The Family Eircle.

THE TWO VILLAGES. Over the river, on the hill Lieth a village white and still; All around it the forest trees Shiver and whisper in the breeze; Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill, Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore; And in the road no grasses grow, For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill, Never is sound of smithy or mill; The houses are thatched with grass and flowers Never a clock to tell the hours; The marble doors are always shut You cannot enter in hall or hut; All the village lie asleep; Never a grain to sow or reap; Never in dreams to moan or sigh, Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer,
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below; Longs to sleep by the forest wild, Whither have vanished wife and child And heareth, praying, his answer fall, "Patience! that village shall hold you all!"

WAKING UP THE DEMON.

[The following is a chapter from a story-"Not Anything for Peace"now running through Arthur's Home Magazine. We select it for insertion chiefly as an illustration of how naturally and yet insidiously a mind, smarting under injuries received, may be fed with wicked and destructive

The offer made by Wheeler to grind for nothing, kept his grist mill in full operation all the while, and left that of Ellis nearly idle. There were a few, of more just and manly character, who were not to be influenced in the mean and sordid way that distinguished the many, and these came to Ellis. But their number was too small to be of much good service. To some of these Ellis talked freely, giving his own side of the case, and exhibiting his wrongs. He denounced the law as made for the benefit of scoundrels; and darkly hinted his purpose of taking the law into his own hands. Some advised prudence, while others led him on to talk as freely as he list, and encouraged a spirit of retaliation.

"There'd be a fire in this neighborhood," said one of these less considerate friends, "were I the owner of your mill. I don't say where; but, I'm sure of one thing—it wouldn't be in my premises." And he looked meaningly at Ellis. This man's name was

"Where would it be?" inquired the miller, who very well understood what was in his neighbor's mind.

"I don't say. But one thing is certain, no man should drive me to ruin. If the law failed to protect me, I'd protect myself. I had a neighbor once who was the owner of a troublesome steer. The animal had a trick of opening gates and taking down bars. There was no security against and feet are tied." its depredations. One day my cornfield suffered pretty badly. I sent the you have justice on your side, fight to owner a bill of damages, and he re- the bitter end." fused to pay it, giving me some impudence. When I go in, I'm bound not to come out second best. So I gave the bill to a magistrate, and told him perate one." to sue. Well, as luck would have it, I lost the case through some defect of brows and a clinched hand, that was proof, and had costs to pay. I was shaken menacingly towards his neighangry, and no mistake. But, as I had bor's mill. "There are reserved forces gone in, I wasn't coming out so—not with every man, and he is a cowar I. I swore revenge against the old who fails to use them in extremity." steer; and that was bad for the steer. One day his owner found him with a broken leg, and had to shoot him. I think he understood the case; but .I had taken care that no evidence should lie at my door."

Ellis cast his eyes upon the ground, in a thoughtful way, and stood for some time without making any answer. The neighbor eyed him closely, and with something of a sinister ex- remark had stung him. pression.

. into his wagon.

Ellis started, and a slight flush came into his face as he looked up at the

farmer. "Don't be driven to the wall. Selfpreservation is the first law of nature, said the latter, as he took up the reins and gave them a jerk. "I know very well what I'd do, if I were in your

place." "What?" asked Ellis. The man glanced across the stream in a peculiar manner, not to be misunderstood, and then speaking to his

horse, drove away. The next man who came to the mill found Ellis so deeply immersed in thought that his approach was un-

"Asleep!" said he, touching the

miller with the end of his whip. Ellis started up, like one affrighted, his face crimsoning—his air confused.

His appearance, for a moment or two, was that of a person trying hurriedly to conceal something. "Only day-dreaming," he answered,

excitement of look and manner.

direction of Wheeler's mill.

"Rather," was coldly responded. who was inclined to draw out the

Ellis did not answer. His mind was to be at all inclined, just then, to con-

"Nobody likes him." The man was

more emphatic. "Why, then, does nearly everybody go to his mill?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"Oh, as to that, if something can be had for nothing, nearly everybody is willing to accept the accommodation."

"Which doesn't say much for nearly everbody's sense of justice and independence? "Of course not. But you can buy

one half of the people around here for a dollar—their self-respect, I mean. As for Adam Wheeler, he can't grind for me at any price, while there's an-other mill within a distance of ten "No!" ejaculated

This drew Ellis a little out of himself, and he replied, with considerable swept down and leave him secure and

"That's a fact," replied the other. 'I understand the case thoroughly. A more shameless violation of an individual's rights has not occurred in this community. Why don't you come down on him with a strong hand and wrest by force the justice denied by law? I would do it."

"It's easy enough to talk," said Ellis, fretfully. "Only a little easier than acting,"

answered the man.

Ellis looked at his customer steadily for some time, trying to read his face but he could make out nothing satis-

"One thing is certain," went on the other, "I would never stand it to see that mill-wheel flaunting itself in the sunshine, day after day. It should

stop, and at any cost."
"How would you stop it?"

"I'd find a way."

"Show me the way." "Can't; you must find it out for yourself." And the man, who was standing in the door, looking across the creek, turned back into the mill, and sat down on a bag of meal, lightly humming a tune.

"I've tried law, to my sorrow," said

"Law!" the man snapped his fingers in contempt. "Honest men usually come out second best in law."

"What other safe recourse is left?" "One thing is very plain," was answered, "if you sit still, and let your enemy gain one or two more trifling advantages, it is all over with you,"

"I know that as well as you."

"And you're going to sit still?"
"Me?" Two red spots came out on the cheeks of Mr. Ellis; and there was

a flashing light in his eyes. "So I understand you."

"Don't."

"Ah! Then you are not going to sit still?"

"Perhaps not-unless my hands

"That's talking like a man. When

"What I intend doing." "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies: and this case is a des-

"That's so," replied Ellis, with knit with every man, and he is a coward

"And elements quite as potent as law." said the tempter.

"Exactly."

"I thought it was in you. Now, do you know, that Wheeler and Wing think you a coward. A man who will go down rather than fight in mortal desperation."

"How do you know this?" demanded Ellis, in a fiery manner. The

"Some things are said and some "Good day," he said, as he jumped things are heard. Men talk out as they think, when they feel safe in regard to listeners. Wheeler talks now and then, and so does Wing. I've

heard them." "What do they say?"

"I don't know what they say now; but I have heard them talking in my time."

"About me?"

"Yes."

"And they intend driving me to the

wall, I suppose?" "They do; and not only driving you to the wall, but pinning you there. Now, you understand just what you have to expect from them, and must govern yourself accordingly. It has come to be a case of life and death, friend Ellis; and you'll have to look it steadily in the face. They are bound to destroy you, root and branch. Strike first, and destroy them—that's

my advice.' "Strike first," said Ellis to himself, when alone. "Where shall I strike? How shall I strike?"

He sat down in a dull, abstracted affecting an indifference that caused way; but did not long remain so. In the other to wonder at the contrast of a few minutes he rose up hurriedly, calmness in the tone with a strange and as if by a forced effort gave himself to the work around him; now ex-"Rather a hard customer to deal amining the flour as it came from a with over there," remarked the man, pair of mill-stones to see if the grinding a coin of the Lord, and has the impress of thought. His heart was tender. The as he sat waiting for his corn to be was right, and slightly altering the his King stamped upon him.

ground; and he tossed his head in the pressure; now looking down into the cog-pit, and listening to the jar and rattle of the great iron wheels; now "I never liked him," said the man, ho was inclined to draw out the iller.

"I never liked him," said the man, passing to the upper floors, and examining the grain garner; and now, guided by the creaking of a dry journal, giving to the heated machintoo much oppressed by many thoughts ery a needed supply of oil. In this way, Mr. Ellis occupied himself for more than half an hour. Then, leaning from one of the upper windows, that looked across the creek, he fixed his eyes on Wheeler's mill. There had been a partial lifting of the clouds from his countenance while he moved about, and gave thought to the common duties that lay around him; but now the shadows fell over it again. Nearer than the tempting neighbor had stood to him a little while before, stood a subtle enemy, whispering of revenge, assault, and destruction. Questioned the fiend, tauntingly:

"Are you going down without a

"No!" ejaculated the miller, clinching his hand. "By all that I hold dear and sacred, no! I will not be triumphant. For the sake of peace "His mill wouldn't stand where it and neighborly good-will I gave way does for twenty-four hours, if justice in the beginning, when right admon-were done." ished me to stand firm. I put weapons into the hands of mine enemy, and now he pursues me to utter destruction. Shall I not, being at bay, fight with mad desperation? Shall I not destroy this enemy to save myself?" "If you are a man!" whispered the

fiend. Then a vision passed, for an instant, before the eyes of Ellis. Suddenly flames broke out, and leaping upwards and around the mill opposite, held it

in a fiery pall. The miller caught his breath as the vision passed, and turned from the window with a pale, startled face.

"It must come to that. There is no other way of safety. If he stands, you fall. One of these mills must go down. Shall it be yours?"

"It shall not be mine!" answered the miller to himself, sternly.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE MUSHROOMS.—The mother sent her little Catharine into the woods to gather mushrooms, of which the father was exceedingly fond. "Mo-ther," cried the little girl, as she came back, "this time I have succeeded very well. Just see now," said she, and she opened her little basket, "they are all as red as scarlet, and look as if they were set with pearls. There were plenty of those grey, ugly-looking things, which you have just guttered; but I did not like the looks of them, and let them alone."

"Oh, you simple, foolish child!" cried the terrified mother. "These beautiful scarlet mushrooms set with pearls are nothing but poisonous toadstools, and whoever eats them must die. But those grey things you despise are, notwithstanding their miserable appearance, greatly the best. And so, dearest child, it is in the world. There creaseth," and proves that godl show, and brilliant vices that astonish seeks to lead us astray by its bewildering brilliancy. But 'the sins that promise us much pleasure are but sweetened poisons that are not to be trusted.' "

THE OAK TREE.—Once, in very ancient times, two young men, Ed-mund and Oswald, appeared before the

court of justice. Edmund thus addressed the judge: More than four years ago, I went on a journey, and gave to Oswald, whom I then thought my best friend, a costly ring, set with gold-stone, to keep for me until my return; but now he will not return it to me."

Oswald laid his hand upon his breast and said: "I assure you, upon my honor, that I know nothing at all about the ring. On that point, my friend Edmund must be out of his senses."

"Edmund," said the judge, "is there any one who can bear witness that you gave him the ring?'

"Alas! no," replied Edmund; there was nothing near us but an old oak tree in the field, beneath which we took leave of each other."

"I am ready to take my oath," said Oswald, "that I know as little of the tree as I do of the ring." "Edmund," said the judge, "do you

go and bring me a twig of the tree that I may see it. But, Oswald, you are to wait here until he returns. Edmund went. After a little while

the judge remarked: "I wonder why Edmund stays so long? Oswald, open the window and see if he be not com-

ing?"
"Oh, my Lord!" said Oswald, "he could not get back so soon as this; the tree is at least over a mile from here."

"You wicked, deceitful man!" exclaimed the judge, "your are ready to swear that you know as little of the tree as you do of the ring! You know as much about the ring as you do about the tree!"

So Oswald was obliged to restore the ring and to hang himself upon the tree. "Thus wickedness is always discovered; for all things are ordered by a just God."

THE purified righteous man has become

THE FIVE CLERKS.

In one of our inland towns were, a few years since, five boys, apprentices in as many different stores. By a similarity of disposition, education, and age, they becume very intimate, and in a revival that occurred in that vil lage, all became Christians.

They at once identified themselves as such before the world, and went out to labor in the vineyard of the Master. In Sabbath and mission schools they were faithful, zealous, earnest workers, their voices were heard in prayer and praise in the weekly church meetings the outcast, the sorrowing, the des pondent, were cheered with words of hope and courage; their respective pastors looked to them, even in their youthfulness, for active cooperation in every good word and work, and did not look in vain.

Although entirely dependent upon their own industry for support, and, in some instances, aiding dependent brothers and sisters, with the meagre salary of clerks under age, yet from a sense of duty, they made a mutual pledge to each other to give one tenth | Paradise.' of their income to the Lord.

Nobly has that pledge been fulfilled, and God has testified in their experience that he will honor those who night! Its morning saw him a culhonor him. Without money or in- prit condemned before the bar of fluential friends, each has attained an enviable position in business circles and in society.

One is a highly-esteemed merchant in one of our cities, whose heart is ever devising liberal things, responding to every call made in behalf of the poor and needy. As he once remarked to the writer, "I can't help giving, there is so much pleasure in it."

Another is an active, energetic, business man, in Cleveland, Ohio, but even more active in the church and Sabbath-school, disbursing freely of the Father on his everlasting throne. his own substance, and the trusted almoner of others' bounty.

The third is the cashier of a bank in Wisconsin, of whom a well-known Western missionary writes thus: 'Noble soul that he is! Your town has sent out none more noble. I think that for Christ, daily, his example tells as much as any that I know."

The fourth is a partner in the bank ing-house of one of the most responsible firms in Wall street. Upon few men do such heavy business responsibilities rest. Honored, trusted, loved by his partners, and held in respect and confidence by the Wall street fraternity, he has attained a position that few could reach after years of the most laborious effort. In the church and Sabbath-school he is a faithful, devoted laborer. The other is also a business man of rare probity, shrinking from no duty, though it lead through fire and flame, conscientious to the last degree, and ever "diligent in business, serving the Lord."

The enviable position these once poor and penniless boys now sustain, shows the truth of the eternal word, "There is that scattereth and yet inare many virtues that make but little profitable, even in this life. Their benefactions are not limited by their the simple. Indeed, even sin itself | pledge, but in many cases, perhaps in each, exceed that amount.

Great power for the church and for Christ lies in the hands of business. Christian men, and it is a very beautiful sight to witness an extended business carried on in the fear of the Lord. making him—with reverence we speak it—a partner, and a partaker of the profits. We know of firms that open. on their ledger, a regular account to the credit of Benevolence, and as conscientiously pay this debt as any other. Such men are an honor to the church and the world. "Go and do thou likewise."—Congregationalist.

'I WONDER WHAT GOD WOULD LIKE ME TO DO?"

The boys were going nutting. Of course Harry Gray wanted to go. They were not going to rob anybody's trees; they were going with the leave of the owner of a great grove of walnuts. But Harry hesitated. "Go," cried the boys. "What's to hinder?" Harry knew. He had a sick mother at home, and he thought he ought to stay at home and keep the younger children from troubling her with their noise. The boys said it was girls' work to stay at home. and still cried, "Go!" With a half promise to meet them at the creek bridge, the place of rendezvous, Harry walked home.

"I wonder what God would like me to do?" said Harry to himself as he went slowly along. Ah, if a boy asks this question, he is not likely to decide selfishly. If he asks it sincerely, conscience, that still small voice which God has put in us, and the teaching of the Spirit, will help him to know God's

"I wonder what God would like me to do?" said Harry. Conscience immediately said, "Stay at home, and comfort your sick mother. Do what you can, you can never repay her care and love." There was a struggle in Harry's bosom. Nutting was good fun, and he wanted to go over so much. As he thought of it, he was almost angry that there was anything in the way of his going. To some boys, a sick mother might not stand in the way; they would not have thought. But Harry Gray, rough little fellow as he was, Holy Spirit had taught him how sorrowful sin is, and had lifted his soul;

up to God.

All the way home the struggle was going on—"go, or stay?" When he reached the house, Bobby and sis met him, shouting, "You going nutting? Bring me home some!" "I'm not going," said Harry, "not this after-noon, at least." His mother heard it in her beedroom.

"Why are you not going with the boys, Harry?" she asked.

"Because, dear mother," said he, 'I had rather stay at home and take care of you. I want to keep the children from worrying you. I have to be off a great deal, but nutting is not

"Dear boy," said Mrs. Gray, drawing him down for a kiss, "my comfort and joy." Not all the nuts in the world could make him so happy as that kiss did; and happy himself, he did much for his mother, and made the children very happy too.

WITH ME IN PARADISE.

"To-day thou shalt be with me in

What a day to that dying man! How strange the contrast between its opening and its close—its morning and its earthly judgment; before evening shadowed the hill of Zion, he stood accepted at the bar of heaven! The morning saw him led out, through an earthly city's gates, in company with one who was hooted at by the crowd that gathered round him; before night fell upon Jerusalem, the gates of another city, even the heavenly, were lifted up, and he went up through them in company with one around whom all the hosts of heaven were bowing down, as he passed on to take his place beside Humblest believer in the Saviour, a like marvellous contrast is in store for you. This hour it may be, weak and burdened, tossed on the bed of agony, in that dark chamber of stifled sobs and dropping tears; the next hour, up and away in the Paradise of God mingling with the just made perfect, renewing death-broken friendship, gazing on the unveiled glories of the

Be thou then but faithful unto death—struggle on for a few more of these numbered days, or months, or years, and of that day of your depar-ture hence, in his name I have to say it to you, "Verily thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—Rev. Dr. Hanna.

For the Little Holks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHIL-

DREN. • NO. I.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND. "I'VE DONE IT, I'VE DONE IT,"

Jersey, in a church were many little when you die. ones were seeking Jesus-some of them weeping bitterly to think they had never loved Him-was a little girl, with tears in her eyes, asking what she must do to be saved. While minabout twelve years of age, and tried to At last I went and told my Sabbath-scient soothe her by telling her what Jesus had done for her-how He died on the cross for her-that He suffered there for her sins. And I told her that all she had to do now was to come to Him, and give herself right up to Him. I told her that if she would confess her sins and believe in Him, He would at once give her a new heart, and make her a happy little

Christian. Her only answer was, "I can't, I can't; it's so hard."

Her little heart seemed very stubborn. I talked to her a long time, but it seemed to do no good. It made me feel sad, for I knew how willing Jesus was to take her and make her for the dear Saviour who has washed all His happy little child. But something sins away in his precious blood. kept her back, and she went home with a sorrowful heart.

The next day she pressed her way through a crowd of little children, and You cannot do it without the help seizing me by the hand, and with a face beaming with joy, she said: "I've done it, I've done it!" "What have you done?" I asked. "Oh, I've done things are ready." Oh! then, do not things are ready." it, I've done it!" "Done what?" I asked again. "Why," said she, "I just gave myself right up to Jesus, and He took away my stubborn heart, and now I love him." That day she joined, with many others who had just given themselves up to the Saviour, in singing,

"!Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine. He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine."

That you, my little friends, may the better remember this little story, I have written it for you in simple

"I HAVE DONE IT, I HAVE DONE IT!" A joyous little girl,

ith sunshine on her brow, While hastening through a crowd, exclaimed:
"I've done it, done it now!"

"What is't you've done?" I asked, When quick was her reply,
"I gave myself right up to Christ,
Who on the cross did die.

"My wicked, stubborn heart, He's taken all away; And now I love my dearest Lord, My hopes on him I stay." Dear, happy little one!
The angels will rejoice. To see thee trusting God's dear Son, And listening to His voice.

Will you, my little friend, Go do the same to-day Oh! flee at once to Jesus' arms! There's danger in delay!

I could not help thinking of this happy little girl's words as my eyes rested upon the following little letter from a Sabbath-school scholar.

When you, my dear little friend, have done the one great thing for which God is sparing your life, then with the writer of this note you can say,

"I FEEL LIKE SINGING ALL THE

CHICAGO, June 2, 1864.

O! Mr. Hammond, I feel like singing all the while. I hope I love Jesus now. I went to your children's meeting for the first time a week ago last Sunday. I went home as miserable as that Jew, and thought I would go erable as that Jew, and thought I would go Monday to the meeting on the South side. I went, and when I went in I made up my mind that I would not go home till I had given my heart to the Saviour. You and another gentleman came and spoke to me. I prayed earnestly, and hope all my sins are forgiven. Pray for me and my brother; he has not found Jesus yet. I pray night and morning that Jesus will give him a new heart.

Another Sabbath-school scholar who ives among the hills of Massachusetts writes.

"IT IS REAL EASY TO FIND THE SA-VIOUR."

And so it is when we are willing to give ourselves "right up to him." Jesus says, John v. 40, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have lite."

In those words, my dear little friend, if you are not a Christian, Jesus tells you the reason. It is because you will not come to Jesus. He is willing to receive you. He has done all he can to save you. O, then, come and confess to him how stubborn you have been, and ask him to forgive you all you sins, and then you too, can say, 'I've done it! I've done it!" and then, too, with this little child of only ten summers, whose letter you will now read, you can say, "It is real easy to find the Saviour.'

----- Mass.

I went to your first children's meeting. I came home and asked Jesus for a new heart, and I think he gave me one. I think that now I have found Jesus. I wish you knew how happy I feel. I hope that a good many children will find the Saviour who died on the cross to save us. Sinners as we are, it is real easy to find the Saviour. I pray night and morning. I like to pray to my dear Saviour. How can any body help my dear Saviour. How can any body help loving him; he was so kind to die for us. Two or three of us girls met at one of my friends' houses, and Mr. — came in and spoke to us. What a happy thing it is to be one of Christ's children. I hope I shall always lead a Christian life. "He that helieveth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." This last verse of the third chapter of John is the verse I love. I hope had been meet in heaven. So good-bye.

[Aged ten years.]

Among a pile of letters from children and youth I find another, which will help you understand about the way to do the very thing you must do. A few miles from Newark, New if you expect to be saved in heaven

"I GAVE UP ALL TO JESUS."

I attended a few of your meetings, when i began to be very miserable, for I felt that was a great sinner. But something seemed to tell me that I was too young to become isters and Sabbath-school teachers a Christian, and that it would be time were moving about the church and speaking with these anxious little ones, I came across this dear child, teacher all about it. She talked and praye with me, and at last I thought I gave mysto Jesus, but my trouble did not end here. I began to see how wicked and sinful my hear was, and I could not make myself that Jesus would take me; so I had a gre many doubts and fears. At last I stayed: one of the inquiry-meetings at the Centra Church. You came to me and I told you something how I felt. You prayed with me and then I felt that I gave up all to Jest and was very happy. The very next day you asked me to go and talk with some little characteristics. dren, but I refused, and you could not less suade me to go. Afterwards I felt very set about it. The next day I tried to speak you, but did not get a chance. The next as I succeeded in doing so, and you gave some work to do. Now, I am happy all time, and I think that if a Christian want be happy they must do something for other. Oh, I do not feel as if I can ever do enous

As you read these little letters, does t not seem an easy thing to become Christian? It is indeed a great thin-God's Holy Spirit. But God is read wait another minute, but come just you are, with all your sins, with your stubborn, hard heart, not waiting longer than for more feeling, but knee down, and in some place alone offer this little

PRAYER.

"I thank thee, Oh! God, that the hast made it easy for a wicked chilike me to be a Christian. Help in by thine Holy Spirit, to give myseright up to thy dear Son, whom The hast given to die for me on the Cross Show me how much He has loved me how He let wicked murderers drive the cruel nails through His hands and feet, all because He loved such a wicke sinner as I am.

"Dear Jesus, take me 'just as I amand make me all thine own. Help me live for Thee, work for Thee, and us to bring others to Thee; this I ask for thine own dear sake. Amen."

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ALL the good that we enjoy in any kin

is but the beam of the fice of God