

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## THE ANGRY CHILD.

The following affecting tale is from *The Infant Annual*, and ought to be read by the young to show them the dreadful effects of giving way to anger. See, young reader, to what anger sometimes leads, if you indulge it. It is possible you may not occasion the death of a brother or a friend; but remember that God will not, on that account, forget your sin.

Little Harriet M. was between four and five years old. She was in many respects a very good little girl; she was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper: when any thing teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day as her mamma was passing the nursery door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was in a passion; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet with her little face swelled and inflamed with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with her feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out, "I don't love you, Mary—I don't love you—I hate you." She stopped when she saw her mamma. "What is the meaning of all this?" said Mrs. M. to the servant. "It is just thus, ma'm," said Mary, "that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room out of her little new jug, and when I forbade her, she threw the water in my face, and when I attempted to take hold of her to carry her to you, she flew at me, and struck me as you have seen." Mrs. M. looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sob had quite gone. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice desired her to repeat after her the following words: "O my heavenly Father! look down with pardoning mercy on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it. O my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon the evil I have done this day, for Jesus Christ sake. Amen." Harriet trembled exceedingly, but she repeated the words after her mamma, and as she did so, in her heart she wished that God would hear them. Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if her rage was gone. Harriet answered "Not quite, mamma, but it is better." "Very well," said Mrs. M., "till it is quite gone, I will tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check, my poor child, your bad and furious temper.

"Lord and Lady—were very great and rich people; they had one child, and it was a daughter; they were very, very fond of this child, and she was in truth a very fine little creature, very lively, and merry, and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful, but like you, Harriet, she had a naughty temper; like you she got into transports, of rage when any thing vexed her; and like you, after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again, but the next temptation, all that was forgotten, and she was angry as ever. When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son, a sweet, sweet little tender baby; her papa and mamma were very glad, and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servants very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that her papa and mamma would not care for her now, all their love and pleasure would be in this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly, "You are a wicked woman to say so—mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her;" and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mother's room. The servant called after her, "come Miss, you need not go to your mamma's room, she won't care you now." Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by

a strange woman she had never seen before. "My dear," said this woman, "you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now;" she was going to say more—she would have told Eveline, that the reason she could not see her mamma was, because she was very sick and must not be disturbed: but she was too angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and said to the servant there, as she was going away, that she must be prevented coming into her mamma's room. Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked woman burst out a laughing, and said, "I told you that, Miss, you see your mamma does not love you now." The poor child became mad with fury, she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent, new born baby, the maid whose duty it was to watch over it, was lying asleep upon her chair; and O Harriet, Harriet, like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it with all her force on the little tender head. It gave one little struggle, and breathed no more." "Why, mamma, mamma," cried Harriet, bursting into tears, "why did it breathe no more?" "It was dead—killed by its own sister." "O mamma, mamma, what a dreadful little girl! O mamma, I am not so wicked, I never killed a little baby," sobbed Harriet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck.

"My dear child," said Mrs. M., solemnly, "how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? you are more wicked; and but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment, more miserable. Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been like the object of Eveline's rage, a little child—you would have killed her; it was only because she was bigger, and stronger than yourself, that you did not actually do so; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed she gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right—whereas, no one can wonder that Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid: yet you may observe, that had she not got into such an ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she was in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love, that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to her bed." "And, mamma, what did Eveline's mamma say to her for killing her little baby?" Eveline never saw her dear and beautiful young mamma again: she died that night with grief and horror, at hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered,—and by whom?" "O dear, O dear mamma, was Eveline sorry?" "My love how can you ask such a question?" "But, mamma, I mean, how sorry was she? what way was she sorry enough?" "Indeed, Harriet it is not easy to know how she could be sorry enough; all I know is she lived to be a great lady; she lived to be a mother herself, and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile." "And, mamma, was it quite a true story? it is so dreadful." "Yes, my child, it is quite true; that unfortunate child was the great grandmother of the present Earl of E——." "My dearest mamma," said Harriet, once more bursting into tears, "let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I too become miserable." "Yes, my love, pray to him for that end; he will hear and bless you, but also thank him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage."

This we believe is perfectly true; the unfortunate angry child was Anne, Countess of Crawford and Livingston, in her right her son succeeded to the earldom of Errol. It was a smothering iron, which in her paroxysm of rage she snatched up, and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family, and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed she had committed, and which was the means of her having attained to so many honors. She was amiable and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young, she was married to the unfortun-

nate Earl of Kilmarnock, who was beheaded in 1744 who, whatever might have been the motive of his loyalty to the king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to concern. Notwithstanding this, his excellent and unhappy husbandly hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is well known.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## "WHAT DOES HE WANT?"

"What does he want?" said a person once of a pastor, "what does he want? Have we not done everything in our power to satisfy him? What more can we do, what more can any Church do to render her pastor contented, or to procure for herself the estimable blessing of peace?"

There are several things which a faithful pastor may want, and without which he may be very far from being fully satisfied, which some professors of religion consider as matters of very small moment, indeed as matters of any moment at all.

1. He may want to see his flock spiritual, devoted and useful Christians, causing their light to shine before men, and aorning the doctrine of Christ by consistent walk and conversation.

2. He may want to see his people all at peace—in love, among themselves—and habitually and mutually discharging all the relative and social duties which their covenant engagements impose.

3. He may want to see all the enactments and decisions of the Church regularly and faithfully executed, so as to convince him that the members are at least as much alive to the claims of religion, as they were to those of the world.

4. He may want to see his flock doing something for the general cause of Christ on the earth by contributing to the support of Bible, missionary and other institutions—so as to show that they feel some of the spirit of primitive Christianity.

5. He may want to see among his brethren a general disposition to attend their meetings, to improve their privileges, and otherwise to benefit themselves and others by a conscientious discharge of duty.

6. He may want to see a rigid and wholesome discipline maintained in the Church, agreeably to the provisions of the Gospel; so far, at least, as may be thought necessary for the good of the whole.

7. He may want to see his own wishes regarded and his own counsel observed, in those matters, any rate, in which the welfare of the Church, and his own usefulness as a minister may be supposed to be involved.

8. He may want to see himself treated with much respect and civility by his brethren, as he is accustomed to receive from people of the world.

9. He may want to see his brethren cordially and zealously uniting with him in devising and executing plans for the enlargement of his congregation, the conversion of sinners, the welfare of the Church, and the general interests of Zion.

All these things a conscientious minister may want—and for the want of them, after having waited and remonstrated for a season in vain, he may very properly give up his charge, as the husbandman would abandon a piece of ground which promises no increase. No minister should be satisfied who sees that his services are not duly appreciated, and turned to the best account by the people to whom he ministers. All this, however, is, no doubt, wondrous strange to a worldly professor, who feels but little concern for the interests of religion, and is, therefore surprised that all others should not be as easily satisfied amid the desolations of Zion as he is himself. *Biblical Recorder.*

The father of William Penn was opposed to his son's religious principles; but finding that he acted with sincerity, was at last reconciled. When dying he adjured him to do nothing contrary to his conscience. "So," said he, "you will keep peace with all men, which will be a comfort in the day of trouble."