

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

White Lies.

Wherefore, putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor.

There is perhaps no sin, my brethren, for which people seem to have so little real sorrow, or for which they so seldom make a practical purpose of amendment, as this miserable one of falsehood, of which the Apostle here speaks. You will hear it said: "I told lies, but there was no harm in them; they were to excuse myself, or to save trouble." They are matters to be confessed, on! yes; the liar will perhaps even run back to say that he is a liar, if he (or quite likely she) has forgotten to mention it at the time. But as for correcting the habit, that is quite another matter. It would seem that the sacrament of penance is expected to take effect on these sins by mere confession, without contrition or purpose to avoid them for the future.

But the liar will say: "I am sorry; I have contrition for these lies." Let me ask, however, what kind of sorrow have you? You are sorry that things were so that you had to tell a lie; but if things were so again to-morrow, would not you tell the lie again? If you are sincere, I am afraid you will say: "Yes, I suppose I should." Where, then, is the purpose of amendment? Without purpose of amendment contrition is nothing but a sham.

Let us, then, my friends, look into our consciences about this matter, and get them straightened out properly. I do not want to be too harsh about it; for after all there are some expressions which people call lies, which are not really so, because the one to whom they are addressed is not expected to be deceived by them, but merely to be prevented from asking further questions. Some people, too, call it a lie when they do not tell the whole truth, but we are not always required—though we often are—to tell the whole truth; and when we are not, there is no lie, as long as what we say is actually true as far as it goes. But it would take too long to go into all the cases concerning what is or is not a lie; and as a general rule one can by a little common sense find them out for himself. Find them out, then; if you cannot surely do so by yourselves, get advice; and when you are certain that you are all right, do not call it a sin to act according to your conscience and reason, and do not make a matter of self-accusation out of it.

But when you cannot see any way to make out that what you say really is not a lie, then do not fall back on the idea that, if it does not injure anybody, there is no harm in it. You are false to yourself in this; for you know there is harm in it, otherwise you would not feel uneasy about it. And what is the harm? The harm in a lie is simply that it is a lie, and therefore an offence against God, who is the truth. "Put on," St. Paul says, "the new man, who, according to God, is created in justice and holiness of truth. Wherefore," he continued, "putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor."

Yes, my brethren, God is the truth, and He infinitely loves the truth, in Himself and in His creatures. He does not wish us to sacrifice it in the slightest degree, even to save the whole world from destruction. There is harm in a lie, then; harm, if I may say so, to God Himself and to His dearest interests. Do not think, then, to save His interests, or any one else's, by lying. Tell the truth and let Him look out for the consequences. Tell the truth for God's sake, because He loves it, and hates a lie; tell the truth, and love the truth, for its own sake. We are, as St. Paul says, "created according to God, in holiness of truth," let us keep the pattern to which we have been made. Stop, then, deliberate lying for a purpose, which is but too common. But also be careful in what you say; try not even to fall into falsehood thoughtlessly. Let it be your honest pride that your word is as good as your oath.

The Reaction Against the A. P. A.

No Apaisit will ever be elected President of the United States. No Apaisit will ever be elected Governor of an American state. Many a man, otherwise available, has been shelved by the politics of the last thirty years by the discovery of the fact that he had some connection with the old Know-nothing order. Hatred of Know-nothingism is one of the strongest political sentiments with the masses of people in our American cities. Apaisitism is know-nothingism; and the people recognize it as such. Bigotry so organized may flourish for a few months in special localities, but the tide always turns and the Apaisit will not only find his organization dead, but himself personally black-listed beyond the power of time to whitewash him. The tide is now beginning to turn against Apaisit in the West. One by one in the great cities the large dailies will find it good politics to denounce this thing, and politicians will eagerly seek to kick at it. Those who were so foolish as to give it aid or sympathy, must then hide their diminished heads.—Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

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How They Worked Their Way.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

IV.—CONTINUED.

"And now what are you fellows going to do with me?" asked Job, sullenly. "I expect my legs and arms are broken. Mangle me at once and get it over." "Do?" cried Dermot, in amazement. "Do?" You must think we're Pagans!" "Of course," said Job. "Pop says so. Pop says you're idolaters!" Brian laughed. Dermot looked angry. "We're going to take you home, of course. You can't walk, can you?" "Are you fooling me?" "No—not at all. Where do you live?" "Down in the Hollow."

"Try to stand up!" "Oh, I can't." Job fell down against the rock, ghastly pale. Dermot hastily bound his handkerchief around the cut on his head. "He can never walk to the Hollow. Hadn't we better take him home, Brian?" "All right," said Brian. Their house was in sight, and they knew a short-cut. In a second, they had lifted Job between them. As gently as possible they carried him towards their home. Job groaned and moaned piteously; and, when at last they reached the house—of which Dermot had a key—he had fainted. They laid him on the settee, in the kitchen, and then Dermot took the dipper and deluged him with water, from the pail that always stood on the window sill. After which, Job opened his eyes. At first he looked frightened. Then the sullen expression came back to his face.

Dermot had examined the cut on his head. He saw that it was not dangerous. Court-plaster would do for that; he took from his pocket a little packet he carried. He washed the blood and dust from Job's face, and then applied the plaster. Job seemed astonished, but kept quiet as he could, only uttering a groan now and then. When Brian ran upstairs and came down again with a pillow, which he put under Job's head, he exclaimed—"Well, I'm dog-goned!" Brian laughed; for this expressed the utmost amazement Job was capable of.

Dermot ran off to tell his father. The rest of the family soon appeared. Mrs. Beresford was all sympathy. Mr. Beresford looked at Job very carefully, and turned him over several times. "Plenty of bruises," he said "but no serious damage. The boy is as much frightened as hurt. His pulse is very high and he seems feverish, you boys had better carry him into the sitting-room. Mother will make a bed in there on the lounge for him. Brian, you run over to the Hollow and tell his people."

"Don't," murmured Job, faintly. "There's nobody but Pop, and he is off on a spree. I'll go myself, if you let me. I know you do not want me here." "Make your mind easy, my boy," said Mr. Beresford, kindly. "You are sick and you need help, and these are good reasons why we should want you here." Job looked up at him in a puzzled way. After he had been removed to the lounge, he sank among the pillows with a sigh of relief. Mary brought some lemonade to him. He drank it eagerly. He looked around curiously. He examined the little altar of the Blessed Virgin, in the corner, carefully decked with marigolds, dahlias and chrysanthemums. He turned his eyes towards the piano and asked Mary if she could play music. "A little," said Mary. "I guess you wouldn't play for me, would you?" "I am afraid it might make you worse."

"I guess not." Mary softly played "Monastery Bells." When she turned around, Job was asleep. At tea, Dermot and Brian related their adventure. "So far," Mr. Beresford said, "we have not been obliged to come in contact with the people around us. Mr. Thorne has stood between us and them. I have seen many signs of prejudice 'Vulgar wretches!" said Dermot. "No—don't get angry, my boy. These people have lived in this quiet little place for a long time, with little communication with the outside world. They have been brought up from their infancy in the opinion that Catholics are ignorant, superstitious, blood-thirsty creatures. It is our business to teach them that Catholics are Christians in the highest sense; so do not let us get angry with them. They are ignorant—that is all."

"It's a great deal too much. It makes 'em brutal like that Jim Windsor," said Dermot. "Poor Job!" "Poor Job, indeed!" cried Brian, "when he gets better he will probably try to steal my bat again!" "Well, well," said Mr. Beresford, we shall have to teach him better things while he is here by the force of example. I am very much afraid that we shall have a hard road to travel here. But I am not afraid that you boys will forget what you owe to yourselves and to these people. We must make them our friends, since we shall have to come in contact with them. We have made a good beginning with Job."

"Have we?" said Dermot.

hope we have, father, but I don't believe that these ignorant people have any gratitude in them. Why should they hate Catholics?" "Because they do not know them."

"They shall know the size of my fists!" cried Dermot, warmly. "I'm going to knock down the first one that insults my religion!" "Dermot believes in knock-down arguments," whispered Brian to Mary. Mr. Beresford looked at Dermot reproachfully. "There are times," he said, "when a boy may use his fists and when he ought to use them. War is a necessity at times. But we want to teach these people that we are Christians. They think we are Pagans."

"I don't care what they think!" "Dermot!" Dermot colored under his father's glance. "But I say, father," broke in Brian, "we didn't come out here as missionaries; we came to work a farm. Mary is going to make a hospital of the place and now you, father, want us to teach our neighbors all sorts of things."

"My dear boy," Mr. Beresford answered, gravely, "you can get along better with the love and respect of your neighbor than without it, can't you?" "A fellow whose getting along depends wholly on his neighbors must be a poor stick."

"Granted. Nevertheless, the best of men must at times look to his neighbor for help. Much of the good of life escapes, if we live for ourselves alone. The Highest Authority teaches us to love our neighbor as ourself."

"But, father, that does not mean that we are to let those ignorant people walk over us!" cried Dermot. "God made us for something besides worldly gain. Why did he make us, Kathleen? you told us once before, I think."

Kathleen, delighted at having been drawn into the conversation, answered quietly—"God made me that I might know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world and be happy with Him forever in the next."

"Thank you, Kathleen. Remember that, Dermot. It can be applied to every incident in life. Now let's have some music."

The family went into the sitting-room. Job was lying wide-awake in the soft light of the moon. Mary lit a lamp and asked him, if music would hurt his head. "No ma'am," he answered, shyly, and with no appearance of sullenness, "Arthur Morris had sent down some music for violin and piano, arranged from various new operas. Mary and Brian played a march. Mrs. Beresford and Dermot sang "Back to our Mountains," from "Frolovare."

Job raised himself on his elbow and listened attentively. "Gosh!" he said, forgetting his shyness, "that's something like music. I wouldn't mind going to Heaven, if they have music like that there. But I don't want any Sabbath-school singing in mine, thank you!" Kathleen laughed. The others tried not to smile. Job relapsed into silence, until the candles were lit before the Blessed Virgin's altar, and the family knelt to say the rosary.

Job opened his mouth in amazement. "I don't like this praying to idols," he said at last, "and I won't stand it. You've got to stop it!" Brian, Kathleen and Dermot who found it always hard to keep from distraction at prayers, laughed outright. Mr. Beresford paused a moment, and then went on as if nothing had happened.

After they had finished the rosary, Mr. Beresford sat down beside Job, and asked him if he remembered his mother. "Oh, yes," Job said. "I wouldn't be the boy I am, if she had lived. I'd be as well kept and as slick as any of your boys. She was an angel. Pop's spurring just broke her heart."

"What would you do, if you had a picture of her?" "What would I do? I'd just love to have a picture of her. But I haven't got one, so there's no use talking about it." "You would take good care of it, wouldn't you?" "That's a foolish question. Of course I would, and put it in a gilt frame, and be glad to do it."

these questions in season and out of season. "Why must we take more care of our souls than our bodies?" he would suddenly ask, to Mr. Beresford's astonishment. Kathleen would begin—"To save our souls we must—"

"No, no! That's not it!" "We must take more care—" began Job. "Oh, yes," Kathleen would retort, recovering the last thread, "we must take more care of our souls than of our bodies, because, 'what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' There!"

"No, 'St. Matt.—'" "Oh, yes, 'St. Matthew, xvi. 26.'" That's all very well," Job said once. "But, for all that, you pray to images. I've heard our minister say so."

"Ask me this question," said Kathleen, gravely. "It's on page sixty: 'May we, then, pray to relics and images?'" "All right," said Job, reading the question. "We are not to pray to relics or images, for they have no life or sense to hear or help us." There!

Job only grunted. Nobody came to see him while he was ill, except the Baptist minister, who was polite, but reserved to the Beresfords, and who sang a hymn with Job. The day after this visit, Job said he would leave. He said good-bye, in a bashful way, and went out without a word of thanks. But he came back after a while, and, putting his head through the kitchen door-way, cried out—"I'll knock anybody down that says you ain't good people, Miss Beresford." Then he shot away like an arrow. The family laughed very much over what they called "Job's conversion."

Our Friends Abroad.

To myriads of people it will be good news that there is to be a Christmas number of the Montreal Star this year. All over the world the Santa Claus spirit gets into the air at the beginning of December, no matter whether times are good or bad. Friends away across the seas, over the broad prairies or even at nearer distances, look for a message, and glad will thousands be that we are to have a glorious Christmas number of the Montreal Star laden down with fascinating gems of art.

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