

The Family Circle.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lies a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;

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 suggestions.]

ground; and he tossed his head in the direction of Wheeler's mill.
"Rather," was coldly responded.
"I never liked him," said the man, who was inclined to draw out the miller.

pressure; now looking down into the cog-pit, and listening to the jar and rattle of the great iron wheels; now passing to the upper floors, and examining the grain garner; and now, guided by the creaking of a dry journal, giving to the heated machinery a needed supply of oil.

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 became very intimate, and in a revival that occurred in that village, all became Christians.

rowful 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!"

Dear, happy little one!
The angels will rejoice,
To see thee trusting God's dear Son,
And listening to His voice.