

DEAN'S
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THE PASSIONATE
YOUNG LADY.



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THE PASSIONATE LITTLE LADY.



LITTLE Harriet M—— was between six and seven years old; she was, in many respects, a very good little girl. She was obedient, affectionate to her friends, and obliging and kind; but she had a violent temper. When anything teased or pro-

voked her, she would get into a 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 wrong. She opened the door, and there saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all in 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 *hate* you."

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Mrs. M. "It is just this, ma'am," said the servant, "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 then placed her on her knee, and in a solemn voice told her to repeat after her the following words: "Oh, my Heavenly Father, look down with pardoning mercy on my little wicked heart; drive away this bad spirit; help me with Thy good spirit, and pardon me for 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 then asked if her rage was gone. Harriet answered in a soft voice, "Not quite, mamma, but it is better." "Very well," said her mother, "I shall now 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, my poor child, and tend effectually to make you try yourself to check your furious temper. Lord and Lady L—— were very rich people. They had only one daughter. They were very fond of this child, and she was in truth a fine little creature, lively and merry, and

affectionate; but, like you, Harriet, she had a naughty temper; like you, she got into transports of rage when anything vexed her, and, like you, would turn at, or strike whoever provoked her.



“When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son—a sweet little tender baby. Her papa and mamma were very glad—and little Eveline would have been glad too; but the servants very

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 in this brother. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. 'You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me, and I will go this minute and ask her, I will;' and she darted out of the nursery and flew to her mamma's room.

"Eveline burst open the door of her mother's room, but was instantly caught by a strange woman she had never seen before. 'My dear,' said this person, 'you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now.' She would have said more; but Eveline was too angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, carrying her into the nursery; and said to 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 the wicked servant

burst out laughing, and said, 'I told you that, miss; you see mamma does not love you now!'

"The poor child became mad with fury; she darted at the cradle where lay the little innocent new-born baby; 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!" "Oh, mamma, mamma! what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! Oh, 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, "you are more wicked; and but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came to the nursery as she was? Were you not striking Mary with all your force

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—not one blow, but repeated blows? It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself that you did not actually do so.”

“And, mamma, what did Eveline’s poor mamma say to her for killing the baby?” “Eveline never again saw her dear mamma; she died that night with grief and horror on hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered.” “Oh, dear, oh, dear mamma—was Eveline sorry?” “My love, how can you ask such a question?”

“Indeed, Harriet, it is not easy to know or tell how she could be sorry enough?” All that 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 an earl now living.”