

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

"I DO NOT FEEL."

J. C. S.

"Oh! could I be but certain,
The Saviour died for me,
And feel a full assurance
That He has set me free!
Could I accept salvation,
And know it was my own,
And yield my heart forever
To Christ the Lord alone.

I long to love the Saviour,
To know Him mine indeed,
And dally at His footstool
For this great gift I plead;
But oh! I have no answer,
I do not feel forgiven,
I cannot say with many
That I am sure of heaven.

I strive, though often failing,
His precepts to fulfil,
To be what He would have me,
Submissive to His will.
A dark cloud would be lifted,
If I could only see
I was His child, abiding
In Him and He in me."

What if you do not feel it!
The Lord is still the same,
Faithful to each believer,
Unchanging is His name.
He is no man repenting
A promise He hath made;
Forevermore abiding
Each word that He hath said.

What if you do not feel it!
Which is the surest guide,
Your heart so weak and wayward,
Or Christ the Crucified?
All whom His Holy Spirit
Homeward doth gently lead,
His blessed word hath said it—
Those are His sons indeed.

And this same Holy Spirit
Is working in your heart,
Those ardent, restless longings
He only can impart;
And so (how can you doubt it?)
His word must aye be true,
You are His child, abiding
In Him and He in you.

What if you do not feel it!
Be careful how you say
That Jesus' full salvation
Is not your own to-day.
Is it not really calling
His blessed word untrue,
To say that what is promised
To all, is not for you?

Even if you do not feel it,
His promise is secure,
His love and His compassion
Forever must endure.
So cast away your doubting,
Awake, sad heart, and sing
Praise to your Heavenly Father,
Your Shepherd and your King.

—Church Work.

A BAD HABIT.

"O mother, I am tired to death!" said Jane Mills, as she threw herself into a chair, on her return from school.

"Tired to death?" repeated her mother, slowly.

"Yes, mother, I am; almost, I mean," she added.

"No, my daughter, not even almost," said Mrs. Mills.

"Well, at any rate," continued Jane, "I would not walk from here to school again to-day for anything in the world!"

"O yes, you would, my dear," said her mother, gently.

"No, mother, I am sure I would not. I am certain nothing would tempt me."

"But I am nearly certain you could be induced to go without any urging," answered her mother.

"Well, mother, try me, and see if anything could make me willing to go."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Mills, "I should offer to take you to the panorama this afternoon. I expect to visit it."

"Do you, mother?" said Jane, with great animation. "May I go? You promised to take me when you went."

"I intended to have done so," replied her mother; "but the place where it is exhibited is a very long way beyond your school."

"But I am quite rested now, dear mother!" said Jane. "I would not fail of going for all the world! Why do you smile mother?"

"To think what an inconsistent little daughter I have."

"What do you mean by an inconsistent daughter?"

"Why, when a little girl says, one minute, she would not walk a particular distance 'for anything in the world,' and in the next minute says she 'would not fail' of walking still farther 'for all the world,' she not only talks inconsistently, but foolishly. It is a very bad habit to use such expressions."

"Yesterday, when you came home from school, you said you were almost frightened out of your life; and when I inquired the cause of your alarm, you replied that you met as many as a thousand cross dogs on your way home from school. Now, my daughter, I wish you to break yourself from this bad habit. When you are tired, or hungry, or frightened, use the simple words that express your meaning. For instance, you may be tired or exceedingly tired; or you may be alarmed or frightened or terrified."

"From this time let your lips speak the thing you mean. The Bible says, 'Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay;' and adds that 'whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' Will you try to remember what I have been saying, and strive to correct this fault, my dear child?" said Mrs. Mills.

"Yes, dear mother," replied Jane; "for I know it is wrong, and I feel ashamed and sorry for it."

"Well, my dear," added her mother, "improve! And now you may get ready to go with me to see the panorama.—Church and Home."

"I DIDN'T THINK."

LESSON ON OBEDIENCE.

Harry's father promised him and the rest of the children an excursion down the bay and a run on the sands one afternoon, if when dinner time came there were no complaints against them.

When warned that their pleasure depended on their good behavior, there was a cry:

"All right, father, we will be very good; we don't care to lose the fun, do we?" turning to his sisters, who were just as delighted as he, but not so boisterous in proclaiming it.

But in the midst of all their fun, the little boy had been told to do something by the father, which he had not done; and although he was very good in most things, yet he had a failing which caused him some trouble. This failing was forgetfulness—that is, not doing what he was told at once. Not that he intended to forget, or to be disobedient; but (as it is often with other little boys and girls), instead of doing it at once, he would say: "Yes, father," or, "Yes, mother, I will in a minute;" and then it was delayed till altogether forgotten.

Now, Harry's father wished to cure him of this sad failing. So when he was told to do something, and yet did not do it, his father took a piece of chalk and wrote his name, and under his name the word "Disobedient," with the day of the month, on a piece of board, out of the little boy's reach.

A little while after this, the child came to his father's office, saying:

"How long will it be before we go, father?" and as he said so his eye fell on the board against the wall, and he read his name and his offence there; and, beginning to cry, he said: "Oh, father, what have I done?"

That word "disobedient" was a terrible word for this little boy, for he then remembered the duty imposed upon him. It seemed a little hard that when he had been so careful to do nothing wrong, that he had actually done wrong without knowing it or thinking of it.

But there it was, and there was the lesson. Not to do what he should have done was a bad as doing what he should not have done.

To leave a faucet open, or a lighted can

where it can set anything on fire, will cause as much destruction if done from forgetfulness as they would had they been left so intentionally.

Harry profited by the lesson. He ran off—for fortunately it was not too late—accomplished the task, and returned with a radiant face, begged his father's pardon for his neglect, and, to his joy, saw the terrible word rubbed off.

A few such lessons made him prompt and careful in obeying; his memory not often betraying him into sins of omission.

GOD'S MINISTERS.

"Are you the man we've hired to preach for us?" was the blunt question asked one of the Lord's servants.

"No, sir, I am not."

"I beg pardon; but are you not the minister?"

"Yes, sir; but do you really think I have been hired to preach to you?"

"Why, yes, sir; I was at the meeting when the vote was taken to raise the money. Did you not come here expecting to receive a salary?"

"Certainly; and so does the governor of the State enter upon his duties expecting to receive a salary; but would you say he is hired to govern the State?"

"Not exactly."

"And the reason is precisely this," continued the minister; "the governor is elected to fill a certain office, and when you speak of him you think more of his office than you do of his salary. You do not ask him to do whatever you wish to set him at, but you elect him to office fixed beforehand, expressly defined in the Constitution, and then you fix a salary, that he may attend to his duties without embarrassment. The same is true of a clergyman. You do not hire him to do a job of preaching. When you elect a man to an office, you expect him to do what the Constitution says."—Dr. Norton.

HINTS TO COMMUNICANTS.

When you come to take part in the highest act of Christian worship, be as reverent as you can. Do not think that little things are too unimportant to be attended to. If there is a better or more seemly way of doing the little things which go to make up the service, try to learn and practice it. These brief hints may be of use to you:—

1. Before you go to receive, take off both your gloves.

2. It was a custom in the Primitive Church to receive the bread in the palm of the right hand, which was supported by the left crossed under it. When this is done, the hands should be raised reverently to the mouth, and there will be no danger of dropping crumbs.

3. Receive the cup into your hands for even when the minister, for the sake of safety, retains his hold, the communicant should guide the cup with his own hands.

4. Do not leave the church till the consecrated elements have been consumed, and the clergyman has gone to the vestry.

5. Make it a rule never to miss communicating when you are able to do so.

6. Do not appear before the Lord empty, but always bring an offering.

"If thy neighbour should sin," old Christoval said,

"Never, never unmerciful be;
For remember it is by the mercy of God
Thou art not as wicked as he."

The watch were the first that preached a risen Saviour.