

sage to deliver, and is charged with its importance, and feels it, unless there be some physical weakness, can deliver his message from the heart, and send it to the hearts of other men. The man who can preach a sermon or read the prayers, as if he were repeating an auctioneer's catalogue, is strangely out of place in the chancel.

"To discharge the public offices of our ministry with such reverence, dignity and fitness of utterance as they deserve and demand, is a plain duty from which nothing can excuse us, and it is incumbent upon us to use all diligence and seek all helps to discharge the duty rightly.

"And let me say here, that I think it the duty of a wise and prudent layman instead of criticising or finding fault in private, frankly to explain and advise in such cases. The clergyman, if a sensible man, will be obliged to him if he point out mistakes, mannerisms, or faults, of which he may be ignorant, and which mar his usefulness."

## Family Department.

### WHY?

"I turn to the East when I say the Creed,  
And this for reasons three;  
First Holy Church hath practiced it,  
And she's a guide for me.

"I turn to the East when I say the Creed,  
For thence the rising sun  
Through thousand arching months and years  
His ceaseless course hath run.

"I turn to the East when I say the Creed,  
And my Redeemer bless,  
Who rose on our benighted earth  
The Sun of Righteousness.

"I turn to the East when I say the Creed,  
And look for my final doom;  
For thence the Scriptures seem to speak  
The Righteous Judge shall come.

"I turn to the East when I say the Creed,  
My reasons I have given;  
But not my eyes alone, my heart  
Must turn itself toward Heaven.

"So I turn to the East when I say the Creed,  
And tell me now, I pray,  
Why any humble Christian need  
To turn the other way."

*Parish Magazine.*

## Poor Miss Carolina.

BY L. T. MEADE.

### CHAPTER III.

Baby Marjory opened her sleepy eyes at the usual hour the next morning. Nurse had just got up, and was busy in preparing her bath, and getting ready for the auspicious moment when the little lady was to be washed and dressed. As usual, too, Marjory sat up in bed, rubbed her velvety brown eyes wide open, and took the doll she supposed to be Miss Carolina on her knee. It was the little child's custom to address her doll with words of affection and encouragement at this early morning hour. She pressed her now close to her little heart, and spoke to her lovingly.

'Dood morning, dee lickle dirl, zoo'll hab zoo ni cold bate now, and be rite clean.'

She looked hard into the eyes of her pet as she spoke; instantly a quick change came over

her baby face. She held the doll a little way from her, and gazed at it long and steadily. What was the matter with poor Miss Carolina? Instead of a nice little hole in the centre of her face, there was a well shaped nose there: instead of lack lustre eyes, two blue ones stared up at Marjory. There was no dear familiar expression in those smiling orbs; that well formed nose was detestable to the child. With a sudden little furious gesture she raised the doll to her lips, and bit off the offending member. Now, indeed, there was a little hole in the centre of the face, but still the eyes were blue.

Marjory wetted the corner of her sheet with her little lips and tried to wash the color away. Alas! it would not go. Alas! the new Miss Carolina would stare up at her and smile. Marjory hated that smile. She threw the doll down in another fit of passion. Her proud little face worked; there was an heroic effort to keep back a flood of tears. She succeeded, and got up quietly and stood by nurse's side. 'O Miss Marjory, my pet, I'm so glad you're not going to bath Miss Carolina this morning; all those bathings get the doll in such a mess.'

Marjory was silent, and took her own bath in a wonderfully subdued manner.

'Why, Marjory,' said her mother an hour afterwards, when the little girl, neatly dressed, came into the pleasant breakfast room, 'I don't see Miss Carolina in your arms this morning.'

'I've left she up-tairs,' said Marjory in a constrained little voice.

Something in the tone and in the child's subdued manner made Mrs. Carlton glance apprehensively at her husband; but the next instant the child, with a shout of delight, had thrown herself upon a small puppy dog, and the mother and father hoped their scheme had answered well.

So it had to all appearances, even better than they had dared to hope. Marjory danced and romped and played, and her merry little voice was heard shouting gleefully all over the house. Only now, neither in the nursery nor drawing-room, did she ever make an appearance accompanied by Miss Carolina. The new doll, which the father and mother hoped would quickly slip into the place of the old, lay discarded on the shelf. Marjory neither asked for it nor spoke about it. She seemed to have given up dolls, and took frantically to her hoop when out, and to the puppy dog when in the house.

Mrs. Carlton was quite delighted, and when she next took a drive she bought for her little girl the most beautiful baby doll she could find in a fashionable toy-shop.

Marjory received this lovely creature with a quiet, little, sweet smile, kissed her mamma, and then bent down and pressed a light, soft caress on the new dolly's vermilion lips. But up-stairs the beautiful doll shared the fate of the new Miss Carolina, and lay discarded on the toy-cupboard shelf.

Mrs. Carlton and nurse began at last to wonder if the child really guessed that the doll had been changed. They believed that the whole thing had been managed so well, that this could scarcely be possible; and nurse declared that Marjory's sudden dislike to dolls was simply a little child's caprice. One day, however, nurse's eyes were opened.

Mrs. Graham had desired Kenneth not to play with little Marjory; she gave a very fair reason for this prohibition to Kenneth's nurse. Marjory was the child of very rich people; it would be worse than folly for her little son to get intimate with a child in an altogether different class of life.

Kenneth's nurse did not agree with her mistress; in her heart of hearts, she thought this prohibition absurd. She liked to talk to the nurse of the rich child; she enjoyed hearing descriptions of her grandeur, of her luxurious home, of her high wages. It came to pass, therefore, that in spite of his mother's request, little Kenneth and Marjory often met.

Mrs. Carlton's nurse knew of nothing to keep them asunder, never having mentioned these meetings to her mistress. One afternoon, in the late autumn, the children ran up to each other with shouts and glad exclamations.

'But Marjoe,' said Kenneth, 'where's de dolly?'

Instantly a little cloud came over the dimpled face, the baby lips quivered sadly, and two brown eyes, pathetic in their appeal, were raised to Kenneth's.

'Dolly's dorn,' said Marjory's high-pitched voice. 'Dee dolly's dorn kite way.'

Two tears gathered slowly and dropped on the little gloved hand; but Kenneth said: 'Hullo! I sink I see wabbit up dere;' the two children, forgetting all else for the moment, started off in full pursuit.

Those tears, however, and the sad wail of the little voice, made quite an impression on nurse, so deep an impression that that night she questioned the nursery-maid, Jane, as to the fate of the old doll.

'That old thing!' said Jane in a contemptuous voice. 'Oh! I gave it to my little sister, but she would not play with it; she took it into Kensington Gardens one day, and every one laughed at it so much that she threw it away.'

### CHAPTER IV.

Poor Kenneth! no one quite knew how lonely he often was, how very, very dull he found wet days, how tired he got of that toy donkey with the panniers, of that great big box of bricks, of that gigantic Noah's ark. Why did people send toys like these to little boys who had no play-mates? What pleasure was there in piling up his bricks so high, when there was no one by to admire? what use in guiding that patient donkey round and round the room, when there was no eager voice to exclaim at his skill? His mother was almost always busy, and his nurse had a great deal to do besides attending to him.

So Kenneth very often left his toys untouched, and stood gloomily at his nursery window, with his little face pressed against the pane, and whenever he saw a child walking past without another child by his side, he pitied it, and whenever he saw two children together, he envied them.

On these dull days, too, he thought a great deal about that fat podgy, sociable little girl who used to run to him in the gardens, who played with him so merrily, and who made life altogether so delightful when she was by his side.

Round-faced, dimpled, rosy Marjory was just the companion Kenneth needed, and I am afraid he rather disobeyed his mother, and took every opportunity, when in Kensington Gardens, to