

Family Circle.**Devoted.**

Selina Shirley, a lady of great beauty and charming manners, was

married at twenty-one years of age to the Earl of Huntington. She was a favorite in the highest circles of the English peerage. Even the polished Earl of Chesterfield and Lord Bolingbroke, the historian and Prime Minister, took marked pleasure in her society.

But she set a higher value on Christian character than on social distinction—even among a proud aristocracy. She had been led by a remark of her sister-in-law, Margaret Hastings, to think seriously of the claims of religion upon the heart and life, until finally she was led openly to profess herself a follower of Christ.

By her influence many in the higher social circles of England were won to a religious life. Many others, like the proud Duchess of Marlborough and Buckingham, confessed that, at least the Countess' life was beautified by her devoted Christian spirit.

During the Earl of Huntington's life she felt it a duty to maintain the hospitalities of his princely mansions, and to mingle with him in the society to which he was accustomed. But after his death she followed her own preferences, and devoted her time, her influence, and her fortune to religious work.

In her elegant drawing-rooms in London and in this country she gathered many of the nobility of England, and members of the higher circles of society, to listen to the preaching of Whitfield; while crowds of the working classes flocked to her kitchens to hear the eloquent preacher.

In the summer she often engaged Romaine, Venn, Berridge, and other eloquent ministers as traveling companions, and sometimes spent weeks in a country retreat, devoting her time to public and private labor for the good of the people. Hundreds were persuaded to begin a Christian life during the Summer campaigns.

Brighton, Bath, and Tumbidge Wells—fashionable watering-places—each in turn, were visited as fields for Summer toil. In each a chapel was built and a flourishing congregation gathered through the Countess' agency.

For more than fifty years there was no happier or more useful woman in England than Lady Hunt-

ington. When she died, in her eighty-fifth year, her loss was felt by thousands who had been led by her influence to a Christian life.—*Youth's Companion.*

Emma's Ambition.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, looking up with a flushed face; "there is just the loveliest story in here! It is about a little girl who was only ten years old, and her mother went away to see a sick sister, and was gone for a whole week; and this little girl made tea and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and did every single thing for her father; kept house, you know, mamma. Now, I'm most ten years old, and I could keep house for papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly! and custard; and Hattie said she would teach me how to make ginger cake, some day. Won't you please to go, mamma?"

"I don't think I could be coaxed to do it," said Mrs. Eastman. "The mother of that little girl in the book, probably, knew that she could trust her little daughter; but I should expect you to leave the bread while it was rising, and fly to the gate, if you heard a sound that interested you; and I should expect the potatoes to burn in the oven while you played in the sand at the door. I couldn't trust you in the least."

"Mamma!" said Emma, with surprise and indignation in her voice. "What makes you say that? You have never tried me at all. Why do you think I wouldn't do as well as a girl in a book?"

"Haven't I tried you, dear? Do you know it is just three-quarters of an hour since I sent you to dust the sitting-room and put everything in nice order for me? Now look at those books tumbled upside down on the floor, and those papers blowing about the room, and the dust on the chairs, and your toys on the table; while my little girl reads about another little girl who helped her mother."

"Oh, well," said Emma, her cheeks very red, "that is different: nothing but this old room to dust. If I had something real grand to do, like keeping house for papa, you would see how hard I would work; I wouldn't stop to play, or to read, or anything."

"Emma, dear, perhaps you will

be surprised to hear me say so, but the words of Jesus Christ show that you are mistaken."

"Mamma!" said Emma again, and her voice showed that she was very much surprised.

"They certainly do. Listen: He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much. And once he said to a man, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' Can I say that to you this morning?"—*Pansy.*

Don't Girls.

Don't think it necessary for your happiness that afternoons be spent in making calls or on the street shopping. Home is not a mere hotel wherein to eat and sleep—too dreary to be endured without company from abroad; home work is not mere drudgery, but useful ministration to those we love.

Don't mistake giggling for cheerfulness, slang phrases for wit, boisterous rudeness for frank gaiety, impertinent speeches for repartees. On the other hand, don't be prim, formal, stiff, nor assume a "country face" eloquent of "prunes, potatoes, prisms," nor sit bolt upright in a corner, hands, feet, eyes and lips carefully posed for effect. An effect will be produced, but not the one you wish. Now yet sit scornfully reserved, criticising mentally the dress, manners, looks, etc., of those around you. Make up your mind that your companions are, on the whole, a pretty nice set of people—if they are not, you had no business to come among them—that there is something to respect and like in each of them. Determine to have a nice time anyhow; then do your part to make it so. Be genial, cordial, frank. If you can play and sing ordinarily well do not refuse to take your share in entertaining your companions in that way. You cannot be expected to sing like a Nilsson or Kellogg. If you cannot play or sing, say so frankly, and do not feel humiliated. You probably excel in some other accomplishment. Even if you do not, you can possess that one grand accomplishment to which all others are accessories, that of being "a lady"—a true woman, gentle and gracious, modest and lovable.—*Etc.*

—It is not so much talents which God blesses as great likeness to Jesus.

Thou Knowest.

We do not know! Thou knowest!
As children in the dark
We lift our hearts, our hands to thee,
And find a rest, an ark;
We trust thee in our ignorance,
O Wise, O Good, O Strong!

And though the shades encompass us,
We find thee with our song.

We think we know, thou knowest.
We dream, and hope, and plan,
And make mistakes, and sigh to know
How frail and weak is man;
But thou, from the beginning
Canst see the end of all.
We rest upon thy knowledge,
Father, on whom we call.

We do not know the best for us,
And so we strive in vain,
And for our sowing often reap
A harvest dire of pain;
We fail and fall, and then at last
We cry to thee for aid,

And only rest when thou dost say
"Tis I, be not afraid."

O God! we would be wiser yet,
And only pray, "Choose thou!"
Lead as one leads the little ones,
We are thy children now,
And day by day, and step by step
We need the guiding hand;
Oh, let us cling to thee, until
We reach the safe Home-land.

And then, let days be fair or dark,
The journey short or long,
Our hearts will rest in comfort,
And we will sing our song;
Since thou dost know, our ignorance
And weakness matter not,
We trust in thy great love, O God,
And thou dost choose our lot.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

Very Rich.

My little daughter climbed upon my knee,
And said with an air of great mystery,
"I've a secret to tell you papa,
But I must whisper it close in your ear,
And don't you speak of it papa, dear,
For there's nobody knows but mam-

ma.
I'm very rich! Very rich indeed!
I have far more money than I shall need;

I have counted my money to-day;
Twenty new pennies—all of them mine—
And one little piece called a dime,
That I got from Grandpapa Gray.

I have fourteen nickles, and one three cent,

Five silver quarters, though one of them's bent;

And, papa, dear, something still better:

Three big white dollars—not one of them old!

And, whisper, one beautiful piece of gold—

That came in my Uncle Tom's letter."

Then she clapped her small hands

laughed merry and

Put her soft rosy lips down close to my ear,

(O, so lovely the fair curly head!)

"Am I not very rich? Now answer me true,

Am I not richer, far richer than you?

Whisper papa," she artlessly said.

I looked at her face so young and so fair

I thought of her life, unclouded by care,

And I said with a happy sigh,

As my lips touched softly her waiting ear,

"You're exceedingly rich, my daughter, dear!

Ten thousand times richer than I."

—*Episcopal Register.*