Harriet would do much for those she loved; she would willingly assist them through any difficulty in their work, or their play; she was ready to explain the most knotty points in the French grammar; to play over a difficult passage of music; and her abundant stock of toys was almost as much at the service of her companions as at her own. But with all this readiness to oblige, Harriet failed in securing the love of her associates. She was continually saying some hasty or unkind thing, in the irritation of the moment; not very seriously intended at the time, and forgotten five minutes after—or, if thought of, quickly apologized for, to herself, — "Because," thought she, "though I was a little hasty and passionate, every one knows I have a *good heart.*" This phrase of a "good heart,"—and the habit of thinking a good heart an excuse for a bad temper, Harriet had acquired from a well-meaning but not very wise aunt with whom she had spent a considerable time during the absence of her mother from England. The two ideas at length became so confused in her mind, that Harriet was in some danger of learning to think that a bad temper did not signify where there was a good heart. It was fortunate for the little girl that the return of her mother saved her from a mistake that might have made her unhappy for life.

Long and impatiently Harriet continued to pace up and down the gravel walk, listening to the voices