

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## THOUGHTS ON THE PASSION.

BY Y. O. M.

## I.

*The Discourse in the Upper Room.*

"Let not your heart be troubled"—words of peace  
Broke the still silence of that upper room,  
When shades of night in ever-deepening gloom  
Grew darker till the hour of calm release.  
No cry of pain escaped him, though He knew  
The crushing weight of that dread Agony;  
And tho' He saw, as only He could see,  
The swift desertion of the chosen few,  
No thought of self—for others all His care,  
Only the sweetest, tenderest words of love,  
The promise of the Father's Home above,  
The shelter of the great high-priestly prayer,  
To Him whose love outweighed that Agony,  
All selfishness is alien utterly.

## II.

*Christ Bearing the Insults of the Soldiers.*

O Love unbounded, that could stoop so low  
To bear the shame, the spitting, and the scorn;  
The tender Frame with pain and fasting worn,  
Tortured and torn in agonizing woe.  
O Master—and Thou bearest silently  
The mocking and the insults of the crowd,  
The patient Head in meek acceptance bowed,  
The drops of brutal malice poured on Thee.  
O shame, thrice shame upon us, whom He bought  
With untold agony upon the Tree,  
To chafe at this world's sights or contumely,  
To give our wretched rights one anxious thought.  
Teach us, dear Lord, low at Thy Feet to fall,  
And welcome shame—for Thou hast borne it all.

## III.

*Christ Silent Before His Accusers.*

O teach us, Lord, Thy silence; Thou whose word  
Could call ten thousand angels to Thine aid,  
Mid the fierce taunts of those Thyself had made,  
And longed to save—no harsh reproach was heard.  
And we, alas! so hasty and so weak,  
So rash to utter and to slay so low,  
When Thou would'st have us patiently forego,  
Help us to learn Thy silence, calm and meek.  
When angry thoughts within us roam at will,  
And sharp retorts are trembling on our tongue  
By those hard taunts that no reproaches wrung,  
Bid the storm cease—yea, whisper "Peace, be still."  
From sins of word, O Master, keep us free,  
And keep us silent—when it pleaseth Thee.

—The Churchman.

## A FALSE BALANCE.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

(Continued.)

"Sit down, my boy, and I will tell you a story. When I was a young man, I went to the city as a clerk in a leather store. My employer was a straightforward, honest business man, but had not been there but a few days, when I had an opportunity of buying some pelts for him while he was absent from the office. The countryman who brought them in said I might have them for market price. The market price had risen that very morning, but I thought the countryman would not be apt to know it, so thinking I should please my employer by driving a sharp bargain, I gave him the market price of the week before. He accepted it, I paid him the money due, and he unloaded his pelts and drove off. Soon after he left, my employer came in, and I told him how I had driven the sharp bargain. I was astonished to see no enthusiasm in his manner, no sign of approval upon his face; he only said, 'Would you know that man again if you saw him?' I replied that I thought I should. 'Lose no time, then,' my employer said. 'Overtake him and bring him back.' I was very much surprised, but did as I was told, and soon the dealer in pelts was in my employer's office. 'The price of pelts were higher to-day than my young man allowed you,' he said. 'Here is the balance of your money.' After the man went out, the gentleman said to me, 'Young man, remember as long as you live, that 'A false balance is an abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is His delight.'—Nobody ever really prospered through a dishonest action; nothing is gained from it. Upright, just dealing is sure to win in the end. Never do any business of any kind again in this way.' And now, Robert, I tell you, begin while you are a boy to give a just equivalent for all you receive. Never take advantage of a person who does not understand the market

values of anything. What we need most now in the commercial world, are honest, upright, straightforward business men."

After Robert's grandfather had finished speaking, the words kept coming into the boy's mind, "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord." He knew that he had taken advantage of little Ralph's innocence of market values. He had never seen sharp bargains in such a bad light before. He resolved to return the knife the very next day. And he did.

Now, boys, probably many of you have seen or heard of such transactions as Robert's among your young companions. All these tricky, under-handed, school-boy bargains lead to dishonest, unfair business transactions in after life. Be determined to be honest in all your dealings with your companions. Never take advantage of a boy smaller and weaker than yourself. Be truthful and honorable. Scorn to act a lie as well as to speak one. With the consciousness of a true, upright, straightforward character, you will preserve your own self-respect and gain that of all with whom you have to do.

Remember, then, this verse of Scripture as long as you live in all your dealings with your fellow-men, and in every branch of business in which you may engage. "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord."—New York Evangelist.

## ONE BUSY AFTERNOON.

## A TRUE STORY.

"What a lovely great piece of dress flannel!"

"Yes, isn't it? It was left from Kitty's last winter dress, and mother gave it to me. It will make a full suit for my doll, you see! I'm going to cut it out just as soon as I finish this sacque, so I want you all to lay your heads together as to how it is to be made."

A serious discussion on the weighty subject followed. Sue and Helen and Janet had come to visit Marian; all had agreed that the damp, cloudy November afternoon could be passed in no way so pleasantly as in sewing for their dolls.

Such big girls playing with dolls! many would say. Yes, their mothers were of the opinion that girls of twelve or fourteen might spend their time and talk over many a worse thing than dolls, and had encouraged them to make good needlewomen of themselves in that way. Correct measurements, careful basting, and neat stitching were always insisted upon in every piece of work.

Marian skipped down to the kitchen to press Janet's sacque, and as she carefully opened seams, wetting them a little, she was startled by a sound which did not appear to belong to there.

"Why, Bridget, what's this?" she asked in wonder, going up to two chairs which stood against the wall with their backs turned out. "Oh, what a cunning little fellow!"

"Indade, miss, it's just kaping him here a bit I am the whiles me sister runs round thryin' to get a day's wurruck, for it's herself has no one to be lavin' him wid but the two at home that's not much bigger than himself at all!"

"The darling! I wonder if he'll be afraid of me."

She raised the pretty year-old baby, who had been smiling up at her from Bridget's shawl, laid on the two chairs, delighted that he did not seem to object to her attentions.

"Dear me! Why, isn't he cold! Look, Bridget, do you think he's got enough clothes on?"

To her surprise, Bridget sat herself down in the middle of the kitchen floor and cried.

"Niver a bit he has. The father—rest his poor soul!—was kilt wurruckin' on the railroad tin weeks come Satherday night, an' it's me-

silf hasn't the wan eint lift afther the payin' for the bringin' 'em here where the mother might get wurruck—and it's all she can be doin' yit to put the bit in their mouths and pay the rint o' the room, lave alone clothes—and the winther comin' fast—the poor crathers!" A sob came between every sentence, as Bridget wiped her eyes and shook her head in woful absorption in her sister's trials.

"Dear me! Don't cry, Bridget. Things'll come out right, I know. We'll talk to mamma about it." Marian felt very anxious to comfort her, but hardly knew how. "Bridget, I want to borrow the baby for a while."

Forgetting sacque and flat-iron, she hurried upstairs, with a few reflections on the different things winter means to different people—to her, flannels and furs, skating, sleigh-rides and warm fireside; to the poor, rags, suffering, cold and hunger.

"Girls, look here!"

"A—baby!"

"A precious little curly-headed, cunning—"

"Dimpled little darling! Do let me take him, Martha!"

"Stop! He's going to cry; and no wonder, with the chatting you all make. There, pretty! Bless him, see that little lip go up!"

"Here!" Janet stuck a piece of candy in his mouth, which acted like a charm; for he winked and blinked and sucked, and smacked his lips, as if in great astonishment and approval.

"That's it! Now, girls, look at this child's clothes."

Marian took off an old cape which was wrapped around him, and listened to the exclamations which came at sight of the thin cotton slip and the bare little feet.

"And winter coming on. What are we going to do about it?"

After a moment's reflection, Janet took her tape-measure and passed it round the baby's waist, then held up the piece of dress flannel to show its liberal size.

"Splendid! Girl's, let's dress this baby. He isn't so much bigger than our dolls."

There was a chorus of enthusiastic agreement. Helen looked at the clock.

"See, now, we have two hours and a half before it gets dark. Let's take fifteen minutes for planning, and then we'll make things fly."

A very brisk discussion followed, and then Marian made a rush to her mother's room, returning shortly with a bundle of underwear which she had seen thrown into the rag-bag as past mending.

"I only thought of making shirts of them, girls," she said, measuring with fingers dexterous with long practice, "but do look! there's plenty for a petticoat for the mite."

First half-hour: Shirts cut out and well under way in Marian's hand. Petticoat in Sue's. Dress cut and fitted, Janet basting portions of it, while Helen works at the machine, Elaine ignominiously bundled into a crowded work-basket; Princess Beatrice lying on the bed with face downward; Louisa Alcott hidden under scraps of old flannel, and Eugenie indignantly gazing straight at the ceiling from her place on the floor in a corner, with an expression which might seem to mean, "This, for a Paris doll!"

Second, half-hour: One shirt finished. Baby restless and Bridget called and given directions to feed and return him, but on no account to come into the room. Skirt of dress finished.

Third half-hour: Baby lulled to sleep by sound of machine. Petticoat finished, second skirt finished, Marian taking quiet measurements of baby's head, with view to cutting out a hood of a piece of bright cashmere, to be lined with a double thickness of old flannel. Waist of dress finished.

Fourth half-hour: Mamma comes in, severely cautioned against awakening the baby. Warmly interested in what is going on, approves of Marian taking two pairs of last winter's woollen