

Youths' Department.

LITTLE HARRIET.

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 anything 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 bad; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with her feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force 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 this ma'am, that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room, out of her little new jug; when I forbade her, she threw the water that was in the jug in my face; and when I attempted to take hold of her, to carry her to you, as you desired, when she did wrong, 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 sobs had almost ceased. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice, told her to repeat after her the following words: "O, my heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with pardoning mercy, on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such dreadful bad feeling 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 me the evil I have done this day, for Christ Jesus' sake. Amen."—Harriet trembled exceedingly; but she repeated the words after her mother, and as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them.

Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if her rage was away. Harriet answered in a soft voice: "Not quite, mamma; but it's better."

"Very well," said her mother, "until it is quite away, I shall tell you a story I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check your bad and furious temper: Lord and Lady —— were very rich and great people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very fond of this child, and she was, in truth, a very fine little creature; very lively, and merry, and exceedingly beautiful; but like you, Harriet, she had a bad, bad temper; like you she got into transports of rage when anything vexed her, and like you, would turn at or strike whoever provoked her; like you, after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again; but at the next temptation all was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever.—When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son,—a sweet, sweet-tender baby. Her papa and mamma were glad too, but the servant very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her by telling her that papa and mamma would not care for her now: all their love and pleasure would be 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, I will;" and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mamma's room, the servant in the nursery calling after her, "Come, come, Miss; you needn't go to your mamma's room; she won't see you." Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she had never seen before. "My dear," said this person, "you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now." She would have told Eveline, that the reason she could not see her mamma then was, because she was very sick, and must not be disturbed. But Eveline 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 carried her to the nursery, put her down, and told the servant there, as she was going away, "that she must prevent Miss coming to her mamma's room." Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage: and then this wicked servant burst out laughing, and said: "I told

you that Miss; you see mamma don't 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 oh, Harriet, Harriet! like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it on the little tender head—it gave one feeble, struggling cry, 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, what a wicked little girl! O, mamma, I am not so wicked as her; 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 in you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came into the nursery as she was? 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 baby, 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 poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed, Mary gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right; whereas, no one can wonder Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe, that had she got into such ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw 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 a few days, but because she was confined to bed."

"And, mamma, what did Eveline's poor mamma say to her for killing the baby?"

"Eveline never again saw her dear and beautiful young mamma: she died that night of grief and horror on 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?"

"All I know is, that she lived to be a big lady—she lived to be herself a mother—and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile."

"And, mamma, was it quite a true story? it is so dreadful, mamma."

"Yes, my child, it is quite a true story; 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 so miserable."

"Yes, my love, pray to Him for that, and he will hear and bless you: also thank Him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage."

The editor of the *London Literary Gazette*, in noticing the foregoing story, mentions his belief of its being perfectly true. "The unfortunate angry child," says he, "was Anna Countess of Livingstone. She was also Countess of Crawford; and in her right, her son succeeded to the earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing iron which, in her paroxysm of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung into the infant's cradle. A sail-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 by which she had obtained so many deplorable honors. She was most amiable and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young she was married to the unfortunate William Earl of Kilmarnock—beheaded in 1746—who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as had a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent unhappy lady hurried to London, and made every effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is known."

THE TURKS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—A Turkish enthusiast at Constantinople lately cut off two yards of the telegraph wire which he brought to his house in the hope of being the first to know the news. When taken up for the offence he admitted the fact, and said all he wanted to learn was the fall of Sebastopol. Another Turk cut the wire in two in order to see if the wire was hollow.

Selections.

"THE RECOMPENSE OF REWARD."—The Christian philanthropist, if well instructed, dares not affect indifference to the promised reward, or pretend to be more disinterested than Apostles, who laboured, "knowing that in due time they should reap." He cannot think himself free to overlook a motive which is distinctly held out before him in the Scriptures: to do so were an impious arrogance. And yet if he does not accept the promise of recompense, and take it up as an inducement to diligence, he is compelled by a sense of the manifold imperfections of his services to fall back constantly upon the Divine mercies as they are assured to transgressors in Christ. These humbling sentiments utterly refuse to cohere with the complacencies of a selfish and vain-glorious philanthropy, and necessitate the subdued tone of feeling. Thus the very height and expansion of the Christian's hopes send the roots of humility deep and wide; the more his bosom heaves with the hope of "the exceeding great reward," the more it is quelled by the consciousness of demerit. The counterpoise of opposing sentiments is so managed, that elevation cannot take place on the one side without an equal depression on the other, and by the counteraction of antagonist principles the emotions of zeal may reach the highest possible point, while full provision is made for correcting the vertigo of enthusiasm.

If, in the early ages of the Church, the expectation of future reward was abused to the damage of fundamental principles, in modern times an ill-judged zeal for the integrity of those principles has produced an almost avowed jealousy towards many explicit declarations of Scripture: thus the nerves of labour are either relaxed by the withdrawal of proper stimulants, or absolutely severed by the bold hand of antinomian delusion.—*Natural History of Enthusiasm.*

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: THE HIGHWAYMEN.—Only three summers since, a French gentleman in the Highlands was gazing with some surprise at the tranquil and orderly scenes around him, and saying that his friends at Paris had advised him to come upon his journey well provided with pistol and sword, since, as they bid him bear in mind, "you are going to the country of Rob Roy!" We can scarce blame these Parisians for so faithfully remembering that little more than a hundred years ago Rob Roy was able to levy his "black mail" on all who came beneath the shadow of his mountains. But they might at least with equal reason have applied the same advice to England; for much less than a hundred years ago, the great thoroughfares near London, and, above all, the open heaths, as Bagshot and Hounslow, were infested by robbers on horseback, who bore the name of highwaymen. Booty, these men were determined on, by some means or other, to obtain. In the reign of George the First they stuck up handbills at the gates of many known rich men in London, forbidding any of them on pain of death, to travel from town without a watch or with less than ten guineas of money. Private carriages and public conveyances were alike the objects of attack. Thus, for instance, in 1775, Mr. Nuttall, the solicitor and friend of Lord Chatham, returning from Bath in his carriage with his wife and child, was stopped and fired at near Hounslow, and died of the fright. In the same manner the guard of the Norwich stage (a man of different metal from the lawyer) was killed in Epping Forest, after he had himself shot dead three highwaymen out of seven that assailed him. Let it not be supposed that such examples were but few and far between; they might, from the records of that time, be numbered by the score; although in most cases the loss was rather of property than life. These outrages appear to have increased in frequency towards the close of the American war. Horace Walpole, writing from Strawberry Hill at that time, complains that, having lived there in quiet for thirty years, he cannot now stir a mile from his own house after sunset, without one or two servants armed with blunderbusses. Some men of rank at that period—Earl Berkeley, above all—were famed for their skill and courage in dealing with such assailants. One day—so runs the story—Lord Berkeley, travelling after dark, on Hounslow Heath, was awakened from his slumber by a strange face at his carriage-window, and a loaded pistol at his breast. "I have you now, my lord," said the intruder, "after all your boasts, as I hear, that you would never let yourself be robbed!" "Nor would I now," said Lord Berkeley, putting his hand in his pocket as though to draw forth his purse, "but for that fellow peeping over your shoulder." The highwayman hastily turned round to look at this unexpected intru-