that, even on the threshold of eternity, her affection for me had caused her gentle spirit to linger, that she might pray for me once more. I resolved to become all that she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is estimable in my character, I owe to the impressions of goodness made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instruction of my excellent mother.—*Parent's Mag.*

GEORGE III. AND JOS. LANCASTER.

On entering his royal presence, the king said: "Lancaster I have sent for you to give me an account of your System of Education, which I hear has met with opposition. One master teach five hun-

dred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?" Lancaster replied, "Please thy majesty, by the same principle thy majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command." His majesty said, "Good, good; it does not require an aged general to give the command—one of younger years can do it." Lancaster observed, that in his schools, the teaching branch was performed by youths who acted as young monitors. The king assented, and said, "Good." Lancaster then described his system; and he informed me, that they all paid great attention, and were highly delighted, and as soon as he had finished his majesty said:—"Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the bible; I will do any thing you wish to promote this object." "Please thy majesty," said Lancaster; "if the system meets thy majesty's approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on the system, and have no doubt, but in a few months, I shall be able to give thy majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them. His majesty immediately replied: "Lancaster, I will subscribe £100 annually; and," addressing the queen, "you shall subscribe £50 Charlotte; and the princess £25 each; and then added, "Lancaster, you may have the money directly." Lancaster observed—"Please thy majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example." The royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the Queen observed to his majesty, "How cruel it is that enemies should be found who endeavour to hinder his progress in so good a work." To which the king replied—"Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come." Joseph then withdrew.—*Corston's Brief Sketch of the Life of Joseph Lancaster.*

LYING PUNISHED.

One day there occurred a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder, as Archbishop Loighton was going from Glasgow to Dunblane.—He was seen at a distance by two men of bad characters, but they had such a reverence for the clergymen, they had not courage to rob him yet they wished to fall on some method of extorting money from him. One of them said "I will lie down by the wayside, as if I was dead, and you shall inform the Archbishop I was killed by lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the Archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked wretch told him the story; he sympathized with the survivor gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion he found him really dead. Immediately he began to exclaim aloud; "O sir, he is dead!" On this the Archbishop discovered the fraud, left the man with this important reflection: "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgment of God."