

heart, except it has been tampered with or befogged by unworthy teaching, every yet prompted him to be irreverent in his approach to God. It is carrying out a natural instinct to kneel in prayer and to stand for praise. Holy Scripture is not 'silent on this subject. Read Psalm 95 : 6 ; Daniel 6 : 10 ; St. Luke 22 : 41 ; Acts 7 : 60 ; 20 : 36 ; 21 : 5 ; Rev. 5 : 8. In penitence and with reverence let us draw near to the Triune God, to worship Him, to praise Him and to receive His blessing—*Rev. E. W. Worthington.*

Family Department.

BENEDICTION.

Across the rim of yonder sea
A wall stands fair to view,
Of amethyst
And golden mist,
And day is passing through,

The restless waters to that wall
In shimmering courses run ;
But only day
Hath found a way
Through it, to join the sun.

The sea left morning on the sands
Awoke the stars from sleep ;
Then moonlight sent
A sweet content,
And flood-tide calmed the deep.

O restless soul, learn thou content !
Thy bound is God's sweet will ;
His love can light
Thy darkest night.
He bids thee, "Peace, be still."

J. S. W.

Family Churchman.

Poor Miss Carolina.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER V.

The old doll lay forgotten under the leaves in Kenneth's wheel barrow. The wheel barrow was thrust under a little shed in the yard. Kenneth himself was absorbed in other pursuits.

Christmas was coming on, and he was busy helping his mother.

A Christmas tree had been promised to the little fellow, and his thoughts and dreams, day and night, were of this promised delight. Even Marjory was forgotten now, so anxious was he that his stocking should hang in the best position for the fairies to fill it ; so excited was he at the prospect of the glittering Christmas tree. The day of days came, and Kenneth and his mother went to church together, ate their plumpudding side by side, and afterwards shared the delight of the tree with the little Brewsters.

Kenneth went to bed, clasping more than one new toy in his fat little hands. Surely no day could have been more delightful. When he left her, Mrs. Graham sat alone by the fire in her little drawing-room, and now that Kenneth was no longer there to see, the poor young mother shed some tears, and recalled more than one sad memory.

Twice before in her life had a perfect Christmas day dawned for her. One of these happy days had been spent at Annette's beautiful English home, the other in a summer land with her young husband. Now her husband was in his grave, and Annette was no longer her friend.

'I can bear to think of Kenneth,' she said to herself. 'He and I had one short perfect year together, and now our dear Father in heaven is taking care of him for me, and I shall surely go to him, and see his dear, dear face again. But I cannot bear to think of Annette, for cruel lies parted us, and even now she believes me guilty of what ? of what I would rather have cut off my right hand than have done. And yet I love her. How it would comfort me to put my arms round her this moment !'

Mrs. Graham raised her hand to wipe away her fast-falling tears. As she did so, nurse entered the room.

'Oh yes, ma'am, Master Kenneth is sound asleep, bless him ! He has had as happy a Christmas day as could be—sweet pet..... Well, well we should be thankful, there's others as ain't so happy.' Nurse heaved a lugubrious sigh, and Mrs. Graham looked up inquiringly.

'Is anything the matter, nurse ?'

'I didn't like to tell you before, ma'am, and 'tisn't to be supposed as you'll feel more than jest sorry for them, for you never could abide that Master Kenneth should even speak to the bonnie little lady ; but seeing as she's an only child, and I will say as I never laid eyes on a prettier little dear, I know you'll be grieved to learn as poor little Marjory Carlton is dying.'

'Dying, dying, nurse !' Mrs. Graham rose to her feet, and every vestige of color left her face. 'Not little Marjory Carlton ! not Annette's only child ! you don't mean that ?'

'I don't know the name of her mother, ma'am, but I met the dear little lady's nurse to-day, and she was crying, and said as the little lamb was getting worse and worse. Her cold seemed to settle on her lungs, and she gets weaker every hour. The doctor is very anxious, and her mother is fit to break her very heart. Oh, ma'am don't take on !'

'I'm not taking on,' said Mrs. Graham, but she was trembling so violently that she was obliged to hold a chair to support herself. 'I'm not taking on, nurse,' she continued in a husky, poor kind of voice ; 'have you anything more to tell me ?'

'Oh yes, ma'am, the strangest thing—the doctor do say as 'tis as much a waste and a fret as ails little missy as anything else. It seems, ma'am, as the little lady had a doll, a nasty, old, ugly thing as she thought a sight on. I have seen it lots o' times in her arms myself. Well, they none of them could abide the dirty old doll and they tried every means to coax the little dear to give it up, offering her every toy under the sun in its place ; but no, the little darling was faithful to her dirty baby doll, and it 'ud bring tears to yer eyes to listen to her talking to it for all the world as if it were a real living baby.'

'One night her mamma thought of a plan ; and she had another doll, which she believed nearly as ugly, dressed in Miss Carolina's clothes, and put in missy's arm's while she was asleep. They hoped as little missy 'ud see no differ, but take kindly to the new doll. Well, ma'am, nurse tells me that not a word did she say ; she jest slipped out of bed and left the doll behind her, and never touched it, nor ask for it, nor said a word about it. Her mamma bought her a new doll in a day or two—as beautiful a wax thing as you could clap eyes on—but she scarcely touched it, and never cared to play with it, and she seemed to have given up dolls entirely.

'Well, ma'am, not a word did the little lamb let out until she was taken with this cold ; and then she suddenly began to cry in her sleep for Miss Carolina. They brought the doll they had dressed in Miss Carolina's clothes, but she wouldn't look at it, but pushed it away ; and then she burst out crying fit to break your heart. Every day, as she grows weaker, she cries more and more for the old doll ; and now the doctor says as the only chance for her life is to give it back to her. He says she has a wonderfully tender little nature, and, baby as she was, her heart was broke up like when the doll was took away.'

'Then why don't they give it back to her at once, nurse ? Surely—surely that is easily done.'

'So you'd say, ma'am, so you'd say ; but the pity of it is that the doll is lost, as safe as doll could be. The nursemaid gave it to her little sister, who threw it away in Kensington Gardens ; and now they're spending pounds and pounds to get back that ugly doll. All the Gardens had been searched, and they've advertised for it scorest and scores of times, but nurse says it must have been carted away with the autumn leaves, and poor missy will never see it again.'

Just at this juncture, when nurse paused for want of breath, and Mrs. Graham stooped down to hide some fast falling tears the drawing-room door was softly opened, and little Kenneth, looking like a cherub in his white night dress, stole into the room.

'I've had a dweam, and I fwighted,' he said. And then he made a little quick patter across the floor, and seated himself luxuriously without a thought of either mother or nurse minding, in his mamma's lap. Was it not Christmas day ? On Christmas day little boys might do what they liked !

Mrs. Graham hugged him close to her, and drew near to the fire. Nurse was too excited to scold.

'Master Kenneth, you remember Miss Marjory's doll, as she used to be so fond of—that ugly doll, you mind, sir, with the hole in the middle of its face ?'

'Mine Marjoe's doll ? repeated Kenneth in his calm little voice. 'I has mine Marjoe's doll in my wheel-baw-wow. I'se going to give it back to Marjoe mine own self—I are.'

CHAPTER VI.

No longer a plump little figure, but a pale, pale baby face lying on a pillow, small hands moving restlessly, great big dark eyes wide open, and a weak plaintive voice making an incessant moan.

'What is the matter, my darling ?' asked the mother, bending her head and taking the little hot hand in hers.

'Miss Caw-lina, poor Miss Caw-lina. I want mine dee dolly.'

Mrs. Carlton clasped her own hands despairingly, and moved away from the little bed.

'Baby Marjory shall have her dolly soon—soon,' she murmured, scarcely knowing what she was saying.

In another room she spoke to her husband.

'John, this is breaking my heart.'

'And mine, Annette. I think I would give all the money I possess to get back that ugly